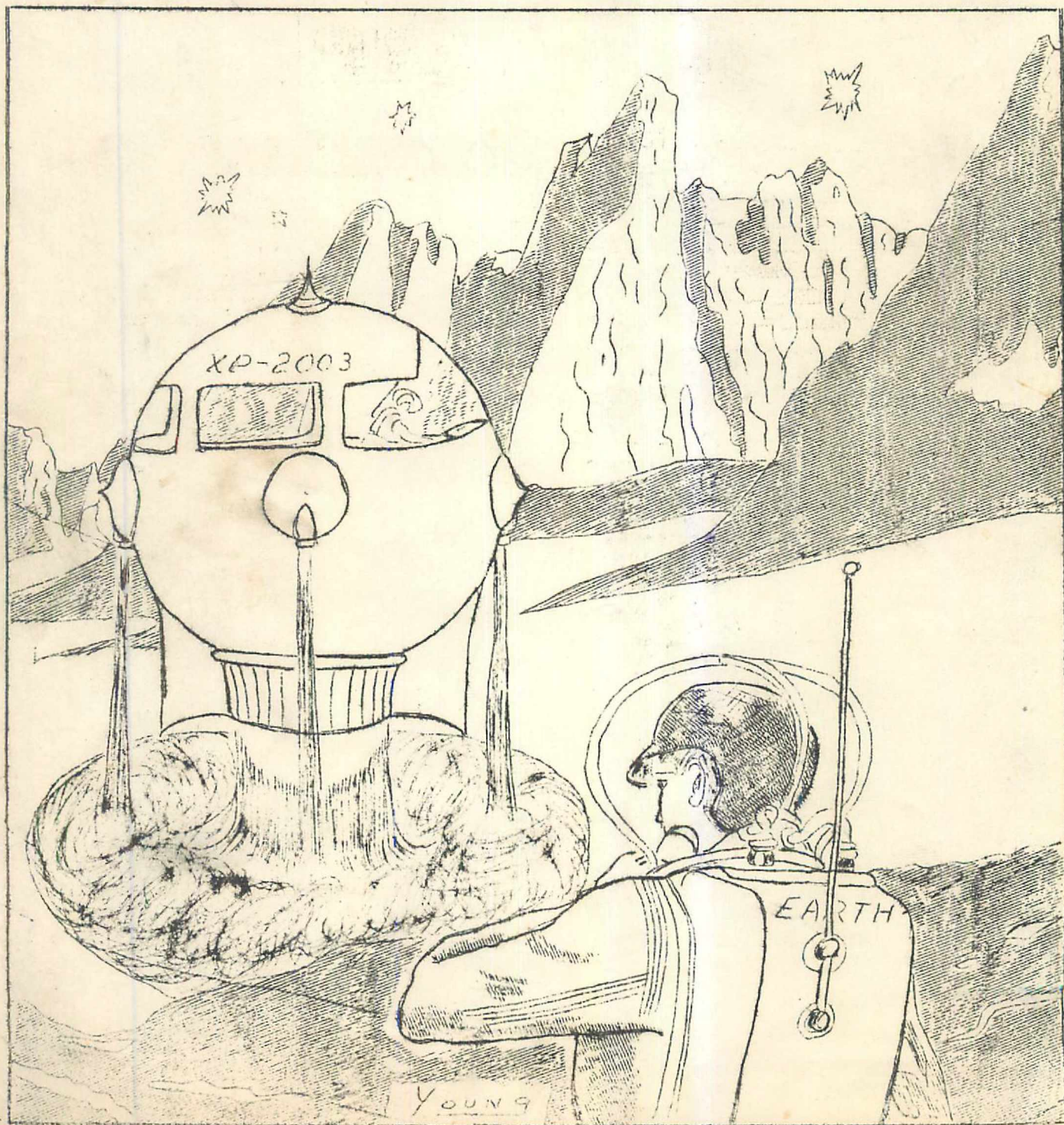


# FANDOM'S TOP MONTHLY - SPACEWARP

VOLUME III

MAY 1948

NUMBER 2





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*       AAA       AAA
*   AAAAA       AAAAA
*       H           H
*       H           H
*           (Chips from the Editor's block)
* * * * *

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Sometimes I wonder if you drooling stfreaders realize what Bill and I go thru getting this thing out every month.

In this issue, unfortunately, is Part Four of the Great STF Broadcast. As we mentioned last month, the jerk who writes the best Part Five and gets it to us by about the 15th of May or sooner, will receive as a reward, not the timebomb he deserves, but a copy of "The Metal Monster" by A.Merritt. However, despite the well-known axiom that anything can happen in a stfyarn, we hereby impose one arbitrary but inflexible rule: **NO MORE NEW CHARACTERS!** There's a small army circulating around with the Reptiles now! Let us have some competition for the prize which Wilkie Conner so helpfully donated. Let us have many, many Part Fives. Or is it Parts Five? Machs nichts.

