

James



Timber!

An Aimless Array of Acidulous Anathema



OUR ATTENTION was attracted the other day by an item in Taurasi's Fantasy Times, recounting the demise of Los Cuernos Fantásticos, Mexico's first sf magazine. Continued the item. "The money in publishing LCF was spent as follows: Paper - \$425.00; Printing Shop - \$650.00; Translations - \$150.00; Cuts, including cover - \$125.00; Office, employee, and general expenses - \$125.00"

We wonder about one group of participants in all this. Well, perhaps LCF's publishers were big-hearted and sent 'em a free copy of the mag, at least. We refer, of course, to those forgotten men -- the authors of the stories.

WITH THIS ISSUE, the WARP begins its second quarter-hundred of issues. A checkback shows that the first 25 SPAGEWARPs total over 500 pages, which represents a hell of a lot of mimeocranking and hecto-pulling! Of the 25 cover paintings, 11 are by Bob Stein, 6 by r-trapp, 2 by Ray Nelson, and one apiece by Bill Groover, Dave Salzer, George Young, Trev Nelson, Lester Fried, and Charles Henderson.

TOGETHER WITH apparently everyone else in fandom, we received recently a copy of Doubt, the publication of the Fortean Society, and a sheaf of propaganda urging us to join that organization. While we are a devoted admirer of Fort's epochal books, we passed up this invitation with a yawn, after reading the mag. It is apparent that the members of the Fortean Society, 1949 are not primarily interested in learning what part of current scientific hypothesis is true and what is false; their sole interest is in slinging abuse in the direction of anything scientific, preferably if they can get hold of an ineptly-written newspaper account which they can tear to bits.

Now, while it is highly desirable to keep researchers reminded of the need for impartial observation of phenomena, I feel that the FS is going too far in its continual harping upon what it alleges to be a conspiracy of science to ignore what does not fit their theories. True, this was Fort's theme -- but Fort was not writing of the science of 1949, which in the past few years has seen enough of its basic props knocked from under it to accept the questioning of basic premises as not only permissible, but actually a highly valuable means of suggesting new lines of investigation. It seems to me that if Fort were still living, he'd get a big kick out of heaping ridicule upon a new form of fanaticism -- the monomaniacal devotion to Tiffany Thayer's idea of what Fort was driving at, as exemplified in the Fortean Society.

I would suggest to any Fortean who for example, wants to ridicule physics, that before he do too much shooting-off of his mouth he do as Fort himself did, and study physics to see why the physicists accept certain facts as proved. If the Fortean is really sceptical enough, he'll probably refuse to accept the word of the textbooks, and insist upon performing all the classic experiments himself. Who knows; maybe he'll find some that don't work? At least, he'd be accomplishing more that way than by criticising orthodox science without knowing a thing about it.

When the Fortean Society comes up with a proved theory of its own, or an explanation for supernatural "Fortean" phenomena of any sort, which is capable of empirical verification, I'll reconsider my evaluation.

Until then, no thanks, Mr. Thayer. Will do my own sneering at dogmatism. Or am I being too unorthodox?

MIMEO-HECTO COVERS pose a henry of a technical problem -- the mimeo, if working right, prints in the same position on sheet after sheet, but the unanimity of placement of the lines depends on your steadiness of hand as you drop the paper on the galatin pad.

As the February and March issues showed, the covers are a bit lousy unless the registration is within about a thirty-second of an inch. It took us two months to invent the solution to the problem, which turned out to be deceptively simple. Full details upon request, but in the meantime, how's YOUR ingenuity? Can you figure a way of running hecto'd pages thru a mimeo so the lines hit where they should in relation to the color?

AN ITEM in today's paper caught our eye: one of those now-it-can-be-told things; the War Food Administration bought a million pounds of pickled beef in Cuba during 1943, which proved unfit for consumption and was dumped into the Atlantic under strict secrecy because of the effect it would have had upon the morale of meat-restricted civilians in the U.S. We wonder how many other interesting things happened -- or are still happening -- which we aren't being told about because the guys responsible for the snafu feel we might not like it?

IT SEEMS to us that the character of fandom is changing. These days there seems to be less and less activity on a national scale, and more and more on the local level. The group of unorganized fen (mostly from rural areas where there weren't enuf to start a local club) is almost extinct -- or at least, inactive. No one starts a general fanzine any more; they form a local club and put out an OO. Where is the 1949 crop of new fen who plot to overthrow all existant fanorganization and establish their own enlightened rule? Where are the reactionaries to scream against Korzybski as the holdouts of yore did against HPL?

Foocy, to borrow Singer's immortal phrase, fandom₁₉₄₉ is naught but a gullible herd. From the polite and considerate way in which differences of opinion are discussed, anyone would think fen were a bunch of gentlemen.

First hopeful sign we've seen in months is Sam McCoy's letter in "Quien Sabe?" this month. And even that is certainly not much to show for the insults which Redd has hurled at you-all for the past several months.

WE THINK we'll take a poll. Answer, pliz:

- (1) Rank these prozines; the one you like to read most 1st, the one you like least, 10th, etc.: ASF, AMZ, SS, TWS, FFM, FN, FA, SSS, AFR, WT
- (2) Name a couple of your favorite authors; a couple whose work you can't stand. What's your favorite story of all time?
- (3) Which promag has the best cover art? The best interior art? Who is the best artist? The worst?
- (4) Do you collect prozines? All of 'em? How big is your collection? Do you save fanzines? Do you collect fantasy in book form? How many?
- (5) Do you belong to WFFM? A regional fanclub? A local fanclub? Have you ever met other fen? What did you think of 'em? (No names necessary)

--curiously,

r-tRapp

PROBLEM IN ORNITHOLOGY

by Pvt ANDREW GREGG
RA 10806377
Co H, 81R
Fort Monmouth, New Jersey

Dear Art:

You're right, I do see a lot of interesting things around here, and in my trips to New York. I've got material for a few articles and lots of stories now. Here's one of the most interesting. It's about James Sindman, alias Clark Kramer. He's written quite a few stories for Ziff-Davis, and some for TWS, SS, and PPM. I ran across him thru Lamont Buchanan of Weirid. Before that I knew of him, but not his address, and very little about him.

I found him in a well-furnished apartment house near Central Park. We talked in his study, a small, bright room in the corner of the building. Always on the prowl for a good article for WARP, I started asking questions right away.

"What's your favorite magazine?" I asked.

