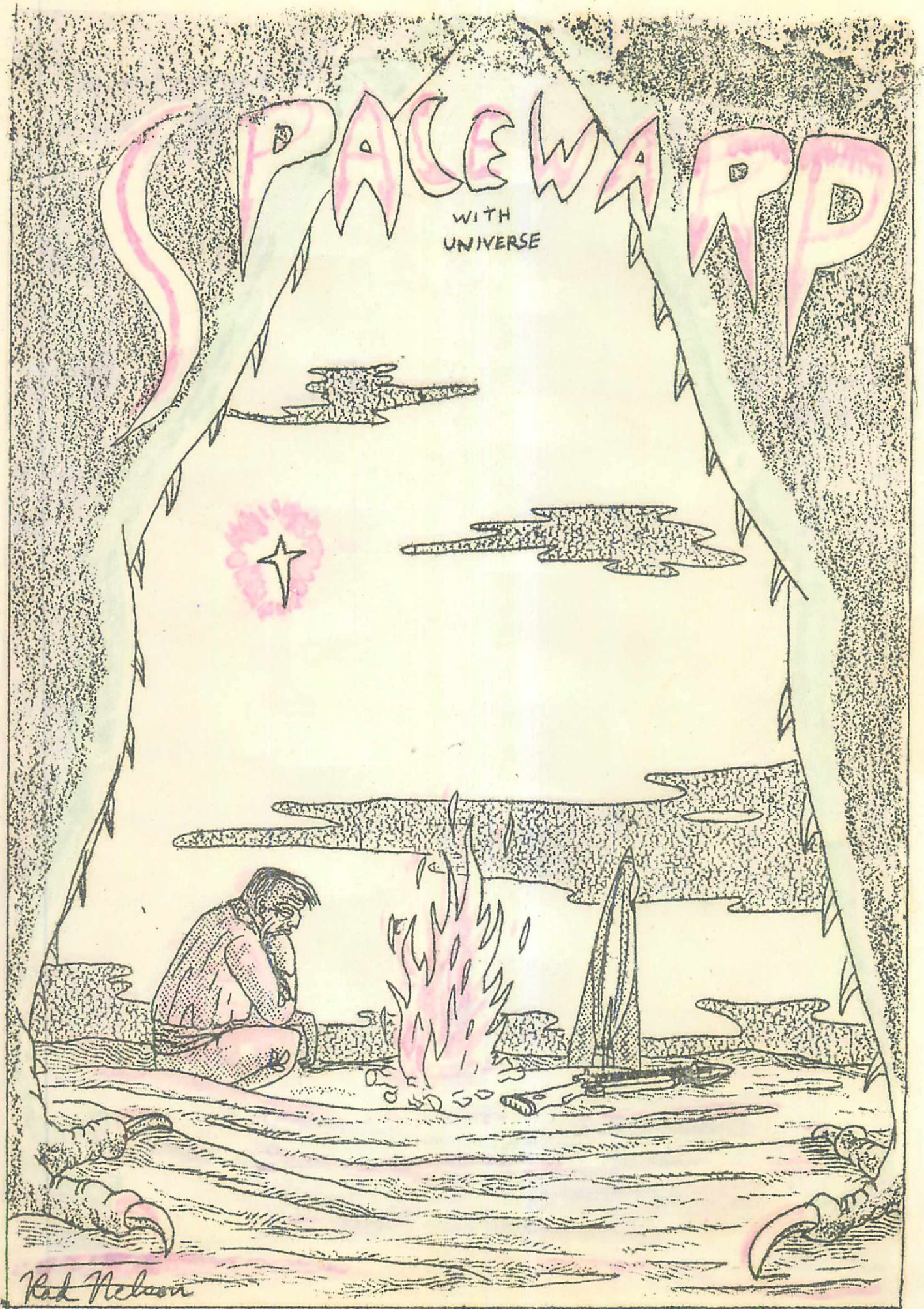
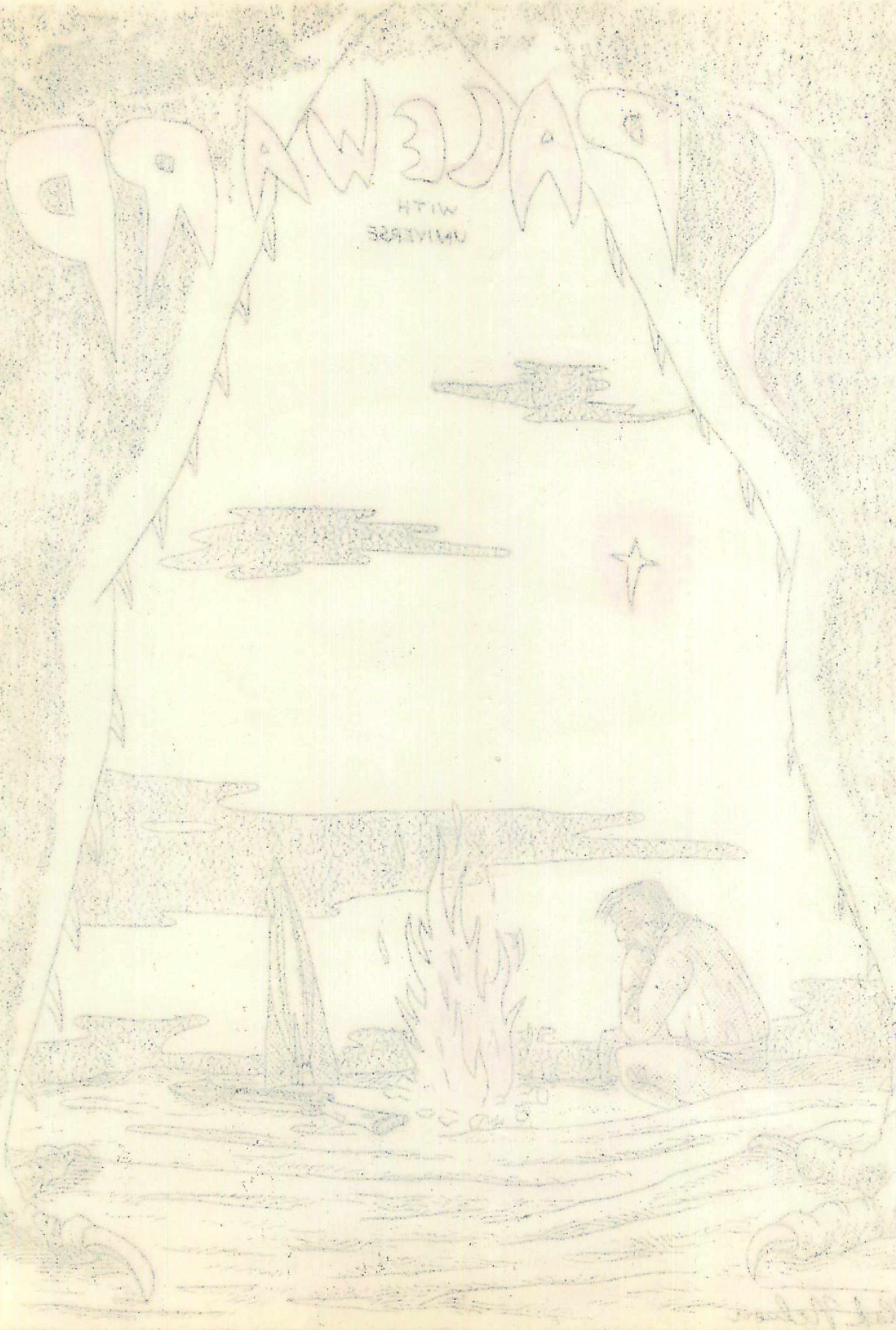


SPACEWARP

WITH
UNIVERSE



Red Nelson



HTIW
SERVIMU

1911



Timber!



(Definitely Dense, Dimly Drooling Deliberations)

HOPE TO TWINE thought-tendrils with most of you in person between now and the time I start cranking mimeo on the next WARP. If you have ever attended a World Stfeon, you don't need my urging to insure your presence in Cincinnati, 3-5 September. If you haven't, all I can say is you're missing one of the vital features of stfandom if you could get to the Cinventon, but don't.

With the other Michifen, I'll be encamped in the Metropole. Just wander around peering in doors until you find one that opens on a dense cloud of tobacco smoke. Grope around until you clutch a droopstom pipe, follow it up hand-over-hand, and you'll find me and Roscoe at the other end.

Think of the pleasure you will derive from telling me in person just how lousy SPACEWARP is!

