

VGM

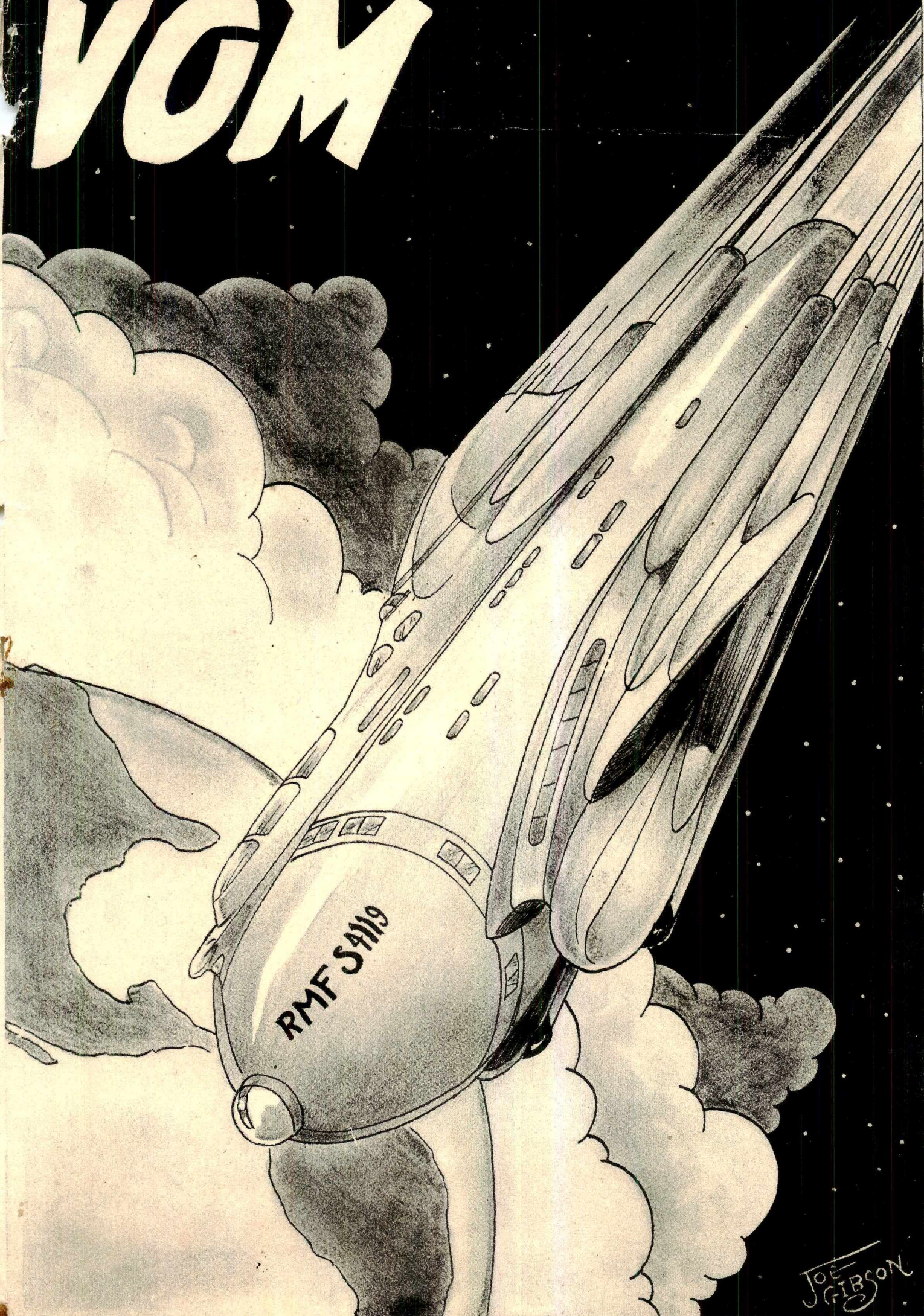


TABLE OF CONTENTS

COVER:

PFC JOE GIBSON

HARRY WARNER JR: VOM IN DOGHOUSE WITHOUT NEW BONES OF CONTENTION.....	3
GEORGES GALLET: WILL LAY WILLY LEY 2-TO-1 ON THE ROCKET GUN AS WAR WEAPON.....	3
CATHERINE KUTTNER: WHEREIN "VOM" STANDS FOR "VOICE OF MOORE".....	4
LES CROUTCH: DESCRIBES HIS DEN OF FAN EQUITY (Credit Mel Brown with the pun)...	4
RON LANE: NOW "VOM" EQUALS "VOICE OF MUSIC".....	4
EMILE E GREENLEAF JR: THE NECROVOMICON.....	5
GERRY HEWETT: "VOM"--"VOICE OF MORONITY".....	6
PFC JOE GIBSON: HE PULSE A FAST ONE ON US.....	6
PVT WM ROTSLER: DESCRIBES THE TERRORS OF TEXAS.....	6
AC/1 ALAN P ROBERTS: HE VENT THAT WAY.....	6
SIG. C S YOUD: THE SHRAPNEL OF THINGS TO BOMB.....	7
JACK SPEER: A BRUSH WITH THE SAGE OF SEATTLE.....	8

Acknowledgments: Co-crankers, this ish, Evans & Daugherty. Assembly: Tig

VOICE OF THE IMAGI-NATION, aka VOM, #44. July '45. 15c, 7/\$. FJ Ackerman Ed
6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55

"Wiry" HARRY WARNER JR, 4-staple fan of 303 Bryan Pl, Hagerstown, Maryland: Nomination on the Panel of Experts to select stuff for a Vomthology, and inclusion among the lucky ones in the Degree of the Fourth Staple, is a staggering double honor. I note further that my copy of the 43rd VOM is additionally dignified by a narrow strip of white paper along the spine, and am wondering if this is yet another manifestation of the honors with which I am so suddenly overwhelmed. (No, overlapping inchage was an oversight on the lithografer's part, was part & parcel of all issues #43. Cryd I, when I discovered the error, "Was this strip really necessary?") Following instructions, I shall start thinking about all this now, and if I am not drafted, hope to have my nominations to you as soon as the weather turns cool. The delay for meteorological reasons is because only the first dozen VOMs are to themselves in my fanzine collection; the others are scattered among the fanzine debris of the last three years, and it will means a couple of hours' work digging them out, on an attic which in the summer is unbearably hot. It will be the first time, though, that the king-sized VOMs will have a point in their favor. Finding them will be a comparatively simple task, among the normal-sized detritus.

There is surprisingly little to comment on in the last two VOMs--the only ones handy at the moment--which is an indirect way of saying that VOM's greatest present need is for three or four new bones of contention. You will have no trouble digging up letters to publish if you can introduce a few new topics of sufficient interest, and I suggest that you commission someone like Widner to take care of this job. He did a magnificent piece of work in the FAPA about two years ago, when things were lagging a little, by a half-page in Yhos which resulted in tens of thousands of words of direct and related discussions and articles. If you get the letters, maybe you'll boost the number of pages; only 15 pages of print in the last two issues is not very good.

It is very good to note that Gallet is still alive, although it is not very nice to see Wollheim making accusations whose veracity neither he nor any one else outside of France can possibly know, and Dunkelberger publishing the Wollheim letter without waiting until Gallet can answer the charges. I am hoping that Milty learns the true facts behind the matter. (Servifan John Cunningham was the first to contact French fan #1 in conjunction with the collaborationist suspicions, exonerate him in these words: "His credentials show he has been cleared by the: French, British, U.S.A. depts of military investigation".

Joe Gibson seems to be the fan whose personality has been the most radically altered by military service. Rothman and Cunningham, I'd say, are running neck and neck for the honor of retaining their natural selves in khaki. #

GEORGES GALLET, 36 Ave Maréchal Foch, Marseille, FRANCE, comments on some the promags sent him by American fans: Of course, I was in a big hurry to look into the first stf. mags I had seen for five years. But if I may judge from such a rapid survey, it seems that there is plenty of stories but their quality is not quite up to the standard of the late lamented "good old days". Much of them are just plain mumbo-jumbo with no science and even no imagination (same plot about co-existing worlds in a lot of stories). This is particularly strange when one notices that many of the editors are ex-science fiction fans of old standing.