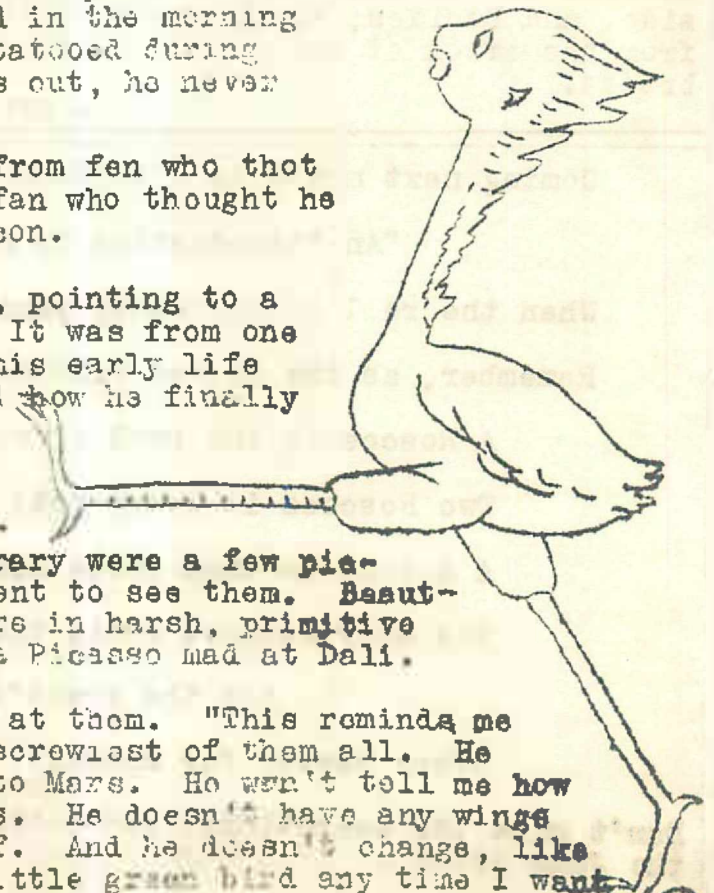
Well, he didn't know for sure. He liked them all, and didn't want to be partial. Besides, his personal friendship with the editors and writers influenced it quite a bit.

Soon the talk drifted to these editors and writers. He began to talk about the personal oddities of these people. For example, he told me that Bob Saunders, TWS writer, sleeps with his socks on, and is usually surprised in the morning thinking that his feet have been tattooed during the night. How Sindman found this out, he never told me.

He received several letters from fan who thought they were heroes, and one from a fan who thought he was the reincarnation of Roger Bacon.

"Here's a good one!" he said, pointing to a framed letter on his Study wall. It was from one Sam (Spacerat) Rank, telling how his early life was spent on the planet Venus, and how he finally reached Earth by an anti-grav spaceship. He spoke of the queer sights there: deserts of molten silica and animals that burned instead of dying. In Sindman's library were a few pictures painted by this Rank. We went to see them. Beautiful and wild they were. They were in harsh, primitive colors and strange designs, like a Picasso mad at Dali.

Sindman laughed as he looked at them. "This reminds me of Les Richard. He's one of the screwiest of them all. He claims to make trips every night to Mars. He won't tell me how he does it, but I suppose he flies. He doesn't have any wings or jets on his feet that I know of. And he doesn't change, like me. I can change myself into a little green bird any time I want.



to, and fly wherever I want to. But I don't see how Leo could do it. Personally, I think he's crazy!"

I was pretty amazed at this, as you can easily understand. I rocked back on my heels for a second, and then Sindman said, "Damn! I just remembered that I was going to call up Searles about a letter I wrote to Parley domestica. Will you excuse me for a moment?"

I didn't say yes or no. I just stood there with my mouth open and my ears flapping. Should I write this in an article, or shouldn't I? I thought this over for a few minutes. Still thinking, I wandered through the library, looking at the occult books and strange sculptures, still thinking. Would it be an infringement on his right of privacy if I wrote it? I ~~never~~ came to a conclusion.



A voice from the study ended my mental controversy. "By the way, Grogg, come in and look at these, will you?"

I walked in, and found him standing by his desk, idly scratching his side.

"I've got an interesting letter from Leo Margulies. By the way, Searles liked my letter. He was pretty busy on the phone so I flew over to see him. Leo wrote me that next month..."

But I wasn't listening. I was remembering details. There was only one door to the study, and Sindman had not left through it while I waited outside in the library. The window was open and it was seven stories to the sidewalk. I remembered that there were no ledges outside, and besides, there was a small green feather detaching itself from the crack of the window sill and floating away on the warm summer breeze.

- END -

Coming next month in SPACEWARP :-

"An Introduction To ROSCOISM"

When the roll is called up yonder, will YOU beaver?

Remember, as the Sacred Writings say,

A Roscoe in the hand is worth two in the bush.

Two Roscoes in every pot!

A Roscoe in time saves nine.

Too many Roscoes spoil the broth.

and the dreadful warning:

Every beaver for himself, and Oscar take the hindmost!

Don't miss the sensational revelations of the Only True Religion in the June issue of SPACEWARP

Roscoe has spoken.



Eric Frank Russell's
"Sinister Barrier"

reviewed by T.E.WATKINS
1605 Wood Avenue
Kansas City 2, Kansas

Charles Fort said, "I think we're property," and that is what "Sinister Barrier," by Eric Frank Russell, is about. A scientist treats his eyes with a chemical compound that permits him to see a wider range of light rays. In doing so, he discovers the invisible owners of the human race -- the cosmic farmers that treat us like so many cows. This discovery is the scientist's death warrant. Others, however, have been let in on the deal, and the resulting conflict is as bloody and fascinating as any these eyes have ever seen.

This story has one of the most subtle and logical menaces to the human race that anyone has cooked up in a long time. It has one of those indestructable Russell heroes who travels from one crisis to another in bewildering fashion. He exists without food or sleep. He rests not. On and on he goes to that last crisis, a dilemma from which it seems he cannot escape. Not only is the hero in a jam, but the fate of the whole human race hangs in the balance! It is the type of stuff that glues you to that chair, pops the eyes right out of your head, and brings the sweat out under the armpits. The book has that Russell whirr -- you can't lay it down.

"Sinister Barrier" is a reprint of one of those fabulous yarns that made Street and Smith's "Unknown" a delight to fantasy fans. It has been improved and enlarged for book publication. Fantasy Press has issued a limited number of copies and they sell for \$3.00. The print is easy to read, the inside illustrations are by Edd Cartier and the attractive cover jacket is by Donnell.