THE AUTHOR of Part Seven (in the July ish) of STF BROADCASTS AGAIN! is

ED COX

AND if you are wondering about the censored box in that ish, perhaps this will explain it:

"Dear Art:

Now look here. When I send a story to an ed I consider it a yes or no proposition. Either it is accepted or rejected. If it is accepted, I expect it to be printed in approximately the way I wrote it. Now I realize you have the problem of coordinating all installments of the serial and I'm not adverse to having a scene added, or one removed, or a bit of extra phraseology put in, etc, but I am definitely adverse to your shifting the personality intended for one character to another, your changing the whole sequence of my story and varying the whole wording to such an extent that I myself can hardly recognize it as my own work.

I won't say that what I sent you was one of my best works, because it wasn't -- it was far from it. But I did spend a good deal of time writing it and I felt a pride in my accomplishment. I feel no pride whatsoever in what you published as the current installment of the serial. I do not consider it my own. It is more of a caricature than an actuality.

So I am only asking one thing of you. Please refrain from announcing me as the author of that installment....."

THE ABOVE was received after page 25 was run off, but before the zine was assembled, luckily. Since I didn't have enough paper on hand to re-run the page, and wanted to get the zine into the mail, I compromised by thoroughly blotting out the name.

I won't go into the reasons for not checking the manuscript -- which was, indeed, extensively re-written -- with the author, except to say that it was a matter of time -- ultimately my own fault for not having given the writer the necessary data in time for him to get the installment to me several weeks before deadline.

My apologies to the author, and also the the WARP's readers who will have to remain ignorant of Part Six's author -- unless, as is suggested above, they chalk it up to me.

ANOTHER unfortunate matter that has just come to my attention is

the so-called "Cream O' The Crop Club" announced in WARP's lettercolumn in March, 1948, by Jeanette Marie Thomas, 2648 N. Franklin St., Philadelphia, 33, Pennsylvania. According to Roy R. Wood, this gal collected dues for the organization, then apparently dropped out of fandom, & no replies are forthcoming to requests for return of the money. Unless this is cleared up, he plans to turn the matter over to the postal authorities.

Although not directly concerned in this matter, I am concerned about it. It is rarely that fandom turns up any deals that are crooked, surprisingly rarely, considering all the fanprojects that involve sending money to total strangers whose only guarantee of honesty is that they are -- or claim to be -- fans. It is because of the high record of fair dealing that fandom has marked up in the past that any incident of this kind should become the concern of every fan.

Perhaps this particular case is explainable by circumstances not known to Roy. If any fan does have information bearing on the incident, it is certainly his obligation to get in touch with Roy immediately. Off-hand, I can't think of any action fandom could take if this actually is a case of dishonesty -- except, perhaps, to take a more watchful attitude toward future dealings with unknown fans. Anyone have ideas on the subject?

GEORGE YOUNG, President of the MSFS, while working in a Detroit factory zipped when he should have zagged, and thus tangled with a diamond bore machine, resulting in several weeks in the hospital. This is one reason for the long delay in appearance of THE MUTANT. Stewart Metchette and I, with the help of George's young sister, got some of the ish done over the Fourth -- that is, Steve and I stood around while George's sister ran 'em off.

The MSFS also made history that weekend by holding a club meeting on an excursion steamer in the Detroit River. This is a procedure highly to be recommended, particularly if there are femfen in your club. (There aren't -- or at least weren't at that meet, in the MSFS, dammit!)

MUTANT will be out one of these weeks barring further catastrophe amongst the MSFS mimeocrankers.

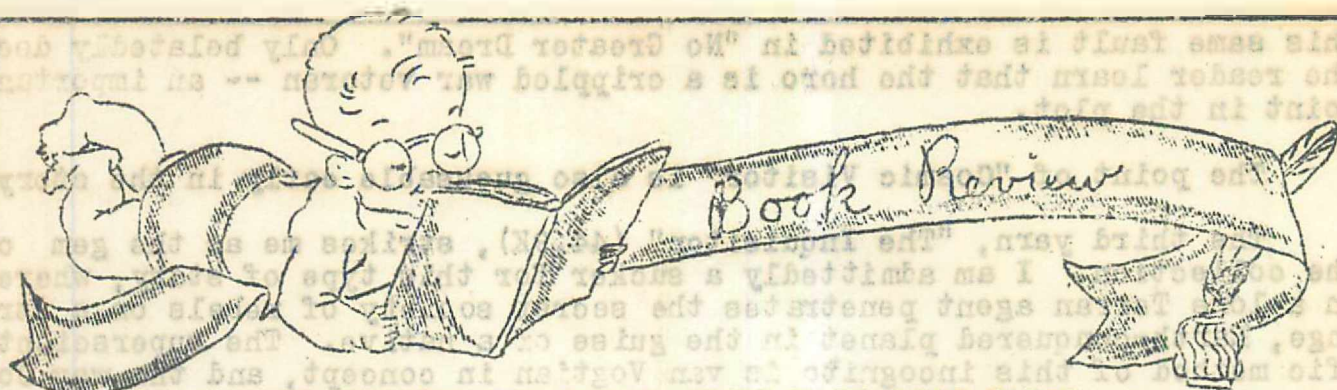
Don't forget that when, not too many weeks from now, the annual NFFF election ballot comes to you, you'll want to vote for Sneary, Cox and Rapp, the NSF ACTIVITY PARTY. By re-electing these candidates you get (1) South Gate in '48; (2) A Monthly TNFF in '50; (3) The Activity Requirement Plan. Not to mention ABLE, EXPERIENCED, and ACTIVE officials to head fandom's greatest organization in the coming year.

Don't just go by our campaign literature -- compare NFFF of a year ago with NFFF today, and let our actions in office be our strongest argument!

A vote for the ACTIVITY PARTY is a vote for an active NFFF in 1950!

COVER for next month's Annual Convention Issue of SPACEWARP will be a nice repulsive little thing by Trev Nelson. I think I said it'd appear this time, but Ray's was already stencilled, and I am lazy enuf to put off cutting another stencil until next month...so.....

INCIDENTLY, in the course of preparing this month's cover I managed to drop the bottle of red hectoink, resulting in some gruesome spots just to the left of my yellowback ASF's. I shall weave this mute evidence into a horrifying warning to be hissed into the ear of any visiting fan whom I suspect might be tempted to walk off with a mag or two. Exit, chuckling fiendishly.....



NO GREATER DREAM AND OTHER FANTASTIC TALES
by Joe Kennedy. The Spearhead Press, 817
Starling Ave., Martinsville, Va., 1949. 51
pp. 75¢.

reviewed by REDD BOGGS

Nobody reads fan science fiction. So Mr. Joe Kennedy of Dover, N.J. has opined more than once in the pages of fanzines scattered over the country and over several years. Lest someone think I am implying that JoKe is a dope for expressing such cynical thoughts, let me hasten to divulge that I harbor the same suspicions. However, I trust that Joe joins me in believing that it is an unlaundersed shame, for in skipping the material listed under "fiction" on a fanzine's TOD the reader misses some mighty interesting stuff. A case in point is the new collection of Kennedy's own fiction, which Thomas H. Carter has published in booklet form under the title No Greater Dream and Other Fantastic Tales. He who passes up this item misses some diverting material.

Comprising four fantasies which total some 30,000 words, No Greater Dream is a neatly gotten-up mimeographed pamphlet issued by Carter as the first of a booklet series publishing "worthwhile material which never sees publication because it is not salable to a strictly commercial magazine." All four stories in this initial collection fall into that category, truly enough, and one hopes that the booklet will enjoy sell-out popularity in order to assure continuation of the project.

The title piece (16.1)* is a sensitively done short which rates both as fan fiction and as fan fantasy fiction in the Fancylopedia meaning of those terms. The hero of "No Greater Dream" is a friend of ours -- a fantasy fan whose excellent tastes in fantastic literature, which are described in some detail, probably parallel Joe's own -- and yours -- to a close degree. More of a mood-piece than a story, "No Greater Dream" does manage to produce a convincing new twist to the old weird theme of the-book-containing-the-ultimate-secrets-of-the-universe.

"Cosmic Visitor" (44.3), the second tale in the booklet, is perhaps the least unusual and surely the least convincing of the four. It also points up one of Joe's chief faults as a fictionist -- an ineptness in the foreshadowing technique. As "Cosmic Visitor" opens, the reader naturally forms a sympathy for the leading character, Vor Krai, a survivor of a great catastrophe which almost destroyed his planet, who comes to Earth searching for a race similar to his to assist his people in rebuilding their civilization. On the second page, however, it is revealed that the "assistance" desired by Vor Krai is of the type elicited from slaves. While this revelation may have been meant as a surprise to the reader, it should have been foreshadowed by some hints as to Vor Krai's real purpose.