Astounding still looks good and I took malicious pleasure in reading Willy Ley on rocketry, doubting "the Nazi...stories about...rocket guns capable of sending two tons projectiles over...one hundred and twenty-five miles...to devastate London" adding learnedly that "liquid fuel rockets have no military value... (as they)...lack storability" (Astounding, April '44, pages 106 and 112). The Germans were already manufacturing at that time twelve tons V 2 liquid fuel rockets! And in Newsweek, Dec. 25th '44, the British strategist Major General J. F. C. FULLER concluded "To-day the rocket has become so formidable that it challenges the shell and the

4
 bomb... (The gist of the rest of the article is that the long range rocket outlines the shape of the next war more clearly than any other weapon yet devised. A really long-range war in which nations would try to destroy each other with rocket barrages and without ever clashing on an actual battlefield)

This is not intended to throw a mean brick at Willy but only to show that the mere summing up of known elements is not enough to play dogmatic prophet with. Especially when, as Maj. Gen. Fuller says, "we live in extraordinary times - in days of strange and violent possibilities"... Doesn't that look like a science fiction bonanza? (Yea, verily. And the fission of the atom, a bonanza split!)

Even though I am teasing, I like Willy's articles and hope to read more soon.

Speaking of pictures, as LIFE would say, Forrest's spectacles give him quite a mephitophelic grin... and Tigrina certainly looks devilish on her pictures in VOM... #

Dear Sergeant: Thank you for the June issue of VOM. Will you convey my congratulations to Alva Rogers, please? The artist did a most effective job on the cover (inspired by "No Woman Born"), and visualized Deirdre much more clearly than I had done. The idea of using two figures--for Before and After--was especially nice, and, of course, I'm flattered that my story was chosen for picturization.

Catharine Kuttner (CLMoore)

Canadifan LES CROUTCH, Bx 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, describes a den of faniquity he has up his sleeve (& we hear he has just the size sleeve for it!): Is a new phase showing itself in fandom? I mean this emmigration from the family circle to the sacred precincts of a den, either within, or without, the confines of the domestic establishments.

You, Forry, have your famous garage. Now, whether that is also your fan den I don't know. But you do apparantly have a separate building in which are your books, whether the ones for swap or your collection also I still do not know, but...well, why repeat it? (Gad, lad, there aint no room for my collection in the Garage--there's hardly space for the swapzines!)

Dunkelberger recently turned carpenter and went to work with saw and hammer and, I also wouldn't be surprised, to the tune of much wifely counsel, and rigged himself up a den with semi-air-conditioning, IF you please, in the attic of his Fargo home.

Thus it goes. Here and there fans want a den all to themselves, and are aiming toward that as part of their postwar plans, dreaming of it, or actually working on it. (Them?)

Now that the preface has been taken care of, let me come to what this letter is about. To wit and forsooth and halitosis: I have laid the cement foundation of a 20' x 20' building here, which, under one roof, will give me a garage with a cement floor, a radio shop where I make the werewithall, the long green, the filthy lucro, the simoelons, the folding money that keeps me going, and in addition MY OWN LITTLE DEN!

Yessir, a den completely outside of the house, where I can make all the racket, raise all the rukus I wish to all hours of the clock and nobody to yell "Go to bed!" or "Quit that noise!" In this little nook I shall move my books, my swap stock, my duplicator with Light Publications, and various other sundries. I may move my phono out there with my records or I may leave that in the house where it is now. It will depend on room, the way I think then, and dozens of other little factors, small but important.

But it does mean I will have a fan-room-den completely self contained- cooled in summer by a fan system something like Dunk's (there's a crack there somewhere--I can feel the draft!--but I'd only put myself behind the ventill-8-ball...), and heated in winter by an oil heater. It will mean having my duplicator (Canadian for mimeograf) always set up ready for use at a moment's notice. It will mean having my books handy, and my swaps on shelves so I'll know what I have got and where it is without having to literally disinter it as is the case right now.

The den will be something like 10' by 10' with a 7' ceiling. I would like to finish the walls and ceiling off with veneer and then varnish them to give a wooden panelling. (Shade of A. Hyatt Verrill's "The Man Who Could Varnish", that olden invisibilityarn!) The floor will be covered with battleship linoleum. There will be one window, and the walls will be filled with shelves so everything will be off the floor and yet easy to get at. There will be a door separating it from the radio shop for privacy and also appearance.