If you expect the JunWarp on the first of June, you're as crazy as most fen. The first week in June is final-exam week at college. A ray of sunshine in this desperate situation, however, is the fact that there is a little copy on hand for next issue, so perhaps we can begin work on it right away.

So, just in case you have some silly idea about not buying future Warps, let me give you a peek under the curtain. Gad, the things in store for you!

There's a sensational expose of the Shavery Mystery, by a West Coast fan whose identity we will keep under our helmet for the present. This is definitely not the usual partisan moaning, but a carefully-documented research into the persons and source-books involved.

On the fiction side, we have a tale called "Perfection" by a new fan, Wrai Ballard. "Perfection" concerns one of the strangest forms of alien life ever to pop up in stf; and a unique menace to unfortunate explorers!

Then there's "The Story Teller" by Radell Nelson. We wrote Ray, after reading this yarn, and told him it reminded us of Bradbury's writing style. We think you'll enjoy it.....

We also have a shorticle by TT Huneycutt, oldtime stfan and author. Neither he, nor Wilkie Conner who sent us the piece, nor we ourselves, know what the article is about! Perhaps, after reading it, you can tell us.

To switch from the future to the past: Comment on the AprWarp indicates that our mimco/slick format meets with approval. Only one dissenting voice was raised.

Then there is the matter of naming the letter-column. Here are the suggestions to date. Which, if any, do you like?

- (a) FAN FARE
- (b) THE outhouse
- (c) SPACEWARP SALAMI
- (d) ROCKET SPARKS
- (e) SPACEWAR
- (f) CHEESE

As for the list of pseudonyms, you'll find a revised presentation on page 19, I hope. If not, Bill should stop drinking beer while he's mimeing.

Had to drop in to the public library a couple of weeks back, to accumulate some material for a Sociology theme. Having done so, I drew out several books, much against my better judgment. I've got reams of unread stuff around home as 'tis. Ah, well, at any rate I got a flock of chuckles and some downright helpful advice on writing from "Trial & Error" by Jack Woodford. The gentleman has rather a unique attitude toward writing -- commercial writing, at any rate.

Then there was JWDunne's "An Experiment With Time." This book is famous as an inspirer of stf time-travel tales. Mr. Dunne invites you to prove to your own satisfaction that t-t is perfectly possible. His explanation of the whys and wherefores is too deep for anyone who does not understand Einstein, but the directions for conducting experiments are perfectly clear and simple. I'd recommend this to every stfan as a really thought-provoking volume.

Laugh of the month: Divided honors -- first, to TIME Magazine, for their April 5 article on Charles Fort (P.76). It is obvious that the person who did the research on this gave only a superficial glance to Fort's works. The denial of "mystery" in connection with colored rain is almost a parody of Fort's examples illustrating the way evidence to confirm anything can be found.

Second contender: Pop Science, for attempting to explain the flying saucers as high-altitude weather balloons (May issue, P.98). They also bring in "sun reflections on low clouds....flattened hailstones" etc. Kenneth Arnold, the experienced pilot who first observed the discs, saw them from a plane flying at 9,200 feet, estimated their altitude as 9,500 feet, flying (9 of them in a single-file formation) at a speed (measured by the sweep-second hand of his instrument-panel clock, and the time needed to pass between Mt. Rainier and Mt. Adams, Washington) -- at a speed of 1,200 miles per hour! Which is rather a rapid pace for clouds, balloons, hailstones, or anything else.

Three men register at a hotel, paying  $\$10$  each. Total:  $\$30$ . Then the clerk finds he's overcharged them, and gives a bellboy  $\$5$  to return to the men. The bellboy, unable to divide this sum evenly, returns  $\$1$  to each man, and keeps  $\$2$  himself. Now each man had paid  $\$10$ , and received  $\$1$  back, so he has really paid only  $\$9$ . Total  $\$27$ . The bellboy has  $\$2$ .  $\$27$  plus  $\$2$  equals  $\$29$ . Problem: what happened to the thirtieth dollar? If you can find out, tell Bob Stein; it's driving him nuts.

Spaceyarn by Heinlein, and an article on space travel in the May Argosy. Haven't read 'em yet, so I don't know if they are any good or not.

Better register for the TORCON if you plan to attend and haven't joined the TORCON Society already. Torque #2 reminds all fen that it's time to reserve hotel rooms or you may have to sleep in the gutters of Toronto. I know you wouldn't mind it, but think how dog-cared those mags and books you're carrying would get!

Don't forget to send your mss. to me, for the Manuscript Bureau of the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION!

Eeh, thasall!

r-stapp

## A FAN VIEWS BRADBURY

o by RADELL NELSON o  
o o o o o o o o o o o o o

With whom shall we compare Ray Bradbury?

Lovecraft? No, for Lovecraft was unduly concerned with decaying bodies and "indescribable" monsters, mere carnal evils.

A. Merritt? No, for Merritt repeated words like "wolf" until they lost their meaning, and left holes in the technical structure of his tales that you could drive a truck thru.