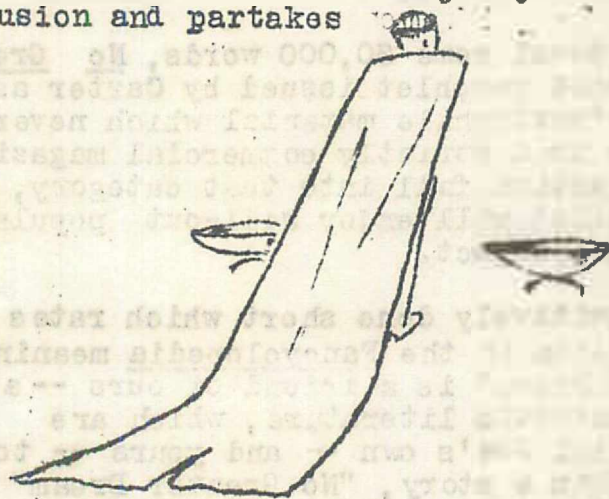
*NOTE: The number appended to each title mentioned above refers to the story's Decimal Classification, as formulated by Jack Speer.

This same fault is exhibited in "No Greater Dream". Only belatedly does the reader learn that the hero is a crippled war veteran -- an important point in the plot.

The point of "Cosmic Visitor" is also guessable early in the story.

The third yarn, "The Inquisitor" (44.9K), strikes me as the gem of the collection. I am admittedly a sucker for this type of story, wherein a lone Terran agent penetrates the secret society of rebels on a strange, Earth-conquered planet in the guise of a native. The superscientific method of this incognito is van Vogtian in concept, and the way Joe keeps his yarn in high gear by putting his hero through a series of harrowing adventures is in the best Planet tradition. The use in this story of numerous little details about the planet Riga and its culture help establish a not-too-alien but effective background, and for good measure there is a philosophical aside or two, such as a remark about the semantic distinction between preventive and aggressive war. Although the ending impresses one as being vague and confusing, this is a quality of the yarn.

The final story, "The Stars Are Cold" (44.9-35.), is a puzzling item. According to the foreword, it was begun as an imitation of Merritt yet it is an interplanetary. Its theme, moreover, is more typical of Clark Ashton Smith who -- along with Theodore Sturgeon and (I think) Carl Selwyn, among others -- has written a story on the same idea. The half-question of whether the bizarre adventures on the planet Alcor are not merely hallucinations of a fever-inflamed mind, and the well-handled tragic ending of the story, are perhaps the best parts of this yarn. The depiction of the hero's odyssey on Alcor is properly in the mood of an illusion and partakes of something of the spectacle of a movie cartoon run slightly out of focus and at faster than normal speed.



Fictionally speaking, considerable improvement could be made in each of these stories. A predilection for purple patches and an overabundance of italicized sections are perhaps the most obvious faults. Italics scarcely serve their purpose in a typed format, but perhaps the publisher rather than the author should be chided for failing to use another device instead of underlining. Another weakness is the unconvincing dialog, and the overuse of The Said Book. Added to these

faults is the high incidence of misspelled words -- another item to be charged against the publisher rather than the author.

On the other side of the ledger is the enjoyable display of Kennedy's growing competence in the fiction-writing field. In this booklet he has written four fantasy tales on widely differing themes, none of them very original or strikingly handled, but showing a knowledge of fundamentals and a talent for stringing words together that can be appreciated even by one who is weary of "hack" plots.

The mimeographing is excellent, and the practice of skipping a line between paragraphs is laudable. The gray cover is neatly lettered and is a wrap-around affair that encloses the spine as well as front and back.

Tom Carter's introduction could have spared us the too verbose praise of the stories which, after all, follow the introduction so closely that the reader is capable of evaluating them himself rather than allowing the publisher to do so. Such press-agentry would better have been saved for advertising literature.

For good measure there is a brief autobiographical note by Kennedy at the end of the booklet. Altogether, No Greater Dream is a pleasant item to find in your mailbox of a Saturday morning. In his FAPazine Green Thoughts Kennedy states that the price of the booklet is "not over 50¢" but according to publisher Carter -- who probably should know -- the price is 75¢. Unless the mimeographing was done professionally, I cannot imagine that the booklet cost more than 25¢ per copy to produce and mail. A 50¢ profit on each copy seems exorbitant; I trust that Carter will see fit to reduce the price.

In any case, No Greater Dream is a worthwhile item for your fanzine collection. Not too many years from now you will probably be displaying this booklet and boasting that you read Joe Kennedy's stuff before the rest of the TWS readership ever heard of him.

- END -

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PART (UGH!) EIGHT

DAZEDLY Glover Mackintosh passed a hand over his forehead. His horrified eyes were fixed on the swelling disc of Mars visible through the forward port. The rocket ship seemed deathly silent now that the jets were off -- so silent that the Assistant Editor heard the pounding roar of blood in his temples. A dull ache throbbled in his head where the edge of the control panel had lacerated his scalp.

"It...can't...be!" he muttered. "'Tis but a trick of ye're eyes, Glover laddie. Ye've more guid sense than tae risk ye're life awa' from the guid solid Earth."

Dubiously he pinched himself. No -- it hurt -- this wasn't a dream. For one awful moment Glover Mackintosh clung to a stanchion while the Universe reeled, then his gyrating thoughts returned to a phrase he had used but a moment before.

"Sure-r-r-r, it canna be ought but an optical illusion!" he shouted. "That cr-r-rack on my head has mixed things a wee, yet I seem to remember leaving the FITS office for-r-r the Planetarium. That's it! This isna real at all -- it's only one of those machines those Pr-r-r-ofessor laddies use!"

Calmer now, Glover Mackintosh let got of the stanchion and relaxed into the seat facing



the control panel. "Now then," he thought, "ye know where ye are, Glover laddie, the question is, whut are ye here for?"

There could be only one logical answer, of course. He must have flatly refused to pilot the von Heine ship, whereupon Upperberth, unwilling to give up the publicity scheme, had assigned Mackintosh the job of taking a "synthetic" trip in the Planetarium machine, and ghostwriting the "eye-witness account" for the FITS readers. True, Mackintosh's memory was so foggy he couldn't be sure of this, but everything fitted -- the nearing globe of Mars, the room full of machinery in which he found himself...and here was the final, confirmatory proof -- Mackintosh spied in a corner under the control panel a familiar battered carry ing case. Sure enough, his typewriter!

Humming contentedly, the Assistant Editor hauled out the typer-- discovering in the process a large box thrust in behind it, a box whose contents clinked and gurgled when he moved it.

"Ah, guid, guid!" he exclaimed, opening both cases. "Nae doot Mr. Upperberth provided the beer as a stimulant in case this remarkable illusion, created perhaps by hidden movie projectors, should unsettle my nerves. Come to think of it, they are a bit unsettled."

Uncapping a bottle with the opener provided, Mackintosh settled his nerves, then twirled a sheet of paper into the typewriter and began to write.....

* * *

"...Und den," roared von Heine to Upperberth, "der Master uff Kartan vas so speechless dot he der televisor shut off. Vimman und Thot - Men he can dominate, but me, der great Karl von Heine -- neffer!"

"Sure sounds like you told him off right," Upperberth replied admiringly. "But from your description, he's not the sort of guy to take an insult like that lying down. Better keep your eyes open."

"Bah!" snorted von Heine. "Id iss a mere trifle. But vat interests me iss how you haff mit mein rocket progressed. Iss id for der flight ready yet?"

"Ready?" exclaimed Upperberth. "It's already in space! -- took off early this morning. Should be nearly to Mars by now." The editor of FITS looked at his wristwatch. "That reminds me, Prof, I'm supposed to call the Observatory -- they're tracking the flight with the big scopes there. 'Cmon, let's find a phone."

The paunchy publications magnate led the black-bearded German physicist through the crowd in the radio studio. Starr and the Priestess who had just been powdering their noses, returned in time to see the men going out the door, and trailed after, followed by the admiring eye of every adult male in the studio.

"In here," said Upperberth, opening the door of an unoccupied office.

While Upperberth got busy on the phone, Starr turned to von Heine.

"It's certainly wonderful to have you back, Professor," she told him. "Especially after that horrible time at the morgue."

"Ach, dot vas too bad," agreed von Heine. "You had to identify me for der police, nein? -- My other body, dot iss?"

"That was the general idea," Starr told him, "except that by the time the police got us down to the morgue, your body had disappeared. I thought Glover would have kittens right in the middle of the floor -- it was days before his teeth stopped chattering."

Von Heine stroked his beard in perplexity. "Was ist?" he muttered, "My body disappeared from der morgue?"

