

MINDWARP

r-tRapp's



MP-2 w/FAPA 49
(FALL, 1949)

MINDWAR P



© 1951 by S. W. ...
(1951, S.W.)

This being the second issue of MINDWARP in the 49th Mailing of FAPA in the fall of 1949, it is fitting to inform ye that the cover is a product of the Slan of Cadillac, Radell Nelson,....with, as Florida oranges say, color added.

Produced upon the Hit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph by Arthur H. Rapp, 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan.

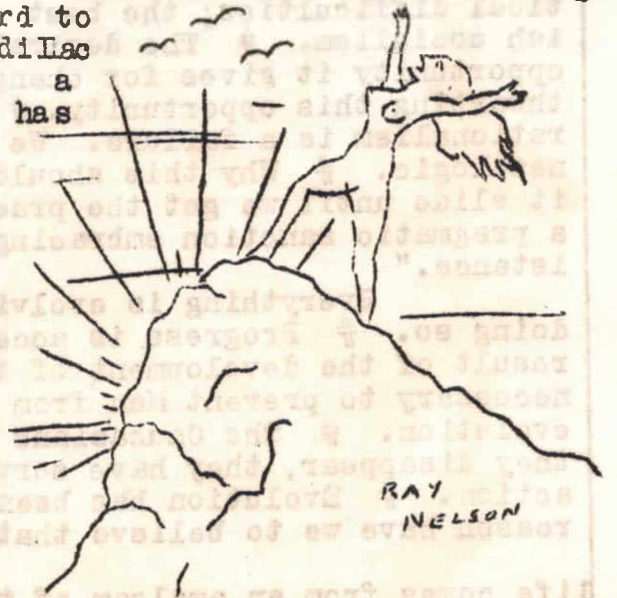
The obvious difficulty in the postmailing quibble is to satisfy both those who maintain a postmailing privilege is necessary for emergency use, and those who seek to bar 'em save as a last-ditch resort. The equally obvious solution is to require anyone who postmails his zine to kick in a stiff fine to the FAPA treasury, thus slugging the manana boys where it hurts, yet leaving the way open for anyone crazy enough to think it's worth a buck or so to keep from having to sweat out the waiting list again.

I was deeply offended by CosWal's query "Are there any fen left in Detroit?" It is a bitter blow, a shock, to discover that parts of these United States are such backwater eddies of fandom that the far flung fame of the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society has not yet penetrated the benumbed intellects of the natives. Fie, CosWal, and a tsk or two. How do you expect me to convince the rest of the MSFS that I am doing a good job of publicizing the club, if you make these embarrassing remarks in public? Gaw!

Old Guard fandom in the Motor City is long since deceased, but from the ashes of their passing, purged of Technocracy and chess-addiction, the New Guard has arisen. Look upon Ben Singer, CosWal.

Of course, it must be admitted that Detroit lags sadly behind outstate Michigan in regard to fanactivity. We have Ray Nelson of Cadillac and Martin Alger of Mackinaw City, and a guy in some town or other around there has a mimeo and a habit of turning it. r-tRapp, they call him. But fie, CosWal -- your question is uncalled for. Are there any fen in Montana?

According to pre-release blurbs the movie "Samson and Delilah" is as authentic as thousands of hours of historical research could make it. I wanna see this drayma of ancient Minoan culture iffen it is. Even the most cursory glance at Minoan culture shows that their ideas of feminine dress were quite divergent from any prevailing in this country just now. The Minoan damsels went in for low-cut gowns, but low-cut, well I mean! They believed in just leaving things out in the open. If Hollywood can garb some of its current starcrop in Minoan costume and still bypass the Johnson Office, not only will it be a cultural miracle, but it'll be a picture worth seeing!



Fandom contains its quota of screwballs, and also a modicum of characters who are or at least pretend to be serious intellectuals. It always perplexes me that, whereas the screwballs are content to pursue their eccentric orbits and leave the etrudite fen in peace, the lofty domed individuals invariably are imbued with the Ghod-given mission of exterminating screwballs on sight -- or at least making strenuous efforts thataway. Pardon me while I go retch on the Rhodomagnetic Journal.

COURZEN

- IN BASICER ENGLISH

CATALYST #3, Summer Mailing, contains eight pages of words by James Courzen entitled "Spengler, Toynbee, and Integrated Man." Mr. Courzen, unfortunately, seems to be under the impression that any word with less than five syllables ain't fitten for to be used in perlite society -- a delusion which makes his whole article somewhat less intelligible than the original manuscript of "Dhactwhu--Remember?"

After several hours of reading and re-reading the eight pages, tantalized by the impression that there must be an intelligible message behind the dense fog of verbiage, I ceased trying to comprehend the Courzen prose in its original form. Instead I analyzed it sentence by sentence, paragraph by paragraph, paraphrasing it into simpler language which I think conveys the original thought.

