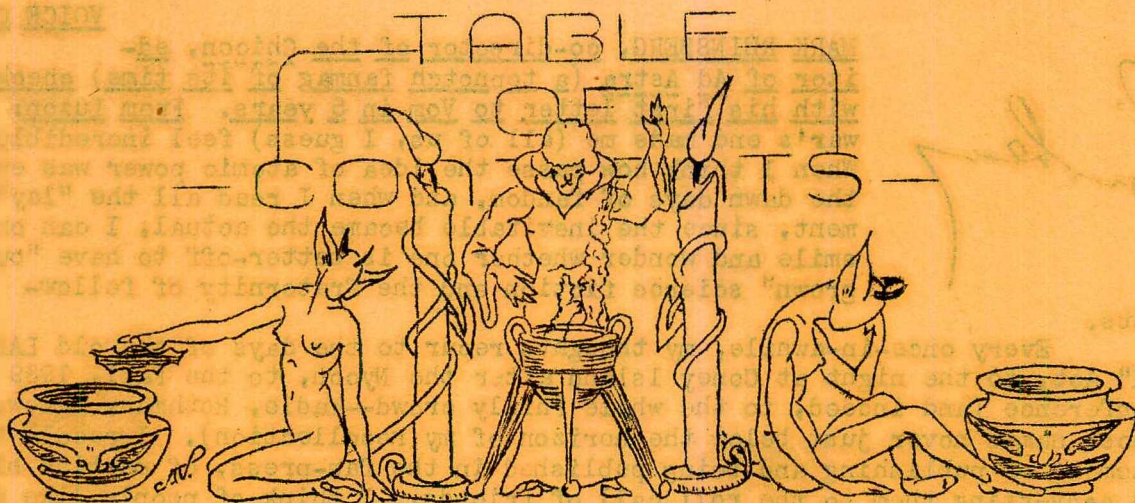


Vom

HALLOWEEN '45
#47 - 15c





A Seance Fiction Publication, ghost-edited by Farnsworth Weaver Wright, aka FJAckerman. 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55. VOICE OF THE IMAGINATION, aka VOM, #47. Oct '45. 15c, 7/¢.

Picturettes "sparking" the ish, plus the attractive Table of Contents design, were done by Jack Wiedenbeck. With the exception of the avian individual on p9, which is the initial artistic contribution to fandom of Hollywoodamozel "Lorelei". Daugherty, incidently, volunteered the very fine stencil job on Wiedenbeck's frontispiece.

Comes now a confession of moral turpitude. I have never rejected a letter to Vom because I disagreed with it, because it attacked me personally or some one or some thing I cared about, or because I thot it woud offend someone whose opinion matterd to me. Vom's policy is--for better or worse--to mirror fandom. To give some fans enuf words & they'll choke themselves. Well...for this issue a letter was submitted that, coming from the individual it did & at the time it did, frankly flabbergasted me. It was untrue, untimely & unnecessary. Its publication woud only fan old feudal flames, precipitate a big row & waste a lot of space. It was as tho one were to pick up tomoro's newspaper to find a headline questioning the guilt of Hauptmann...without introducing any new evidence in the Lindbergh Case. The letter included that old bromide "I dare you to print this!", which wears pretty thin after 8 yrs & perennial dares. I was distrest but Vom's policy dictated I could do no other thing than bring out the letter. Other individuals, learning of it & reading it prior to publication, urged many actions upon me: To reject it because its author had admitted before witnesses that he realized it was in error in several important respects; to spike the author, who desired only notoriety, by publishing his letter but withholding his name; to state kiddingly that the author of the letter had been discovered to be the secdonym of a certain other fan, whose accusations woud not be taken seriously; to spoonerize the "ex ose"; to cram the article onto the stencil--illegibly; to "crowd it out"--permanently; to break policy & refuse to print it--for the benefit of fandom. The author himerself gave me to understand that heesh woud retract hiser article upon my request. This I explained I could not do. Nexthing I'd be writing first this fan & then that, requesting they kill some letter, argument or opinion which I felt woud be bad for fandom. Vom is here to reflect the thots of fandom--not the ideas of the publisher. And editorial interjection now & then is as far as I'll go in, as part of fandom, putting in my 5 senses' worth to neutralize some mistaken notion. Anyway--I let 2 fans look over this letter-in-question, vaguely suspecting their intentions: Which were, to tear up the letter. While I stood by, uttering protesting sounds--but not very loudly. Was I wrong? Was I weak? I have not recited this somewhat shameful story to arouse your curiosity to a peak as to WHAT the letter could have been about--better to forget it. Many fans have talkt like Dutch Uncles to the offending fan & he seems to have become reconciled to the opinion that it woud have been inadvisable for his letter to have apear. Still---as a guide to the future--if I get a letter I sincerely believe is insincere & intended only to goad some one, some group, some mag, some thing or other...what shoud my decision be? To reject or not to reject.....