The entire building is going to be finished with rock-faced fire-proof shingles, rock-faced fire-proof brick siding, well insulated against out 30 and 40 below winters and 100 and 105 above summers, and, in the winter, the winds that howl right off the lake before us, out of the west.

The place will be 100% electrified. (Lay that pencil down, Ack--!)

I am keeping a photographic record of it as it goes up. The foundation is in right now. So when it is finally finished there ought to be some pics of the finished product to send around so people can see how the bear of Parry Sound dens up in the winter time.

RON LANE, editor Gemini, raises his sights from 22 Beresford Rd, Longsight, Manchester, ENGLAND: It is a sobering thought that on my birthday (New Yrs) when I was engaged in a hectic convention your brother should die on some far field. Man has too little imagination - innately selfish he lives very largely in himself. It needs an immediate stimulus to arouse his humanity - a million could die in China and be forgotten here, while a squashed dog brings nightmares and tears. Yet life would be immensely miserable if man could conceive a fraction of its horrors.

To deal at random with VOM... one thing which tickled me immensely was Laney's description of the awful fate under whose shadow the commoners of fandom walk; to be criticised by one of the aristocracy in the fan press. Oh my.

More seriously, I feel that all this argufying with its sly innuendoes and inferred superiorities is for the bad. There is room for a great deal of mutual toleration in fandom in the future. After all, fans have a very congenial hobby and much opportunity for expression in the manifold activities of their kind, and each can find kindred contacts. But when one faction indulges in intellectual sneers to satiate their egos bad blood is created. You don't win arguments by jeers, however refined. If you want to collect SF do so; if you want to criticise SF collectors do so - but remember an essential to any community is tolerance between members and a code of good manners.

A few people have mentioned their pleasure at seeing music among the subjects up for dissection - and here perhaps lies the root of a new policy for VOM. I am in agreement with the brief comment I noted of HW jnr. as to such being desirable - and why not make an effort to represent more fully the scope of fannish interests? Painting, sculpting, literature, any damn thing from the facts of life to its faults. You'd get plenty of material I think - the immature fans of the early days have grown up to maturity with the result that their interests have far transcended fandom; and VOM could reflect these interests to a much greater degree than it does. How about a positive pursuit of the policy indicated? Or is it too treasonable? (What say, do U find Lane's suggestion too t-reasonable?)

Music - I confess to my own distaste of Jazz and the things one associates with it, not because, as Johnson so strangely remarks it isn't music, but because for me the criteria of music is its poetical value; indeed, I think this is the criteria of any art - the expression of the spiritual in man. One feels with music and painting and the other arts, rather than understands them. The understanding of art - or rather of its making - adds point to the appreciation, but the main criteria is the success of the art in communicating its rich spiritual content. But as Ruskin says, to fully appreciate art it is necessary to discipline the imagination - to observe the detail.

Probably the above will find disfavour if any rationalists still exist in fandom; oh well.

Because of the above I have no liking for Jazz. Its appeal is emotional, altho perhaps the performer might wrest enjoyment out of the opportunities for improvisation it affords. It is the ephemeral product of an age without a background, sans religion and sans reason.

Look, if Kepner recommends a book why can't I? You all know Aldous Huxley, and perhaps some of you know his last work, TIME MUST HAVE A STOP. It's a fairly longish novel, full of contrasting characters typically Huxleian, all of whom stand in contrast to a mystic, Bruno, whom we know chiefly by his effect upon the ostensible hero, Sebastian, a young poet. Huxley uses his characters to show the failings of the human soul; Sebastian's father, an ardent left winger, who is bitter because his efforts haven't resulted in power... notably Eustace, a sophisticated aesthete, a fascinating character, an exponent of the good life. He dies, typically, in a bathroom, when we get a mazing picture of his agonised ego in eternity.

Kepner's classification of fandom seems rather futile to me; one or more or all of his points will doubtless be applicable to any reader, but the only lesson to be learnt is that there are as many types of fan as there are individuals. If you want to pigeon-hole anything remember that even the pigeon-holes are bound together in a greater matrix .. and so on ad infinitum.