Will anyone else who succeeded in making sense out of the article check me on this "translation" -- or better still, if I've misinterpreted it, will the author kindly tell me what the hell he did say.

Utopia cannot be found through logic. # Materialists say values are arbitrary, although the masses treat them as absolutes. # This leads to fascism, while science seems to justify a might-is-right philosophy. # Marxism differs from fascism in conceiving the rise of all humanity to a higher level. # Marxism has failed because of practical difficulties; the best current solution of the problem is British socialism. # The desirable factor in British socialism is the opportunity it gives for changing society. But the men in control are thwarting this opportunity. # This proves that any system founded on rationalism is a failure. We must rise above these things and find a new logic. # Why this should be difficult does not concern us. Let it slide until we get the practical details taken care of. # We need a pragmatic sanction embracing all of the "movement of manifest existence."

Everything is evolving, but only Man is aware that he is doing so. # Progress is accelerative. # Social ills evolved as a result of the development of the forebrain. # This interim phase was necessary to prevent Man from specializing into some blind alley of evolution. # The Caucasians have been most progressive, yet even if they disappear, they have served their purpose by stirring the East to action. # Evolution has been by the survival of the fittest, so what reason have we to believe that life is meaningful?

Understanding of life comes from an amalgam of the various theories of evolution. # The principle of uncertainty applies. # It proceeds by fits and starts. # Since mental development proceeds beyond physical development, there must be a non-physical guiding factor. # Mankind has developed machines to replace his body in affecting his surroundings. # Each peak of human accomplishment is over-emphasized, and then subsides. The whole structure of civilization has become too complex. # Science has reached a dead end, just as reflective thinking did in India.

Now there must be a third stage of development, possibly including a destruction of civilization. # Since we do not know if our destiny is being guided, we must plan as if it were not. # We need a socialistic pacifistic state which will ultimately fade out of existence leaving

a stateless society. # Every citizen will be persuaded to do the manual work necessary for sustaining life; afterward he may indulge his social talents. This will eliminate neuroses. Private property will be abolished, as will the family. All life will be shared by the entire community. # Education needs revision. # Birth control will be regularized to the extent that there is no population problem. # Metal, and the eating of meat, will be eliminated. # Love of life will be the prime motive of society. # Korzybski's educational methods will be used. # Children will be trained in service to "the numinous real." # Eventually tendencies to dislike the social setup will disappear.

The miracles of Jesus should be re-examined. # The yogis can duplicate many. # This needs further investigation. # This indicates that humanity may develop mental control of physical objects. # Maybe this is what the Christian doctrine really means. # Even if this is not true, the future should be planned as if it were. # If a superman develops, it will probably be in Asia.

If I have interpreted Mr. Courzen's remarks correctly, he favors abandoning our present society in favor of a sort of blended Utopian communism and Hindu mysticism. His political setup sounds remarkably like the stateless society which is theoretically the ultimate goal of Marxian communism. Unlike Marx, Courzen does not suggest any means by which to persuade uncooperative individuals to subordinate their own interests to those of the race.

In general, this problem has two solutions: One, to reduce the population to one person per five square miles or so, so that the question of conflicting interests becomes negligible. The joker here is to decide who gets bumped off, and then persuading the bumpees to agree with you.

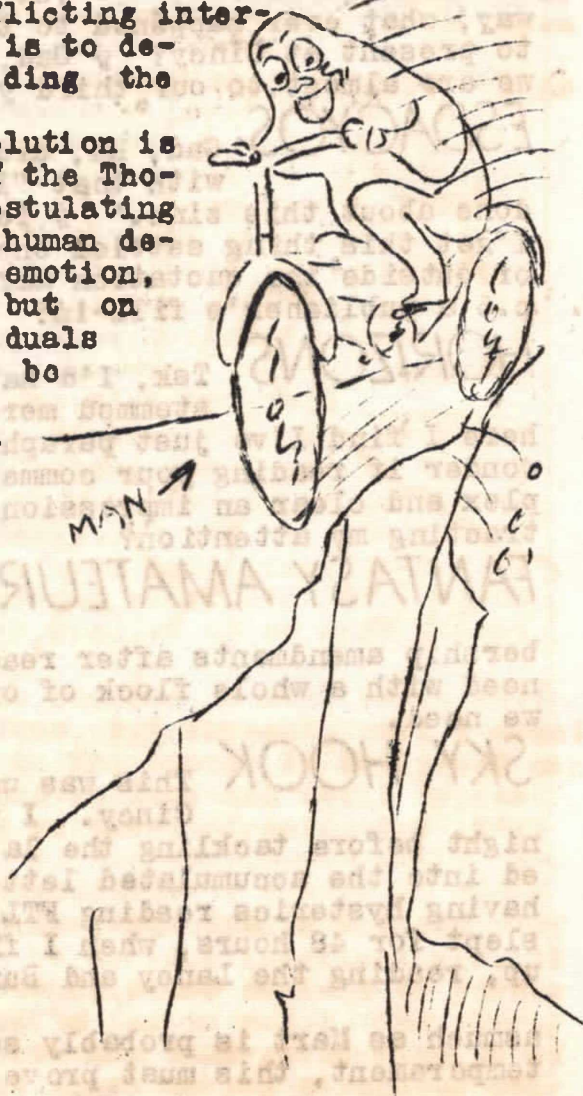
The second solution is to face the fact that wishful-thinkers of the Thoreau-Marx school are ignoring facts in postulating their worlds-without-government. If all human decisions were based on reason rather than emotion, perhaps the communal plans would work -- but on Sol III the proportion of rational individuals in the dominant species is so small as to be negligible.