"I could have told you that," interrupted the Priestess. "Igor -- the first Igor, that is-- and I thought those Daaktan Thought-Men had kidnapped you, but later we found they knew no more about it than we. In fact, no one has ever found out what really happened."

"Ach," said von Heine, frowning his granite brow, "Diss ist sum-ting I should haff know'n sooner! It iss an important development, und must mean--"

He never finished the sentence, for just then Upperberth began to shout into the telephone: "WHAT! He's cut off all power? Why didn't you get in touch with me immediately? How long?...well, have you computed...oh, he will...how soon? Yes, yes, I'll get there as soon as I can...I'm leaving now!"

John Upperberth slammed the telephone into its cradle and faced the group. "The astronomers say Mackintosh has cut all power and is in a free fall toward the surface of Mars," he said heavily.

Starr and the Priestess looked blank, but apprehension swept von Heine's face. "Dot iss bad," he commented. "Sum'ting hass wrong gone, nein?"

"I'm afraid so," Upperberth agreed. "He was to have turned the ship at midflight, but in order to decelerate, the rockets should have been re-started immediately. I'm afraid..."

"Haff dey der trajectory computed?"

"Yes," Upperberth answered. "He'll hit the surface in about an hour, at tremendous speed, if the jets remain off."

"Vell," roared the German, bristling his beard, "Vot are ve standing here for? To der Observatory!"

In a pell-mell rush the quartette thundered down the corridor toward the elevators, but in Upperberth's breast was the numbing conviction that Glover Mackintosh was beyond aid. Only too well he remembered the hypnotic conditioning which the lanky Assistant Editor had received -- last-ditch effort to avert disaster on the flight, which apparently had not been sufficient. With millions of miles of empty space between Earth and the rocket, with only uncertain radio contact, how could they aid Mackintosh in his fearful plight?

* * *

THE GLISTNING bubble-ship of the Galactic Empire drifted its swift orbit around Earth while the glittering beings within it awaited the in-



Ray Nelson

ternational meeting they had commanded. Meanwhile the shipboard routine went on -- the taking of never-ending observations, the compiling of data for the titantic integrators back at Galactic Center.

Most of the instruments were automatic -- cameras, audio and RF recorders, barographs and thermographs, and instruments that recorded radiations and field-intensities which no Terran scientist knew existed -- but even automatic machines must be fed new reels of film-tape from time to time, and must be checked to see that they are functioning properly.

Thus it was that a minor jiggle in a stylus-line came to the attention of one being. Deftly he slid the tape from the instrument and replaced it with a fresh reel. Then he slid the old tape into a projector and began reviewing its traces for the past few hours, pausing now and then to consult a bulky handbook.

As the unreeling tape brought one group of pips into view, the being stared with slack jaw and bulging eyes. Mechanically he touched the control that halted the tape, and as if in a daze pressed a crimson tag on the bulkhead.

The harsh clangor of emergency alarms resounded through the craft.

"Throw some power into those engines!" screamed the bubble-ship CO to his intercom. He added a string of profanity in the exotic language of Rigel III, with parenthetical bits of Procyon IV's more disreputable dialects.

"But what about Earth?" someone asked. "Shouldn't we at least try to warn them of the energy-bolt?"

"No time!" the CO yelled, watching Sol dwindle on the screens. "We will be lucky to get out of range ourselves -- thank the Galaxy you happened to see that tape when you did. I've seen one of those bolts hit a planet, and believe me, it's worse than a Class VI supernova."

"Well," said the crewman, "At least this way they'll never know what hit 'em -- and if Sol goes nova from the concussion, maybe we can take this tub back to Center and go on furlough."

"Yeah," said the CO without looking around. "That's the one good feature of this mess."

- END OF PART 8 -

LILY ON MARS - by Bill Warren

The arid waste of the alien land stretched far before my eyes; and my fever'd brain in sickness saw strange, unholy things.

And as I lay on this red, dead world, and knew that I must die, I prayed that I might see once more a thing that spoke of Earth -- not white, soft woman nor cool, green hills; just a bit of Earth-grown life.

And then I looked, as before my eyes a spot of green appeared; and in this green, the green of Earth, I saw a lily grow.

It grew tall and straight, and nodded slightly as in an Earthly breeze; and in the dew on velvet white I saw my Earth, my home.

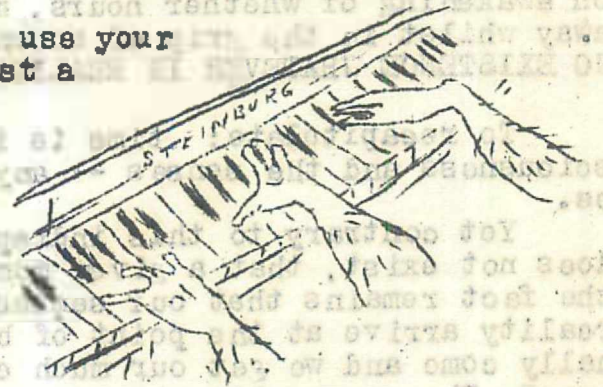
PITIFUL PUPPETS

by WARREN BALDWIN

LET US IMAGINE that exactly one minute from now you are going to receive a visit from the family lawyer who will hand to you a check for a hundred million dollars left to you in the will of your poor late Uncle Harry. You want that dough. Naturally. You're nuts if you don't. Everybody, whether he admits it or not, wants money. If somebody tells you he cares not for money and the things it will bring, he's a liar -- I don't care if he's an artist, preacher, beachcomber or politician. So you want it. And in just sixty seconds you're going to get enough of it to roll in for the rest of your days. But right now you're just sitting there, waiting for that knock on the door which means the end of all your troubles. God, it's taking a long time for that lawyer to get here, isn't it? Look at your watch. Just thirty seconds gone, but you would swear it was a minute. Look again. Another minute gone? No, just fifteen seconds. Aaaa, the suspense is killing you, isn't it? It is too, you liar. But the lawyer finally arrives, right on the stroke of a minute by your watch and at least fifteen minutes by your brain.

Now let us imagine that you are in bed with the woman you love. Not an unpleasant situation, surely. You and she are doing all the things usually associated with the circumstances. Fun, ain't it? Funny how the time flies, though. Time for you to get up and go now. It's dawn and if you wait until all the neighbors are awake, they might talk. Or maybe her husband is coming home from the swing shift. Anyway, it's still too soon for you, isn't it? Quit saying no, darn you.

Now you're really going to have to use your imagination. Let's say that you are just a brain. You have no sense of sight, since you have no eyes. You have no sense of touch, you have no extremities. You have no sense of hearing, smell or taste, no ears, nose or tongue. Boy, are you in a fix! You can't see, hear or feel a clock, you can't hear anybody tell you the time. For you, TIME DOES NOT EXIST! In a universe in which there is absolutely no motion, there can be no time. This is analogous to you. You exist in a world of utter black, lightless, soundless, odorless, tasteless. You may have existed for a moment or an eternity, for all you know. You may die in the next second or you may live forever, though to you these terms have no meaning. You know no such thing as time. If you can read these words or hear them read to you or read them by the Braille system, this situation will be utterly incomprehensible to you. For you have a sense of duration, of the passage of time.



Here we go back to you and that wonderful lawyer. Now take out your watch and look at it. It says, let us assume, precisely 12 o'clock. The hour and minute hands are exactly coincident at the figure 12, the second hand rests exactly upon the figure 60 on the second dial. As you watch the second hand, (we shall not concern ourselves with the other two) it moves. Eventually it reaches the figure 30. One-half minute is gone. After a bit it moves onto the figure 45. Only one-fourth of the

original time period remains. Finally it drags up to the figure 59. Only one second to go. Stop! Here enters the realm of the hypothetical. Let us divide that second into microseconds of say, only one-thousandth of a second. That second now seems pretty big, eh? A microsecond hand starts at the figure 1000, or 0. It sweeps downward. When it reaches 500, half the original second remains. At 750, one-fourth remains. Ah, here we are now at 999. Guess what? Yup. We divide the one-thousandth of a second. Into millionths of a second. At 999,999, we re-divide. And so on, ad infinitum. I hope my point is obvious: **ANY GIVEN MOMENT IN THE FUTURE NEVER ARRIVES!**