COVER reprinted from Australian promag Pertinent, by ROSALLEN NORTON. Pg 4: REINSBERG--Snow job with hoar frost; SEER--Of ideas he suffers no dearth, read & get your words' worth! 7: ENEVANS--waxes Evanescient; RAYM--His rosiest predictions have budded; WILLMORTH----Lettuce cultivate lettuce from Anglofans. 8: TIGRINA--And then there was t h e clock-eyed time-piece that got all wound up because it was accused o f practicing watch-craft. 9: GREENLEAF--"11 Oclock Scholar" (It is Later Than U Think!); SNIARY--"This letter speaks for itself"--T. O. Sloane--DANEY--Psych & ye shall find. 10: GIBSON--Dopple sprache von deutschland?

NEXT ISSUE 8TH ANNIVERSARY!

MARK REINSBERG, co-director of the Chicon, editor of Ad Astra (a topnotch fanmag of its time) checks in with his first letter to Vom in 5 years. From Luzon: The war's end made me (all of us, I guess) feel incredibly old. When I think how passe the idea of atomic power was even in the dawn days of fandom, and when I read all the "lay" comment, since the inevitable became the actual, I can only smile and wonder whether one is better-off to have "out-grown" science fiction and the fraternity of fellow-

enthusiasts.

Every once-in-awhile, my thoughts recur to the days of the old LASFL, to the "X" Act, to the night at Coney Island after the Nycon, to the Fall, 1939 Philly conference (and indeed, to the whole Philly crowd--Madle, Rothman, Agnew, and others whose names hover just below the horizon of my recollection). I recall the old excitement of publishing and being published in the fan-press, of meeting big names and converting them to the roll call of friends. I think of people like George Tullis and Fred Shroyer, Jack Darrow and Charlie Hornig, of 4e, of course, and Mor-ojo, and vividly of Bob Hoy Ping Pong, of "Doc" Lowndes, Moskowitz, Sykora, Julie Unger, and--well, this sort of thing could go on for pages.

I think one of my biggest thrills in fandom was when I added MADGE #1 (Mom of Vom) to my fanzine shelf.

It

seems to be another "Where are the snows of yesteryear?"

If all the former fans, now extinct from that fan world known as "activity"--if all the ancient and hoary enthusiasts could have preserved their enthusiasm, how much more meaning there would be now in returning to the fold. But reading a sheet like FANEWS is like looking upon (oops! the Hoy Ping influence - pardon, please - should read upon) the earth we now know as it will be a million years from now. Yes, it is the same planet, but oh! the change. Still it is comforting to see such landmarks as 4e, Tucker, and a handful of the "old guard".

I smile when I'm reminded of Speer's (I think it was Speer's) remark somewhere on "the barbarian invasion (in fandom) from 1936 to..." I forget what other date. That puts Korshak & myself in the marauder category. I guess we were barbarians, at that! But I wonder. Are we now to be considered "old" fans?

I think the most valuable and most enduring part of the whole association of fans is the personal friendships formed. #

A brief note from Stefnews' publisher, JACK SPEER, of 5229 University Waym (oops! the Raym influence--should read Way,) Seattle 5, Wash: The last two Voms (44 & 45) are so comment-provoking that you're not likely to lack material for some time now. But it looks like in your extremity you published quite a bit of material in these last few that should have been edited out; in particular, passages in my own letters, which were merely personal, to-the-editor, or trivial. Yeah, I know I objected to editing which changes what a guy says or the way he says it. But simply excising unrelated matter shouldn't cause any harm. This present letter is going to call for a lot of excising!

Congratulations on saying "Shade of

... The Man Who Could Varnish" in the singular. (This is probly the kind of triviata Jack means oughtta be eliminated--but how can I kill such Acko-Boosting Crud?)

Ron

Lane having brot up Time Must Have a Stop, perhaps I can bring Dick Brewer in for a brief appearance again. Wrote he recently, "The whole thing is shoddy I realize now. The beginning is fairly amusing satire. The end, a loose, incongruous religious expostulation preying on all the usual psychological fears and weaknessess, setting up an-intellectual-mysticism (that said nothing) an ostensible solution as the solution by suggestion alone, unethical and the whole thing completely lacking artistry."

He-

wett's letter sets me athinking. I guess the mind can be divided any number of ways. I've most often divided it into ability (including knowledge) and will, the will being what's lacking in so many of our young intellectuals. But of course knowledge and intelligence can also be separated. What the intelligence tests measure usually involves a modicum of knowledge, but there must be a basic factor, perhaps reducible to a readiness of connections between neurones or perhaps to a superior organization (which latter might be acquired), which is to knowledge as length is to width--independent of it, yet interacting with it to determine the size of the result.

Lane expects Washington's idealism to lead him into bitter disillusionment. I don't doubt that idealists often do get bitter disillusionments, but I have a theory which says it isn't necessary. Attend: There is the world, and there is what we want to do to the world--"will" again. Disillusionment must refer to facts. Facts refer to the world. But idealism is a condition of the will, a wholly separate thing, and therefore immune to disillusionment.