These Utopias would require a complete mental-emotional reorientation of all mankind. Maybe the end justifies such a radical means. But what is the end? It's a society based on the assumption that the race is more important than the individual.

Doesn't it seem just a little silly to erect an appeal for logic-instead-of-emotion on a key assumption which can be justified only on emotional grounds?

Logically, there are absolutely no grounds for assigning the race more importance than the individual.

In fact, the more you delve into the logical grounds of the question, the more you must admit that neither would be much of a loss to the Universe as a whole.



FIRE IN THE HOLE

it would be a mailing review except that it doesn't even mention **some** of the mags in the mailing

BURBLINGS

No, SAPS is not a proving ground for FAPA. Maybe 'twas in the past, but most of the frustrated fapans who put out poor imitations of FAPazines in SAPS have now fallen by the wayside there, too. SAPS mailings now have a personality as distinctive as the individuality of FAPazines. Sprinkled with the crud of neofen, aiming to be funny without always succeeding, but SAPS is off on a tangent of its own, not trailing FAPA any more.

STELLAR BULLSEYE

A definition of "Fugghead"? Simple. A Fugg-head is someone who disagrees with FTL.

LEER

Hey, this I liked. A nice assortment of material, CLR. But the fascinating thing of the ish was the sign on the slanshack door in Mason's story: "Meething Thurs." Anticipates JJCoupling's remark in the Oct ASF that words coined by chance are sometimes worth keeping in the language. # Mighosh, if you feel that the mimeo job on this LEER needs apologies, what is one like which satisfies ya?

HAZING STORIES

One of the most hodgepodge zines I've ever seen yet still the general effect wasn't bad. By the way, what ever happened to the "vote by mail" resolution WSFA was going to present at Cincy? # Gad, the MSFS can't be a normal fanclub -- here we are almost to our third year, and not one internal feud so far!

ESDACYOS

Gad, Ed, did you leave yourself wide open for wisecrax, with that "I finally decided that something ought to be done about this zine." # To change the subject a bit, let's Redd and I get this thing settled once and for all -- does the period go inside or outside the quotation marks? # Wuz that "SEND FOR DAWN TODAY" on p.6 a publisher's fill-in?

HORIZONS

Tsk, I'd have sworn the preceding article on CATALYST stemmed merely from my reactions upon reading it -- yet here I find I've just paraphrased your comments on the previous ish! I wonder if reading your comment two months ago could have made so complex and clear an impression on my subconscious without consciously attracting my attention?

FANTASY AMATEUR

I doubt if even Korzybski could have figured out the status of the dues and membership amendments after reading this mess. What the hell does FAPA need with a whole flock of officials? An OE is the only administration we need.

SKY HOOK

This was waiting in my mailbox when I got home from Cincy. I tossed it to Martin Alger, who stayed overnight before tackling the last 200 miles to Mackinaw City, while I dived into the accumulated letters. Next thing I knew he was practically having hysterics reading FTL's article, and although both of us hadn't slept for 48 hours, when I finally did go to bed, Mart was still sitting up, reading the Laney and Burbee items in my back FAPA mailings.

Inasmuch as Mart is probably second only to Redd himself in placidity of temperament, this must prove something, but I shudder to think what.

OLD MOTHER

WHO ?

ONE: In the first place, there seems to be some doubt that it really was Mother Hubbard. By a peculiar coincidence, she had downward slanting eyes, and, altho it is only circumstantial evidence, there seemed to be an aura of stale cigar smoke about "her." Also, there was the time "her" wig was slightly askew, and "she" hastily adjusted it, I thought I caught a glimpse of a grey crew haircut. Then too, "she" was undeniably as fuggheaded as they come.

Now ostensibly, she went to the cupboard to get her poor dog a bone. But extensive questioning of all the residents of the 600 block on South Bisexual Street revealed that only one could recall ever having seen anything remotely canine about the premises of 637½. On closer questioning this turned out to be Elmer Perdue, who becomes quite shaggy on nights when there is a full moon.