A point is that those who are interested in No4 - cultural matters - haven't even a fan mag to their name. Surely something ought to be done about this - how about it Harry, Willie, and certes other Amerifans and several Britishers?? #

EMILE E GREENLEAF JR, 1303 Mystery St, New Orleans 19, La, asks: Want to get a laugh? Read John Polde's letter in the latest Amazing (Sept). "Necrominicon", "Arkton".....ha! It slays me! How in the hell could Palmer fall for such a thing!!??? (Clash Arkton Smith or Howard Phipps Lovecraft only knows!) Hmmm.....I wonder--is Polde the guy's real name, or..... Ackerman, have you been in a Palmer-baiting mood lately? Either you or Laney or Mel Brown, or anyone, for that matter? Hmmm? (Tis de-baitable!)

Evidently Gerald Hewett needs to be told the facts of life. He wants to know what a girl's got that a copy of Astounding hasn't got! Oh, brother! (Eve had less leaves than Astounding, that's for sure! But if U'd rather whistle at a stf mag than a shapely bag, U're a science fiction fan, my son!)

I think I have a duplicate that I could send to Gallet. I'll see if I can get it sent off. Maybe Juneau, Almet (the two local slans) and I could each put in a mag or two, and make up a nice little bundle to send to him. (Good. Mailing restrictions are lifting now & mags need no longer be sent first class. If postage considerations have kept U from donating something scientific to Georges Gallet, they need no longer stand in your way. Contribute something to him today at 36 Ave M. Foch, Marseille, France.)

A good project for fandom would be to try and locate former fans (if any) on continental Europe. In fact, after Japan quits, we should try and spread the gospel of stf. all over the earth, so that eventually we may say, "the sun never sets on fandom." Nice, huh? You can say that right now for that matter, for aren't there servifans all over the globe?

Ho-hum. It's late, nearly dawn in fact, so I must be getting back to my coffin before sunrise. (Is Emile aiming to emulate Dracula? A son of Dracula, as it were? I wonder, what time does the son rise?)

GERRY HEWETT takes time off from editing that sterling fanzine Shangri-L'Afaires to write his rival. Sabotage is suspected--a deliberate attempt to lower Vom's standard. In these later days of my youthfull life, I have been thinking over somethings which in the dim, hoary past have supplied me with countless hours of joyous controversy. One of the things that used up so much of my time was the mechanical educature. I know a fellow back in Texas-fan, of course-whos chief argument goes something like this: Suppose there was two people, a moron and a Pr offessor. Now, if it took the Prof, say, thirty years to get his education, then it wouldnt make him any too happy if the moron got thesame results in an hour with the machine. My favorite retort was, if it improves the race and the welfare of the race, then hooray, and to hell with potty little items like that. But, as I said, I have been th inking over these things lately and have worked out what i think is a solution. To begin with, think of three cars. (A postwar thot, no dout.) The first has a dead battery and an empty gas tank (Oh-oh, wartime jalopy); the second has a full tank, but a dead battery; while the third has both a full tank and a live battery. I think its fairly obvious which one is going to run the best. The first one can represent the moronbefore the operation. In this stage he has neither the knowledge(which corresponds in the analogy with the empty gas tank) nor the power of using this knowledge(which matches the battery); in the second, he has the knowledge, but still he doesnt know how to use it; and in the third, the Prof has boththe knowledge and the power of using it. This will no doubt offend plenty of people, but the only difference between a moron and anyone else is the moron doesnt know how to either assimilate theknowledge of-fered him or to use the knowledge he has managed to capture. A nother way of looking at it would be using ~~a simple saying as an example~~ as an example. He is, to our way of thinking, definitely a moron. He doesnt know, he doesnt even know two and two make four. Yet he does know, if he isnt definitely a moron(which is unlikely, since in such a culture he either ceases to be a moron at the ripe old age of about two, or he ceases)that when you are cold, two sticks rubbed together will produce a very welcome warmth, or when you brop your enemy over the head with a hundred-pound rock, he generally ceases to be an active enemy. So, to get back on the original subject (or the aboriginal subject, as it were), my conclusion is this: You can pour all the knowledge you want imto a moron, and he 'll still be a moron, for the simple reason that he wont know how to use the knowledge. Period. The only difference between Ackerman and a moron is that the Ackerman knows how to group and use his knowledge(what knowledge he has. (Forrest J, if you corn this letter up with your ghastly puns, I'm going to try that rock trick myself) (O, Hewett'n't do a thing like that, woud U? It might result in a stony silence from me!) #