The catch, of course, is that the person may will to do what he later decides is impossible because of the factual situation.

La-

ney's comments on literature open the way for an all-out discussion of the function of the cultural heritage for a generally educated man. But rather than duplicate other readers' remarks, I will just say that I would not willingly give up Prescott's Peru, Motley's Dutch Republic, or Parkman's Jesuits in North America, even if their viewpoints are antiquated. There may be perfectly valid viewpoints from which history can be written, but from which no present-day historian can write because the spirit of the times makes it impossible.

Now to the British Section, Stf Socialist

International --of which I hope to be considered a member, since I'm glad the UK went socialist and wish the US would head a lot further left that it is. But today I'd like to look at the other hand (you see, I'm a liberal before I'm a leftist).

In Europe there is no slack left. If they chose a wrong or difficult path now, those countries would almost certainly fall into internal strife and starvation. They have to play safe and take socialism, socialism as it is now.

But America, compared to the Old World, is still a wide-open country. There's room for a lot of different possibilities here, and our surplus-goods economy makes it possible to play with first one and then another. I think we should, because the best answer, the best economic system for Western man to live under, hasn't been discovered yet.

There are many values, among the most cherished by Anglo-Saxons, which will be largely lost under socialism.

We in this country have a long tradition of idealizing the sovereign individual, master of his own destiny and able to accomplish great works in the material and human world. That ideal has been weakened in the past fifty years, but it isn't lost, and if it should be lost, much of the best in our literature and folklore would become meaningless. Socialism, I believe, greatly narrows the channels in which individualism can operate, and the state of mind that must accompany socialism is hostile to the ideal in the form we know it.

American capitalism produces injustice for many and wealth and power for unscrupulous bastards or lucky fools. But it also produces a type of tough-minded man who has proved to be the world's best at getting things done when they have to be done.

Aside from the world-striding individual, our "American way of life" provides a remarkable amount of freedom for the common man. Freedom to starve, you say? Less than in the Old World, thanks to our great national wealth (which is based on more than a plenitude of natural resources). But freedom for a great deal more. There are not many other parts of the planet where a man could cheerfully sell his home and sink all his money in transporting himself and family and goods to a distant city where he has no definite promise of employment, and whence Government policy may desire emigration (citing Al Ashley).

It is more than Little Orphan Annie custard, that people when they know they have to make a go of a bad situation may triumph over handicaps whereas under a welfare economy they would become discontented public charges. It is more than Chamber of Commerce chatter, that competition keeps people on their toes. It is more than sweatshop propaganda, that Americans show up to better advantage in work (whose hours it is desired to reduce) than in leisure. It is not just an NAM credo, that idleness should not be encouraged.

Perhaps if I had a family to worry about, I'd be less interested in freedom and more in security. But whenever I hear "security" nowadays, I think of that nation of rentiers and what happened to their precious security in 1940.

The Spielraum of our freedom is much greater than that of the common Russian or Belgian or Englishman. Perhaps within the playing-space there are more obstructions, more opportunities to come a cropper. But if a man has the resiliency that our system tends to develop, he can fail in many things and still end up better off than his European counterpart.

Judged by the brute standard of survival value, the individual produced by America is better than the person produced by Eurasia. The question is, will the system lead him into disaster?

That there will be fascism in our loose-jointed country I think is very unlikely. I can't see America heading into disaster any more than I can really believe humanity is going to blow itself up with the atomic bomb and worse. Youd has to go by what he knows in predicting "of course ... an uncompromisingly capitalist path" for the USA, and eventual fascism. But making predictions about a foreign country's internal affairs is one of the riskiest games there is. Usually the best you can do is pick out authorities who seem to agree with what you know about the people, and then take their word on the prospects. But I don't agree with the Marxistic writers whom I suppose Sam is adopting.

At least, I can point to a number of developments that may work together to take us on a different path than Youd forecasts.

A generation has grown up under Roosevelt ideology. They, and the rest of the people as well, are used to the idea of using government as an instrument to control the economic powers that be. When a crisis comes, such as a depression, they will unhesitatingly demand that the Government do something about it. What the capitalists' managers do in such a case is confuse the masses as to what should be done and exert pressure on the men in key positions to thwart the demands of the Left. This is a game which they can't keep up forever; short of fascism they must make large concessions which will add up to a secular trend. "For what the people will can never fail; 'Gainst this the gates of Hell shall not prevail."

Capitalistic power depends on great accumulations of wealth and concentrations of control. The necessary basis for this is excessive profits. The Federal Government has been fighting a running battle against them in this since the Democrats came to power, not to mention the liberal period a quarter century earlier. I hesitate to mention co-operatives because somehow, up to now, they have exerted nothing like a revolutionary influence. Nevertheless it is notable that much left-wing attention is now being concentrated on them (due in Wylie's case to dissatisfaction with close government control of economics as demonstrated during the war.) If the co-ops succeed only in

their immediate objectives, they will have gone a long way toward redistributing economic power.