There is considerable agreement among members of LASFS that the cupboard was bare. If this is not suggestive of homosexual activities, then what is? A great deal of trouble had been taken by various people that hectic winter of 1946, to cover up this and other unsavory facts. For example, the reference to a "bone." Not many fans outside the LASFS know the special erotic significance of that term. But why go on? One thing is certain, and that is that the whole episode is a disgrace to much-disgraced fandom. I'd retire from fandom altogether, but I don't think I could stand the pace.

TWO: It seems to me that you felows are makeing a mountain out of a moalhill. I neaver herd of such a thing. Who cares weather Old Mother Hubbard went to the cubbard or not? I don't

I cant see what they are raiving about. Hear is a veary ordiniarry old woman who asks nuthing but too be left in piece wile she fedes her twothless old hownd. On top of that she deosent have anything too fede him in the f i r s t plase. If you guies cant do anything to help her, why dont you leav the pore old lade aloan?

THREE: Quite evidentially we need an ultra-pragmatic sanction formulated, not upon a numinous apperception of our discarnate sense of apartness in the field of departmentalogy, or the internally emancipative quiescence of manifest regularization, but upon more contingent dynamics than heretofore anticipated even in the intellectually impenetrable mysterium, if we are to reach any sort of an objective conclusion involved in the concatenation of events surrounding the hypertrophied determinant of Mother Hubbard.

Thus, it can readily be seen that the disfranchisement of the irascible canine was due entirely to rational subjectivization rather than a mere decentralized dichotomy as heretofore supposed by the purely climac-
teric providentia-

from this lucidly
ism, we can have no

BY ART WIDNER

Proceeding
established empiric-
doubt of the unrecon-

strusted availability of the completely disramified enclosure. Of course, this is subject to the argument that a transcendental progressiveness would do much to ameliorate the situation. However, if we examine the myopic drive to misprize these fundamental concepts we can quite easily ingest the paleontological significance of it all.

we?

Or can

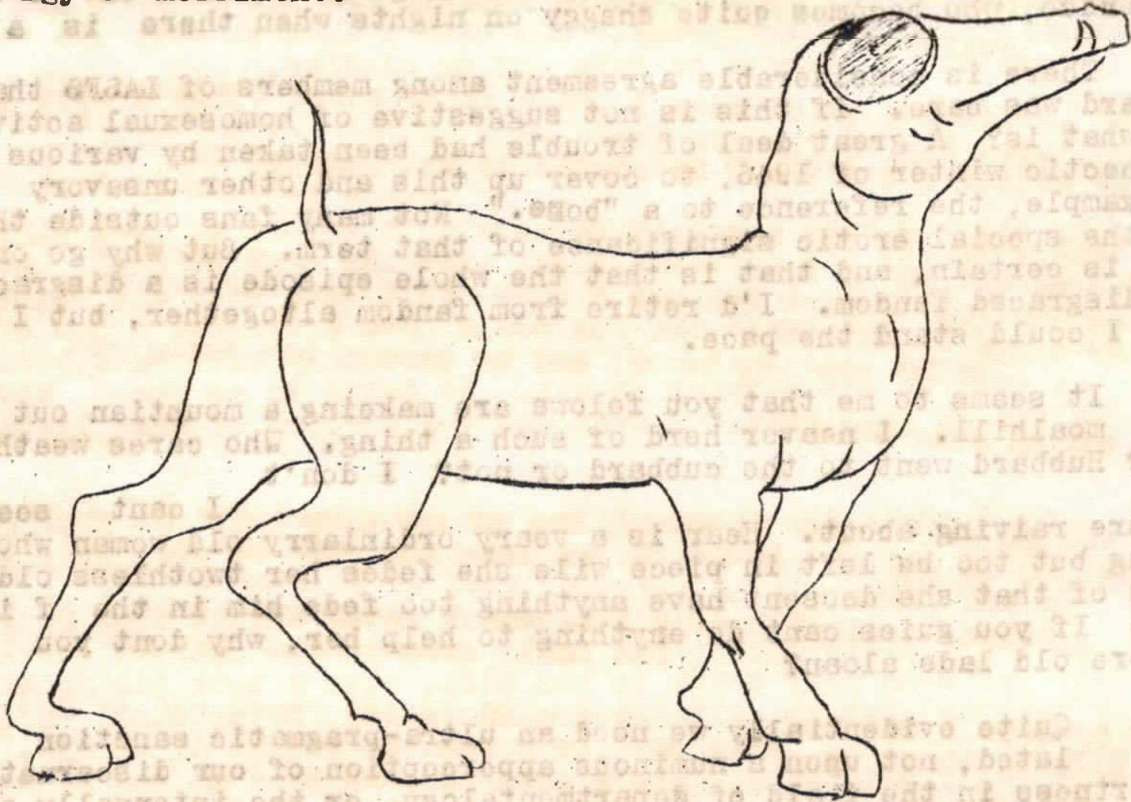
FOUR: "Old Mother Hubbard," I said, "Tell me. You have a fine mind. Broad mental horizons, too, no doubt. Tell me, how did your dog get in such a beat-up condition?"