The foregoing, in particular the last paragraph, has been an attempt to bring you to the realization that all time or time sense is illusory and wholly relative. The fact that time, to you and to me, seems to pass, does not make it so. Einstein, Korzybski, and van Vogt will bear me out in this. To each and every individual in the universe, on this or any other planet, is assigned his own particular, private illusion of the passage of time. None of them are precisely the same, not even two, says Semantics. Furthermore, any particular individual's time sense is not a constant. It is continually fluctuating in accord with outside environmental influences. Jazz musicians take depressive drugs. It slows their judgment of the passing of illusory time. They are enabled to play, under the influence of these drugs, musical compositions which seem almost impossibly fast to one who has not taken the drug. Emotional situations release chemical hormones into the bloodstream which affect the time-sense center of the brain and seem to make time flow faster or slower accordingly. While sleeping we have no realization of the passage of time. Were it not for the sun, a clock, the birds, we should have no awareness upon awakening of whether hours, minutes, years, or centuries had slipped away whilst in the grip of unconsciousness. **TIME IS ILLUSORY, AND HAS NO EXISTENCE WHATEVER IN REALITY OR FACT.**

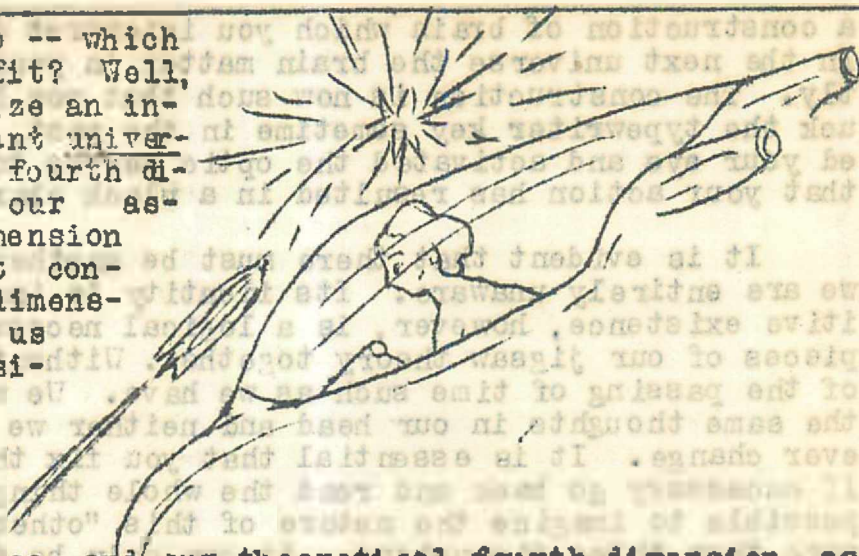


To recapitulate: time is illusory, a falsity brought about by consciousness and the senses -- any given moment in the future never arrives.

Yet contrary to this indisputable deductive evidence, that time does not exist, that a given moment never arrives, that all is illusion, the fact remains that our senses inform us that the second hand does in reality arrive at the point of beginning, the lawyer does in reality finally come and we get our much coveted filthy green. How to explain this away? The answer lies in our consciousness. What is it? How does it work? If man does in actuality have a soul, an ego, a non-material substance or what have you, that is not dependent upon an organic conglomeration of substance for its continued existence, how is it we don't remember from the "time" before we were born; how is it, indeed, that we need a body at all? If man is all the religions and science fiction writers say he is, if he has a soul, an ego, this awareness which is not a part of our bodies and which yet conceivably has all the senses and intelligence attributed by the scientists to our complex electro-chemical nature, why be tacked down in a good-for-nothing hulk of a body which eventually rots away and dies (or so we are informed by our senses)? You answer it. And how to explain that we exist at all? If there is no time, matter can have no duration and thus cannot conceivably continue to exist.

Cannot we make something out of these deductions -- time as such does not exist except as an illusion of the senses, a given moment never arrives, matter cannot exist in an illusory

future, yet seems to do so -- which can make all the 'facts' fit? Well, we can try. Let us theorize an infinite number of co-existent universes within a hypothetical fourth dimension. Obviously, from our assumptions, this fourth dimension cannot be time. We cannot conceive the nature of this dimension, it is impossible for us who live in a three-dimensional world, but we shall merely hypothesize its existence. Let us analogize our own three-dimensional universe to a dimensionless point in space, and our theoretical fourth dimension as the locus of our own small point moving rectilinearly through space, or, if you will, the fifth and/or sixth dimensions. This description necessarily suffers from the limitations inherent in an analogy, but must suffice. Circumstances are now such that we can adequately explain all the foregoing deductive phenomena with reference to the analogized picture of the universe.



Through some natural factor of the fourth dimensional continuum, a factor incomprehensible to us, each point on our line, a complete Einstein three-dimensional universe, limitless yet finite, differs from its immediately adjacent neighbors in a fourth-dimensional direction only in detail. That is, adjacent universes are for all practical purposes identical, differing only in such a manner that any one detail changes from point to point in a continuous and uniform style. Thus, only between two universes widely separated on the fourth-dimensional line can vast differences in construction be noted.

Let us now select one particular point, or universe. It is a statue-like effigy of the mobile, ever-changing world of our senses. In it there is absolutely no motion. All is rigid, rocklike, like the scene that remains on the screen when a motion-picture camera is abruptly halted. There you are, sitting at your typewriter, we'll say, looking like a wooden Indian, presumably at work on your Great Stf Novel. There you sit, your right index finger poised foolishly and unmovingly over the "y" key. You will, in that particular universe, remain in that position until the end of "time." Now let us move on in our mythical unorthodox journey to the universe immediately adjacent. There almost nothing has changed except that you have now depressed the "y" key. A few points farther on you have written the word "you." An incredible number of universes later and you have written "30." You're finished. You have written the Great Stf Novel for posterity. Now a quick flashback again to where we began. There you still are, your finger yet ready to strike the "y". In that universe, your brain, if it were laid open to inspection, would be seen to have a certain physiological structure, a structure distinctly different from the structure of any other brain in that universe and different from the structure of your own brain in any preceding or succeeding universe. Certain neurone synaptic connections are open to nerve current, others are not. This electro-chemical structure taken in its collective entirety is indicative of a certain memory dissimilar to any other. Your memory is a direct result of your physiological construction and nothing else. In your mind is a memory of actions and decisions in preceding universes which led up to your sitting there at your typewriter with your finger ready to depress the "y" key of the machine. You have no memory that you will strike it but merely

a construction of brain which you interpret as an intention to do so. In the next universe the brain matter in your head has changed only subtly. The construction is now such that you have a memory of having struck the typewriter key sometime in the past, that light rays have entered your eye and activated the optic nerves to inform you of this and that your action has resulted in a black character upon white paper, etc.

It is evident that there must be another counterpart to man of which we are entirely unaware. Its identity is inexplicably hidden. Its positive existence, however, is a logical necessity if we are to fit all the pieces of our jigsaw theory together. Without it there would be no sense of the passing of time such as we have. We would remain forever with the same thoughts in our head and neither we nor anything around us would ever change. It is essential that you fix this idea in your mind firmly. If necessary go back and read the whole thing over again. It is as impossible to imagine the nature of this "other self" as it is to imagine more than three dimensions. It can only be deduced that, since we have no awareness of it, it is something fluid and plastic which flows along from universe to universe receiving impressions from the continually but subtly changing constructions of our brains and interprets these impressions as memory, desire, emotion, instinct, etc. It is a mystery why we are unable to identify ourselves with this other being. Most probably because it is undetectable to any of our five senses; thus, since our individualities exist only as impressions made upon this "other self" by our physical beings, and it is incapable of instituting change in our brain structure through the senses, it may not even be aware of itself! Perhaps it is a thing common to all humanity, a sort of mass mind. In this light, the possibility of a "world dreamer" is not at all fantastic. If, in some far world succeeding our "now" along the fourth-dimensional line, the physical minds of humanity are interconnected by telepathy, it may then begin to receive impressions of its own impressions, through which we seem (to ourselves) to exist and thus become finally aware of its own fourth-dimensional substance. Perhaps then all dead humanity will come to life again within it in another existence as real as this one seems to us now. Maybe there is a life after death.

But digression grows tedious to the reader. The facts remain. As our non-material self moves along the infinite line of universes, we exist as a part of it, each of us to himself, receiving awareness only through the sense organs of our physical beings. In each universe our structures are minutely changed and different; so we have an illusion of the passage of time, through the collective impressions our bodies make upon our other ego. But the universes are co-existent. The reality of the future, through which our bodiless being has yet to pass in order to give us an awareness of it (otherwise we should 'remember' the future as well as the 'past'), is as concrete as our "now." The differences between our universe and those we have yet to experience are all that determine what the 'future' shall be. They are all fixed and unalterable.

ALL IS FORE-ORDAINED! There is no originality, no independent thought, no genius. Einstein could no more help becoming cognizant of the Theory of Relativity than I could help writing this imaginative article. From the moment of first awareness when I was 'born', it was meant that this should be written. It is of no use. Whatever you think you have done, whatever you think you shall do, it was all there before you came to it. If there is another war and you live through it, don't be bitter; it was inevitable. But if you are bitter, you can't help it. You can't be anything else than what you are, no matter how hard you try. Whoever wrote "I am the master of my fate, I am the captain of my soul," didn't know what he was talking about. Even as he penned the words, he didn't know that that had been his fate since before the beginning of 'time.'