The factor that makes this story one of the most compelling stuff yarns ever written is the devilish logic with which the menace to the human race is evolved. Charles Fort collected a mass of data on unusual events such as mysterious lights, falling objects, fire balls, wild talents; all of which science cannot explain by application of natural law. Fort wrote four books in which he gave his evidence, and after his death the Fortean Society carries on the work. Both Fort and the Society have been rather unsuccessful in jolting the scientific mind out of its habitual "delusions." In recent months, however, certain events such as the flying discs have been given wide newspaper coverage and have brought the theories of Charles Fort to the attention of a great many individuals.

"Sinister Barrier" wraps up all the mysterious lights, falling objects, wild talents, and even the human capacity for war in one one bundle and gives it a logical explanation. No one contends that it is the right explanation, not even Mr. Russell. But it certainly is logical, and if you read the story, the next time you get a little shiver up your back bone, the kind of shiver that has caused you to say in the past, "someone is walking on my grave," I can guarantee that you will not pass off your backbone callisthenics so lightly. You might even turn a little pale and whisper, "Gad, I've just been milked!" - END - (7)

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? WHAT'LL I WRITE ? ?
? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ? ?

by EDCO

Did you ever have an urge to sit down in front of your cold typewriter and write 'n write 'n write? Flood the fanzines with the products of your musings and opinions on the fan-topics of the day?

Well, I have. But there's one big difficulty that keeps my typewriter from growing hotter and hotter as the white sheets are inserted and black and white ones pour forth no ideas !

"No ideas!" you shriek. Yah, that's what I said. Seems sorta queer, doesn't it, considering the almost innumerable topics that the field of fandom embraces now. But look, when you sit down and think about it, aren't those subjects pretty well taken care of by dozens of other fan-columnists already, in one way or another? I mean, you write something and then find that it's only a variation of some article a guy wrote recently which is a variation of something somebody else wrote not long before that, etc., etc. See?

Of course, there are always new things popping up in fandom. Like a coupla three years ago when the shavermess burbled forth. Then guys by the dozens had something to write articles about and lotsa variations on the theme as the war progressed between the mass of anti-shaverites and the anti-Palmer fen and the pro-etc. But that's daid now. At least we hope it is. Even daider is the Dogler Cosmic Circle thing which was once a favorite object of article-writers. And then there is always the write-about-yer-fave-author theme of articles. Lovecraft certainly caught it both pro and con for a long, long time and luckily, mostly pro by article writers. In fact, every once in a while a fresh burst will issue forth other than the regular quota in FANTASY COMMENTATOR. Feuds, too, are objects for articles, but who wants to start a feud just to write articles about, except maybe my neighbor over in File 13? Right now there is the fracas between Paul Cox and fandom over you-know-what. And most recently the Vaughn Greene letter in PEON. Only, about sebenty-leben other guys are writing and already have written plenty about them.



But to write articles on authors, mags, books and such takes some research...and who wants to do that? Easier to just sit down and rattle something off without the bothersome biz of digging around in yer mag files and re-reading a lot of stuff. Sure is.

Then there is always the technical theme for articles. You have read dozens of 'em by the more gifted (and edyukated) fen, about atoms, molecules, rockets and stuff. But who wants tuh go thru a whole raft of textbooks and prof's lectures to learn enuf to be able to write that kind of article? You guess right! And that includes to some extent the raft of articles lately on somantics altho you nearly have to be van Vogt to know what you're writing about. So we're still where we were. Nowhere.

So what's the solution? Anybody got any ideas? Well, if you have, write an article about them. I don't care any more. I got a page out of this, and maybe r-trapp might like it! - END -

S T F

A clue to the identity of the author of this installment: He was one of the writers of "The Great S T F Broadcast," last year.

BROADCASTS

Having
SYNOPSIS: inven-
ted a **A** GAIN!

Chapter V

See June WARP for name of author.

rocket ship, Karl von Heine suggests to John Upperberth that the first flight be used to publicize FITS, thus saving Upperberth's job. Timid Glover Mackintosh, FITS' Assistant Editor, is given the pilot's job. A mysterious pair known as "the Priestess" and Igor work to sabotage the flight. Igor, failing in an attempt to assassinate Upperberth, whom he believes to be the pilot, is captured and tortured. Meanwhile the Priestess, learning of Igor's failure, asks von Heine who will go on the first flight. The Professor, striving to impress her, says he is to be the pilot. The Priestess plunges a knife into Professor von Heine's heart.

This incident is observed by a man named Vogar, who, with a companion, Kala, is also interested in the space-ship. Vogar reports to "The Master," and is ordered to get von Heine's corpse.

Called to the morgue to identify von Heine's body, Upperberth, Mackintosh, Starr and the police are astounded to discover that the corpse has vanished!

CHAPTER V

COMPLETELY FORGOTTEN by Upperberth, Starr, and Mackintosh in their rush to identify the late, lamented science-fiction writer and scientist, Professor Karl von Heine, Igor lay trussed up on Upperberth's living room floor. His alien eyes stared unblinkingly at the confusion before him. Empty beer bottles littered the carpet, nestling familiarly beside half-smoked cigarette butts and charred matches. The place looked like a pool hall at closing time.

"This is my chance," Igor muttered, mentally oiling his none-too-bright brain. "I must get free now. I must escape now....." Igor's voice trailed off and his rock-like brow furrowed as he tried to think. "How can I do it? HOW?"

Then he came up with an idea. The cigarette butts -- the half-smoked, still-smouldering cigarette butts. He would burn his bonds in two!

Igor spied a butt. Soxily smeared with lipstick, the butt lay where Starr had dropped it a moment before. It lay smouldering, mute reminder of the manner in which Starr, herself, could smoulder upon occasion. Igor was highly attracted to this smouldering butt. It intrigued him. It excited him to the point of madness.

Igor wriggled his rear furiously, first this way, then that. No man had ever tried to move so much with so little. His frantic exertions brought perspiration to his craggy brow, pinkish sweat that rivuleted into his eyes, causing them to roll wildly. His body writhed, snake-like, and little by little he began to move. With a great effort he rolled over. He rolled over, and.....screamed!



He had rolled over onto the butt. The butt busily snouidered its sexy way through Igor's fleshy jaw. Igor was no longer attracted to Starr's butt.