Also, the individual man may become better able and inclined to deal with the forces affecting his liberty. The decentralization predicted by Simak, making the individual household more independent, may breed anew Americans who refuse to come to terms with exploiters. A great raising of the level of living, almost certain as a result of wartime improvements in production, can strengthen the position of the striker. Education, not only formal, but learning from experience and conversation the ways of government and business, may make the common man better able to pin down responsibility for things. It is even possible that the capitalists may wake up someday and decide that there are better things to work for than government-regulated power and unconsumable wealth.

None of these possibilities has to come in perfect fulness. Even in partial form, they support each other. And I think that the result will be to find a better adjustment of common needs and individual freedom than European socialism is likely to achieve. It would be strange if there were nothing better to be found than Marxism.

I see Sam regards the Political Action Committee as the sole agency that may divert us from our dark destiny. I look at PAC in a different light. As long as it has little but labor support, I'll consider it primarily a counterpoise to the undue influence of big and little business in the government. Labor still shows itself too narrowly selfish (remember that it's not the majority here that it is in western Europe) to be a much better bet for complete power than big money. For true statesmanship, we must look to men like Henry Wallace, Claude Pepper, and other liberals such as those who are taking over many churches. And to that marvelous mechanism of democracy which takes in irrational prejudices, boss-delivered votes, crackpots, vested interests, hidden machinations, starry-eyed idealism, common sense, and a minority of independent enlightened thinking, and turns out a reasonably good public policy.

I'm strongly on Forry's side in the interpolations to the first part of Youd's letter. His position seems to amount to an adoption of the theory that all morality is social. There is no such thing, in this view, as isolated goodness; there is only that which contributes to the greatest good of the greatest number of other people (I could carry this out to a reductio ad absurdum, but it wouldn't prove anything for practical purposes).

Even if this theory were true, it might be desirable in practice to set up individual standards, rules of conduct, to hold to. Otherwise we could become a race of temporizers, little-white-liars, glossers-over, Tripolis, Robbing Hoods, peace-at-any-pricists, debasers of art, and three-wise-monkeys, coddling the faults that are as much causes of man's troubles as are economic forces.

But how can there be a general good without individual goodness? This sort of communalized morality may be natural to the citizen of a country undergoing a revolution, but in a transatlantic debate Sam ought to take a larger look. He here seems to equate "good" with "happiness", and, it would appear, both with mere physical welfare and mental tranquillity. In doing so, he seems to have lost the benefit of a century of English thought.

Somewhat surprised to hear that the Australian press also is full of anti-labor propaganda. Unfortunately, there have been too many incidents to feed that propaganda mill--things like laborers refusing to unload a ship in a war zone because of some dispute about pay, so that soldiers had to do it instead. Now that the war's won, such things are no longer so important, but while it was touch and go to hold the line, people had a right to get sore. It does reveal a defect in the laborite mentality. There should be a lot more criticism of this kind of thing from within labor.

Gunner Gibson seems to be referring to the San Francisco Conference in his gloomy final paragraph. Recently a UW professor who attended the Conference for a while opened a talk on it with the statement that the press coverage was atrocious. After hearing him, I was inclined to agree. The press probably figures it can't interest its audience in the routine constructive work of committees, where the large area of agreement is evident, so it concentrates on the few spectacular disagreements, thus creating a criminally false impression of the way things went.

Parr on emotions. Maybe we don't mean quite the same thing by the word, but I have always pretty much equated "emotions" with that "will" that I mentioned a few pages back. If emotions doesn't mean that, if it refers only to the physiological states of anger, etc, then so-called "emotional" judgments are often not dependent on emotions at all, but on a built-up complex of dislikes.

Parr is ashamed because he "didn't get one of the 15 names" Kepner listed. Hah. I didn't get probably a dozen. Idioms are funny things. Put that semantically empty (see "Barrier") word "a" in front of "one" and the meaning is greatly changed.

Is Mesle supposed to be writing about actual people he knows of? It sounds like just another description of that mythical character, Joe Fann.

I disbelieve in telepathy.

Dunkelberger's letter was apparently written during the time that he had the maladresse to campaign against me openly. There is not much point in carrying the discussion further when a man is such a fool that he can't tell yes from no. Literate readers who have bothered to follow the debate need nothing further said. Anyone else who cares three cents about it is invited to write me.