PFC JOE "OLE VINEGAR" GIBSON, our cover artist, was speculating on his future fiting japs, lastime, when he was cut off. He concludes: With the Japs, of course, I'll be on even a different, a more horrible world. You can really get scared, though. You can get so you don't give a damn, but when it gets down to where you can feel that pulsing organism in your chest, and all you can think about is to keep it pulsing, you can get scared too. But man am I piffed off at having to nurse-maid these rats (reichsmen) now. #

Another artist among the servifen, PVT WM ROTSLEER, writes from Ft Bliss (short for Blisster, mister?) Tex: Don't let this be a complete shock but how much to "angel" a VOM cover? (Tween \$6 & \$7.50. Gosh, who do U think U are--The Winged Man?)

Selfishly, enuf, I would like it to be one of mine -- but woth'ell, there are other "artists" besides m'self!

Joe Gibson has nothing on me. He may have carried an "Astounding" & a hand grenade all over Germany, but I--braving the withering sand storms, second lieutenants, and KP of West Texas--carried--not one--but two "Astoundings", one coverless "Planet" Stories, a smoke grenade, about two handfuls of M3 ammo, 13¢, a spare dogtag chain, and two dozen rifle patches in one pocket and a comb, 2 poker chips, a pair of pliers and a copy of the "Pocket Book of Science-Fiction in the other.

This heroic action netted me another battle star to add to my service ribbon for the Fort Bliss campaign. (My other decorations include the "Meritorious Conduct Medal" for fifty missions to the Px and the "Heroic Action Award" for 100 USO dances--with a gold star for perfect attendance during the month of April. -- Also the "fairly good conduct medal")

Now, isn't that better than Gibson - it isn't everyone that can steadfastly brave the alien wastes of West Texas as staunchly as I.

AC/1 ALAN P ROBERTS, with the Royal Australian Airforce on Morotai, at the top of the Holmaherns, tells us: The main effect of active service on me shows itself in two ways. One is an intense desire to launch a campaign on returning to the mainland, directed against the many and persistent attempts to antagonize the soldier against the civilian. The Press out here is unflagging in its efforts in this direction their usual line being to denounce unions for striking over trivial disputes about wages, when the boys in jungle green plough through knee-deep mud for six shillings a day. This of course, makes the boys in jungle green a much better buy, and I can imagine capitalistic mouths watering at the thought of such an ideal labour supply; but perhaps that is a cynical way of looking at it, and I should consider the Press's appeal to my baser emotions. Unfortunately the tear-jerking theme cannot compensate for the staggering illogic of the whole argument: I have no doubt that the big boys would very much like to see the civilian working for six bob a day and no overtime, and at the moment the civilian's sad plight would not greatly worry me or any other serviceman; but I note that the big boys have a quaint habit of retaining in peace time the advantages they gained in times of stress, and so I would not like to see the civilian's rights curtailed one iota, for the very good reason that I intend to become a civilian myself one day.

The second thought that has struck me,

is that I have at last found a class of people whom I can dislike intensely. This is most unusual for me, as I habitually judge everyone as an individual, regardless of their manner of thinking. The people to whom I refer, who cannot now fail to irritate me to the point of unchecked and angry utterance, are Jap-haters. It may seem strange, but the announcement that four million incendiaries have been dropped on Tokyo's crowded hovels does not make me whoop with joy, and I do not consider Admiral Nimitz a grand old sea-dog when he states that the Japs are tailless monkeys. It is quite possible that, to protect my own life, which I value, and the lives of my mates, which I also value, I will have to kill some Japanese soldiers; in battle-drunkenness I may even gain satisfaction from such murders; but that is no reason why I should allow my thinking to be distorted. I realize that it is illogical to despise Jap-haters, since they are merely victims of war hysteria who will probably donate money to a Relief Fund during the first post-war Japanese earthquake and regain their sanity almost completely within a few short years; but in my present circumstances it is a necessary relief to give vent to some emotion, and so I am, as a stopgap measure, mind you, allowing my abhorrence to express itself unchecked. #

Signalman CHRIS YOUD, with the Mediterranean Forces, meditates forcefully. Referring to the editorial concerning my brother's death, he says: Your grief was of an order I cannot experience because of a limitation that I won't go into here. I have yielded too many hostages in my early years in Paracosmos (the world beside the world --remember?) not to know when to keep my mouth shut. But understandable, experienceable or not, I recognise it as grief, and I salute your response to it. There is, from whatever inspiration it derives, a nobility in the vow to serve humanity and a resolve to be "good" needs plenty of moral fibre to fulfill.