At this moment, Upperberth's door opened. Igor was so concentrated on trying to get off Starr's butt that he failed to notice it. Only when the lovely gowned figure of a curvey woman towered above him did he pause in his struggles. He recognized the delicately-arched foot beside his nose. He gasped, horrified.

"Priest+ess!"

"Are you having difficulty, Igor?" her voice was soft, soft as a feather bed. The suggestion of a smile played about her full, red lips.

"Priestess," the alien pleaded, "turn me over! Starr's butt is causing me great pain!"

An eyebrow rose, lips pursed. "Please, Igor -- restrain yourself -- even though I agree the woman should get a new girdle." She shoved a toe under Igor, and, with a flash of golden leg, turned him over. "Did you kill Upperberth?"

Igor opened his mouth, gasping like a fish out of water. "I tried, Priestess, I tried. But I slipped and fell in water and became intoxicated and fell asleep and --"

The Priestess screamed with fury. The golden leg flashed for th again, fetching Igor a kick in the side. "You failed!" she snarled. "It was your last chance to escape punishment -- and you failed!"

"Don't have me punished, Priestess," Igor's face blanched in terror. "Please, Priestess -- I've been a faithful servant to you and to our Master...." his voice trailed off into silence.

"I am truly sorry, Igor," the Priestess said. "As a creation of the Master's mind, you were all but perfect for the job you were to do." Already the Priestess was consigning Igor to the past tense.

"Then you are going to ask the Master to put me out of his mind?"

"I am forced to." She knelt beside him and touched his cheek with her cool hands. "Had the Master only thought you smarter, Igor" -- she sighed -- "instead of creating you a stupid lout, fit only to follow orders...."

"Why could I not be like you, Priestess -- a real person, instead of only the thought manifestation of the Master?" Igor wailed.

"I was born," the Priestess replied. "I am one of the few living ones left of the tribe of Karta. To make up for our lack of numbers, the Master creates thought manifestations for dangerous work."

"But I have feelings...."

"There will be no pain when the Master ceases to think of you," the Priestess said. "You will just cease to be."

"But --"

"There are no 'buts,'" she shrieked. "You failed in your work! I need von Heine's space ship -- but, falling far short of that, you failed to kill Upperberth. Luckily I found that von Heine was going to pilot the ship himself. I killed him, and now when I steal his body, the Master can pick his brain for the secret of the space ship's (11)



location."

"Be sure you are not beaten to the job," Igor warned.

The Priestess smiled. "Who would beat me? The Thought-Men of Daakta Tribe? Two of them, Vogar and Kola are on this planet, but they cannot out-think me. I am a real person-- Priestess of Kartan! And when we get the space-ship, I will be Queen of the Solar Empire!"

"I am content to cease, knowing this will be," Igor cried, a fanatic light dancing in his eyes.

"Well spoken, Igor!" The Priestess rose. "Prepare yourself -- I go to report to the Master!"

After the Priestess left, the light died in Igor's eyes. His pale face was drawn and tears streamed from his eyes. Igor was afraid.

* * * * *

KOLA LOOKED UP as Vogar came in.

"You have acquired the von Heine body as the Master ordered?" Kola asked.

Vogar's face twisted spasmodically. "The body was not there. This cannot be construed a failure, for it was gone when I arrived; and I beat Upperberto to the morgue." Vogar stabbed his finger at Kola viciously. "The Priestess has von Heine's body! There can be no other explanation!"

"But there has to be another explanation, Vogar," Kola protested. "I have had the spy-ray on the Priestess of Kartan constantly. That detestable enemy of glorious Daakta did not go near the morgue."

"WHAT!"

"It is so," Kola declared. "She has been with the stupid Kartan Thought-Man, Igor, the whole time." Kola paused, then added smugly, "Praised be our Master for thinking me smart, instead of dumb like that Igor."

"Yes, Kola," Vogar nodded. "Because of smart Thought-Men like us Daakta will acquire the knowledge of space flight and conquer not only the yellow-bellied Kartans, but also the Solar System. Then our wonderful Master will be King of the Solar Empire!"

"--If we can find von Heine's body," amended Kola. "so that we can gain the secret of the space ship's hiding place from his dead brain with the Thought Crystal, before decay erases the pattern."

"Yes, yes, I know," Vogar mumbled worriedly. "Who could have taken the body? It wasn't the Priestess, it wasn't us, and it wasn't Upperberth. That leaves.....no one!"

"No one -- unless another unknown group is also seeking the space ship!" Kola pounded his fist emphatically on the table.

Comprehension dawned in Vogar's muddy brown eyes. "That must be it," he muttered softly. "Another group! But--" astonishment flooded his face -- no other inhabitants of this system know about von Heine's invention!"

"This is over our heads, Vogar," Kcia whispered. He went to the communication machine. "This must be reported to our Master immediately!"

* * * * *

HER LOVELY FACE set in a mask of determination, the Priestess dialed the communication machine before her. The prismatic colors of the view screen highlighted the beautiful planes of her face with every color of the spectrum.

"Igor fails me," she thought wildly, "and now -- on top of everything -- von Heine's body stolen. What will the Master say?"

The Master said plenty when his dark visage appeared on the screen. "If it were not that you are Priestess of Kartan, I would kill you!" he ranted. "Kartan is close to defeat, and you must do something!"

"I will try," the Priestess murmured, soft lips trembling.

"And quit trying to vamp me!" the Master shouted. "I am one who can take you or leave you!"

"Igor has failed me completely," the Priestess changed the subject. "I ask you to cease thinking him, Master, and manifest in his stead someone who will be especially suited to grope with this new problem and bring about the defeat of hated Daakta."

"I will do it," the Master nodded. "Do you have any special requirements?"

The Priestess dropped her head. "Make him big and handsome, Master -- with a soft, black beard!"

The Master smiled. "I think I know what you want," he shook his head. "But don't forget your mission!"

With that, the Master's face faded from the viewer and the machine went dead. As the Priestess turned around, the door opened and a tall, dark, bearded man came in.

"I der new Igor am!" his baritone voice rumbled pleasantly. "I am to help you, my Priestess, und --" his eyes roved lingeringly over her body -- "I t'ink my work I am going to like! Haff you beer in der cooler, perhaps?"

Fire ran in the Priestess' blood and flamed in her eyes.

"The Master is clever indeed!" she murmured softly, handing Igor a bottle of beer.