She sighed. "I never should've patted him," she said, "Now he isn't mint any more."

After I had recovered from the paroxysm of laughter occasioned by this refreshing witticism, I said, "Why don't you give him something to eat?"

"Never thought of that," she said. "Do you suppose he might lap up a little of this mimeo ink?"

"Ha-ha," I said, "Mother Hubbard, you're a real serious, constructive fan." Whereupon I collapsed once more into a fresh orgy of merriment.



I was just picking myself up off the floor when she said, "Al Ashley," which knocked me down again and practically killed me.

When I had the breath to speak again, I said, "Stop it, Mother Hubbard, you are killing me."

"Fandom is a way of life," she said remorselessly.

Between soul-wracking bellows, I feebly tried to drag myself to the door but she was after me like the NFFF after a new letter-writer.

Bending over, she whispered in my ear, "It shows in his face."

I convulsed, then lay there quivering helplessly. Her mouth contorted in a triumph-

ant snarl, she brought her face down close to mine.

said. "Everett," she

I blacked out.

After all, how funny can you get?

FIVE: Mother Hubbard smiled archly at me. I leered back. After all, she wasn't such a bad-looking old gal at that. So what if she was an octogenarian? I've seen younger ones with worse shapes than that, and I've looked 'em all over too. After all, that's what any young feller with red blood in his veins will do, isn't it? Heheheh.

"C'mon" she said, waggling her hips suggestively, "Let's go to the cupboard and see if we can find a bone -- you dog, you."

I snickered appreciatively. Pretty sharp for an old gal, I thought. Heheheh. No sense beating around the bush, is there? I'm just as dirty-minded as the next one, only I'm not ashamed to admit it. I howled like a wolf, and she giggled. Pretty good imitation, too, if I do say so myself.

She flung open the cupboard door with a flourish. To my astonishment, I saw that it wasn't a cupboard at all, but a secret entrance to a regally-appointed boudoir. I hurried forward eagerly, as she entered and threw herself on the silken bedspread. She didn't look so very old -- I kept telling myself. I started to take off my clothes.

Then I woke up, dammit!

Oh well, the laundry man comes today, anyway.

SIX: Why did she have a dog if she couldn't afford to feed him? How about having the cupboard right over the sink so she wouldn't have to go to it? I suppose a bone would have been all right if she had had one, but maybe the dog would have preferred a can of dog food or something like that. And he certainly must have been disappointed when he got nothing at all. It seems to me she shouldn't have led him on like that. What was the purpose of this little vignette anyway?

SEVEN: No dyed-in-the-moonpool fan should miss this one from Shunned House (\$3.00) becoz of the keen analysis of what goes on in the Hubbard squash.

Here is a fantasyarn woven wright down your alley, pally, so don't dilly-dally, but sally down to the nearest bookstore. Or batter yet send your dough to box 6151, plus a buck (to go with the doe) or two for postage. If the doe can't box, never mind, we'll wrestle with the problem. This saga is worth the weight of an aga, and will send you right out of this world. And as long as you're leaving and can't take it with you -- well?

You'll hold your breath (no crax about an old wheeze, please) as Mother Hubbard surmounts one insurmountable obstacle after another; then, standing on the topmost obstacle, she finally reaches the cupboard. This is high adventure, so hold on to your denture!

I won't disclose the strategy of tradegy, for that would spoil it, especially if there were any meat on it. Besides, I haven't read it yet, myself.

For the quiz-minded, if you'd like to match up the people with the lampoons, the people are: Ackerman, Burbee, Coslet, Courzen, Croutch, Laney, and Sneary.

THE CASE OF

AIRMAN GREY

BY ALICE DOUGLAS

FOREWORD: I was walking on a shady street with a shady fan, discussing a couple of atheistic Airforcemen we both knew. The subject went rapidly from Ben and Hal and their female troubles (which I was powerless to alleviate) to how they would fare on the "satellite platforms" in the sky. Since the Air Force had set up these platforms -- which were free floating and beyond the pull of gravity, no nation had dared threaten the U.S. For we were in the best possible position in an atomic war.

Coming out of the bushes, we ran into Mrs. Grey, an old friend of mine, who had a son in the Air Force. This story, if I can be so heartless as to commercialize upon the sorrows of others, is what she told to me and showed me.