Shaver? Kuttner? Sturgeon? No, to make a fair comparison we must look to higher stations in the world of fantasy. Edgar Allan Poe? Yes, Edgar Allan Poe.

In my opinion Bradbury is more or less Poe's equal, but Bradbury owes Poe a huge debt for his writing style -- a debt he subtly admits in "Pillar of Fire"\* one of his longest tales yet, by constant references to Poe's stories, particularly "The Cask of Amontillado."

Bradbury and Poe are similar, all right, but there are differences. Poe wished to, as he himself once said, "produce effects of horror, terror, passion, -- limited in each case to a single effect." Bradbury follows this creed in substance, but his underlying theme, it seems, is the interpretation of beauty thru emotion. He has observed that when a person feels fear, his senses sharpen, he sees, hears, and thinks with a new vividness. Another writer can say "Green music" and everybody laughs, maybe not even that -- but when, in "The Coffin"\*\* Bradbury says it, you can HEAR the funeral organ playing.

Poe was always deadly serious, too. The closest he ever came to humor was the obscure comments of Dupin, and Dupin's complete calm in the presence of violent death. Bradbury, however, is always at least a little funny. I nearly split when that little kid in "The Man Upstairs"\*\*\* started showing the house-guest's geometrical innards to his grandmother, asking, "What's this, Grandmaw?"

Poe dealt only with adults, but Bradbury is at his best when he tells about mean little brats, the sort of kids who turn their par-

\* Planet Stories, Summer 1948

\*\* Dark Carnival

\*\*\* Harper's Magazine, March 1947

Avon Fantasy Reader No. 4

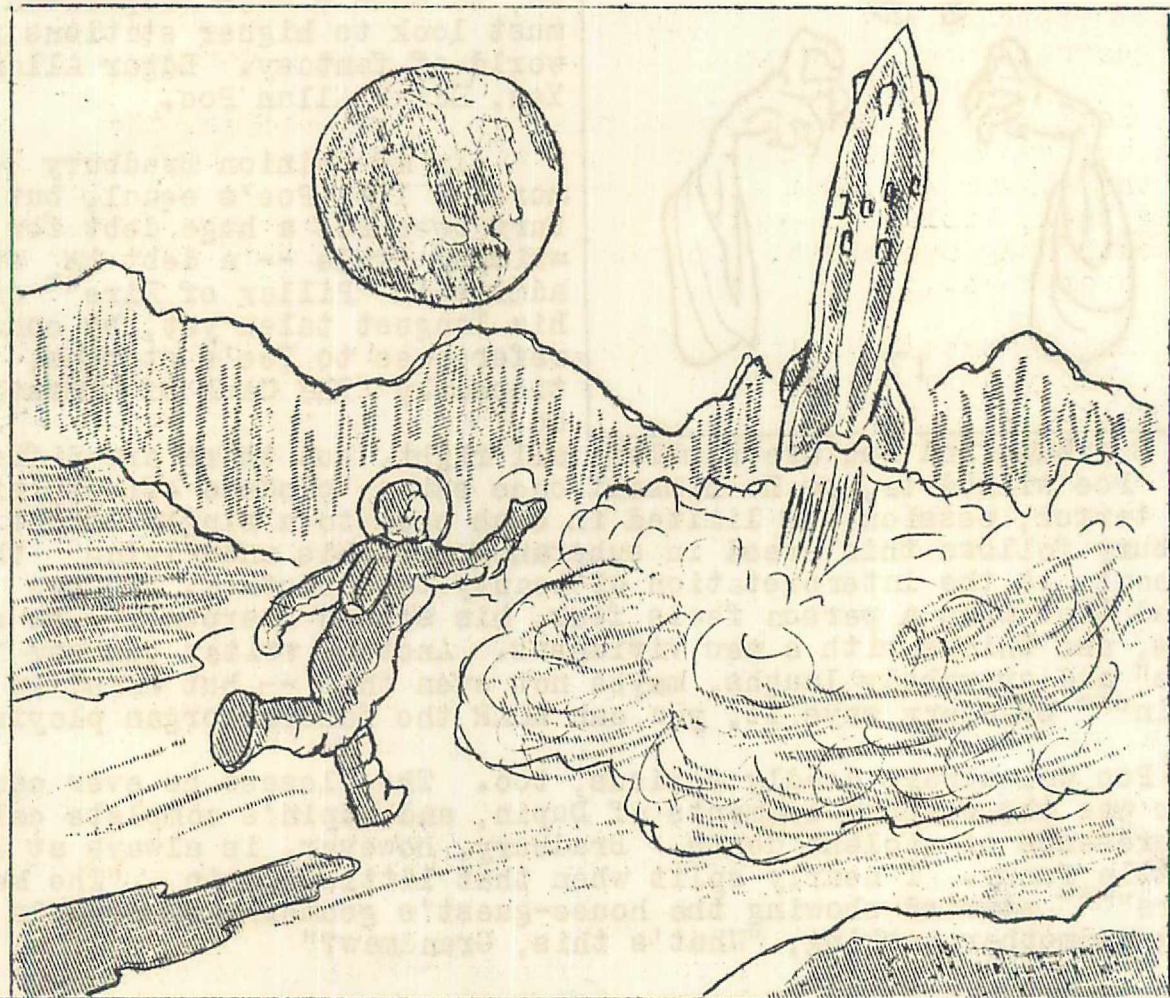
ents over to the invaders from another dimension without a qualm,\*  
toss their playmates out of upstairs windows,\*\* or deliberately rub  
out their folks by slow torture.\*\*\* Nice people we run into around  
here.

