

SPACE WARP

September, 1949



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1902



TIMBER

(Ecstatic Ejaculations, Extemporaneous)

USUALLY, Timber is the last part of WARP to be written, but this time that honor is reserved for the Cincy story. In fact, all the rest of the mag was run off before the convention. Including this column.

"Quien Sabe?" is by no means slighted this month, although we'd planned on cutting it to two pages to give the Cincy account more room. We definitely couldn't -- result, we had to add pages to the ish. Next month, when space won't be so much at a premium, we'll editorialize on this Andrews-Nelson business. Doubtless you can hardly wait.

Another item for next month is a letter from Roy R. Wood giving an authoritative account of his tribulations with the Cream O' The Crop Club. It came too late to get into Q-S This month.

But the prize item for next ish is a story. It's by L. T. George and it's called "The Rumor." You're going to like it. And we have a Ray Nelson cover scheduled sometime in the near future.

Several changes of format make their appearance in this issue of SPACEWARP -- the most noticeable, of course, being that we've gotten our mitts on a lettering guide. We used it for the cover, and were so captivated by the results that we bought one of our own. The damn things are worth their weight in plutonium, we learned. The one of which we had only temporary custody belongs to the MSFS, and is by now in the hands of its lawful guardian, the new editor of MUTANT, William James.

At the time we're writing this it's not possible to give exact details, but the MSFS is publishing a book of James' stories -- all of his yarns that have appeared in WARP and MUTANT, plus two which have as yet never been in print. Furthermore, the book sports more than half a dozen full-page illustrations by Ray Nelson, in mimeo-hecto such as he did for the last issue of SPACEWARP. And an introduction by yerz troolie. Details will be given in the next WARP, if you weren't at the Convention and learned 'em firsthand there.

What else.....oh, yeh. For months we've been meaning to tell ya and for months it's been slipping our mind. Redd Boggs, he of the much perused File 13, has asked us to mention that his subzine CHRONOSCOPE is defunct. Subscribers will get his FAPazine, SKY HOOK, instead.

Another thing that keeps slipping our mind is our correspondence course in how to superimpose mimeo and hecto. Alas, there's not enough space this month to go into the details. But don't let us forget about it next time.

And if you were at cincy, know some interesting incident we have forgotten to include in our story, and don't publish your own zine, Let us have a letter from you for Q-S in the OctWARP! But remember, this is a monthly zine, so you gotta write promptly in order to beat the deadline on next ish!

Which reminds us. We are well stocked on weird fiction. Please, lay off for a while! But articles will be received with panting joy.

For an ACTIVE NFFF in 1950, vote the Activity Party ticket!

VAS VE EFFER IN CINCINNATI ?

-- OH, BROTHER, VAS VE EFFER !

We took off for Cincy at about noon Thursday. "We" consisted of Martin Alger, who is one of those legendary and esteemed fen who own a car; Bill Groover, who finished his summer job just in time to make the Cinvention; Ralph Fluette, another Saginaw fen and dealer; and myself. Our first stop was Owosso, where we picked up Pat Crossley. Next stop was Royal Oak, where Gerald Gordon awaited us. About midnight we began the circling of traffic-congested Detroit, southbound for Cincy.

The downward trip was principally enlightened by Ralph's missionary talk in behalf of Sexocracy, a religion which he formulated independly of Ray Nelson. Unfortunately, Ralph had no chance to present his doctrine to a wider audience at the convention, since he was called home only a few hours after our arrival by the sudden illness of his daughter.