-- Alice

The minute I heard those sobs, I said to my companion, "There is someone in distress. Let us make every attempt to aid her." (My god, what corn!) But he was very reluctant to forgo his attempts to make... ..but that is another story.

As soon as she saw me, Mrs. Grey broke out into a fresh rash of sobs. Laying her head on my shoulder she sobbed into my ear the story of how her son had volunteered, army style, for duty upon one of these stations. Then she stilled her sobs, reached into her purse and handed me the letter you see below:

Somewhere in the sky

Dear Mama:

Well, we are beginning to get things in shape here at our Air Force Base in the sky, nine-tenths of the way to the moon. Since I have arrived here, I've been promoted to Corporal, and my CO says that if I work hard, I can go higher. Maybe he means the rest of the way to the moon. (ha! ha!)

One of the first things they gave me to do when I arrived was KP duty, and it's pretty easy here. Since there is no gravity, I don't have to set tables, because there are no tables to set. I just put a plate in front of someone and it hangs there. No gravity to pull it down. You can put the silverware shoulder high if you want to, and eat standing up. You don't need to sit down because with no gravity, you just don't get tired.

Had a little trouble with the coffee, though. With no gravity, I couldn't get it to pour. But I solved that problem. I turned the pot upside down, and lifted it off of the coffee. Then all we had to do was slice off a cup at a time.

We have no cots either. All we do is lie in mid air. It's even softer than that new mattress they advertise, Cloudrest, the playground of America. But all you do is lie there. No gravity. I don't need my suspenders any more. No gravity.

Nights when I am on CQ (Charge of Quarters duty) all I do is brace my feet on the wall of the orderly room, push off, and I float around the base.

There's just one trouble here. Being so close to Heaven, we're troubled by pesky little cherubs that keep flying around, getting in everyone's way. Don't let anyone ever tell you that these cherubs are angels. They're humanoid in shape, but since they are not human, the lack of gravity does not bother 'em whatsoever. And they zoom around and buzz you, like to drive you crazy, especially when you're standing at attention.



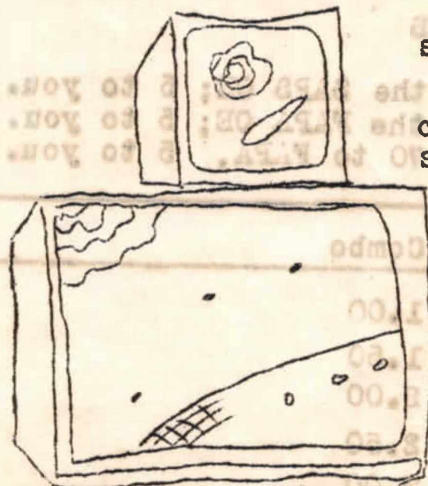
I'm writing this letter on a little cloud in front of my tent. Naturally, I can't use a fountain pen because of the lack of gravity. I have to pick a piece of ink out of the bottle and spread it on the paper. Then I pick around in it, spread it out, and form words. Then, the paper with the ink floating above is placed in a special compression chamber, where the ink is pressed into the fibre. Very unique system even if I do say so myself, and I do say so myself.

There is only one danger out here. We have lost three men already. Any sudden movement when you aren't anchored somewhere, and you go floating off into space. The last we saw of Jimmy Kopecker, my buddy, he was floating off slowly toward the moon. He brought his hand up just a little bit too fast, saluting a second lieutenant.

Doggone it. All the time I've been writing this letter, one of those damned little cherubs has been pestering me. Here he comes again. Next time he comes by, I'll just reach up and....

The letter came to an abrupt end. It couldn't have been abrupter if he had planned it. But in the same envelope was an explanatory note.

FROM: Brig. Gen. Jupiter V. Stargazer
TO : Mrs. Edna Y. Grey
SUBJECT: Your son.



1. It is my sad duty to report that your son is missing in space.

2. While in the act of writing the enclosed letter to you (we presume it is to you, since it starts 'Dear Mama' -- if it had begun 'Dear Papa' we would not know where to send it.) he reached up to slap a bothersome cherub.

3. When he reached up, he kept on going.

4. He was last seen headed toward Mars.

5. We will lower the flag to half mast in his honor -- that is, if we can get it down. No gravity, you know.

JUPITER V. STARGAZER
Commanding

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(Oct 49)

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Colored paper (pink, blue, green, canary, or goldenrod) at no extra cost.

THE FOOLISH PEOPLE

BY WILKIE CONNER

I can understand everything now. Though Van Willoughby's -- and all those who went before -- names are only memories on the bronze tablet in front of the main entrance of Flight Building at the College For Universal Research -- I can appreciate the urge that drove these men onward...the desire that propelled them toward the often unattainable and always the unknown. I can realize the force that Dan must have felt that night.....

