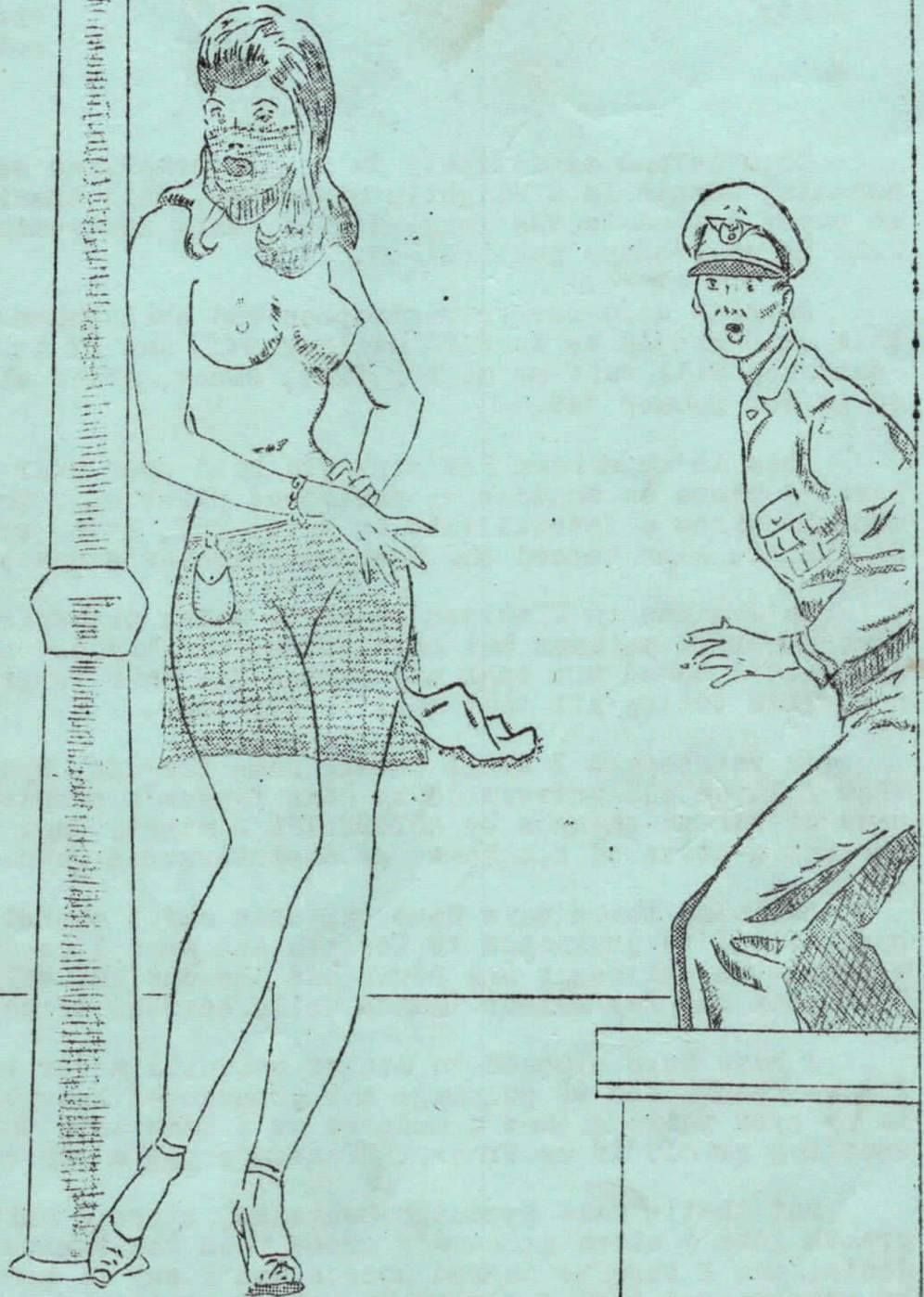


# r-tRapp's MINDWARP



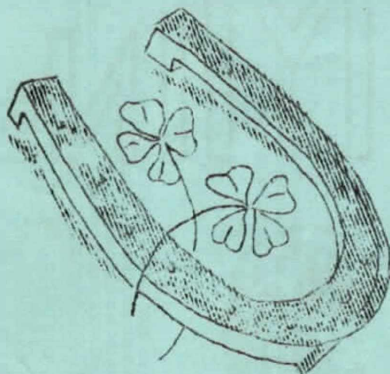
Sneary

MP-1 w/FAPA-48  
(SUMMER, 1949)

.....what started out to be MINDWARP's masthead

for LUCK .

a prominent american  
deity



much worshipped

on bended knee with  
the aid of two  
cubes of ivory

This island of futility in FAPA's trackless sea, this unassuming warble in a slightly minor key, this sheaf of lettered paper beamed to the Imagi-Nation, this newly-minted MINDWARP is an r-tRapp publication.

Barring unforeseen catastrophes and evil whims of fate, this zine should be in FAPA Mailing #48. And if it is, the circumstance will suit me mighty fine, since, after all, I've dated it for Summer '49.

This is my maiden FAPazine you hold upon your laps, but I have -- pause to shudder -- published prior ones in SAPS; and monthly since a fateful date in April '47, I've cranked out SPACEWARP, also termed the Fancrudscribbler's Heaven.

In Saginaw in Michigan an eerie thing transpired: a one-time-cheerful mailman has aged grown, and tired. He thinks it's age that's bowed his back and turned his hair to gray -- it's not; it's toting all that mail to 2120 Bay.

In retrospect I still recall some far-off, byegone days when I lived all untroubled by dark fandom's complex ways, when news of format changes by ASTOUNDING's mighty Jawn would have brought a stare of blankness or disinterested yawn.

But alas, those days have vanished and I cannot call them back, for I've journeyed to Toronto and seen legendary Ack, and met Crutch and Boggs and Davis and the one and only JoKe, and I've even met Ray Palmer (pause while certain of you croak.)