So, you there, if the prozines won't buy your crud, if even the fanzines won't print it, don't feel too bad about it. And if you do, you can't help it. After all, we're all just a bunch of pitiful puppets dancing on the end of a cosmic string!

- END -

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After some delay through difficulty in deciphering the mildewed birchbark slabs, we at last have additional information on fandom's newest and greatest religion. For a time we were stumped by certain obscure references in the Sacred Writings of Roscoe, but in a flash of mystic intuition one of our early converts, Saint Edco of Dubec, divined the existence of Oscar, the Malevolent Muskrat, the evil varmint who tempts the faithful into the primrose paths of heretical beliefs such as Alpaughism, Ghuism, or Bheernomia.

Another eminent ecclesiastic, Brother Rick of South Gate, is currently meditating hermitlike in the desert, seeking insight into the relation of Roscoism to Foo-Foo and Ghu-worship. What may emerge from his research, only Roscoe knows! For fear they might crack under the strain we have as yet not posed to Brother Rick or Saint Edco the question of the orthodoxy of Sexocracy, but this form of Roscoism is highly recommended by Reverend Radell of Calillac.

THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE (BOOK II)

1. If typing near a page's end you find you've overrun it, don't scream a curse in Roscoe's name -- it's Oscar who has done it! The bane of fuming, frenzied fon, this evil pseudo-beaver brings wails of woe where'er he goes, the skulking, base deceiver!

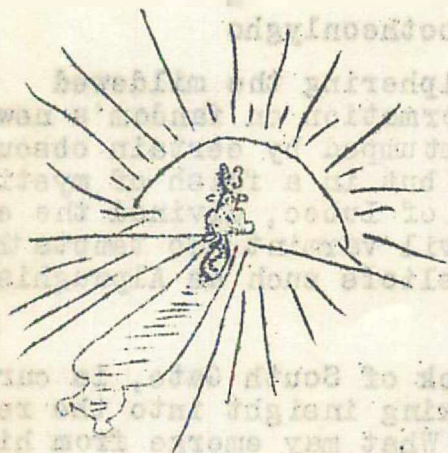


ROSCOE

Rory Nelson

2. Who tatters covers on your mags? Who makes your hecto blur? Who tears the stencil you have cut? Damned Oscar is the cur! He makes yer needed stapler jam, he rips your pix in two; but worst of all he makes your mail come back marked POSTAGE DUE.

3. He hides the books you're hunting for, stiffs dust to make you sneeze, and sticks your cherished fanpub deep in Startling's lousy B's. No matter how you try to ward his hex with grux ansata, he'll fill your letters in the prez with printers' foul errata.



4. A fandom-smearing article, in mundane zine you find it? Remember as you rage and roar, 'tis Oscar who's behind it! And as the woes of fannish life on you descend to smother, remember Oscar can be balked by Roscoe-- and none other!

5. If you would tread on Oscar's toes to make him scream and wail, the most effective method is to swear "by Roscoe's tail." And if you want to tell some rat you hope he slowly hangs, begin your curse, "By all the marks of Roscoe's sacred fangs..."

6. Some poor, misguided jerks will try to sell you their religion --but if you're a true Roscoite you will not budge a smidgin. To Oscar with their pantheon -- it isn't worth a sliver! The only Ghod is Roscoe, and his heaven is his river!

7. For when Roscoe thwacks the water with his tail on Judgment Morn the fen who sneer at beavers will wish they had not been born, for such heathen will be punished then as promptly as can be: they'll float downstream to Oscar, who will CHEW ON THEM with glee.

8. But the beaveristic faithful, who were Roscoites of old, they will swim into the entrance of the Beaver Lodge of Gold, and in Roscoe's stf collection they will browse for endless days -- it is (just to prove it's heaven), TWICE AS BIG as Forrest J's!

9. Roscoe's automatic mimeo will print the fannish tales, and each fan will find new fanzines flooding to him in the mails, and the one he pubs himself -- well, its subscribers will be legion, and its praises will resound for eons through the fannish region.

10. Everything he writes or draws will be seized by the eds and pubbed, with no more of a delay than if Aladdin's Lamp were rubbed, and if further proof be wanted that the fan to heaven goes: In the Beaver Lodge of Roscoe, EVERY FAN WILL CRASH THE PROZ!



Ray Nelson

- END -

NEXT MONTH IN SPACEWARP -- the annual Convention Issue! Part IX of STF Broadcasts Again!: a Bottstory, and complete coverage of the Seventh World STF Convention! Tell your fanfriends! Read the first eyewitness Cincy account -- in the September SPACEWARP !!!

FILE THIRTEEN.

by REDD BOGGS
2215 Benjamin St., N.E.
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

FILE CLERK'S NOTE: It is with regret that I announce that the already long-delayed item relating to Sam Merwin, editor, will not appear in this instalment of File 13. Preparation of this item involves some re-reading that I have so far been unable to complete. Of course, you have my assurance, as usual, that this mutant feature will appear nexttime. # File 13 now has a sister department, which begins in the August 1949 issue of Bloomington News Letter (P.O. Box 260, Bloomington, Ill.). Aside from one item in the first instalment -- a rewrite of File 13's comment on Time's stf review -- the ENL department will not duplicate this column, and File 13 definitely will continue as long as Editor Rapp wants it. Aren't you all glad to hear this?

PITY THE POOR PULPSTER! There is a heart-rending angle, so far ignored by the fan-press, to the current fantasy book situation: the plight of the poor pulp writer. The author who shells out good money for the privilege of seeing his reviled and rejected brainchildren snug between the covers of a "vanity" edition deserves no more than a compassionate tear. The writer who controls the rights to his pulp work and nevertheless releases book rights indiscriminantly to any and all semi-pro book publishers should expect nothing but a polite sneer. Ah, but the poor feckless writer who sold all rights to his hack work of the '30's to Sloane or Gornsbach! Surely he deserves all the kindnesses fandom can bestow upon him!

If you were Jack Williamson, happy in the knowledge that your popular serial, "...And Searching Mind", is to be published by Simon & Schuster as The Humanoids on 25 August, would you be overjoyed to learn that Merlin Press has culled Wonder's files and has dragged out that tattered and pointless yarn, "Through the Purple Cloud" to be published in From Off This World? If you were Henry Kuttner, honored as the writer of "The Fairy Chessmen", "The Dark World", etc., would you be glad to see "When the Earth Lived" put in a hard-cover anthology?



Such hapless characters, it seems to File 13, deserve fandom's deepest sympathy and help when they are confronted with crimes they thought were safely hidden in the moldering files of Wonder Stories. The best kindness we can do them in their hour of need is to refuse to buy the books wherein their ancient shame is written for all time.

FANTASY NEWSREEL. The up-coming novelette by James Blish in one of the Merwinzines, "There Shall Be No Darkness", was written for Unknown Worlds and was being revised for appearance there when Unk folded. This suggests that those who liked the Unknown "Mistake Inside" last year will like this Blish yarn even more. # Rumor blaster: Whoever started the story that James H. Schmitz, author of "Agent of Vega" in the July ASF, was really E.E. Smith is in error. Doc Smith definitely has not sold a story to ASF since "Children of the Lens". Thank FooFoo! I didn't think Doc could be so dull! Personally I put "Agent of Vega" at the bottom of my An Lab listings. # The pro-

prietor of Shinder's, a large newsstand in Minneapolis' loop, tells me that he sells 300 copies of aSF every month. According to him, total sales for the Twin Cities is in the thousands, and out-sells all other sf mags by a wide margin. "How about Amazing?" I asked him. "It doesn't sell so well anymore," he claims. "Sales have been falling off for a year or two now on Amazing." # Poul Anderson, who will lead off the September aSF with "Double-dyed Villains", is coming up with several other yarns, the next one being "Perfect Weapon." He is working this summer at Mesa Verde national park. # Gordon R. Dickson is the latest localite to sell a sf yarn. He has one coming up in TWS or Startling. # Just call me Reverend!



When I purchased some stencils lately, the clerk asked me how things were going over at the church. It seems he mistook me for an assistant pastor or deacon or something who sometimes bought stencils at that store for a church bulletin. It is nice to know I have a Christian mind!