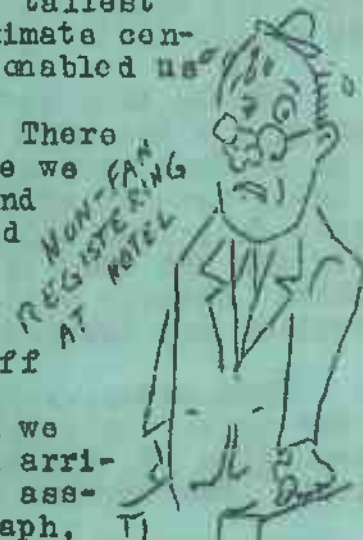
Arriving in Cincy, we discovered, does not imply arriving at the Metropole. Uphill and down we drove, half of us craning our necks at street signs while the others pointed, gesticulated, and argued bitterly over the orientation of the map as given in the last Cincy Report. Apparently we'd zigged when we should ha zagged, for we found ourselves on a sort of cliffside skyway, with no exit and the tall buildings of the downtown area receding behind us.

Eventually we gave up the map, and merely sighted on the tallest group of buildings. This brought us to the approximate center of the city, from which the downtown-area map enabled us to locate the Metropole. It was 9:00 a.m. Friday.

There were no fen to greet us when we entered, but before we got registered EEEvans stepped from an elevator, and shortly afterward Ackerman and Frank Dietz appeared with several others. I remembered Frank from the Torcon, but didn't immediately recall just who he was, much to his amusement, especially since we'd been corresponding intensively, preparing to run off a daily conzine. Of which more later.

We decided we couldn't get organized until more of our staff had arrived, so I devoted the next few hours to unpacking, assembling the Hit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph, and other such preliminaries. We spent most of Friday in this, with in-cludes of standing around the lobby, watching people enter and speculating on whether they were fen. Usually, however, there was little doubt, fen having a sort of eyes-fixed-on-the-distant-horizon look.

Among others who arrived, or at least appeared, that day, were Darrell Richardson, Doc Barrett (with a hand-buzzer. Gaw, him of all people!) Redd Boggs, Bob Stein, Ed and Don Cox, Floyd Perloy, Don Ford, Jack Gaughan, Frank Kerkhof, Bill Kroll, John Grossman, Dave MacInnos (Pam and Goldberg absent this time), Harry Moore (who immediately began the most strenuous propaganda campaign of the con in behalf of New Orleans), Ray and Trev Nelson, Dale Tarr, and finally another carload of MSFS boys, namely George Young, Erwin Stirmweis, Ed Kues -- still another carload came later, giving us the largest delegation at the con, about 15. I'd foresightedly prepared many more "Michigan SFS" ribbons than I figured we'd need, but they came in handy. Especially since EESmith and Mrs.



Smith demanded, as former Michigan residents, that they be allowed to wear the golden ribbons of the MSFS also.

For food-ingesting purposes, we located an eatery with the fanattractive title "The Purple Cow" and murals to suit. This was six blocks from the Met, but seemed to be the only joint around that served eatable food at reasonable prices. Gaw, I'm forgetting that the partial list a paragraph back is only the fan arrivals. On the pro side, there were already present by Friday night: Doc Smith and wife, a character laden with photographic paraphernalia who also bore the name of Smith, but with apreceding George O., Poul Anderson of Minneapolis, Ray Palmer and Rog Phillips of Chicago -- more about those two in a moment -- L.A. Eshbach, Mel Korshak, Hammes Bok, Milt Rothman, and Les del Rey -- and it was still a day before the Cinvention's beginning!

After supper, Frank and I got to work on The Cinvention Daily, aided by Kroll and Grossman and a few other members of the Fantasy Artisans, but considerably hampered by several characters who did their best to hold a bullsession in the room. Mainly because Frank has the ability to continue serenely writing while bedlam rages about his ears, we got most of the six pages stencilled and partly run before Frank had to take off at midnight to attend a disc-jockey show on which he plugged the Cinvention. George Young, Erwin Stirmois, and myself continued until we'd mimeo'd all that was out, and then tried to get some sleep. I needed some of that stuff, after remaining awake all the previous night during the drive down.