And Bradbury is still turning out his talos of unearthly beauty,  
each one better than the last. If he sticks to his guns, he  
can't miss writing THE fantasy tale.

He has come mighty close already.

- 
- \* "Zero Hour" - Planet Stories, Fall 1947
  - \*\* "Let's Play Poison" - Dark Carnival
  - \*\*\* "The Small Assassin" - Dark Carnival

- END -



MAROONED

IT'S NOT TOO LATE to register for the TORCON -- but don't  
wait any longer. Tempus is fidgeting! Send one dollar, cash,  
to Ned McKeown, 1398 Mt. Pleasant Rd., Toronto 12, Ontario,  
Canada. Get your membership card and Torque, the Torcon News  
Bulletin! Support the sixth annual World Science-Fiction Con-  
vention! ONTO TORONTO! 3 - 5 July 1948! We're going, are YOU? N !

# VIOLA

by ROBERT CARRIER

I love you, Viola. I love you with a passion that does not become my years. I love you with every waking breath, and sleep brings me only dreams of you. You think it strange that I should speak to you thus at a time like this. Yes, my dear Viola, it is strange, but love is strange; when the heart rules the mind a man does strange things. No, Viola, it is not drink that makes me speak in this way; my mind is not clouded, my senses are clear, and my hand is steady. The numbing drug of drink has yet to blot my will. My mind is my own and what I say to you is the saying of a sane, not a drunken man. Do not reproach me, dear Viola; just for one night let us put away our quarrels and be young again. Let us be the lovers we once were.

Remember, Viola? Remember the moonlight beaches, the fresh sand between our toes, the cool breeze that played about the trees, and the silver sea that always seemed extra calm for us? You were young then, Viola, not more beautiful than you are now, but the blush of youth hung about you. We were happy then, Viola, as happy as we have ever been.....

And remember, Viola? Remember our wedding, a plain, simple wedding, but you looked so lovely. Such stately grace you displayed as you walked down the aisle. It was a simple ceremony, wasn't it, Viola? But oh, so important for the two of us. Remember how you blushed when I put the ring on your finger? Remember the words the preacher spoke and had us repeat? Yes, Viola, I can see you remember; you shake your head no, but your eyes betray you.

And the honeymoon, Viola. Remember the honeymoon? Do not act indifferent, Viola -- I know you remember. How could we forget? The moon coming over the falls, the first hotel we stopped at, and so many other little things that will live in my heart forever. Yes, Viola, we were so happy. It's too bad we had to change.

But we couldn't foresee the future, could we, Viola? How were we to know that I would become a cripple, or that you would fall in love with another? No, we couldn't foresee. You look sad, Viola. Does his memory pain you? Well, that can't be helped now, Viola. You know I was ready to grant you a divorce; you know I was ready to give you up. So much do I love you. But, dear Viola, who could have foreseen that he would suddenly take sick and die?

Poor Viola, you weep. Don't weep, Viola. You still have me. Life can still be beautiful; the two of us together can still find happiness in this so-unhappy world.

Here, Viola, here is some beer. Take a long drink -- it will calm you. Everyone looks at you when you weep, and I am jealous, for I want you only for myself.

So drink, Viola, drink deeply. Do you feel sleepy, Viola?

That is to be expected. Here, lay your head upon my shoulder.  
Sleep gently, dear Viola. Sleep, my love.

Soon I, too, will drink a draught of poison and join you in the  
other world.....

-END -

## THREE BY GREENE

### I - SHADOWS

When embers die and flames burn low with fear,  
cold night with thoughts vague creeps now,  
The moving shadows dancing slowly bow,  
to announce the sleeping hour is here.

### II - ROCKET RACE

Pitching, rolling, dipping, yawing, down, down we fly --  
Up, turning, sideways, over into deep space --  
Striding forward -- screaming against the sky,  
Then, rockets flare low -- for we have won the race!

### III - THE SILENT ONE

They came -- the big, the small, the great -- as great as  
Hercules --  
They came with a silent rumble -- they are here.  
Crisp and earthy valley sunshine mingles  
Like a harmony with the tension -- as they come in the early  
morning.  
They are here.

-- VAUGHN GREENE

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fanzine; Official  
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runs a spectrographic analysis on

To begin this story, that is, how I came into being (censored due to mail regulations and the fact that 95% of the readers of the WARP are under 12 years of age)((Sez you))...and so, at the tender age of 10 months, I noticed from my dresser-drawer bed a copy of Rockwood's By Air Exoress To Venus. Immediately I realized that in order to understand the book I would have to learn to read. So I implored my mother to teach me to read. She, having not yet learned herself, called in a priest from down the street, who not only taught me to read, but imbued me with a fine love of religion. (You should only live so long!)