BOOK-BUYERS BEWARE! I wish to thank several Warp readers for their stated support of File 13's miniature campaign against swindling booksellers who are rooking fantasy fans with their mail order business. File 13 will be glad to publish the juicy details of any such swindles you come across. However, for my own protection I require a copy of the book-list or catalog containing the swindling prices. It should be carefully noted that if a book is out-of-print the bookseller has a right to boost the price on the book and a complaint in File 13 could conceivably result in a libel suit for damaging the dealer's business. In the case of o-p volumes wherein outrageous prices are asked, File 13 will warn against paying such a price, but cannot undertake to publish the name of the racketeer.

In the case of in-print books, File 13 will be only too happy to name names whenever a case of exorbitant prices comes to our attention. Here is a current case: The King Bros. Book Store of Belmont, Calif., offers eight different Thorne Smith paperback books at 35¢ each or 3 for \$1.00. Whether these are new or used books, this is an overcharge of 10¢ per book in the case of most of these books. I am not sure Topper or Tepper Takes A Trip are in print, but all the others can be found at 25¢ on your local newsstand or -- in the case of necessity -- probably can be purchased from the Pocket Books company at 25¢ plus 5¢ postage. Don't be a sucker, friend!

MUR-DUR! "This is one of the few mysteries I've read in which the heroine behaves in a reasonably sensible manner and doesn't go wandering off alone into attics," says Inner Sanctum Mysteries "Advance News" bulletin about Philip Clark's The Dark River. It's nice to hear a mystery novel publisher admit that such books aren't very sensible in that regard, but I don't think that I'll buy the book. I've got a lot more against mysteries besides brainless heroines.

Mark you, I don't dislike all mysteries. My friend Bob Stein of the Milwaukee Steins often chides me for my lack of appreciation for the mystery yarn, and sometimes tries to tempt me away from fantasy by send-

ing me a mystery novel, urging me to read it and enjoy myself. Well, I read the book, but seldom do I enjoy myself. However, I have read some likable mystery tales. I've appreciated Tucker's novels, an Ellery Queen or two, and once in a while, something by someone else.

My enjoyment of mysteries is not derived from the puzzle the yarn exploits -- who killed Homer P. Glumeyer? -- but mostly from the surprising efforts of the detective who solves the mystery. That's the reason I like Sherlock Holmes though I have read and re-read his adventures till I know who killed who -- and why. That's the reason I particularly like the adventures of Perry Mason and Johnny Fletcher. Erle Stanley Gardner's fast-talking, fast-moving lawyer, and Frank Gruber's brash hustler and amateur sleuth are my favorites because they are always on the move, one half-step ahead of disaster, and carrying on in their own breezy way. There wouldn't have to be a murder in their stories to interest me in their books.

The above is, of course, somewhat pointless and perhaps irritating to any mystery fans reading this. It is, however, an excuse to plug two new 25¢ paperbacks. The latest Perry Mason yarn to hit the pocket size field is The Case of the Haunted Husband, just issued by Pocket Books as #590. The Whispering Master, a Johnny Fletcher adventure, is newly out from Signet Books (#725). Both are highly recommended. Get 'em.

OPEN FIRE! (Wherein File 13 answers its mail.) The #1 fan of Rossland, Va., forwards a set of calculations which by he reaches the number 30 in the "game of fours", where each number is expressed by using four fours. (See File 13, Spacewarp, June 1949.) Since the mathematics is difficult to reproduce on a standard typewriter, I will list only one-third of the series: $44/44$ equals 1; $4/4$ plus $4/4$ equals 2; 4 plus 4 plus 4, all over 4 equals 3; 4 minus $(4 \times 4$ plus 4) equals 4; $(4$ under the radical) plus $(4$ under the radical) plus $4/4$ equals 5; 4 plus 4 plus 4, all over 4 under the radical equals 6; $44/4$ minus 4 equals 7; 4 plus 4 plus 4 minus 4 equals 8; 4 plus 4 plus $4/4$ equals 9; and 4 plus 4 plus 4 minus $(4$ under the radical) equals 10.

Les says it is probable that the game of fours could be carried beyond the present figure of 30. Some of you math bugs will have to check him on that, and on the figures he gives above.

T.E. Watkins remarks in re Open Letter to August Derleth in Spacewarp for May: "You sure hit August Derleth in the belly. Don't forget that August is the champ. He has been hit in the belly many times and he is still the champ.... I think Derleth should ask that you define the basis on which you judge a story. You say, 'This is good, this is crud, this is crap' but you don't say how you arrived at that decision."

In the case of most fiction scheduled for future publication by Arkham House and some of the other semi-pros, my criterion is simply whether or not I find the stories easily readable. Such stuff as F. B. Long's "Cones" cannot even be read without an effort; -- and this is what Derleth is putting in Rim of the Unknown! Some further remarks on Arkham House and Derleth's letter in the July Spacewarp will be in the next File 13.

T.E. continues: "You say the pulps are not declining. I hope you are right, but I am afraid of the next year. It would certainly be a blow to lose Astounding.... Fantasy News, in reporting an interview with Campbell gave as his answer to the question 'What can we do to

help?': 'Got more readers!'"

Obviously! All magazines run on a commercial basis must pay for themselves, and with readership turnover, all magazines must obtain new readers with every issue if they are to survive. This is nothing new. I am amazed that fans feel that ASF faces a crisis just because Street & Smith dumped their other pulps. Publishers are almost always quick to dump a magazine that doesn't pay its way, and would have folded ASF with the others if it hadn't shown a profit. The fact that they kept it indicates that it was paying and, if things take a normal course in S & S, it will continue to do so.

Frankly, I don't see much to worry about in the case of ASF. It is the one magazine I would bet on to be published to the century's end. No other stf pulp can match its reputation, circulation or quality. If S & S throws it out, it is almost a lead-pipe cinch that ASF will be picked up by another publisher faster than Conner would retrieve a \$5 cigar butt.

- END -

BEAUTIFUL FORT WARREN

by Pfc HAL SHAPIRO

(Plagiarized from many sources)
(With sincere apologies to fan in Wyoming)

Up in the Wyoming top land, Cheyenne is the spot.
Battling a hurried snow storm, in the land the world forgot.
Cutting the brush with a bayonette, digging the mud with a pick
Doing the work of a prisoner, too damn tired to kick.

Up with the snow and the Indian, up where a man gets blue.
Up at the top of nowhere, two thousand miles from a shmoo.
As Hell keeps right on going, it's more than a man can stand.
True, we are not convicts, but defenders of our land.

These months, how do we take them, these months at home we miss.
Boys, if you can't take it, for Pete's sake, don't enlist.
We are the Airmen of the Air Force and we draw our hard-earned
pay.

We are guarding people worth millions, for two and a half a day.

But some day when the world has ended, we'll go to a place
known well
And Saint Peter will say, "Here are the boys from Fort Warren.
They've served their time in Hell."

((This hasn't got much to do with stf, I admit, but I couldn't resist it. Reminds me of the multi-versed epic or two I turned out in celebration of Camp Wolters, Texas. Hmmm, wonder if I've got copies of those things around here anywhere. There was one, as I recall, titled simply "Texas", which began: "There is a rather vast expanse of rattlesnakes and sand, with chiggers populated dense, a God-forsaken land..." or something like that. And another, "The Army makes a change in you; that cannot be denied, it changes your appearance and it changes you inside..." That last one served, with a few minor changes and added verses, just as well for the Third Infantry Division and the U.S. Constabulary, later.

I feel for ya, Hal. I really do! --ABR)

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Dear Art:

Up to the July '49 ish of SPACEWARP you had a respectable fanzine with minor exceptions. But the ish in question (July 49) is simply ridiculous for decency.

As you know -- romance is wonderful, when kept on a nice plane. Does lurid sex take up the pages with filthyness --for any sane reason?

When the quality of your writings -- your editorials, alone, are worth the price of SPACEWARP! And the quality of the writings of other fans, are so remarkably excellent, is there any excuse for vulgar reference to girls? Is not the decent element in fandom, a more conservative, intelligent, and orderly crowd, more worthy!

Ruggedness and sensationalism are two paths. Puritanism founded the greatest country in the world. Sensationalism destroyed Carthage, Rome, Babylon, and other great civilizations. Is that not enough proof that -- a nice way is a lasting way.

Personally, I don't lean to saintliness. Nor have I any revival tendencies. But it just doesn't make sense to bring in sex on a lurid tone -- spoiling all the nice writings of yours, and others, and ruining the sound excellent standing of your fanzine.

I'm not going into sermons. Far from that. But it appears to me that keeping SPACEWARP respectable is good -- but that cheapening it, is not good.

Really this girl business doesn't make sense. It would, if kept on the same level with "Ranch Romances", True Romances, and other mags that carry boy-girl problems with respect and interest.