I have been exposed to Singer and will never be the same; I have read a ton of pulpmags and pronounced Korzybski's name; in my eyes there gleams a madness as I wade into the strife, snarling grimly in my frenzy, "Fandom's not a way of life!"

But that's mere semantic nonsense, since I wait with bated breath like a slave in Rome's arena when the thumbs point up for death, and I turn to Sacred Roscoe and I say to him, "old bean, by your sacred tail I conjure: make 'em like my FAPazine!"

Degler or somebody could have done fandom a service at that, by organizing it as a formal religion. In Michigan, at least, mimeograph supplies for churches or schools are exempt from the 3% state sales tax. I wonder if Singer knows that?

MINDWARP, a Piecemeal Publication, is an unholy outcome of the Fit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph, with r-rapp at the console. Other data will be found on page two, if you have the patience to winnow the chaff to find the info you're searching for.

The cover, which after a heroic struggle we resisted the temptation to embellish in lurid hues of red green and purple hectoink, is by Rick Sneery, stencilled by Redd Boggs. How it came into our hands is a long and not particularly interesting story.

Other material in this ish which is not bylined must of necessity be blamed on us. Although opposed to reprinting fanzine material as a regular habit (too many people belong to too many mailing lists), we are using the Cincinnati article both here and in our SAPSzine; likewise the Torcon account is being distributed in both apes. We plead the extenuating circumstance of the about-to-transpire Convention, and the fact that many of the fan mentioned in the Torcon account have not seen same.

Which reminds us to inform you that "Torcon Daze" originally appeared in SPACEWARP for July 1948; it was batted out hastily and in the first flush of post-con enthusiasm, a fact which should be kept in mind while evaluating certain Gosh-wowboyoboy passages therein.

..oo00( )00oo..

With sadistic delight we read the for-once-plugless paragraphs of Palmer's "Observatory" for August. As you have undoubtedly heard by now, he has come out for Pop Hugo's classic theory that interplanetary flight is impossible. We have a Utopian vision of "Discussions" flowering into the shaverless vituperation of the Thirties, perhaps even Ack being so flabbergasted that he forgets himself and, with the strange feeling that he's gone thru all this before, pens foul missives to the Wabash Avenue citadel.

While feeling for the dero mythos an affection closely akin to extreme nausea, we never could work up much sympathy for the group which lifted its hands in holy horror and gave Z-D priceless free publicity by producing countless sheaves of propoganda stating that they were ignoring it. As a fan, we could no more ignore AS and FA because they weren't as we'd like them, than an economist could ignore John L. Lewis because he opposed labor unions.

We can't say we've looked forward to each issue of AS with frenzied delight -- for a long time it's been more like morbid curiosity-- nevertheless, we've enjoyed quite a few of the tales therein, and on the whole, the zine fanks far above WT in our estimation. And almost any issue of AS or FA would top such crud as "The Lion's Way" or England's unbelievably putrid "The Golden Blight." If this be treason, vive le revolution!

..oo00( )00oo..

This -- thing -- is being prepared just before the middle of June in the infinitesimal interval between the end of college and the beginning of our summer activities, whatever they may turn out to be -- Roscoe alone knows at the moment. In this case, better early than never!

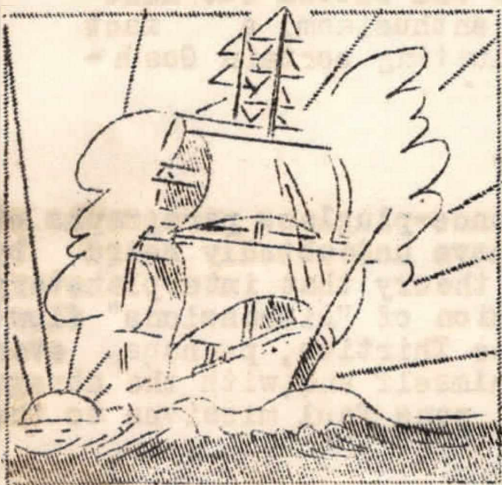
"But Officer! They told me there wasn't a dame in this town who wouldn't....."

## HEAVENLY LEBENSRAUM

One of the most widespread implicit assumptions of sf is that the achievement of interplanetary travel will usher in the long-awaited Utopia. It bobbed up in PLANET's letter-column a while back, leading Edwin Sigler to propose that India's overpopulation be reduced by emigration, and ultimately developed into the PDCox-Yankee racial fracas. A popular variant is the use of the first spaceflight as a catalyst for world-government sentiment, various treatments of this theme being found in every promag from ASF to AMZ.

What has escaped most authors' attention is the vast gulf between achievement of interplanetary flight, and travel on a scale large enough to permit significant emigration. Most writers seem to view the situation as paralleling the voyage of Columbus, quite forgetting that Europe in the 1500's had plenty of ships available to cross the Atlantic--as soon as that possibility was demonstrated by Columbus.

Let's be charitable and grant (1) practical interplanetary flight; (2) availability of ships and supplies in unlimited quantity; (3) planets capable of supporting self-sufficient colonies -- at least on a reciprocal-trade basis that doesn't require Terran economy to be drained for upkeep.



What conditions would result on Earth?

Would the national governments be so overwhelmed with the cosmic grandeur of it all that they'd forget their petty differences to form a World Government? Or would they grow more nationalistic than before, each determined to carve its own generous helping of the new empire? Did the discovery of America unite Europe? And don't forget that in colonizing America the Europeans even faced the Terran equivalent of an alien race, organized on militaristic lines and quite capable of waging bloody and successful warfare against the invading Europeans. So Martian BEM's wouldn't necessarily promote Terran brotherhood, either. Remember the French and Indian War.

Would Earth's increasing overpopulation be remedied by emigration? It might, if some totalitarian ruler took over and shipped, willingly or no, everyone but his friends, who could then live in luxury on the depopulated planet. But voluntary emigration -- would it reduce the population density on Terra any more than filling the Americas cleaned out Europe?

There is no doubt that large-scale emigration would have terrific social repercussions. The emigrants would be mostly young people, thus leaving those who remained the added burden of supporting a disproportionate number of oldsters. Too, Terran civilization would pass from imperialism, maturity, barbarism, or whatever it is now, into decadence since the adventurous element would be the first to migrate.