I went to a religious school, a strict one designed to turn out priests by the dozens, and was kicked out at the age of 13 when they caught me reading a Planet Stories which I kept hidden within my prayer book. I became an atheist, and like Forrest J.Ackerman, Number 1 fan, and JoKennedy, number 2 fan, am still one. Long live Evolution! ((We like the subtle way he brings this stuff in, don't you?))

At the age of 14 I began to read Astounding. I liked it. And after reading stuff such as that contained in Planet and Amazing and its sister mag Fantastic, I rated aSF best and went without bb's for my air gun (which I used to shoot old ladies' hats off) in order to purchase JWCJr's brainchild.

A year later I picked up a Startling and noticed the fanzine review; A pox on fandom! Yes, I started to publish a horrible, mimeographed thing called MUTANT. It gained me many, well, let's say "unfriendly friends," and when, after the second issue came out, my house was bombed, police couldn't find out who the dastardly fiends were. So I suspended operations for a year, and then decided, with the influence of many Detroit neophytes (foolish neophytes) to put out a third ish of MUTANT. I did -- that is, with the willing fingers of r-trapp (a name which I thot up, incidently) pounding out stencils for the mag, and George Young willing to ink the mimeo and turn the handle and supply the financial assistance and do the addressing and...etc. When we finally finished it (early March '48), I came out of hiding. The tero were very kind to me during my stay.

Now, at the age of seventeen summers (come May 3 -- honest, ain't I?) I plan to put out a hecto'd mag of 1 sheet -- UNITED FANDOM -- the fanzine of facts, which will print circulation figures of the proz -- if they can be had -- in the first ish, and the results of a fanpoll the second. (This is not to be considered a plug.) ((Oh.))

After the Michigan Science-Fantasy Society organized, I was elected president. (Some later members professed doubt concerning my use of the term "elected")((You were elected; I counted the votes.)) Few of the members resigned in disgust, contrary to rumor.

I discovered upon entering high school that I have a tremendously high I.Q. And so I found it hard to descend to the level of work that the lowly teachers handed out. Besides, they didn't like my always bringing up stf -- in order to gain new readers -- so, what if I never did pass a course in school; I'll be enjoying myself on the purple plains of Pluto -- while they're still slaving themselves to death on this tiny globe.

Prelude to Part Four of THE GREAT STF BROADCAST:

## THE NAUSEATING PAST

If you think you're sub-par mentally because you can't quite figure out what's going on in "The Great STF Broadcast," console yourself by scanning this outline of how it all began:

### Part One - by Bill Groover (JanWarp)

Fandom gathers at Sam Woodward's house to discuss building a radio station to broadcast stf. John Upperberth, editor of Frankly Incredible Tales of Science, crashes the party, furnishes dough for the radio project. Next day a group of stfwriters led by the famous physicist-author Karl von Heine call on Upperberth, show him plans for a transmitter powered by a revolutionary new revolving forcefield. Beer flows freely. Upperberth and the scientists decide to build a transmitter immediately, using equipment swiped from the University. They complete the task, then drink themselves to sleep. They are awakened in the morning by Upperberth's secretary, with the news that (a) the fen are furious at not having been consulted, (b) the publishers of FITS are ready to fire Upperberth for being drunk, (c) the Dean of the University has sworn out a warrant against them for theft, and (d) the transmitter is kaput.

### Part Two - by Wilkie Conner (FebWarp)

The scientists mill about confusedly. At this point Upperberth's secretary escapes from JaClem the sex-fiend long enough to announce that a mob is approaching with tar and feathers. More beer flows. von Heine tinkers with the transmitter. The mob enters, demanding the return of the stolen equipment. "The transmitter is upstairs," von Heine tells them. The secretary is rescued from JaClem. The mob rushes up the stairs and does not return. "What happened?" the scientists ask. Von Heine replies that he has converted the transmitter into a time-machine. No one knows where it sent the mob.

### Part Three - by Bill Warren (MarchWarp)

Upperberth uses the time-machine to dispose of putrid FITS manuscripts. The scientists and some stray stfen who have wandered in gather round to watch. JaClem breaks out of the closet where he has been imprisoned and rushes for the secretary. He bumps into the group around the time-machine, knocking everybody into the timefield. They find themselves in the Reptile Age, with only one case of beer. The fen drink the beer. The secretary flees into the jungle with JaClem in pursuit while Upperberth and von Heine follow slowly after. Eventually they discover that JaClem has caught up with the secretary, who doesn't seem to mind. Suddenly the lost mob appears, rushes toward Upperberth with murderous intent. Upperberth flees. He becomes separated from the others; darkness is approaching. He is unaware that his actions are observed by many eyes. He is being trailed by a band of beautiful warrior-women.....