*** * ***



WHILE the priestess was getting acquainted with her Igor, the people of a pleasant city in the Midwest would have been very interested in a certain black Nash traversing their streets, had they only known what its back seat contained.

One of the two men in front glanced back. There, apparently asleep, lay a German named.....von Heine! The man turned back and gazed in steely silence at the road ahead.

They were passing a particularly modest white house with a big oak in the front yard. And just as the car passed out of sight, a tall, slender fellow with a foul-smelling pipe in his mouth stepped onto the front porch of this house. He squinted his eyes at

the sun, and rapped ashes from his pipe against a post.

"Hell, there's only one place that mimeo can be," he murmured disgustedly, "in that damned store-house out back."

It should be mentioned here that this fellow with the pipe is one of the curious breed known as STP fans. He publishes a fanzine, and, as a consequence, has to have some place to shove back issues. Hence the store-house. He has not dared face the place for months. He is afraid of it. He just opens the door a crack and flings stf crud in and does his best to forget about it.

But today he has to face it. He has to go in and hunt a beat-up, broken-down, Montgomery-Ward mimeo. His fanzine is behind schedule again.

And is he going to be surprised when he finds the mimeo? For there in the dark recesses of this fantasy-frightened shack, nestled beside the mimeo and partially covered with fanzine junk, lies a long, low, gleaming object. It is an object of precision and beauty, a thing to gladden the heart of any fan. It is, in a word, von Heine's space ship.

And who is going to discover this coveted object?

You guessed it. The editor of SPACEWARP -- Arthur H. Rapp!

- END OF PART V -

((Honest, this is none of my doing! In fact, I just about blue-pencilled that scene! I shudder to think of what happens next month in Part VI of "STP Broadcasts Again!"))

At the time this is being stencilled, it's too early to tell whether anyone guessed correctly the identity of Part IV's author. But we rather doubt it. It was quite a change, wasn't it, from the usual style and subject-matter of that frequent WARP-contributor and this month's cover artist:

WILLIAM JAMES

THE GLEEFUL CADAVER

Oh I am the merriest corpse in the morgue,

I leap from slab to slab

The ice water trickles on down by back

But there's nobody here to blab --

Ha! Ha! There's nobody here to blab!

RAY NELSON

"From a structural point of view, postulates or definitions or assumptions must be considered as those relational or multi-dimensional order structural assumptions which establish, conjointly with the undefined terms, the structure of a given language. Obviously, to find the structure of a language we must work out the given language to a system of postulates and find the minimum of its (never unique) undefined terms." --Korzybski

NO INDICATION

by WARREN BALDWIN
112 Park Avenue
Norfolk, Nebraska

"I asked you over tonight for an express purpose, Brent. I--want you to be the subject in an--uh--experiment I'm performing. Oh, I know you've assisted along these lines before, but this is--well, a little different than anything I've ever attempted. I'm just a little doubtful....." The speaker's voice trailed off into nothingness, and abruptly he ceased his nervous pacing to stand squarely confronting the figure reclined in the room's only comfortable chair.

"Professor Lane,"

--it was the seated man who spoke now-- "I think you underestimate yourself. Well, I do not. As you say, I've worked with you on other occasions, and I'm very much aware that you're the best man the University has. Hell, they couldn't get along without you and they know it. You've been my friend long enough to impress me as someone who never does anything in a less than thorough manner. This uncertainty of yours in an experiment is nonsense. You don't realize how good you are, that's all. I'm ready to get on with it any time you say."

Lane

had recovered his composure now.

"Thanks. I needed a pep-talk like that. It's only that-- Never mind. Let's go into the lab."

Brent

eased himself from the chair and followed the other up a flight of steps into a well-equipped laboratory. The professor indicated a couch along one wall.

"You lie down there, Brent, and while I'm getting a few things we'll need I'll brief you on the problem. What I'm attempting to do is to find out what happens to the mind when we enter that unconscious state which we call sleep. Something like trying to discover where the fire goes when it goes out." Lane laughed weakly. "I have a theory that, when in the state of sleep, the non-material ego, or soul, is free to leave the body and transport itself to any point in space or time. The difficulty is, we remember nothing of this travel when the ego returns and we awake. The purpose of these two metal--uh, 'caps' you see is to transcend this difficulty. When these are placed one each upon the heads of two people, they will allow the wearer of one to receive all the thoughts and impressions from the mind of the other. But only if the other is asleep."

The professor accomplished as he spoke the desired arrangement of the apparatus, then handed Brent a glass filled with a clear liquid.

"This is a mild sedative. If you will -- thank you. Now relax. That's it. Soon you will be sleeping soundly. When your ego is freed, I shall be able to perceive and remember all that it experiences, for I shall be awake during the entire time. You see?"

Brent's regular breathing signified that he already slept.

* * * * *

The doctor mused: "Most unusual case I ever ran onto. Both died simultaneously, yet from what, my most complete examination gives no indication....."

- END -

FOURTEEN

by Redd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St., N.E.
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota



OPEN LETTER TO AUGUST DERLETH. Dear Auggie: Perusal of the new Arkham House catalog suggests to what extreme lengths you semi-pro fantasy publishers have gone to obtain book rights to the worthwhile and preservable fiction in the yellowing pages of the pulps. From a cringing glance at the titles you have announced for publication in various Arkham House collections in 1949 and later, it is evident that you have sewed up the rights to more pulp stuff than the most ardent "aficionado" ever expected -- or desired -- to see between hard covers.

Verily, it seems to this fan that you publishers have left little more than fillers and the poems of the Planet Prince in the back files of my favorite magazines. Anthologies and various collections from your press, as well as Shasta, Hadley, Prime Press, Fantasy Press, and others, have exhausted the supply of the best work of Heinlein, Keller, Williamson, Stuart, Geosmith, Weinbaum, C.A. Smith, Doc Smith, and of course H.P.L. -- in fact, all the reprintable work of those writers who are commonly adjudged to be the giants of the pulp fantasy field. There are damn few good stories -- the so-called "classics" -- left to "book". And yet, your catalog announces an over-swelling flood of books to come from your presses for the next few years.

In my modest way, Mr. Derleth, I think that I'm as rabid a fan as the fantasy field can boast at the present time. I am loyal to my favorite literature to the point of absurdity. I have been known to exhibit signs of epileptics when you divide your own literary works (which are not my particular favorites) into two categories: serious work and fantasy. When the torrent of fantasy books was signalled in 1939 with the publication of The Outsider and Others I vowed to obtain all the fantasy books you published. Of course, at the time, this vow entailed the purchase of only a few HPL omni-volumes, but when Fantasy Press and others joined you, I loyally purchased their offerings as far as my budget would allow.