Added to cultural decay would be political unrest inspired by the abandonment of old allegiances by other-planet colonies, once they were well-established.

Space travel to usher in a Golden Age? Maybe, but it's also going to involve some unprecedented growing pains, if you ask me.

\*\*\*\*\*  
 \* TORCON DAZE \*  
 \* \* \* \* \* or \* \* \* \* \*  
 \* GHOD, SINGER, and the MSFS \*  
 \* \* \* \* \*

Now let's see...what was the outstanding thing about the TORCON -- aside from the Tucker Report, that is? Singer and the Birthday Suit? Singer and the Explosive Telephone? Singer and the International Incident? Singer and the Alum? (I will tell of Singer and the Alum, though it means getting SPACEWARE barred from the mails, perchance!) Not to mention Singer and the Rabbi.....

Oh, well, let's tackle this vast mass of data in chronological order. It all began last Thursday, with Martin Alger and r-tRepp chuffing weezily along the streets of downtown Detroit in what Alger laughingly insists is an automobile. According to frenzied last-minute postcards, we were to meet about nine Michifen in front of the City Hall shortly before midnight.

Came the City Hall. Came zero hour. Came no fen.

Hours passed, while Martin walked the downtown area looking for the absentees, and I reposed comfortably in the auto, alternately observing the legs of passing girls and speculating on what a pleasure it would be to have all unpunctual stfen in the Army under my supervision -- a feindish concept first voiced by Martin.

By one a.m., Martin decided to take one last look before giving up until morning and a suitable hour for phoning. Presently he returned, towing one Benjamin Singer, who, it turned out, did not agree with George Young about where the fen were supposed to meet. Shortly afterward, Young himself arrived, delayed by a frenzied and unsuccessful effort to get UNITED FANDOM hectoed before taking off. The rest of the Michifen couldn't make it -- but Ed Kuss, Steve Metchette, and Erwin Stirmweis followed separately next day.

It developed that Singer had been passing time while he waited by discussing religion (of course) with a passing rabbi. This gentleman was also on his way to Toronto, and since only four of us were in Martin's car, he was allowed to accompany us, thus spreading the per-capita expense a bit thinner. Yes.

And so, through the blackness of Canadian night we hurtled toward Toronto, the Mecca of all good stfen. Argument filled the car, but being half asleep at the time, I remember nothing but the Rabbi's polite incredulity that anyone could believe in deros. We reached Toronto at 8:00 a.m. on Friday, 2 July. In passing, let me say that roadside billboards seem to be prohibited in Canada, leaving nothing to look at except trees, houses, hills, rivers, and suchlike scenery. Backward country, isn't it?

With many cheerful admonitions to devote less time to religion, the rabbi was helped to get his luggage from the trunk by Singer, who was so absorbed in this bandinage that he forgot to collect any dough for the trip. Is this sufficient to get him expelled from the American Association for the Advancement of Atheism?

We checked in at the Prince George, a most fascinating establishment. Ultra-modern all-glass doors swing aside to admit the visitor to a pastel-and-chrome lobby slightly larger than Mammoth Cave, indirectly lit, and decorated with artistic murals and functional furniture. Yes. So we registered, and the bellboy took our baggage.

"This way," he said, leading us toward an inconspicuous door in one wall, marked "elevator." In the twinkling of an eye we found ourselves in a bare-boarded corridor littered with old newspapers and the remains of some employee's lunch, not to mention a couple of dog-eared phonebooks and an ancient pedestal-type telephone. We skirted some slabs of wall-board propped against a flimsy partition, and found ourselves in a paleolithic elevator presided over by something out of Lovecraft, who eventually, after several attempts, got us level with the second floor so the door could be opened. Dodging a light-switch which dangled by its wiring from the cracked plaster wall beside us, we entered our rooms, which proved to be the 14-foot-ceiling type so popular in the Victorian Era. Great black sprinkler pipes sprawled across the ceiling in mute reminder not to smoke in bed. In one corner jutted the rusty taprocks of the hotel sign. There was a radio of the quarter-in-the-slot variety, but this we didn't mind, because the hammering of the workmen perched on scaffolding outside, dismantling the sign, would have drowned out a radio anyhow. These workmen carried no watches, finding it simpler to pop their heads in our window at intervals, and ask us the time.

Singer got on the phone while we repaired the ravages of travel and no sleep. He announced that Bob Tucker was the only other arrival so far, making us relative earlybirds. Also, Don Hutchison of MACABRE fame would be over shortly.

After breakfast we returned to that lovely lobby to await Don. Almost simultaneously, Les Crouch sauntered in, spotted us as stiff from a mile off, and introduced himself. A bullsession filled the rest of the morning.

Don, Ben, George and myself took off for chow and to buy some fire-crackers. Les and Martin remained in the hotel. At this point Ben decided he was in dire need of a telescope and developed a tendency to rush madly for hockshop windows. (In Toronto, traffic lights have practically no significance. You walk across the street whenever you please, and traffic obligingly steps for you -- even streetcars. Detroit should only live so long!)

So we proceeded down Queen Street, Ben behaving like a puppy-dog investigating a picket fence, much to Don's bewilderment. George and I are used to Singer. Incidentally, Don Hutchison is a quiet guy with a friendly grin, rather short and slight in comparison with the rest of Canadian fellows who run to massive and towering physiques. Les Crouch has the build of a moving van, and is himself amazed that he can be so fat and at the same time enjoy perfect health.\*

Eventually we talked Ben out of attending a burlesque show at 1:00 in the afternoon, and returned to the Prince George, where he got on the phone again, and presently announced that Ackerman was coming over.