Concerning interpolation about Wee Willie being 16 or 17--does anybody know exactly? Somebody in LA told me

MURRAY

that Watson overstated his age to begin with, and was 17 years old for umpteen months. If your interpolation implies a confusion of Honig with Watson, you misunderstand. I know those two guys are separate; I've seen 'em. I'm asking who Maliano is. (Hist! Señor Maliano ist Herr Wilhelm Watson.) #

An obscure new young scientifiictionist who has moved into Tendril Towers at 628 S Bixel, LA 14, breaks his Battle Creek silence to say (by the way, the name is EEEvans): Although I must admit that I have neglected your sterling fanzine for the past couple of years -- and the resulting loss was all mine, I well know -- since I arrived in the beautiful city of LA I have had the extreme pleasure of becoming once more acquainted with this greatest of all letter-fanzines (being's as it's the only one, I accept the Vompliment in the spirit in which it's meant).

The last three issues especially have been very enjoyable to me. I got quite a kick out the various letters (whatcha mean, "kick out the various letters"? If I did that, there woudnt be any contents!), and only wish that I was one of those quick-quippy writers that could make with the puns like yourself and others (U're just waiting for quips that never come in, eh?). But alas, I'm just a prosaic sort of guy, even though I do sometimes try a little verse, which is not prose, is it? (Riddle: Why are Amazing Adventures & Fantastic Storys pro's? Ans.: Because they could not be verse!)

this fan vs. stefnate argument. Not talking about. To me, a fan is a must have been around here lately.) After all, what difference does it dom or a fan of fanning or a fan of a come.) If he is a fan he is in-to -- as long as their conversation sticks to fanning. Outside of that, what a fan thinks or does or believes should be his own business, says I. I like all fans -- as fans. Whether I like them as persons or not is something else entirely, that is entirely outside the realm of fandom, and none of fandom's business? Am I right? (Consult "Skeets" O'Frania.)



Especially have I been interested in that I understand what they are fan is a fan is a fan (Gert Stein (Sure U don't mean Beer Stein?) make whether one is a fan of fan-fans or a fan period? (or a fan in teresting for another fan to talk

I was sorry to see that since he left LA my friend Jimmy Kepner has evidently lowered his standards to the extent of associating with certain low characters like a certain unmentionable in the lower part of Illinois. (If there was a lower part of Illinois, that certain unmentionable character would probably inhabit it, because he is one of the lowest parts of that otherwise great state.) (Careful he doesnt Box your ears about 260 times.) So be careful, Jimmy, with whom you associate on your trip East. You'll wind up, if you're not careful, associating with people like me and Aokerman. (U may insult me, if U like, but please don't insult my friend Evans!)

So, oh mighty and magnificent Sergeant, I hope you will forgive me for my remissnesses of the past, and some of these days I will sit me down and compose for you a masterful piece of writing such as you have never before had the pleasure of throwing into your sterling wastebasket. (Vom deals in some pretty hot letters, but please! no sterlin' goods!) #

THE RAYM writes from CLO House, 227 Washington St, Gainesville, Fla: My rosiest predictions about s-f coming into its own seem to be none too optomistic. There are countless references to stf characters or predictions in the more conventional publications. Is moon-flight far off? Not nearly as far-off as it seemed in 1940, when I was at my most enthusiastic state of assimilation.

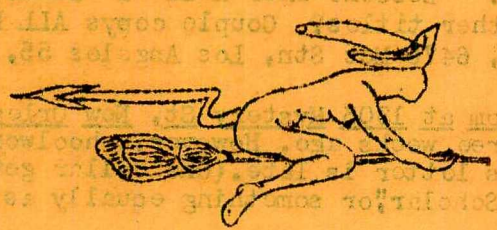
But I am rather inactive just now, and have been to months. ACOLYTE and VOM are the only non-FAPA fanzines I subscribe to just now; my correspondence within the field is too limited to suit even me; and practically all my publishing is done within FAPA. Of course, I never allow my NFFF membership to lapse. One of my long-standing ambitions is to put out an independent supscription fanzine, by myself. If I had a good piece of duplicating equipment, and if I could solicit subscribers so that more than one-half of the cost could be paid, I believe I'd make the attempt, in spite of my lack of time. Ah, well, no one can say for certain what the future holds.

It's evident, of course, that New York and Los Angeles are the two fan centers of the nation. Now that the Second World War is over, when are you going to hold the Pacificoon? (Late '46.)

Let me close with a pun for all good little American Aryans in the stfield:

"For the Forry we will live!"

P.S.: I ran across this recently



"Deah Aoky, which art in khaki, Trumpeted be thy name; Thy day will come; Thy will be done In pro's, as it is in fanzines..." #

CPL GUS WILLMORTH, back from the battle fields, writes from his old home, Cholan Falls, Wash:

Follwoing Warner's suggestion, if Widner could do such for FAPA, why not give him a Morey original to do it for VoM, or insult the guy enough and you could start a fued in fandom again.