But for you, Forrest, what is the moral standard of goodness? You have no god whose inviolability you can respect and defend. Do you believe drinking is "bad", and free love "good"? There is a majority that hold the opposite. Do you believe that capitalism is an obstacle to man's progress? Your countrymen disagree. Do you believe in doing good for humanity, despite humanity? We have no evidence that Hitler and Mussolini and Franco did not think the same. The puritan benevolent reformer of today is the blood-soaked tyrant of the future.

So, when you resolve to dedicate the memory of Alden in making your own life a crusade I can applaud, but I cannot agree. We have each our life to live and mankind finds more solid happiness in the small pleasantries than in the grand projects. The "right guy" that you decry brings his small measure of happiness into other people's lives and they will settle for that rather than for the Brave New Futures of idealism. And rightly I think. If you could achieve even saint-like goodness you would not make people happier. Rather you would make them unhappy as they contrasted their own weaknesses with your strength. For most of us one of the main drives that keeps us living is the realisation of the others morally even more impoverished than we are. (I find this a very threnetic philosophy. I like the lyrics of "Swingin' On A Star", that say: I can be better than I are!)

Crusades

springing from sources as fine and noble as your love and grief for Alden have brought terror and suffering and hate. I think perhaps he might consider it a better memorial to be remembered always as -- "a sweet kid, almost 21". There are, after all, worse things than that. For the lad can grow up and see his illusions betrayed and the things he loved made hateful. Living is not always gain. (Must illusions always be betrayed? For always & always & always? Indeed, Living--since the Beginning--seems to me to have been more of a pain than a gain; but if man ever is to be emancipated from Unsatisfactory Existence, I should like at least a one-line mention in the Who's Who of Who Helped.)

I can't make up my mind whether it is a good or bad thing that this war has ended (the European end) not in talk of disarmament and lasting peace but in peace-time conscription and power politics. I am now making a prophecy for the lads to worry over, based on my admittedly limited knowledge of politics, and on several large-sized possibilities. First is the coming British election (letter dated 13 June 45), on the result of which hangs the fate of the world for fifty years or more. I predict -- that the socialists will be returned to office and power. You will be able to check on that soon. My next assumption is that the inevitable capitalist-fascist counter-revolution in England will fail. If those two premises hold, the next twenty years will see the consolidation of Europe into a loosely-knit association of socialist states under Anglo-Russian leadership. Along with Europe will go socialist Australia, New Zealand and, possibly Canada.

The U.S.A. of course is set on an uncompromisingly capitalist path. As a result there will be a colossal slump over there, in, perhaps, 1955 to 1960. I believe (the other huge assumption) that your country will then face two alternatives--socialism or fascism. And I think the capitalist leaders of your nation will choose for you--fascism.

From then on my prophecy is horribly plain and easy. I suggest 1935-1970 as the time during which it is most likely that the 3rd World War will break out -- between the Americas on the one hand and most of the rest of the world on the other. Including Gt. Britain.

It will be as bitter a war as any in history, for on its outcome will depend the destiny of the planet. Naturally I hope my side will win. And because I believe in the greater economic efficiency of socialism I believe it will.

I wonder how many fans will have put me down as an Americanophobe on the strength of that prophecy. Tain't so, you know. Individually I like Americans. But the American Way of Life --- well, let's say I'm a European and leave it at that.

I hope my prophecy is wildly wrong. I hope your PAC is powerful enough to make it so. And there are such odd items as India and Chinese Asia, though I am al-

not certain their destiny is leftwards. But, although I like Americans and although I have never met Russians, for my own future, for the future of my country and the world, if ever Gt. Britain has to choose between allying herself with a Russia of 20 years continued evolution from today, or an America of the same ---- I hope we ally with Russia. #

In a letter dated 7 July 45, JACK SPEER of 5229 University Way, Seattle 5, Wash, discourses: Latest Vom arrived just the other day, and the three back issues this afternoon. Like Palmer's Grand Old Book says, the last shall be first.