4sJ arrived (he's tall, energetic, friendly) together with Beak Taylor (also tall) and Chan Davis (short only by comparison, dark-haired,

\*I hope my reactions don't start any feuds. In describing people for WARP readers, I'm merely stating how they struck me at first meeting.

with an incisive manner that carries authority and is probably a heritage of his wartime Navy experience). More discussion, punctuated by arrival and departure of various fen. George occupied the afternoon by digging a hecto out of his suitcase and finishing up UNITED FANDOM. George also provided himself with a typical MSFS touch for the Torcon -- one of those futuristic helicopter caps. Somehow or other, I was wearing it most of the time, tho. It seemed to go with my 12-inch droopstem pipe.

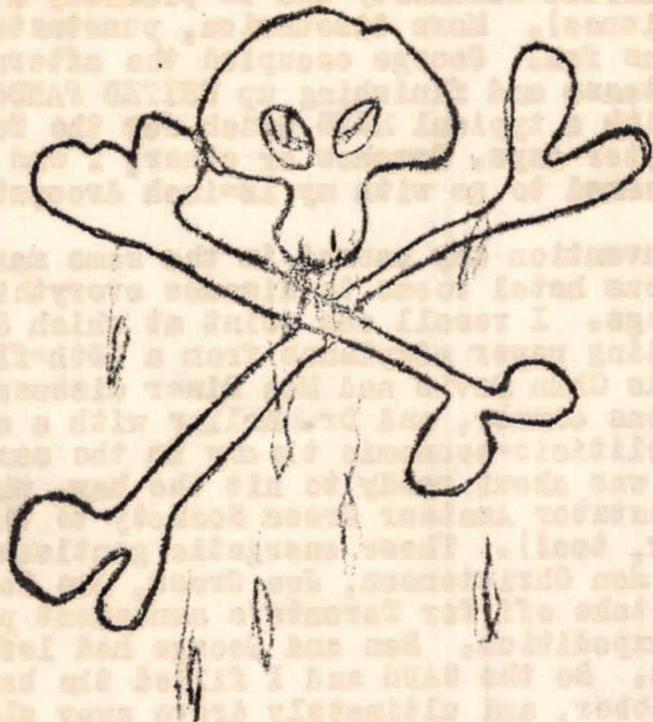
The evening of this pre-convention day passed in the same manner, with groups assembling in various hotel rooms to discuss everything in the Galaxy and a few other things. I recall one point at which Singer, Young, and Bob Tucker were sailing paper airplanes from a 16th-floor window of the King Edward, while Chan Davis and Moe Diner discussed nuclear physics or something in one corner, and Dr. Keller with a circle of fascinated fen considered politico-economic theory in the center. After 48 hours without sleep I was about ready to hit the hay, when who should appear but the SAPS (Spectator Amateur Press Society to the un-enlightened) (I am now a member, too!). These energetic gentlemen: Andy Lyon, Lloyd Alpaugh, Paul Cox, Ron Christensen, Joe Gross, Joe Schaumburger, etc., etc., were about to take off for Toronto's amusement park, and somehow I got involved in the expedition. Ben and George had left for a burlesque show about this point. So the SAPS and I filled the back end of a trolley car with stfical jabber, and ultimately drove away sleep with rollercoaster rides, etc. It turned out these boys were quartered just a hop-and-skip down the Prince George corridor from we-uns.

Pause for personalities once again: Andy Lyon and Paul Cox have, as you might expect, southern accents of the North Carolina and Georgia variety, respectively. These have always fascinated me. I particularly enjoyed hearing them converse with Toronto waitresses, who have a sort of combination French inflection and Scottish burr. You could spot the NY and Jersey fen by their speech, also. Andy is about 5'9, light hair, glasses. Paul is several inches shorter and a bit wider. From his notorious PLANET letter, I'd visualized a tall, thin fanatic. My mistake.

We ended up at a soda-fountain at 2 a.m. where other passing fen stopped to chat until the crowd blocked the aisles, much to the disgust of the waitresses. Feeling like one of the walking dead after all this activity, I tottered back to the Prince George to find the rest of our group already fast asleep. No endurance, them guys.

Bright and early next morning Singer and I visited the SAPS' rooms, finding they had improved things by knocking a hole in the transom of the connecting door to give water-pistols an unobstructed field of fire. We paused long enough to toss a few lighted firecrackers in the door and went on. The next room was (I think) Alpaugh's. When the door opened, Ben spotted a well-known publication of the Gidann Society on a bedside table. Like a flash he leaped across the room, opened the volume, and began ripping out pages and tossing them over his shoulder. Picking himself up from the corridor floor, he returned to Alger's room, where he phoned the SAPS and engaged Ron Christensen in light conversation until he got a firecracker lit, then held the transmitter of the phone close to it. Great sense of humor, that lad.

It was little things like the above which inspired someone to leave under our door the message reproduced on page 13. But as Rick Sneary would say (if we didn't review in AS, that is), poo to them!



GREETINGS FROM  
THE SOCIETY FOR THE  
ABOLITION OF MICHIGAN.

((continued from p6))

Ed Russ, Erwin Stirmweiss and Steve Matchette arrived, and with Ben, George and I went to the railroad depot to meet Joe Kennedy, who the SAPS expected on the morning train. We had no idea what JoKe looked like, so developed the scheme of standing around with copies of MUTANT and the WARP prominently displayed, much to the edification of Toronto's citizens, especially a 6-year-old who seemed fascinated by Trev Nelson's WARP cover until George pointed out that if he read magazines like that he might grow up to be like Ben Singer. The lad fled, screaming

Eventually we gave up and went to the Rai Purdy Studios, where,

after all this time, the first session of the Sixth World Science-Fiction Convention was about to begin.

The auditorium was a stfan heaven -- scores and scores of originals decking the walls, publishers' displays hither and thither, a big table of fanzines for sale, including special editions of the SYDNEY FUTURIAN and Tucker's immortal LE ZOMBIE. There was also a big board prepared by the MacInnes' to show future NECROMANCER covers, and last but not least, the elite of fandom milling about everywhere.

To me, the most fascinating aspect of this whole affair was the experience of seeing those stfanous names suddenly come to life: George O Smith, Erle Kershak, Don Wolheim, Lloyd Eshbach, Sam Moskowitz, Bob Bloch, JEEvans, Ackerman, JoKe (who showed up later in the day), the MacInnes, Woolston, Frank Dietz, Sykora, Redd Boggs (who does have red hair -- I never imagined that before!), Dr. Keller, John Blyler, and dozens of others. Some I wanted to see because I'd heard of them so often; others I have been corresponding with, and without exception, they turned out to be swell guys who I'm looking forward to seeing again next year.