Ron Lane, being the intent and serious fellow that he is, has certainly the most reasonable and intelligent letter that I have seen in VoM for a long time. My own correspondence with Ron has dribbled off into nothingness, but we certainly spent

a lot more time discussing these pressing problems of today than any fictional items. It would be most appealing for you to cultivate these Britishers letters. Many, Many of those whom I have written to have expressed opinions that are much more mature and well considered than those of most Amerifans that write VoM constantly: Lane, Webster, DR Smith, et autres. Rosenblum, Medhurst, Brown and others are all the serious collector type, but for Ghu's sake VoM could stand some serious collecting talk after years of the slop that burbles around in it now. If a comparison were made between VoM and FIDO which are the two most ancient and honorable (?) fan publications that ever were, you'd find them nearly the direct antithesis of each other. You could learn an awful lot about fandom from VoM, but you could learn indefinitely more about the serious business of collecting from the pages of Rosenblum's hearthrob. You've got Liebscher down there in LA now, Forrie, you should make him kick through with some good book stuff for VoM such as finds its way into Chantclair. I know that you and Searles are pretty much on outs because of the dirty threat he made some time ago, but such stuff as he gets into the Fantasy Commentator would certainly go over big in VoM. Laney has been getting collectors stuff in Acolyte. Why not wring a little of that out of him for VoM instead of that steady stream over the frustration and inconsequentiality of fandom that he pours forth anon. You should know plenty about the collectors angle yourself, being an old hand. If there were a good discussion, I might pitch in a little myself although I'm a lousy amateur at the collecting trade. It's all just a suggestion, but hows about it, you slans? #



TIGRINA: Gus Willmorth suggests that a few book reports be included in "The Voice of the Imagi-Nation". Very well, I will follow the suggestion, and perhaps others of you will also write in giving your opinions on various books that you have read.

While browsing through Forrest's well packed book shelves, I espied a volume entitled "Hallowe'en", by Leslie Burgess. (Hutchison & Co. London & Melbourne, circa '41, 223 pgs.) The title sounded most appropriate to include in my reading for October.

Those who might expect the story, because of its title, to deal with witches and hobgoblins, are foredoomed to disappointment, however. The story has its setting in the isolated ancestral home of the Dane family, in Scotland. Replete with vivid descriptions of Scotland's scenic beauty, plus some broad scotch dialogue, the tale is as scottish as bagpipes & glen plaid. Although well written, the story seems commonplace enough at the beginning, and concerns a new bride from the lower scale of the social register, and her adjustment to her new life with her husband, her mentally deficient mother-in-law, her sister-in-law, and the stoic, amazonian family housekeeper, the latter three of whom are unkindly disposed toward the newcomer.

The story is slow-paced at the beginning, containing only the merest suggestion of anything sinister, and would not seem to be extraordinary fare for the average fan's literary appetite. However, as the story progresses it becomes more and more interesting, and builds up to a suspenseful climax.

After the midway point in the book, the reader learns that the fact that the invalid mother-in-law has a vast store of knowledge concerning old Scotch folk lore & customs concerning Hallowe'en; that some of the important events in the Dane family history occurred on that night, and that the climactic events of the story take place also on this fateful night is the reason for the title of the book. Prior to that, the reader is apt to wonder just why the story was entitled "Hallowe'en".

The book was well written, and could easily be adapted for the screen, being classed as one of those "psychological" films which seem to be so well liked by the majority of theatre audiences today.

Frankly, I was just a wee bit disappointed in it because, from the title, I expected something entirely different. However, I definitely do not feel that my time was wasted. If you expect a grotesque, terrifying, or fantastic story, don't bother to read it, but if you enjoy a good, well-written novel, I recommend "Hallowe'en". #

((Also apropos for mention this month is ALL HALLOWS' EVE, a new novel from England by Chas Williams. Laney writes of it in the popular Banquets for Bookworms Dept of the #1 fanmag, Acolyte: "...a story of London as seen by the souls of the dead, of the attempt of a magical adept to seize control over both this world of spirits and of our mundance civilization, and of how the attempt is thwarted by the collaboration of two young women, one dead and one living...tremendously powerful and well-done." 206 pgs, by the "gifted British author of such masterpieces as Many Dimensions and The Place of the Lion". Other Williams works: "Descent into Hell" & "Shadows of Ecstasy". Any other bibliophiles know of any other titles? Couple cyps ALL HALLOWS' EVE available, incidently, from Weaver Wright, 6475 Met Stn, Los Angeles 55, at \$3.))

EMILE GREENLEAF JR., after leafing thru Vom at 1303 Mystery St, New Orleans 19, La, wrote: Received Vom #44 and #45 about three weeks ago. However, schoolwork has kept me quite busy of late, so that is why this letter is late. (One dollar gets you ten that Ack titles this letter "Ten O'clock Scholar", or something equally as foolish.)

You'ds prophecy is uncomfortably possible, but I think that the atomic bomb may be the first nail in the coffin of capitalism. I hope so, at least. Capitalism has never done me any good, and probably, in the future, will do me very little good, if any. However, I don't approve of eliminating capitalism by force, for that isn't--and shouldn't be--the way of a civilized race.