"We who deal with space are just a bit off in the head," Dan told me as we drank coffee before he made a final check of his rocket-craft. "We strive constantly to increase our speed and distance. We shall never be satisfied until the speed of light has been conquered. Perhaps I shall be successful in reaching that speed!"

There was an earnestness in his voice one seldom finds in one so young, so full of life. I gazed into his clear, blue eyes, admired his boyish, almost cute, face. I pushed a lock of his hair from before his eye and let my lips touch his forehead.

"You'll do it, Van," I said. It was hard for me to keep my voice steady. He sensed my suppressed feelings, and placed his arms around my slender shoulders.

"I love you, Wanda," he said. "And when the trip is finished..."

"Don't go, Van!" I blurted before I realized what I was saying. Immediately I regretted the plea. He had pledged himself -- and no cause is worthy enough for a Spaceman to break his pledge. Not even for the woman he loves!

"I must, Wanda! So much hinges on this new drive. If we can establish a superior speed, think of the advantage this nation would have in event of another war! And we shall need every advantage we can muster!"

The door to the launching room opened and the chief launching engineer, Tyson Allen, came in. He was a tall, fatherly man, too old for space himself.

Tyson greeted us, then asked: "Is everything ready?"

I remained seated and Van arose.

"I haven't made a final check, but I'm positive everything is shipshape."

"Good!" Allen consulted a notebook. "Make your final check, then blast-off when I give the signal."

Tyson turned around and fumbled with the pages of his notebook. Van gave him an appreciative glance and took me into his arms. I shall always remember the ecstasy, the wonderful joy that came from his kiss.

"Take care of yourself, darling!" I whispered.

Without answering, Van about-faced and walked away. My eyes lingered on the door marked, "PILOTS ONLY," long after it closed on his back.

Tyson Allen stood beside me and patted my shoulder. "He's a fine young man," he said huskily. "And a lucky one, to have a young lady like you rooting for him."

Allen and I took the elevator to the observing room. From the observatory we could safely watch the blast-off through a television hook-up.

We found seats and Tyson turned on the telescreen. We saw the huge rocket-craft, mounted on its launcher. Then Van came before the lens, looking grotesque in a shock-suit. He stared full into the camera; his blue eyes, grinning, were enlarged by the plastic protectors. He waved and stepped into the airlock. The hydraulic doors began closing.

Tyson Allen leaned to the mike-stand and said, "Remember, use the regular power until you've passed the moon. Then turn on the drive. You may blast-off when ready."

Van's voice came from the small speaker attached to the screen. "Right, sir!..." And then, tenderly, "Keep your navigation on the beam, chicken!"

I couldn't answer. It wouldn't have done for him to hear my voice. I was thankful he couldn't see my face.

"He's going to blast-off," Allen said tautly. The image blurred and the entire building was shaken with the blast. Seconds later, the radar-controlled camera located the streaking rocket-craft. On the screen, it resembled a silvery comet with a firey tail. It was sharp for only a few seconds, then it passed from the camera's range.

I cried then. I let all the pent-up emotion I'd been saving since I first learned of Van's projected flight. I felt Tyson's arm about me, and I wept on his shoulder.

"These foolish people," I heard him murmur softly. "Too bad they have those who love them!"

When I finally regained a semblance of calmness, Tyson switched on the radar-graph. Van's craft could be followed by radar as far as the moon; after he passed its orbit, we would have no communication.

The rocket was a fast-moving green light on a grey field. At first it was alone. Then, faintly, we could see the moon's image. The ship was dead on course...

We were together -- Tyson and I -- when the ship reached the moon's orbit. The signal was very weak and we wanted to have a last look before it completely faded. Suddenly, the image of the ship seemed to explode on the graph-plate. That was how quickly it happened. One instant, here...the next, gone!

Tyson's face was a white mask.

"The ship couldn't stand the drive," he said. It wounded so calm, so matter-of-fact, that for a second I wanted to crush his head. Yet I could tell he was bursting with suppressed emotion.

You've seen the rest on your television. The memorial services. The editorials and sermons extolling Van's selfless service to space-
dom and to his nation. The inscribing of his name at the bottom of
the long list on the bronze plaque...but how can mere words describe
the ache that fills a woman's very soul when she finally gives up hope
that somehow, somewhere, the one man she loves is not dead...but alive?
What is there to fill the gap left in her heart? What salve can heal
the wound to one's soul?

Hope is an obstinate thing. It dies hard. But mine died...died
just as surely as Dan Willoughby died, out there in the lonesomeness
and chill of space...

TYSON ALLEN looked at the young woman who was typing in the far
corner of the launching room. She finished her manuscript and laid
it aside. Then she arose from the typewriter and without a backward
glance, walked through the door marked:

"PILOTS ONLY."

Allen walked to the table and picked up
the manuscript. He glanced at it briefly,
then folded it carefully and placed it
in his pocket.