The auditorium was spacious and well-lighted. The stage was hung with red and blue curtains, and was equipped with a rostrum, two mikes, and a piano. The microphones, rather unfortunately, were of the directional type, so those speakers who moved about while talking were hard to hear at times. The outstanding exception was Sam Moskowitz, whose bass voice would have filled the room even without electronics. Doc Keller, too, had lung-power to carry to the rear of the room above the sound of fangab.



After introductory remarks by Ned McKeown, Robert Bloch took over. This famous writer is tall, with swept-back medium-brown hair and glasses. According to my notes, he wore a yellow necktie. According to my memory he also wore other clothes. Will someone who was present confirm this?

Bob's talk concerned the psychological reasons for writing and reading sf. I won't go into details, because the full text of this and all other convention speeches will appear in the TORCON MEMORY BOOK, of which I suggest you beg, borrow, steal, or perhaps even buy a copy. But here is a rough summary of Bloch's remarks:

Streaders make of science a father-substitute, that is, something which has all the answers and can be depended upon as a wise, enduring, and benevolent refuge. Most writers are trying to take the place of their own parents as a source of criticism, and are defending their subconscious fantasies and pressures. When sfers say they are interested in science, they are rationalizing their real motives. Science in sf is presented as infallible, the answer to all problems. In real life, science is more commercial than altruistic. The prime appeal of sf is that it glorifies the individual. This basic psychology and motivation is healthy and constructive. A great proportion of all literature throughout the ages has contained elements of fantasy, and has often been shunned by critics at the time of its appearance. But the readers go right on reading.

The most important aspect of fanactivity is the cooperation between fans. There are baseball fans, football fans, all sorts of fans, but it is not fair to say the former are extroverts and sfers are introverts. The former merely have more public opportunity to display their extroversion. A gathering such as this is one of the healthiest aspects of fandom. You come here today not to save the world, but to have a good time. All of you are your own justification for being.

Next on the agenda was messages from the publishers -- Eshbach of Fantasy Press, James A. Williams of Prime Press, Korshak of Shasta, Ack pinchhitting for Fantasy Publishing Co, Abe Childs of New Collectors (who are now tentatively known as Hydra Press), Moskowitz of Avalon, and Maitland of New Era Publishers -- all giving the latest info on what is available and forthcoming from their various publishing houses.

This concluded the afternoon session; Saturday evening, the program began with a movie tracing the history of atomic physics from Dalton to Einstein and beyond. It was highly technical, but fascinating to all who like the scientific side of sf.

Following the film, George O. Smith attempted to discuss interplanetary communication for the illumination of fandom. He soon became embroiled with several people who couldn't see why people on two planets separated by a ten-minute transmission lag would have difficulty in carrying on a conversation. Until he fled from the auditorium an hour later, Smith was surrounded by a three-deep circle of fen firing a barrage of technical questions somewhat in the manner of detectives giving a suspect the third degree.

Sunday afternoon was devoted to the auction of originals and was capably presided over by Erle M. Korshak. The auction set a new record by netting over four hundred dollars to help defray TORCON expenses. The

((Picking up where  
we left off on  
page 14 or so))

highest bidding came on Finlay's original for the June '48 FFM, the only cover painting on hand. Harry Moore finally got it for \$70, which is also a record price for any item auctioned at a fanvention. In general, the originals brought from three to five bucks, although many of the larger and finer ones brought ten dollars or more. Young bought a Paul (The pp 36-37 from the May FN, I believe), while I got two illos -- the Handison from "Assignment In The Dawn" (PLANET, Fall 47, and the Orban which heads Pt. 2 of "Fury" in the June 47 ASF. I also got a Derleth-autographed copy of Strange Ports of Call.

Sunday evening came the moment for which everyone had been waiting --the Tucker Report. Here again I will skip details. Not only will this appear in the TMB, but Bob is putting out his own summary of his findings sometime this fall. I might add that the printed page will never reproduce the rib-splitting manner in which Tucker read the comments and answers his queries had netted, and his interpretation of the charts he prepared to illustrate his remarks.

The evening concluded with a round-table discussion by a panel of experts, namely Chan Davis, Milton Rothman, Norman Stanley, and a fourth whom I can't for the life of me remember just now -- on how and why interplanetary travel will come. This didn't come off so well because it was supposed to be an audience-participation affair, and members of the audience speaking without a mike could not be heard all over the room.

Sunday night was the time of smoke-filled rooms and low-voiced phoning as the politics of locating the 49 convention were set into motion. With its large delegation at the Torcon, plus quite a number of pledged votes from midwestern unorganized fen, the MSFS was a factor to be considered. I suspect that we were a headache to the other fanclubs, who could predict each others' actions from prior experience, whereas the MSFS was an unknown quantity and might be expected to do anything. To step out of chronological order for a moment, it is safe to say that the award of the 1949 convention to Cincinnati was the finest decision that could have been made, and the MSFS is proud of having had the privilege of seconding the motion on the floor of the convention.

The session Monday opened with a talk by David H. Keller which should be read by every stf author and would-be author. Dr. Keller called for less dcom and destruction in stf, and more stories which will point the way to a better world through practical application of the great constructive potentialities of science. Incidentally, Dr. Keller has been made an honorary member of the MSFS, and Mrs. Keller has joined the club also.

Alger reports one of the priceless Singer incidents of the convention. It seems reminisces of the Philcon were being voiced at one of the bullsessions. Someone remarked that in the wee sma' hours of a Philadelphia morning several of the younger fen were chasing up and down hotel corridors in their birthday suits. At which point Singer interrupts breathlessly: "Their birthday suits? What's that? You mean they were in their underwear?"