Sure, I bought lots of cruddy stuff, nicely bound between hard covers, but I didn't mind too badly, because in most books there was something good to balance the bad, or else the stories were nostalgically remembered stories from earlier and less lush years of fantasy. But until the arrival of your catalog I scarcely realized to what ungodly things you semi-pro boys are stooping. The pulp stories you are hard-covering in 1949 and later are, to put it bluntly, a pile of crap.

When a rabid fantasite like myself feels inclined to call the pulp stuff you are immortalizing in book form "a pile of crap," I sincerely feel it is time that you, as a businessman and as a person of literary tastes, take stock of Operation Arkham House.

Let's take a look at some of the fiction you plan to reprint in Arkham House volumes.

Well, of course, there's Fritz Leiber's novel, Gather, Darkness! Frankly, although I've tried several times, I've been unable to finish this serial in Astounding, but it was highly praised when it first came out, and is adjudged a favorite on many lists of "best stories" I've

seen. Fan sentiment seems to be on your side, so we'll not quarrel over this title.

Away and Beyond, the van Vogt collection, is another story -- or more accurately, several of them, very few of them outstanding. Definitely there is a need for a book comprising van Vogt's shorter works, but I'll be damned if at least three of the titles you announce for inclusion deserve anything but the passed-over-in-silence treatment whenever Mr. van Vogt's works are discussed. "The Harmonizer" and "Film Library" received the peculiar distinction of rating 5th out of six stories in the Astounding issues in which they appeared. Deprecate the Analytical Laboratory ratings if you choose, but remember that Van's better tales rated much higher than that, usually hitting the top. For the life of me, I cannot imagine any reason whatsoever for the inclusion of "Secret Unattainable." This was a potboiler van Vogt wrote about Pearl Harbor time, and describes Hitler's defeat by means of a mad scientist's super-scientific time machine. I feel it an effrontery to the U.S. Army and its allies -- who really did defeat Hitler -- to publish this fictional account of how it didn't happen.

I admire your description of A Hornbook for Witches, Mr. D. Your use of the word "verse" instead of "poetry" in both places where you mention possible admirers of this collection of Leah Bodine Drake's verse, suggests that you do not lack a sense of values in this particular instance. I incline to doubt if there are any discriminating lovers of fantastic poetry who would recognize A Hornbook for Witches as anything less than a ludicrous example of the lowbrow taste of fantasy aficionados.

The collections from the works of E. Hoffman Price, Arthur J. Burks and Robert Bloch strike me as ill-considered. Except for Bloch, these authors rate very low indeed among fantasy writers, and while there's some good stuff there, particularly in Bloch's book, most of these stories do not rate hard cover presentation.

Clark Ashton Smith is an author I fail to dig; his stories seem to me pointless and boring. Since The Abominations of Yondo is his fourth Arkhem House collection, I rather imagine you're scraping the barrel merely to placate Smith fans. Even though "The Voyage of King Euvoran" is my favorite CASmith yarn (or more strictly, the story I disliked least), I hold no illusions about the other stories. Most of them are obscure, from obscure sources -- and deserve their obscurity. It'll have to be a mighty rabid Smith fan who can find anything deserving of book presentation in "The Devotee of Evil."

You know, Auggie, I laugh every time I see a new collection of your stories announced. You see, I remember what you wrote in the foreword to Someone in the Dark: "...I have never taken the time to write a really first-rate ghost story; indeed, out of some 200, less than a score stand up under a second reading..... These 16 stories are all, out of those 200 and more I have written, which can possibly be read twice...." Lonesome Places is your fourth



collection, isn't it? And it makes your third book (not including the Grandon volume) of stories that could not possibly be read twice!

I am not familiar enough with The Horror From The Hills, Invaders from the Dark or the early de Grandin yarns in The Phantom Fighter to judge their worth, but from what I've heard, you've got one stinker, one fair-to-middling, and one gem, there -- and in the order named above.

Worse Things Waiting is a happy choice, I think, judging from the yarns I've read in it. Wellman is one boy who can write, and write well. Orson Is Here is another cause for rejoicing; Every story in there with which I'm familiar is a gem. Thanks for bringing "The Missing Ocean," "The Hand of the O'Mecca," "The Black Farm," "The Hexer" and those other topnotchers into book print. Tales from Underwood would be a third collection to be unconditionally recommended -- if it did not duplicate at least four stories already available in hard covers. Why, why, must you do this?

I regret slamming Portraits in Moonlight, the second Jacobi collection, for soft-spoken Carl, with the little mustache, is a gentleman of the old school, an older edition of Samuel D. Russell. But this does not alter the fact that "Gentlemen, the Scavengers" is a space opera which is completely undistinguished, and that "Lodana" and "Tepondican" are certainly nothing to drag forth to hang albatross-like around the neck of a very nice guy. I do like "The La Prelló Papers" and "The Corbie Door" but re-reading these yarns in a book isn't worth \$3.00.

However, Mr. D., you hit the nadir of semi-pro publishing when you schedule Rim of the Unknown, the second collection of stories by Frank Belknap Long. I have perused many catalogs and leaflets from fantasy publishers, but the only book that beats Rim of the Unknown for downright lack of quality is FPCI's Planets of Adventure. I have read most of F.B. Long's stories, and have yet to discover a high-grade story from his typer. "The World of Wulkins" and "And We Sailed The Mighty Dark" are mildly interesting, but by no stretch of critical judgment do they rate hard cover preservation. Such out-and-out potboilers as "The Trap," "Cones," "The Critters," "Filch" and "A Guest in the House" absolutely do not qualify as readable stories, and I would challenge Mr. Long to sell crud of equal quality to any fantasy magazine today. I have just tried to re-read "Cones" from Astounding for Feb. 1936, and found myself skipping sentences, then paragraphs and pages. It is unbelievably bad. To find such an impossible yarn in a scheduled collection reflects not only on the "sucker" proclivities of the average fantasite, but on the literary acumen of you, Mr. Derleth.

I respect you and Arkham House for the fine books you have given us in the past, and for the excellent material you have listed for future publication -- the S. Fowler Wright book, and Kelucha and Others, and Conjure Wife, for example -- but I cannot condone the unutterable brass you display in foisting such crap on us as the Long book and the others discussed above.