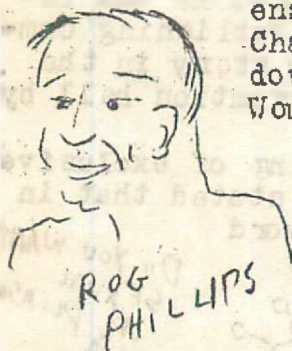
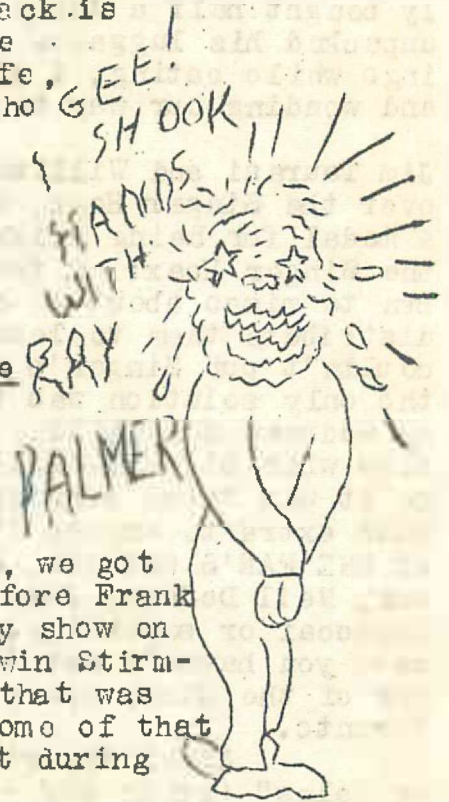
At this point Frank and his broadcasting party returned, ready to resume journalistic operations. This was about 2:30 a.m. We gratefully confiscated the hamburgs and coffee they'd brought, but insisted that they go away and bang typepers elsewhere.

Comparative peace ensued until 6:30 or so, when Ben Singer arrived from Chanute Field. He, I hear, is the guy who ranged up and down the Met's corridors waking people up that morning. Would-be lynchers will form an orderly line at the right.

While the dawn arrove, George and I ran off the few remaining stencils the FanArtizans had prepared during the night, and the zine was put together in time to go on sale at the first session that morning. We ran off 200 copies. We sold about 25. We discontinued the zine.

I have about 75 copies of the thing, which you can have for 5¢ each, if you're interested. I'd figured there were enough left to send out one with each of these WARPs, but not quite.

The Cinvention sessions were held in the Met's ball room, which was spacious, well-lighted, and decorated with an enormous backdrop, the largest single sheet of paper I have ever seen -- painted, I believe, by Bill Kroll. The Fantasy Artisans had a beautiful display of their work, and the pro originals covered most of the rest of one wall. The publishers' displays were ranged around the rest of the room, save for a couple of historic exhibits. One showed photographs and mineral specimens brought back by an Army spaceship which made a secret flight to the Moon. The other was three pages of the Necronomicon, together with one of the weird bas-relief sculptures of Cthulhu which Lovecraft mentions so often in his works. Dave MacInnes had a wire-recorder set up near the platform, and was re-



ording almost constantly during the Con.

There were more fen around by now -- Ray Higgs, who impressed me because he was so unlike what I expected. He's about 30, I'd say, rather thin and tall, and with a quiet manner totally unlike his writing style. A very nice guy. There was Hank Spolman, who was rooming just next to us, and from whom I immediately bought half a dozen ASF's, being lucky enough to be on hand when he unpacked his luggage. Sharing with Hank a desire for peaceful surroundings while eating, I often joined him in ditching the exuberant Singer and wending our way to the Purple Cow through dark alleys.