To get back to the official program -- next came the business session. Sam Moskowitz introduced this by a short talk reviewing the history of fanventions and the continual battle they must fight to keep from being turned into mere commercial exploitations. The Cincinnati group were the only bidders for the 1949 convention, with Doc Barrett's motion being seconded by the MSFS and by EEEvans as a representative of the

Far West, who are patiently awaiting a convention within traveling distance.

By acclamation, therefore, Cincinnati was given the CONVENTION for 1949. The question of whether Labor Day weekend might be better than the July 4 date arose, but nothing decisive could be learned at the Torcon. ((If you have a preference one way or another, let the Cincinnati gang know it RIGHT AWAY!))

A letter from Rick Sneary and his cohorts was read, reminding the convention that he's still plugging for South Gate in 48 -- and was given a tremendous ovation. Rick better start building that convention hall of his.

58, I MEAN!

This ended the afternoon session. In the interval before evening, as Martin and I strolled down Queen Street, a misguided Torontoan began a conversation with me. I had my Torcon card pinned to my shirt and was puffing my 12-inch droopstem incinerator. Seems the man thought we were a couple of DP's!

The evening session featured the Buffanet, which was marked by Singer's persistent attempts to slip cubes of sugar into other fans' coffee on the sly. ((Incidentally, a poll sponsored by Singer but taken by another fan, showed Singer far in the lead as most militant atheist at the Torcon, with Ackerman coming in a poor second.)) ((At one time, Singer was even pressing atheistic tracts into 48J's hands, apparently in an attempt to convert him further toward materialism.))

The program of fan entertainment was MC'd by George O. Smith, who wowed everyone by reading the newspaper articles about the convention which appeared in the morning papers. Tucker provided sound effects where necessary. This was funnier than it sounds, for one of the articles, for example, is headed "Zap! Zap! Atomic Ray Is Passe With Fiends" and starts, "Put down that ray-gun, Buck Rogers, I've got you cold." Ah, well, what can you expect from a non-fan? The only time Tucker was stumped was when called upon to make like a scantily-clad damsel, as required by the clipping. ((I'll publish these news items in the next WARP, and to hell with copyright laws!))

There was also Bob Bloch's version of the Tucker Report, complete with a set of charts, including one which showed that all publishing houses are alike in having half-moons on their doors. A hilarious feature of the evening was Norm Stanley's deadpan report on the newest frontier of science, the study of thing-things, such as drill-drills, mill-mills, birdseed-seed, and light light. ((See TMB for details\*))

Also included in this session was everything from the singing of Goldberg MacInnes ((who was promptly voted Number One Fan)), to a recital of Poe's Raven by Sam Moskowitz, a Chopin nocturne by Milt Rothman, and a thrilling episode of spacetrail soap-opera.

After the last strains of "Auld Lang Syne" the Michifens plodded toward Alger's rusty wreck, a trail of exploding firecrackers marking their path, and as a cloudburst suddenly ended the convention period of wonderful weather, we headed down King's Highway No. 2 for home.

But do you think our adventures were over with so soon? Hell, no!

Before long, Singer was arguing politics with Steve, religion with George, philosophy with me, and which route we should follow with Martin.

Simultaneously, of course. ((Pause here while I carry out my blazing wastebasket. Must learn to blow matches out before throwing them in that direction.))

Around 3:00 a.m. we stopped at a small roadside jukejoint for hamburgs, and just before we left Singer discovered a pinball machine. Before he could be restrained he'd run up about 16 free games. What can you do with a guy like that? We were still playing when who should come in but Korshak and a carload of Chiken. This was the last straw to the proprietor, who scribbled a cryptic note and handed it to George. Translated, it read "Birds of a Feather Flock Together." And they say stifen are nuts!

Ejecting a cat which had taken up residence in the car during our absence, we proceeded on our way. Somehow the conversation got around to women, and remained there for the rest of the trip, of course. And then occurred another high spot in our saga:

((If you are Edwin Sigler, or share his views on s\*x, better skip this)) Anyhow, I told one of my few really funny stories, namely, the one about the new church organist who had such a well-developed bustline that every time she bent over to hit some of the upper keys on the console, things would bump into keys on the lower bank and cause discords. This bothered her a great deal; and she was at her wits' end to find a remedy. Finally she decided to consult the former organist to see what should be done about it. "It's very simple," said the experienced one. "Merely get yourself some alum and rub it in well, to pusker them up out of the way." So the young organist followed the advice, and it worked like a charm. Not a discordant note spoiled her playing the next Sunday. The only trouble was when the minister stood up in the pulpit and said, "Due to tirkimstances beyond my control, ere ill be no thermon today."

This caused everyone to laugh but Singer. Presently he asked, "What did he mean by that? You mean the alum made the organist sick?"

After that, everything was anticlimactic until the dawn arrived, and with it the Detroit-Windsor tunnel. Eleted at the prospect of soon getting home, we rolled up to the customs guard. He checked the slip which had been made out when we entered Canada. It seems Singer had brought along a radio. "Where is it?" asked the guard. "I sold it," answered Singer. So we were waved out of line and sat chewing our fingernails while Singer was led off to explain why he had violated Canada's austerity ban. This took an hour or so, by which time we were speculating on whether he was being drawn and quartered, or was busily converting the officials to atheism. As it turned out, he had to pay something over eight bucks in taxes, while the Canadian version of the FBI will investigate the guy who bought the radio. Thus, in typical MSFS style, we departed the land of the Maple Leaf, trailing a purple cloud of Singer comment on Canadian laws, customs, and policemen.

Look, I've covered eight pages already, and merely summarized what happened at the TORCON. Is anything more needed to show that we had a wonderful time?

Here's pretty good proof of it, then -- before leaving the TORCON, all of us signed up for our CINVENTION memberships. You can do the same by sending a buck to  
SEE YOU IN CINGY!