DO YOU VALUE YOUR SANITY, or are you still going to read Part Four, which appears on the following pages?

Ah, you mad, mad fool, you!

The secretary kicked with one sharp heel; Luna scratched with long crimson fingernails, scientifically. The fen watched as apathetically as they would gaze on an Anderson or Bergey cover, without a trace of emotion.

Suddenly von Heine and Upperberth, draped with necklaces of beer-bottles, rushed somewhat erratically from the jungle.

"The dinosaurs are coming! (Hic!) Pink ones!"

(TO, we greatly fear, BE CONTINUED)

ARE UPPERBERTH AND VON HEINE having DT's? Will JaClem recover his interest in females? Will Luna leave any hair on the secretary's head? Will Luna have any fingernails left?

--aw--how in hell do I know?

((See important announcement regarding THE GREAT STF BROADCAST on p.1))

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* WHAT, THEN, IS STF? \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

by WILKIE CONNER

About a year ago, I bursted into SPACEWARP with my definition of what was fantasy and what was science-fiction. I gave, as near as I recall, as a perfect example of science-fiction the Hans Anderson fable of "The Ugly Duckling"; and "Cinderella" as a perfect example of fantasy fiction. I also went into great detail as to why I preferred fantasy over stf.

In the issue following my blast-off, Mr. Ben Singer of Detroit, Michigan (one of the old Detroit Singers, I believe) took exception to some of the things I said, and stated his views in no simple way.

Came the July, 1947, issue, and I tapped out an answer to Mr. Singer. Evidently I must have hit Ben pretty hard, because it took him from last July until this March or early April to figure out an answer. Or perhaps my style is so confusing, Ben couldn't figure it out and therefore had to wait until he could find some intelligent person to interpret my article for him. Of course, he blamed it on not having seen a July WARP--but living almost next door to Saginaw, as compared to where I live, I can hardly believe that. Anyway, in the April issue of SW, Benjamin took another swing at me. And my daffy definition. Hence, I retaliate.

I made the statement, "Ben must like my stuff or he wouldn't read it." Perhaps I shouldn't have said that. It sounds egotistical --and besides, it does look as though I were intimating I judged articles and stories without reading them. Such isn't the case, and that is not what I meant. Before I pass an opinion on anything, I read it. However, a thing must be interesting TO ME before I completely read it. I have read a lot of things that interested me but that I didn't agree with. This is what I should have said: "It is nice that Mr. Singer was interested enough in what I had to say to read it." Unfortunately, I didn't phrase my thought correctly; therefore I am to blame for the misunderstanding. I stand corrected.

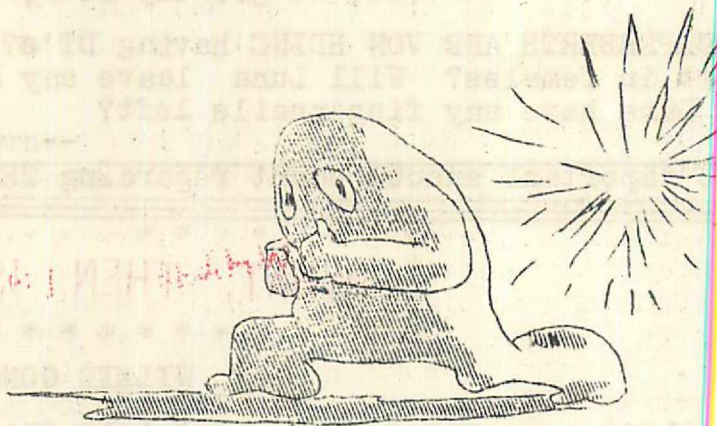
I must confess another ignorance. Until Mr. Singer pointed it out, I did not know that a baby swan was called a cygnet. My vocabulary has been woefully neglected. Therefore, I was wrong in referring to the duckling changing into a swan as a fact of nature. I was merely taking Hans Anderson's word for it. Again, I stand corrected. ((So does Mr. Anderson))

Mr. Singer said: "In your article, Conner, you based your entire argument on facts that apply to ANY fiction." Sir, take ANY fiction.

transplant it to a background common to science-fiction, add gimmicks common to that background, and you have a science-fiction story. For what is science-fiction except the old tried-and-true stories given exciting, mentally-stimulating, new dresses? On my desk is a magazine generally conceded as being the leading s-f publication, ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION for April, 1948. Just glancing at the table of contents, I notice a story by A.B. Chandler called "New Wing".

Those of you who read the story are familiar with it --the tale of a destitute people, survivors of earth, who rebelled against hardships of establishing a new world. Change that setting from the far future, to the past. Say, to the era when Raleigh's settlers came to North Carolina. Those people rebelled against hardship and tried to do something about it. Or liken it to the Pilgrims, rebelling against oppression and setting forth to find new liberty in a new world.... or to conquered Europeans fighting Nazis for liberty...I could go on and on.