There were Jim Taurasi and William Sykora, Bob Tucker (who might have been peeved over the Singer Hoax, but didn't show it beyond presenting the Ben with a medal for being Prize Fughead of the Convention). In case you missed the Singer Hoax: A few days before leaving home I received an order from Ben to mimeo about 40 copies of an announcement of Tucker's death, and distribute them to leading fen. Which I did with misgivings, since I couldn't put Singer's name on 'em without giving away the hoax, and so the only solution was to leave off names altogether, though I had to use my address for mailing purposes. There was no time to work out something else with Singer. Although most fen recognized a hoax, Rick Sneary tells me it was taken seriously in Los Angeles, and Sykora put out a FANTASY NEWS extra to expose it. Back to arriving fen: there were Lee D. Quinn of ONE FAN'S OPINION, Les Fried and Russell Watkins of DAWN, Paul Spencer, Neil DeJack, Jean Bogert, Ron Stone of the CNYSPS and someone named Mordecai or something. The last two are junior editions of Singer, in case you haven't met 'em. Oh, yes, there was also CosWal, Charles Tanner of the Cincy group, and Louis Garner of WSFA. And Ned McKeown of Toronto.

After distributing circulars advertising "Dark Wisdom and Other Tales" (price 40¢ -- details elsewhere in this ish, if room) we circulated around gabbing with fen until one p.m. and the opening session. Coverage of the official program is going to be a once-over-lightly, as I didn't take extensive notes. And can't read some of my shorthand, anyhow.

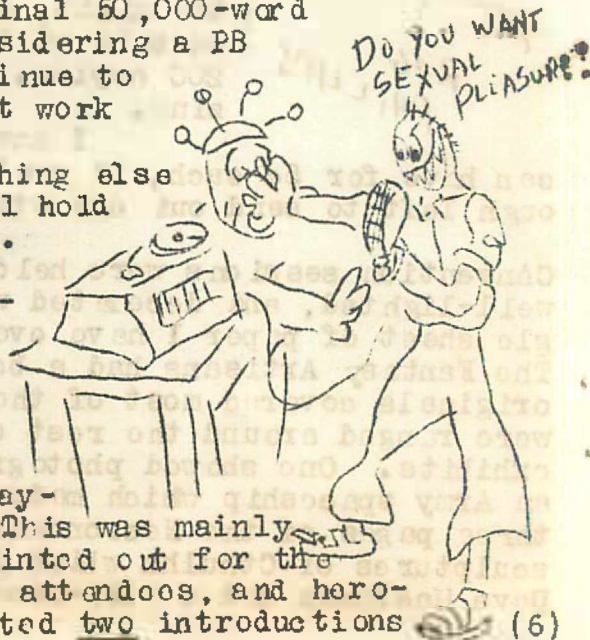
Gad, I'm forgetting all about the previous evening's big news -- Frank and I interviewed Ray Palmer, and he told us then that he was resigning from the Ziff-Davis staff in order to buy Clark Publishing Company and edit FATE and OTHER WORLDS. This made our main story in the Daily, and we had the printed account on sale in the convention hall by the time he made his official speech to the fans.

Speaking of exclusive stories, we also got one from Rog Phillips, in which he stated that in a few weeks Pocket Books will issue an original 50,000-word novel of his, "Time Trap" and are also considering a PB reprint of his "M8-Bong-Ah". Rog will continue to write for Ziff-Davis, but will also turn out work for Palmer's new mag.

He also told us something else that should interest WARP readers, but we'll hold up on the details until we learn all of 'em.

Incidentally, Rog is quite a character -- about six-foot-six, built like a football lineman, and always with a cheerful smile and a wealth of interesting conversation. He is one of the guys who should be on the formal program next year!

Well, as I was saying, the formal session began at one p.m. This was mainly an introductory meet, proz and fen being pointed out for the edification of autograph fiends, first-time attendees, and hero-worshippers. For some obscure reason, I rated two introductions



Must be my split personality showing. Melvin Korshak handled the make on this task, incidently, being one of the few guys who can remember the faces and names of two hundred or so fan.

Charles R. Tanner introduced the author guest of honor, Lloyd Arthur Eshbach, who related several anecdotes of the early days of stf, then turned serious to warn that in spite of its growing popularity, science-fiction is still written to entertain. "It isn't a great factor in our country's development," he said, "It is not a great social force. It is simply good entertainment. Let's keep our feet on the ground."