All I do is read the best in SPACEWARP, discount the worst, and let matters as they are. But "Quien Sabe?" being for personal opinions, I have just given my personal opinion.

I remain -- quite unperturbed. I had something to say -- I said it.

Sincerely yours,
GEORGE ANDREWS

((No comment, pending opinions from other readers on this question. But though the rest of the zine will be toned down if you-all demand it, QS will continue to run anything you write, four-letter words and all, except when I think it might run afoul of postal regulations. If anyone objects to subjects or expressions in this column, take it up with the writer of the letter, not me. AHR))

((What follows is painstakingly handprinted in lines that wander hither and thither on the page, but I'm not ambitious enough to stencil it all that way))

Dear Art:

When Ben and I were fighting in SPACEWARP and UNIVERSE, Ben was right and I was making a silly ass of myself. I have finally seen the dark, and the reason I react so violently against Christianity now is because I was so completely duped by it before that it makes me see red to think about it.

"Vicious Circle" was interesting, if unoriginal. "Tea Time" was pretty good, considering that both you and I mauled it almost beyond recognition from Weatherby's original. "Psycho Lab's" Wrai Ballard was disappointingly normal. "Longhammer" was satisfactor-

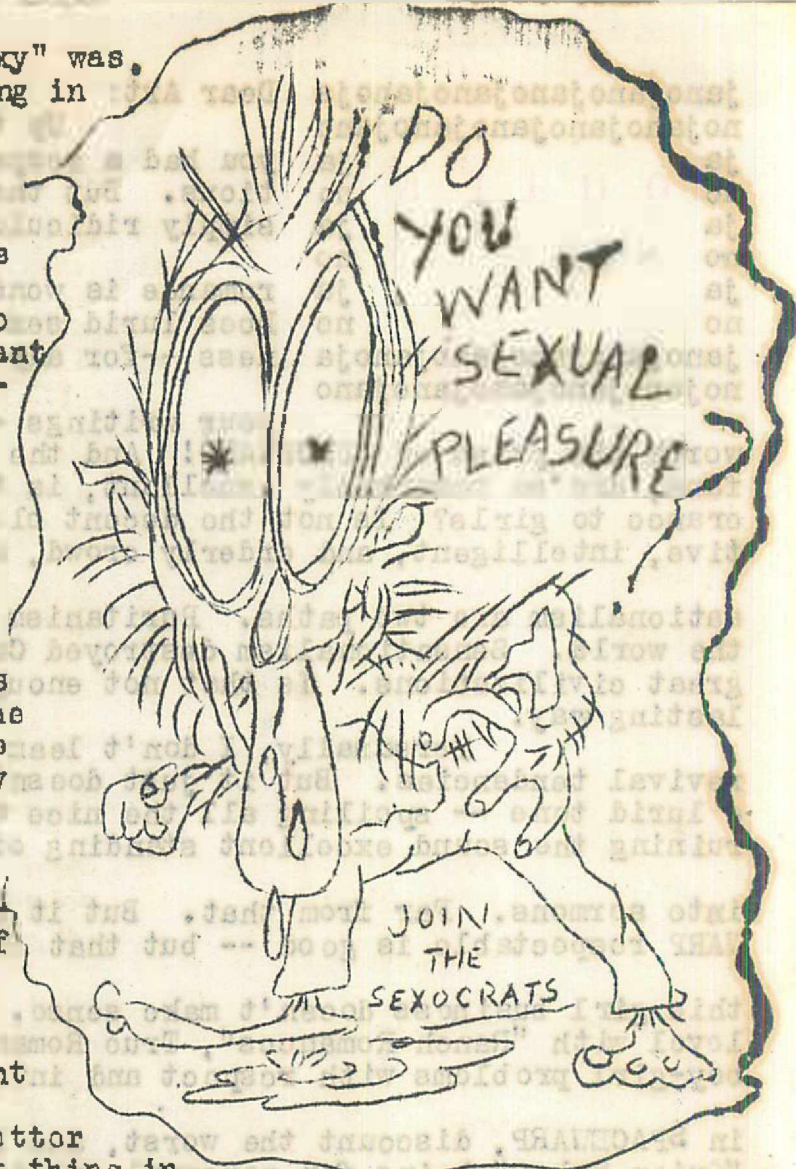
ily corny. "Galluping the Galaxy" was, strange to relate, the best thing in the ish, except for my letter. Where do you get off calling me an "isolationist" just because I picked "Different"? Didn't I join the MSFS like a good little boy? Haven't I always been a faithful Rosocist? What more do you want? ((Sorry, guess we meant "Iconoclast," or maybe "Individualist." But, then, aren't we all?))

Do you want me to join the NFFF? If so, go ahead and call me an isolationist. I'll call you an "editorializer in a newstoryer." so THERE!

Dorl-eth's shot from the hip at Boggs in the letter column was just the thing for old Redd, who is quite a hip shooter himself. "Live by the sword, etc." ya know.

Ed Cox, I see, is still spinning in the wake of that erratic comet, Woodman. From all the stuff coming to light, now that Woody has quit fanning, he may ("God" forbid.) become another legend, like Bon Singer. First his fight with Boggs, and now this.

My letter was, as I said before*, the best thing in the ish. As to Wally Weber's comments on sexy covers,



YERZ IN THE BOWELS OF ROSCOE,

Ray Nelson

*And will say again and again and again.

((George, meet Ray. Ray: George. You boys should have a lot to discuss. Wake me up when you come to some sort of an agreement. AHR))

((You think this is unusual? You should see the stuff I got from Ray that I DON'T print!))

Dear Art:

Looking over Rayz letter in Quien Sabo for last month, I notice his osculatory ambitions towards myself for "The Master." But no, Ray, in ghu's name no! it isn't Ray Bradbury!

seincerely,


STEWART METCHETTE

rapp, rapp!

The July WARP arrived this morning. Your rag continues to improve with every ish. I've read worse things than that Long-hammer yarn in more pro-mags than I can count.

One thing tho' -- I'll bet the babe on the cover would never get in the door at the base of the pyramid. Not if she tried it sideways at least!

"T Time" I couldn't go -- squeamish I suppose. I missed "File 13". Daresay I wasn't alone. "SBA!" was well done. "QS" was interesting (Did I leave out anything?)

See you in Cincy!


Lt. RICHARD E. AVERY

Dear Art:

Have just arrived at Chanute for the purpose of attending Weather Observer's school. It lasts either 12 or 14 weeks, perhaps 16. When I get out, I will have a good deal, meaning no KP, details, inspections, etcetera.

How are things around Detroit. The club, etc. How about Spacewarp? ((Should I tell him?)) and Mutant? ((No, I'd better not.))

We have the largest mess hall in the AF (I understand). Two blocks big. About 10 or 12 serving lines. Brrr, I'd hate to pull KP there. Probably won't have to.

Rantoul is a 1½ horse town. Wouldn't exist without the base.

Have become a fag fiend. Usta smoke a pipe, no doubt inspired by you. Too much bother though.

Jets swoop above quite often, a couple of hundred feet above the barracks. Those 2nd looies are just showoffs.

She, HRHag's, is coming here Tuesday, reissue. Must see it.

These barracks aren't like up at Spokane. There we had private rooms.

BY ORDER OF COLONEL SINGER:

E. B. Regnis
Major USAF

3346th Training Sq.
Branch Post Office #1
Chanute Air Force Base
Rantoul, Illinois

Dear Art:

Starting today, this base is on a five-day week. Sleep late Saturdays as well as Sundays. What are the latest developments on Muc-tic? Haven't heard from George in a helluva long time. Don't know what the score is in Michigan any more.

Fort Warran, Wyoming

Pfc HAL SHAPIRO

VOL. V - No. 6

(AUGUST 1949)

(Issue No. 29)



combined with UNIVERSE

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COVER by RADELL NELSON, and my personal opinion is that it's the best WARP's had to date.

Interior art by WILLIAM ROTSLER and RADELL NELSON

SPACEWARP

published by

ARTHUR H. RAPP
2120 Bay Street
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I'm cutting this stencil at 2:30 and am too sleepy to go into all gruesome detail on what and why is. Look on back issues. Better subscribe and look on future issues.

For your dough, you'll get one of these things, these SPACEWARPs, these fondly-believed-by-me-to-be-an-amateur-mag's, every month, on the month.

Look for Cincy coverage next time.

I go now. Go to sleep, that is. I hope you don't do the same whilst reading these pages.

Publisher: ARTHUR H. RAPP
2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

Editor, typographer, art ed, office boy and slaver-like-a-dog. One guess.

- Sub's up. Exchange
- One to go. Free, for some ungodly reason or other.
- Don't worry yet.

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