Write these tales as they are, and they are historical novels. Romances. Tales of adventure. Change those same stories to a time of space ships, atomic power, and the distant worlds, and you have science-fiction. One kind of s-f, that is. To my mind, the most interesting kind of s-f..



AN AVERAGE MAN DISCOVERS  
SOMETHING HE CANNOT EXPLAIN

We have yet another kind of s-f. I believe Lewis Padgett B. K. Furner furnishes this type in the April ASTOUNDING: "Ex Machina." --the pure gadget, or gimmick, yarn. Stripped of the gadgetry and gimmicks of the future, Ex Machina would be just another human-interest yarn. True, there are other kinds of s-f, but I'm over-spaced now. So, I'll go on to the next point I want to discuss:

My July definition of s-f: "A science-fiction story is a story whose plot is derived from facts known to science, usually projected into the future." Ben says that if this were true, a woman having a baby could be used as a s-f plot, because having a baby is a fact of biological science. TRUE, Mr. Singer! If you can derive a plot from a woman having a baby, a story, that is, in which the main theme is that of labor, and you aim that at the future; or better, show a woman's struggle to have a baby at a time when having children naturally is forbidden--say, in favor of laboratory creations--then you would write a true science-fiction story. (You can have that plot. I would write it for ASTOUNDING, but I guess I won't). So, my definition still goes!

As to the comparative value of s-f and fantasy: I don't remember making a statement regarding the actual values of the two types. Tho, perhaps I did. I believe, tho, I was arguing which was the better entertainment. And of course, I probably brought in value. If I did, I meant value to me. I have no doubt that some people have been inspired to the further study of biology, astronomy, nuclear physics, medicine, etc., because of an interest first aroused by reading s-f. However, I'm willing to bet most students of these sciences were interested in science before they picked up a copy of any s-f magazine. In fact,

interest in certain sciences is probably the main reason most of us take to s-f; it gives us a chance to read about that in which we are most interested. My own interest in anything scientific was the reason why I first became interested in s-f. However, my interest in the strange and unusual had already been aroused by the fantastic writings of Burroughs, Appleton, and others. A favorite childhood book was "The Little Lame Prince" by Mrs. Mullock. (In fact, the desire to continue the adventures of the Prince on his magic cloak was the reason I took up writing at the age of 8.) To me, fantasy will always have a greater appeal than s-f. Therefore, fantasy will always have a greater value to me!

I doubt very much if anyone has become a medium, astrologer, or spiritualist because of an interest in fantasy. I do not believe in those so-called "sciences." I do not believe any intelligent person believes in a life-after-death((Here we go again!)); nor can I plainly understand how anyone could possibly have faith in a belief that the positions of the planets in the heavens would have any bearing whatsoever on a person's destiny. However, lots of people believe these things. A good friend of mine, intelligent in every other way, and a firm s-f fan, believes fully in the occult. He claims to have actually seen pictures float from the wall in his living room, and to have "seen" his wife in a reflected glass of water many months before he actually met her. I told him I believed he had a strong imagination and we ceased talking on the subject. Be that as it may, I don't believe that a lover of fantasy could possibly go for such beliefs.

To sum up: Singer evidently thinks I'm a nincompoop who writes for SPACEWARP just to satisfy an egotistical nature, and that I sound off on things just to hear my typewriter click. I hasten to assure him I have never written a word for SPACEWARP or any other amateur or professional publication that I didn't feel would be of interest to that publication's audience. I have made mistakes in print, but they were honest ones. I have had thousands of words published professionally.....i.e., I was paid for them. I have written newspaper columns, juvenile fiction and professional humor for such magazines as Judge, 1000 Jokes, and Humor. I have had hobby articles published in Boy Life (not BOY'S) Young People's Paper and several big circulation newspapers. I have had amateur fiction, articles, and letters published in Acolyte, Centauri, Fandom Speaks, Spacewarp, Scarab, and other fanzines. I have had radio programs produced, including a transcribed mystery drama that is being broadcast somewhere in the United States every day. So, I do not write for the fun of it.

As to my style: It is the only one I have.....and I'm proud of it. I was too lazy to go to school or college. So I had to learn what little English and grammar I know the hard way. I try to say what I mean, but sometimes I say something entirely different. Then, I catch hell.

All this has taken up a lot of space and said nothing. I hope r-trapp will forgive me -- and I hereby give him permission to cut any or all of this. ((We didn't, except where the mechanics of cramming all this on the page made slight rewording desirable))

- END -

**UNIVERSE** Here's a publication you'll want to subscribe to...  
...named that "to show how open-minded we are. Boy, are we open-minded!" Write to RADELL NELSON, 433 E. Chapin, Cadillac, Michigan, for details on the newest of fanzines, forthcoming: **UNIVERSE**

SPACEWARP is proud and honored to present this informative and speculative scientific discussion by an unquestioned authority on the topic whereof he writes.....