In Vom 39, your interpolation in Deeby's letter (DBThompson--drat the fallen arches this machine has developept!) gives me an occasion to use this quotation from Below the Potomac: "Miss Mitchell must have offered up orisons to the Deity for the fact that nobody in the motion picture perpetrated that abominable slander against the fair name of Southern civilization, the use of 'you all' to denote only one person. It seems futile to protest that such usage exists only as a figment of the Northern imagination." That for you, suh!

Dick and you err in referring to me as a teetotaler. (Dick refered to: Sgt Dick Wilson.) I don't think I've ever paid for a drink, though. Yes I have, too; up in Quebec couple months ago. It was supposed to be just a loan, but the other guy disappeared. (What did U have to drink, vanishing creme de menthe?)

To a limited extent Doc's statement may be correct, that any extra intelligence, sophistication, maturity, or desirability of fen would not be due to reading stef. However, there are other qualities more important than sophistication, for one, which reading our literature does develop. Kepner mentions some of these in his Manifesto.

Might as well skip to the Manifesto, since I mentioned it. He has suggested that it would be interesting to see if film fans could invent themselves and produce a "fandom" similar to ours. While I think that there are particular qualities called for in enjoying stef that are tied up with fan activities, they seem insufficient of themselves to have produced all this. Especially as fandom as it now is did not appear in about the first ten years of magazine science-fiction. Somehow the beginnings of fandom were cast up almost by chance, but once in existence, became a dynamic, growing thing. Just as the first life on Earth came into existence in a particular year out of a thousand years in which it was possible, and might not have reappeared for centuries if that first spark had been extinguished. Gee, ain't we deep!

I wonder if the hard-to-please readers are the latest development of the original enthusiastic reader-critics. It would be interesting to know if people like Peter Duncan started out as enthusiastic as a Jack Darrow.

Kepner's nine-fold division of interest might be open to question in particulars, but the general principle, that of pluralism rather than dualism or monism, is one to which I'm attracted in thinking about many things. For instance, I've about abandoned the idea of a summum bonum at the base of ethics, in preference to the rather pluralistic "values" theory.

To return to the letters: Harry Warner's suggestion of solving mailability doubts by taking questioned material to the local postoffice seems so far simpler than the present FAPA system of mailing copies to one or more officers for decision, that I wonder it hasn't been adopted. Is there a snag in it somewhere? (U said it, Snaggle-tooth!)

The Nock conclusion Jimmy mentions, that taste and manners should prevail over the courts of law, religion, and morals, seems to amount to the Hellenic idea of justice. Maine says that they tried to settle each case on what appeared to be its merits, without reference to previous similar decisions. The trouble with that is that in any dispute that is carried to bar, there must be an apparently strong case on both sides, and the decision is very likely to be what Dunkolberger would call "setting one's own prejudices and opinions up in opposition to another's". Under modern systems, people can usually tell in advance whether what they're doing will be judged right or wrong.

About democracy debasing literary taste --I dunno. I was in a secondhand mag shop this noon, and saw a lot of the old Big Three, and was amazed at how putrid the drawings and ad illustrations were, that we, and grownups as well, swallowed eagerly at the time. If our tastes have improved that much in 15 years (and I believe it is due to an improvement in taste), I cannot get pessimistic about the future of esthetics. See also "Blind Alley" in Unknown.

Now to Vom 40:

You don't know, maybe Don Jalbert has a reason for that extra n on "fandomn"!

Unger is decidedly not the man for collectors with a small starting stock to turn to. He says frankly that he aims at filling the few gaps in large collections; when some new fan writes to him about getting a lot of oldies, he refers them elsewhere. They'd have to be young Croesuses. (To follow interpolation: Is that quip really necessary?) (If U were a Frenchman, Chas McNutt--who holds copyrvt on that pun--woud no dout "sou" U for your last centime!)

Re your introduction of him as Willie Maliano Watson --I was under the impression that "Maliano", at least at first, designated that brite-eyed fourteen-year-old, Harry Honig. Has he been identified as Watson? (U just don't care who U incite to sue U, do U? Watson is 16 or 17.)

Ego's (Arthur Clarke) letter is up to the high British standard. Since he uses the quote "the light that never was on land or sea", I wonder if he can tell me where it comes from. #

Speer leads off Vom #45 discussing the contents of Vom #41.

Tridek.