Mesle, it seems, is one of those who are openminded enough to look into telepathy and occultism before condemning it as being screwball

stuff. Of course the screwballs have given the subject a bad name, but is that any reason to condemn serious attempts to investigate occult phenomena? However, I have eliminated the word "occult" from my vocabulary, along with "supernatural". It is my theory that many so-called "supernatural" manifestations are caused by living creatures composed of pure force, or else, by multi-dimensional beings, or, perhaps, by beings which are a combination of the two.

There are, in my opinion, several things which science is at present unable to explain, but which can be explained by science-fiction.

I wonder how many understood van Vogt's "World of A"? I wonder, too, how many know what semantics is? I don't. Perhaps I could understand the story, if I could ever learn what "null-A" is, and how in the hell a science which is supposed to deal with the meanings of words (semantics) could ever dominate all the others, like it does in the story. As Richard Alnutt pointed out, "World of null-A" is just the type of story to drive a prospective reader away from stf., leaving him with the conviction that it's "above his head". As for me, I'll stick to the fourth dimension. It's easier to understand (no bull, it is!). (Well, that takes the No Bull Prize!) #

The gate from Southgate, Cal--RICK SNEARY--punishes Vom's sic policy with the following letter: When I decided to write you a couple weeks ago I was going to complain like everthing. But time has softened me (this has happened to many a good brain) I guess. The kick was about the size of Vom. (You know, thw two free one.) Not the size of the paper, but the number of said papers. Four to a mag, and only 7 sides of thes used. Buy using a slide-rule I found that this made each page cost 2¢ and the cover 3¢. As I agree with only 50% of what is said that makes hafe a page cost 2¢ of 4¢ a full pafe.

That is what I was going to say, but now I don't feel so much like it. But why don't you put more stuff in it for gosh sake??? But I think that it is the hing price and small amount of stuff that put Vom so low in the Beowulf. (Annual Poll conducted by Gerry de la Ree. Several mags proved more popular than Vom in the Top Ten.)

Might I say that the letter from fans(?) from other countries you use are not ment to make fans love one another, and think of the world as brother. That is except for Croutch. One AProberts should go soak his head in one of Australian best water holes. That goodnes that all Austrailians aren't like him. N there is dear comrade CYoud. It is a good thing that some people DON'T read Vom. Think what the anti Rusia people coud do with that letter. I think of my self as some what of a optimist, and I don't think it looks good. I have allways tryed to make what Russia does seem allright so as not to get to fearing it like most people, but this kine of stuff. It's not like the bunk you read in the paper eather. For you know that it is true. I have allways thought that fandom was made of better stuff. To my way of thinking every man or fan has a right to say what ever he feels like, but saying that he things his country may have to fight yours is going a pet far. #

In life, 2 things are certain: Death & taxes. In Vom, it's a Letter from Laney (#3 far in the Beowulf Poll): In #44, Julian Parr did not do a bad off-hand analysis of me. However, the "isolationist type of blindness" is largely deliberate, and is admittedly by means of coping with situations that are too much for me. I can read and study widely, if I like, on the vast number of disturbing elements reaching out to throw mankind over the edge. On the other hand, it would be extremely easy for me to drive myself over an edge of some kind if I were to do so, for a comprehensive investigation of our probable future can lead only to despair. When it comes right down to it, there isn't much of anything any of us can do that will help the situation. We are helpless pawns being shoved about on some board in a game which most of us apparently do not even realise is being played. So rather than knock myself out reading continually and talking continually and observing continually the approaching collapse of civilization, I prefer to follow the main trends in the newspaper, occasionally supplementing this with a copy of Magazine Digest, and do the few things that are actually within my power to do towards helping. These consist of regularly voting for the most liberal candidates with a reasonable chance of being elected, refusing my participation in reactionary groups or groups dominated more or less by reactionaries, and in supporting all anti-capital, pro-labor movements to what limited extent I can. (That is, I plug for labor in my conversation, and I positively refuse to cross any picket line.) But apart from this, there is nothing I can do--positively nothing--so I can see no valid reason for making myself miserable stowing about things.

I daresay Parr will consider this another prime example of my "blatent selfishness"--so be it. And incidentally, somewhere in the dim dark past I picked up an idea of the nature of motivations (I believe in some psych class, but I may have just read it somewhere else) which states definitely that all motivation is selfish. That is to say, the motivation for an altruistic action lies in the selfish delight in which the altruistic person may feed his ego with the thought of how unselfish and altruistic he is. At the extreme end of this, we would find martyrs. I wish I could remember where I got this idea (can anyone tell me?) but anyway it so completely justified my previously existing selfishness that I adopted it atonce. It certainly is the most logical explanation of the antics of most "altruistic" people.

And I will still maintain that all endeavor is motivated, deliberately or subconsciously, by either the desire for self-preservation (making a living) or the pursuit of pleasure, except of course some people are able to combine these motivations in such a way as to love their work. "Pleasure"



must be defined much more widely than Parr seems to be using the term. Is it not possible to imagine the altruist gaining pleasure from his altruism?