I trust you will see fit to reply to this Open Letter, but in any event I sincerely hope you will think twice before actually publishing that crud you've listed in your new catalog. We, the stefans, have been at odds with you many times in the past, Mr. Derleth, but whatever we've done -- by Shuggoth, we don't deserve being insulted by such sucker-bait as you propose to offer us. Reconsider, Auggie, in the name of Cthulhu.

-- File Clerk #13

THE NEW REPUBLIC EYES US. A writeup of the fantasy field which so far has escaped mention in the fan press -- so far as I know -- is a four-page discussion titled "Imagination Runs Wild" in the New Republic for 17 Jan. 1949. (NR must surely have a low circulation among denizens of the supposedly liberal-inhabited stfield.) However, Bob Stein has uncovered this writeup, and an interesting, mostly favorable one it is, too. Tracing the development of fantasy, mostly from material in Pilgrims in Space and Time, the article stresses the "prophetic" angle of stf, but finds time to consider weird fiction and the Howard Phelps Lovecraft school. Fandom gets a prominent mention, although the fanzines listed are all old ones, long since folded, except for Fantasy Commentator and Fan-Dang (sic!) From the titles listed, it seems that whoever briefed the author, Richard B. Gehman, on this phase, has been inactive in fandom since 1945. All in all, however, it is a worthy writeup which deserves preservation in your miscellaneous file, along with "Little Superman, What Now?"

FANTASY TIMES, PLEASE CHECK! Jimmy, please check with Donald A. Wollheim, Avon Fantasy Reader editor, to confirm or deny the hot rumor that no more of C.L. Moore's yarns will appear in AFR -- or in other reprint sources. Seems Catherine has had a change of heart and ordered DAW to desist from bringing Northwest Smith back to prominence. Also, find out about the reprint of The Fox Woman, which Avon will publish in the fall, along with some other Merritt yarns possibly with "The White Road," the last fragment which has not seen print before.

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR. "...By July 1, 1944, no square foot on the surface of the earth was free of ice -- except spots about some of the hot geysers in the Yellowstone National Park... By mid-September the oceans were frozen over." --Warner Van Lorne, "Winter on the Planet," Astounding, April 1937.

NEWS -- AS SPACE WILL ALLOW. "Eternity Lost," upcoming Simak story in Astounding, may inaugurate a new series. In this story Simak takes a slant on human immortality which is almost exactly the opposite of that taken by Dr. Keller in "Life Everlasting." # Henry Elsner, Jr., once fandom's most outspoken advocate of Technocracy, is no longer one of Howard Scott's "loyal men." # The waiting list of the Fantasy Amateur Press Association is shorter than it has been in many months, and applicants may expect to enter FAPA as a full member by the end of October if they apply now. Membership requirements and further information may be obtained from the secretary, who is also your obdt. file clerk, address at the head of this column. (If it isn't there, your editor, Mr. Rapp, has fouled up again, drat him!)

OPPOSITES REACT! Next File 13, perhaps, I shall inaugurate a letter-box, devoted to comments and indignant yells from readers of this pillar. With Mistah Rapp discouraging letters, and urging subbers to write to contributors rather than to the editor, I'm offering you bastards a chance for ogoboo, as well as steam-letting in this department. If you've got arguments or -- praise be! -- some supporting comments for my side of the debate, I'll be glad to receive them. Address up there at the head of this column -- Art, you bemused editor, you did put it there, didn't you? My mailbox is now bomb-proofed, but any naked razor-blades will be ignored, or better yet, merely used for the purpose for which they were manufactured. Keep your comments trenchant, if you want 'em quoted -- and you can bet that they'll be quoted, with your name appended, if I feel in the mood. Nothing is off the record when you write to -- File 13.

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QUIEN?
SABE!

I have just finished reading your March issue. The editorial by Wilkie Conner was especially interesting to me since I am a Southerner too. Realizing that every person has, I sincerely hope, a right to the freedom of speech, I should like to take this opportunity to criticize that editorial. Mr. Conner states that we should "keep fandom on the American side." I know of several fans in Canada and have heard of others in England who would possibly feel offended by such a nationalistic outlook. Above all other lessons that I have learned from science fiction, I think that the most outstanding one can be written as "Nationalism does not pay." I admire people who attempt to keep their country free and democratic in form of government; but I admire far more the person who wishes for the world to be a free and democratic federation of all peoples.

Then, I would like to say, science fiction and fantasy have two aspects: the entertaining and the serious. The style of the "story for entertainment" does not particularly matter as long as the story itself entertains the reader. When the story or article is serious however, it seems that the style should be made as proportionately serious in order to convey to the reader the full significance of the point. Unfortunately, fanzines as well as the regular publications in these fields, are seldom serious.

Science fiction and fantasy, in their present forms, have little to offer to the world other than light entertainment. Science fiction, used for the purpose of extending the trends of history into the probable future (such as could be accomplished with Boybee's theories) would be highly informative, illustrative, and entertaining as well. Fantasy could well be used to express the psychological impressions of mankind in a concrete form. These psychological impressions are, at times, much more fantastic than any man-made plot.

I soon hope to be publishing a fanzine that "views science fiction from the non-aristotelian viewpoint."

Sincerely yours, JAMES W. BELL
Hinman House
Northwestern University
Evanston, Illinois

Dear Art:

I am now at work (darned hard) on the first momentous issue of a masterful quarterly publication of, and, about, science-fiction and fantasy, entitled: ABBERRATION, containing 52 even-margin mimeographed letter-size pages with fiction by David H. Keller MD, E.B. Evans, Joe Kennedy, and Jim Harmon, articles by Bob Farnham, Eva Firestone, and Richard S. Shaver, and other features by Hilary King, E.A. Thompson and many others; which will sell for 25¢ per copy or 5 issues for \$1.00 from its editor and publisher, Jim Harmon, 427 E. 8th St., Mt. Carmel, Ill. (Could you include this one little sentence somewhere in SPACEWARF?) ((Sorry, couldn't find room for it.))

Well, I guess that's all my little heart has to cry forth. I hope to be able to read SPWP #500 if your mind can stand the strain. Come to think of it, I wonder if mine could?

Yours, JIM HARMON 19

DEAR: ArtP received. The book is... I am afraid, by the absence of File 13, that top-notch volume.

Random idea (to be ignored, of course): Next roundrobin story you run y'oughta have each writer attempt to write in the style of his favorite author. Anybody note part of my instalment was van Vogtish? I think Conner wrote Part IV. Eh?