DONALD E. FORD  
129 Maple Avenue  
Sharonville, Ohio

## CINCY IN THE CRYSTAL

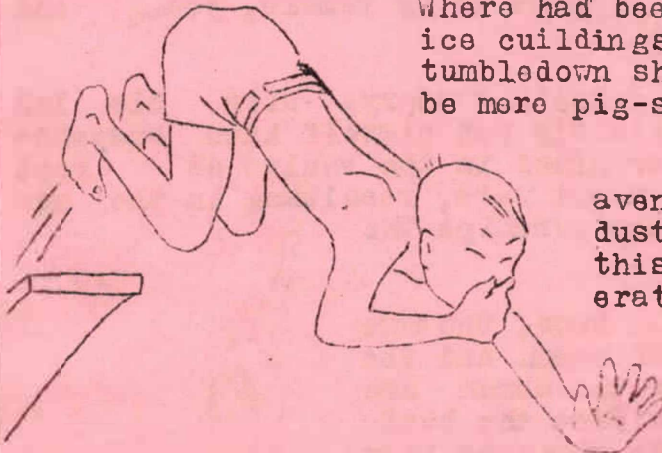
As convention time grows imminenter, it behooves Yr 'Umble Srvnt to register a faint protest at the artistic insensibility of the Convention Committee in not establishing CInvention Headquarters at the Netherland-Plaza rather than the Metropole Hotel. This, despite the fact that the Met's rates start at \$3.00 while the N-P demands a minimum of \$6.50. After all, what is a paltry 100%-plus expense difference, compared to the opportunity of fannishly commemorating the site of Headquarters, Venusian Colonial Government, from which Terra was ruled with a grip of iron and a maximum of thud-and-blunder, Thirty-Fifth Century style?

What, indeed?

Oh, well, we can always wander over to the N-P sometime during the convention period, and erect a bronze plaque in the lobby. Think how it would impress the local citizenry to be informed that in 3488 A.D. their proud city's status would be this:

"The geography was the same, but the street pattern was so completely altered as to be practically unrecognizable.

Where had been rows of smart shops and office buildings, there now ranged clusters of tumbledown shacks, shanties so squalid as to be mere pig-stys.



"Gone were the fine asphalt avenues; age had crumbled them to dust; rain and snow had dissolved this dust, the feet of careless generations had turned the roadways to a quagmire of muck. Animals-- cats, dogs, swine, an occasional horse or cow -- roamed the streets unmolested, cropping the sparse grass by the roadsides or rooting through the garbage that befouled the air.

"Two witnesses remained that this had once been Ohio's second largest city. Still intact was that great, paved intersection which had been Fountain Square . . . and beside it heart-stirringly beautiful in this scene of desolation and squalor, still stood proudly erect the mighty spire of Carew Tower.

".....The 'Nedlunplaza' was, if anything, an even more gorgeous building than it had been in the days when its great lobby entertained visitors from forty-eight states, a hundred nations.

"It had been converted into a stronghold, a fortress, a citadel at once impregnable and breathtakingly opulent. A layer of some gleaming metal -- silver, perhaps -- overlay its erstwhile granite frame. Buttressed walls had been stretched about it....."

Such is Nelson S. Bond's vision of Cincy<sup>3499</sup>, as narrated in FANTASTIC ADVENTURES for November 1942.

The story is "When Freemen Shall Stand" and although presumably only one of Bond's routine potboilers, is written with sufficient skill and imagination to make interesting reading even today -- especially today, in 1949, with fandom flocking Over The Rhine. All in all, Cincinatti's future is no worse than the rest of the nation's, according to Bond. A few places are even crummier:

".....the highway bore them to a deserted village Beth called 'Cuvton', which once, Steve knew, had been the populous city of Covington, Kentucky....."

The tale concerns, as I mentioned before, the occupation of Earth by Vonusians, a vaguely froglike race, but so nearly human that the hero has no difficulty in getting the well-known urge when he gets a gander at the Military Governor, who happens to be female, young, and packed with the proper hormones herself.

The hero is from the Good Old Twentieth Century. With his lab assistant and a Nazi spy, he has accidentally put himself into suspended animation, and been preserved under glass in the vaults at Fort Knox. Meanwhile there have been the usual wars, resulting in the usual collapse of civilization. Everyone worships the Mt. Rushmore memorial.

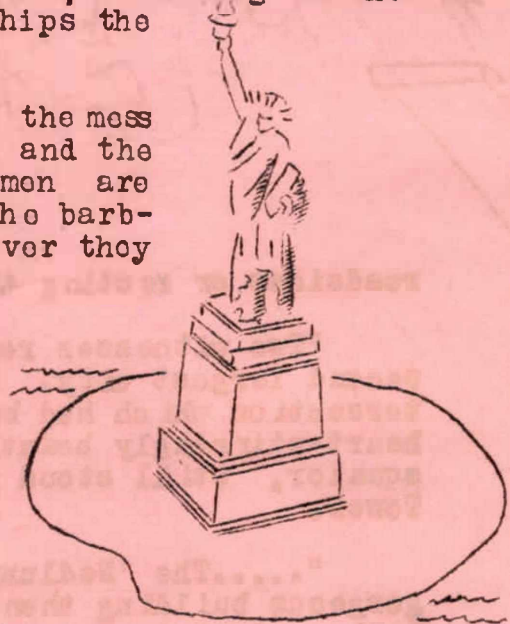
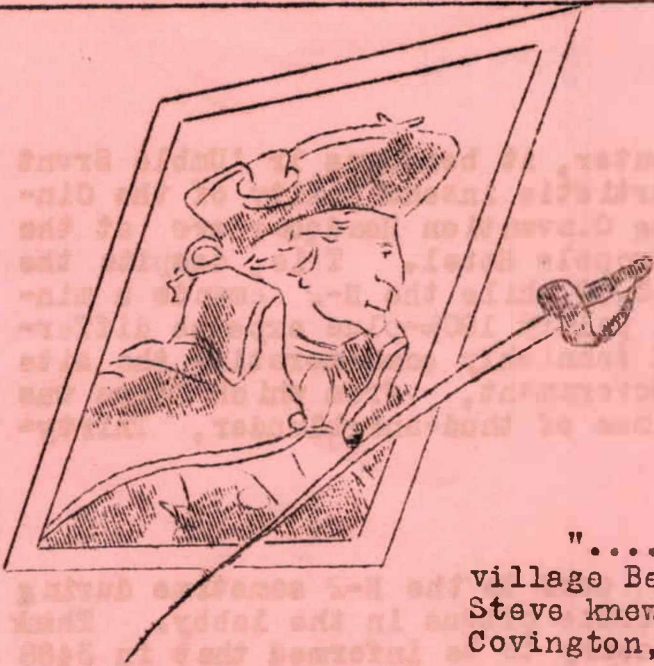
But according to Bond, who should know, the mess is aggravated by a quarrel between the women and the men who manage to survive. Therefore the women are running things, capturing a few males from the barbaric tribes running loose in the woods whenever they are needed for the obvious purposes.