And faugh to any "sense of duty". Motivations should be intrinsic rather than extrinsic-- people should be trained to get pleasure out of certain actions rather than performing them joylessly out of a "sense of duty".

Some of the people were wondering what was listed in order to arrive at the total letters in VOM. If the item were listed in the ToC, we counted it; if the issue lacked a ToC, we counted every letter, but ignored two or three line squibs. Installments of serialised letters were counted as full letters, due to the difficulty of picking them out from the rest without re-reading all the file once more.

Jazz, says Ron Lane in #45, is "the ephemeral product of an age without a background, sans religion and sans reason". "Jazz", says Roger Pryor Dodge (in Jazzmen, Harcourt, Brace, 1939 \$2.75 p. 339) "is no different in spirit from any other folk music in the heyday of creation. In fact...the liveliness and the ribald atmosphere surrounding most of the earlier classical music was far more at odds with the more refined culture of the day than is jazz contemporaneously." And Ezra Pound (A B C of Reading, Yale Univ. Press, 1934, p xii) "The author's conviction on this day of New Year is that music begins to atrophy when it departs too far from the dance...Bach and Mozart are never too far from physical movement." Lane talks very much in the same way that many 18th century music critics spoke of Beethoven. If enough of you are interested, I shall try to persuade 4e to publish the salient features of a very able article in a 1941 Music and Rhythm which to my mind completely explodes any idea as to the "value" of classical music. This is not to say one should not be able to enjoy something without "value", but neither should an art form be dismissed because it fails to measure up to certain purely arbitrary and debatable notions of "disciplined, spiritual content". And imagine quoting Ruskin in 1945!

I hope, though, that Ron's ideas as to the future scope of VOM are acted on favorably.

You'd is completely right in his remarks on the effects of "moral standards of goodness" upon the great mass of people. I hope that he is wrong on his ideas about the future of the world, but I fear he is all too right. I believe it safe to say that America has stronger seeds of fascism at this moment than did Germany in 1925, and I believe furthermore that there is far less in the way of resistance groups to such reactionaries than in the Reich at that time--since the German communist party was so strong as to be one of the major influences in the old Republic, and the commies here most certainly are little more than an extremely small, if quite noisy, minority. But just what can any of us do about it? #

PFC JOE GIBSON, now at an Intelligence center somewhere in Europe: May Vom Fortu received via latent pony express. Cover blasted my eyes out. Immediately after flooding the tent with drool about JimE, there followed an assorted variety of drool remarks about the kind of a guy who has all the luck. Daugherty--I brogue the subject. Why, d'yaknow, that's the very pusson who attempted to persuade me to remain in LA and not ask for that fatal transfer to a wugged ole combat outfit! Heh! That's one axe I got over his head. Crozetti didn't want me to either!

Fran Laney-- what the devil did he look like? Sort of lanky, wasn't he?--has my thanks for mentioning Scottwaddleyduck in a hybrid category by himself. I, too, like his jiggaboo, because it is hybrid and not highbrow. To us guys who fit the buttles to save Gershwin and Varga from the Nazi loot galleries, such mentionables as RayScott are near to the heart.

Even yet I am wondering what, if I were back there, my immediate interests would be. On science-fiction, I think. With so much of it becoming fact--and science-fictionists getting credit for foreseeing it, too--I believe I would be making an endeavor to point out that, to keep ahead of the rest of the flock, stf will have to turn almost exclusively to themes of philosophic and socionomic nature. But then I haven't seen a prozine lately.

Also, I've always had the desire to write a little philosophy which pointed out that slans are exactly what the monks and the "thinkers" were to the Dark of fandom pro writers and cluded, and that the most with which to mould the future truth that the pen is mightier ivory towers and people will is too much truth in that for don't you think?



Ages, that in any analysis artists should also be in- powerful weapon we have is our beliefs, and the age-old than the sword. Build your want to live in them. There us to treat it with cynicism,

Another thing, why did we ever take Tigrina so seriously? Is there not something within her breast that burbles with mocking laughter at the thought of it? She's a Witch, gentlemen, and a Heathen! There is naught for her but to be burned at the stake! I wonder--did we burn her? I hope not. But if we did, I wonder if there might be some way to take those ashes, to call up that spirit... #

K MARTIN CARLSON débuts in Vom with a filler for a finale. He lives at 1028 3 Ave S, Moorhead, Minn: You really have a nice fanzine. King size makes it more outstanding than other fanzines. Joe (Gibson) does all right on those Litho covers too. Perhaps some of the fen would like to see some covers showing those space ships landing on the planets and a few planet-people approaching the ships.

VOM #45 had a swell idea on filing fanzines, and it was just what I need. Mine have been piled up in a stack on the floor. I found that gingerale cases make swell file boxes. A little paint does wonders on them. #

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