((another letter:)) The presence of two similar articles, both of which are slightly tinged with hokum, was a mistake, I feel, though I enjoyed "Dimensional Gateway". Stf Broadcast was damn good. This series is 100% better than the first so far -- well written and full of neat twists and suspense-building tricks. Ed Cox gave a nice twist to an old subject himself, in his fanzine-writing article. I am afraid T.E. Watkins is off his trolley. Popular pulps sold over 2½ million copies in 1947-48 (year ending 30 June 48) and the Thrilling pulps sold over a million. See the A.B.C. listings. Actually, I think, the pulps are stronger and better than ever, except perhaps in the Street & Smith-Munsey heyday. I'm not worried about the pulps just because S & S has gone high-hot. How does T.E. explain S & S dropping Pic last fall? In re his statement that the pocket-books will dip "into the vast and almost forgotten reservoir of pulp stories" and publish stf books: I had similar hopes myself, once, but now I'm convinced that such a reservoir is mythical. Sure, there are many good stories left in the old mags -- many that fans will set up, and even some that the "average" reader would like. But the way the limited-editions presses and the anthologists are working, that supply is being rapidly reduced. Two more anthologies of the Conklin or Healy-McComas type and the "reservoir" will be utterly exhausted. Of course, pocket books could reprint the "limited editions", but honestly -- despite their popularity with true fans -- how many of the Fantasy Press/Shasta/Prize Press/Arkham books would make suitable pocketbook selections? There were about 36 books produced by the semi-pros in 1948, and I doubt if more than three or four would ever become popular with any public lacking the fan's background in imaginative literature. Final Blackout, Who Goes There?, ...And Some Were Human, and perhaps Darker Than You Think -- these might make it. But I challenge T.E. to list a few of the stories from that unplumbed reservoir he mentions that are certain to sell as fabulously as a pocketbook must in these days of heavy competition.

Oh yes, a special pat on the back to Bill Warren for "Archie" -- that was a clever and effective bit of work.

And finally, the cover was excellent. At last you've really taken advantages of a hecto's colors.

Sincerely,

REDD BOGGS

Dear ArtP

Quite an issue, this April one. Re "Dimensional Gate," the same effect can be obtained by taking from ten to twenty deep breaths, sticking your finger in your mouth, and blowing. In both cases your natural equilibrium is upset, in one by the electric current, in the other by a sudden removal by carbon wastes, and you feel light-headed as a result. Once unconscious the upset system works its way back to normal - causing dreams which are sometimes exquisite -- and leaving you often with a splitting headache when it's all over.

As for "Mind Over Matter," it isn't any form of parapsysics. It's merely involuntary muscle movement. The old time Ouiji boards used to work on that principle. A person who desires to do something bad enough, or concentrates hard enough, subconsciously moves his muscles to fulfill the desire. Usually the person is unaware that he has moved.

Sincerely,

EVAN H. APPELMAN

Dear Max or Rapp

Received SPACEWARPS numbers 5 and 6 yesterday -- at the ungodly hour of 6:30 a.m. Herewith, then, some opinions unsullied by the somewhat antagonistic feeling aroused by their too-early arrival.

Covers: No. 5's was vile; No. 6 was peachy (a little fuzzy, that is) but certainly striking. I liked it, God forgive me! That hektomimeo "new technique" (or medium) should result in some good covers, given an artist, that is. I'd have liked to have seen the wench's face on #5, but maybe I should count my blessings.

"Lady of Flame" by Boggs: Here I am in violent disagreement with the author, since I have long enjoyed that particular Weinbaum story. One (minor) objection: Poor Stan forgot to mention the mushroom-shaped cloud from the atomic bomb -- not to mention the lack of hard radiation -- that was exploded in the palace. Look, Redd -- Weinbaum died in 1935, on December 14th to be exact. Did YOU know about mushrooms and radiations in those days? Let's keep our objections fair, at least!

What's the name of that pet invisible beaver again? Ed Cox calls him Oscar; I've heard that it's Roscoe. DON'T TELL ME THERE ARE TWO! ((Next month you will learn the ~~whole~~ cops, astounding truth!))

"HPL: Pro and Con" by Jack Clements, was a good sensible review. It's time somebody took an unprejudiced look at HPL and his writings.

No. 6: "The American Way" by Wilkie Conner. I agree with the boy, but being non-American myself, did not care for the way he waved the Stars and Stripes thruout. There are other tolerant nations, you know.

"What Far World" by William James; this story has been told before, quite a few times. This is the first occasion where the wenches start out naked. The tale was unusually long, for a fanzine. I liked it.

"File Thirteen" by (aagh) Boggs: Interesting miscellany. More tips on deceiving ads, if there are any, would be welcome, before too many fans get sucked in. Who in hell would know Lovecraft's nicknames for various characters? (Outside Boggs, that is. Let's start a feud).

With bile,

SAM McCOY

Canada's Handsomest Fan

951 Harrison Avenue

London, Ontario, Canada

Dear Art:

The April ish was simply wonderful. (Of course the fact that I had an article published in it wouldn't influence my opinion -- Oh, no!) But seriously, Art, the cover was much better and your new technique of color was more in register (whatever that is).

Let us all hope that too many STF fans do not electrocute themselves with Stan Forest's apparatus. Think what effects that would have on fandom! At least my experiments are a little less dangerous, sic! (or are they???) Well, so long for now!

Your friend and fan,

CHESTER A. WHISSEN, F.R.C.

Back the NFFF "Activity Party" in the forthcoming elections!

Our candidates cover the nation, from the rockbound coast of Maine to the sunny shores of California! Entrust the fate of the NFFF during 1950 to those three sterling candidates:

(1) Rick Sneary

(2) Ed Cox

(3) Art Rapp

(21)

combined with UNIVERSE

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COVER by WILLIAM JAMES

Interiors: Rotsler, r-tRapp, et

- Relax, your sub is good for one or more issues yet.
- Hey, it's EXPIRED! Do something quick, or you'll miss the big June WARP!
- This is one on the house, since you have some work in it.
- Either I exchange with you, or you review fanzines somewhere, or you don't deserve to get this at all.

SPACEWARP, as you may not have heard, is an amateur magazine for science-fiction and fantasy fans, whose number is legion and opinions violent. Every month since April 1947 the more zany of the aforesaid opinions have been spread across those long-suffering pages by SPACEWARP's publisher

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