That is, women run things in most places. They have not managed to take over New Orleans or Michigan. In the interests of not starting a civil war, I will make no comment on this.

In the three-cornered catfight -- women vs. men vs. Venusians -- the awakened sleepers take, of course, leading parts, and eventually manage to get things in an uproar all the way from Kentucky to Venus. To the innocent bystanders in Cincinatti it probably looks like a second C invention.

And now is the time for all good fan to echo the words of Bond's hero:

"'In that case,' he said, 'call the room-clerk and make reservations. We're on our way to Cincy!'"



## FIRE IN THE HOLE!

random potshots aimed in the general direction of mailing 47

EXPLANATION Confusing, isn't it? Liked the pic.

YSATNAF I have a strange feeling, Ray, that you're winning this feud, or at least holding your own more strongly than in S&PS. Of course, perhaps you didn't provoke these guys as much in the first place.

FANDANGO The discussion of naval strategy was interesting, well-presented, and convincing, but your logic falters when you get to the point of advocating a preventive war with Russia. It's unclear whether you favor exterminating the entire population, or merely knocking out the Soviet war machine. In the first alternative, the only practical method would be wholesale use of radioactives, with results that have been well-depicted by Sturgeon in "Thunder and Roses." In the second instance, what happens after the war? Do we occupy Russia? Surely the fact that we've got our hands full right now with Germany and Japan (although the East-West stalemate is a complicating factor there) is proof enuf that we couldn't handle the incredibly vaster job of policing an entire continent.

If you're pinning your faith on the atom bomb as the decisive weapon in a future war, then why the need for a 70-group airforce? And if the war is to be one of attrition wouldn't ground forces come in handy also? According to the statistics of the Strategic Bombing Survey, Germany managed to keep her war production on the increase even during the "softening-up" bombing that preceded the invasion of France. It was not air power that defeated Germany, but coordination of air and ground forces.

And in the Pacific, such bloody sacrifices as the battle for Iwo Jima were necessary because naval and air power suffered too much attrition in long-range operations against Japan. The bombers were able to get to Japan and back from the Marianas, but only if they came through the Jap AA unscathed. Even superficial damage was enough to drop 'em in the drink somewhere on the long flight back, so that it became cheaper to fight for one of Japan's best-fortified islands than to go on losing aircraft and pilots.



HYPER-SPACE TUBE As a cover, Walt, that looks like something left for several days beside a busy telephone. # "Echo of the Past" was very enjoyable. You notice I don't say it was good. If I said it was good, half a hundred guys would leap down my throat, yelling that I had no sense of literary perception. So I merely say it was enjoyable. Or, to be precise, that I enjoyed it. I hope you run more stories like it. # Ah, at last, a fellow-devotee of Grand Old Opry! # Ask your ex-schoolteachers if they differentiate between "education" & "indoctrination." It looks like they don't.

EGO BEAST When fandom becomes the national recreation, and Congress appropriates funds to build a futuristic shrine on the site of Ack's garage, so that all can journey there to gaze with reverence on the locked doors behind which lie his collection -- a small but legible notice should be placed on the exit portals: "Please do not slam the door when leaving!"

DEAR READER If Cynthia Carey is Mrs. Keller, I bet this Fanews fubar caused one hell of a domestic scene!

SKY HOOK Sorry Redd, for once the cover doesn't appeal. # What is the etymology of "Gafia Press"? # Your objection to the word "radio" is ill-founded. - Since electronic mechanisms are used in audio and video reception and in the record-player, the term is quite appropriate. In fact, more appropriate than when "radio" is limited to an audio receiver alone. # Somewhat horrified to find that, though everything else in the ish was of interest, I have no comments on it. # Except: I wonder what Dougherty was thinking when he drew that pic?

MORPHEUS Gad, another semi-doodled-upon cover. What obscure mental state is responsible for these things? # In reading Pederson's blank verse, I'm always tantalized by the feeling that it would mean something, if I could only find the key. # Whether joining a fanclub is a mistake or not depends not on the joining, but on the fanclub.

PLENUM Your remarks on the Fortean Society are heartily echoed. And to think that until their recent propaganda barrage, I'd thot (from Thayer's preface to The Books of Charles Fort) they were a group I'd like to join. They're probably doing more to discredit Fort than any other factor operative today.

DIFFERENT Science-fiction has a destiny? Where have I heard that before? # Gardner's masterful attack on pacifism was excellent. Without having seen Hornig's article I'm not well qualified to comment on it, but pacifism has always seemed to me just a step removed from insanity, in that both are logically self-consistent reasoning processes which utterly disregard the environment in which the reasoner is compelled to exist. Like many another Utopian concept, pacifism is based on the false assumption that Man is a rational animal at all times.

WILD HAIR I wonder, if you guys realize just how little anyone outside your own local group gives a damn about your feuds?

Rest of the mailing was enjoyed as much or more than the above, but provoked no comments worth stencil-space. For that matter, perhaps neither did the others.

I'D LIKE TO SEE SOME DISCUSSION ON...

fanzine reprint rights. A writes something for B's fanzine. C wants to reprint the item. Should C get permission from A, from B, or from both? What if B wants to do the reprinting -- should he query A (the author) first?

Fortunately most fans have enuf sense to realize that, in the cosmic sense, fanzine material is too unimportant to worry much about, but it's funny that I've never been able to discover a general opinion on the above topic.