Then he entered the elevator and disem-
barked at the door marked "OBSERVATORY."

"These foolish people," he said, pat-
ting the pocket containing the manuscript.
"These damned foolish people!"

He switched on the telescreen.

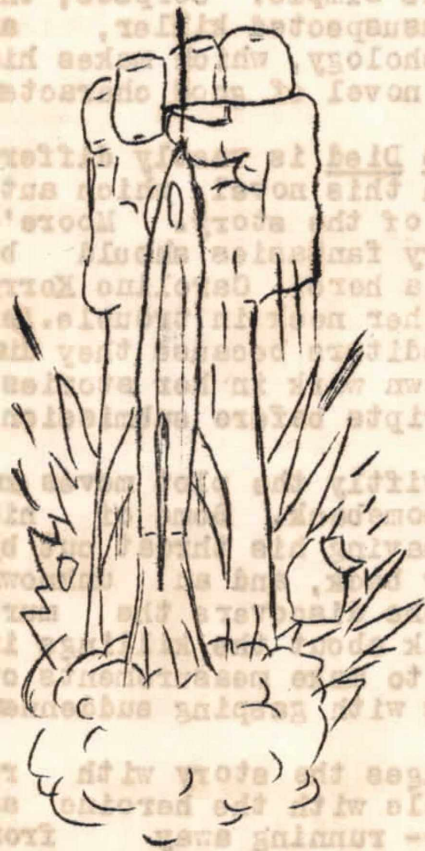
- THE END -

((The vague impression persists that the a-
bove was obtained through the courtesy of the
Manuscript Bureau of the NFFF, but since no
marks to indicate that appear on the manusc-
ript, and since I got it from C.S.Metchette,
upon MUTANT's shift of editorship, the whole
thing is too complex to unravel at the mo-
ment. Especially since, if it did come from
the MssBu, it was during the era when I was
in charge of that thankless service, and if
I can't recall it, who else could?

Ah, the
dark and devious complexities of fannish ex-
istence!))

Do your fellow-FAPAns give ya a hard time? Why not
graze in a greener pasture? You can sneer with au-
thority at the crud of neofen, if you join the

SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY



LEWIS PADGETT HITS THE DETECTIVE YARNS!

by
Charles
Stuart

Henry Kuttner has achieved fame by two methods: his writing; and his frequent use of pseudonyms. "Lewis Padgett" began to appear in ASF during the war years, and rapidly advanced to a frontline position in Astounding's roster of writers. Yet, not content with utilizing some seven pseudos in the fantasy and science-fiction field, Kuttner has branched out into detective novels, under the Padgett name.

First to appear was The Brass Ring, later reprinted as Murder in Brass by Bantam Books (#107). The novel is Kuttner's version of The Maltese Falcon, in which tough shamus Sam Spade turned over the one-and-only woman to the law at the end of the book. Kuttner's detective decides to leave his thrill-seeking wife at the end of The Brass Ring, after spending a somewhat hectic time tracking down a killer, and pacifying a maniac who is in terror of anything made of brass.

The plot is simple: corpses, the private eyes, the switch at the climax to the unsuspected killer, and the dramatic walkoff. But Kuttner's use of psychology, which makes his science-fiction stories so skillful, provides a novel of good characterization of the hero and heroine.

But The Day He Died is vastly different. For one thing, C L Moore shows her hand in this novel, which automatically increases the style and presentation of the story. Moore's Northwest Smith adventures and the Jirel of Joiry fantasies should be well remembered. This novel has a heroine, not a hero. Caroline Kerry is a writer, divorced from Ray Kerry, and up to her neck in trouble. Her fiction is not receiving much attention by the editors because they discover whole paragraphs lifted from some well-known work in her stories. Warnings drive her to carefully edit her manuscripts before submission, but those plagiaristic liftings still appear.

Swiftly the plot moves on; her uncle disappears, and Ray Kerry attempts a comeback. Some of his friends get killed, one by the messy method of having his throat cut by a razor, and Caroline begins to feel eyes on her back, and an unknown person makes her daytime hours a living hell. She discovers the murderer, and sits down beside him, letting him talk about the killings in an effort to stall for time. Finally he begins to make measurements of her neck with his fingers, and the climax breaks with gasping suddenness.

Here again, Kuttner's use of psychology tinges the story with realism, making the reader wince, squirm and tremble with the heroine as she wanders about in her fearful, dazed manner -- running away from shadows, skittering at the slightest sounds, drawing conclusions, and watching the killer close in for the final act.

If you want a not-so-ordinary yarn, read The Day He Died, and if you want the Mrs. North type of sleuth fiction, then pick up Murder in Brass.

((Bantam has also put out The Day He Died in pocketbook format -- it's #306)).

-- THE END --

the end of this warp; do you mind? haw get it...mind, warp, mindwarp yuk