??  
? CERTAINTY? CERTAINLY? ?  
?  
??

by HOMER Z. DINGBAT, Bv.D.\*

EVERYONE who has studied atomic physics, and many who have not, is aware of that fascinating bit of scientific lore, the Heisenberg Uncertainty Principle. At first glance it appears to be a concept similar to the one a tipster invokes when his selection in the Third at Santa Anita finishes eighth in a field of nine.

Briefly, the H.U.P. declares that, below a certain level, we are unable to determine both velocity and position of a moving object with accuracy. This is due to interference with the trajectory of the object by the means used to obtain our data. As Mr. Campbell once put it so succinctly in ASF: It is like determining the shape of a crystal goblet by firing .50 calibre tracers at it and observing the ricochets.

Having painstakingly created this dilemma, the physicist tries gracefully to scramble between its horns by referring (in the case of orbital electrons circling an atom, for example) to "areas of probability," a technique comparable to placing a bot to "show" instead of "two bucks on the nose."

"The electron is probably here," the physicist says.

But if it isn't -- where is it then?

He doesn't know.

Warreaders, you must admit that such an admission of ignorance is highly unscientific. Therefore, when I demonstrate how simply this apparent mysterious disappearance may be explained, you will have no alternative but to become supporters of the H.Z.Dingbat Theory of Absolutely Certain Certainty.

Sometimes the electron is at the spot the scientist points to. Sometimes it isn't. And when it isn't, he can't find it anywhere in the orbit. The conclusion is obvious.

It's not in the orbit at all.

And so we come once again to the question: Where is it?

At first we reason that the missing electron must be somewhere else -- inside its orbit, or outside its orbit, or above or below it. So we search these places, fruitlessly. The electron is missing. It is as thoroughly lost as if something had knocked it into the middle of next week.

Aha! And there is our solution! The electron is not elsewhere -- it is elsewhen! In short, our flighty electrons are time-travelers.

\*Doctor of Bibliographical Vorsimilitudo.

... us refer to this time-travel, hereafter, as "Dingbat motion".

Now, keeping in mind the Dingbat motion of electrons, we look on the Universe with newly-opened eyes. Mysteries become clear. The age



DUEL ON TITAN

old philosophical question of how duration is related to matter becomes instantly answerable by any child of nine. It is obvious that matter exists in the dimension of duration because its subatomic particles are circling in four-dimensional orbits -- orbits which extend in the dimension of duration as well as the three spatial dimensions.

Time-travel, in the sense of a human being's progress thru time, becomes entirely feasible -- the only mechanism needed to accomplish it is one which will coordinate the orbits of all subatomic particles in the body so that their Dingbat motion is uniform in direction.

Memory is explained by the fact that the particles of the brain exist partly in the present time, and partly in all past time. Thus, it is possible to "re-live" the sensations experienced in the past. Memory becomes dim with age because, on the average, the longer the orbit of Dingbat motion, the smaller the chance any particle will be in the required portion of its orbit

to re-live that particular sector of duration.

Precognition is simply Dingbat motion in the opposite duration-direction. It is rarer than memory, or postcognition, because, if I may be allowed to hypothesize at this point, there is a force, or "pull" toward the past sector of duration, a force comparable to the downward "pull" of gravity in the other three dimensions, and perhaps identical with gravity. This part of the Dingbat Theory has not been verified by experiment as yet.

Warpreaders, your intelligent minds can doubtless find many an inspiration in this previously-unknown scientific fact. I entreat your support or criticism of my revolutionary theory.

- END -

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by C. STEWART METOCHETTE

Canadian stf suffered a severe blow on the 18th of November when Canada's 'austerity' program went into effect; the first victim being the importation of pulp magazines from the USA.

The fortunate few who had subscriptions to the stf zines prior to the 18th continued to receive them, but if the ban is not lifted before the expiration of those subscriptions, they too will join the stf-starved fans.

The situation at first glance was not very promising: the Canadian WEIRD was on the stands, as were the preceding issues of stf pulp zines, but these last soon disappeared as fans dug in. In a short time, however, the Canadian edition of WONDER and of STARTLING came out, having been delayed by a printers' strike. PLANET also showed up but that was that. ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, and FANTASTIC were not in view. (FFM and FANTASTIC NOVELS should be coming out under Canadian edition soon.)

There have been no native prozines to hit the market yet, but I suppose the situation is not as drastic as the ban of the war years was not yet, anyhow.

As it looks now, no ASTOUNDING, AMAZING, or FANTASTIC will be bought in Canada during the ban; TWS, SS and WEIRD will appear in their respective issues; PLANET is doubtful; and FFM and FN are hovering, with no confirmation or denial having reached these parts.

Many CanFans (apologies to Beak Taylor) have Yank correspondents who relay the issues by mail, but most are just doing without for the time being, and hope to get those back issues when the ban is raised. My proximity to Detroit enables me to obtain most of the prozines, through friends; the MSFS will, no doubt, help me to obtain even more. ((Stewart is the newest addition to the fast-growing Michigan Science Fantasy Society. Plug))

So, if you have a Canuk fanfriend, send the zines by mail, and I'm sure that he will be most grateful for your cooperation.

- END -

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