COLLECTOR

Next on the program was Lester del Rey, who spoke very seriously and very well on the place of sex in science-fiction. His thesis was that so far the writers of stf have been expending their imagination on creating the gadgets of the future, but have given very little thought to the fact that social conventions and conditions also change. Only in science fiction is it possible to examine in detail the worlds which would follow from various changes in human attitudes, yet this facet of speculation has been neglected by the authors, who have been content to treat sex in their stories on a purely superficial and adolescent level.

Del Rey was followed by Palmer, who made his announcement of the OTHER WORLDS editorship, and added that he had been in sympathy with the fan criticism of AMAZING for years, but because of the Z-D policy was unable to edit the mag as he wished. Now, with his own company, Palmer predicts that, after the first couple of circulation-snagging issues, he's going to put out a stfzine that no fan would think of passing up. He added that, in the hope other publishers would follow the same policy, he's turning over all cover originals from OTHER WORLDS to the future conventions. Ray presented the cover and all interiors of the first issue to the Convention -- I thought it was the prettiest item there, incidently. Palmer added that he and Forrest J. Ackerman, altho they differed over AMAZING's policy, were and still are the best of friends.

The only story in the first issue of OTHER WORLDS which will be representative ((of future issues)) will be Rog Phillips'. I prefer the kind of stories that appear in ASTOUNDING. He hasn't read ASF for several years, Ray explained, because it was the type of stf he wanted to publish while his job required following Z-D policy. In regard to

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Shaver, RAF said, "Mr Shaver believes every word of what he says. I think FATE is the place for the Shaver Mystery. I don't expect you science-fiction fans to pay any attention to FATE at all."

In the evening session on Saturday, Jack Williamson was the first speaker. He analyzed the difference between fantasy and science fiction as follows:

"Science fiction achieves its realism because its readers are willing to accept its premises as fact. Supernatural fiction is based on the superstitions and desires that live in the unconscious. Its appeal is limited because it is based on superstition. Impure fantasy the author's premises are admittedly contrary to fact and the only requirement is that he does not violate his own premises. There are too many readers too much preoccupied with reality to be interested in it. Stf is more serious and really unlimited in its appeal. It shows what will happen if a given trend goes on.

"Gernsback's approach was sound when he showed that stf was educational. The writers make a mistake, however, when they sacrifice the human values for the sake of the scientific theme. The story itself is the fundamental thing, from which the theme must follow. Most people prefer to ignore the harmful possibilities of science as long as they can, and stf performs a service in bringing these to their attention."

Next came Vince Hamlin, creator of Alley Oop. Hamlin explained that his writing of stf is based on an entirely different premise than that used for magazine readers. "I write for newspapers. My audience is everybody, whether science-minded or not. Therefore, I do not like science. I like sociology.

"Alley Oop is the man I'd like to be. I've wanted to draw an interplanetary story for a long time. You people can accept it, but my readers won't. But thanks to the Army and the White Sands proving ground, they popularized rocketry until I could draw it."

Hamlin went on to discuss stf art. He admired the interior artwork in strings, he said, but he objected to the covers. Using the originals on display as object-lessons, he pointed out that no one but a hardened fan would be caught reading such a mag in public. From the applause, it seemed the audience agreed.

After the evening meet, SAPS held a gathering of their members present at Cincy. Several new members were signed up for the organization, and we were in the midst of a discussion of allocating page credits, novel duplicating techniques, and suchlike technicalities of amateur journalism, when Ed Cox, Higgs and I were called away to attend an NSF directors' conference.

While we were boating our gums over NFFF, the MSFS boys gathered up Redd Boggs, Rog Phillips, and others, and departed for a burlesque show. When our meeting broke up, it was too late to follow 'em, so Ed Cox and I retired to my room and whiled away the hours by producing an on-the-spot SAPS-zine, which I'll read in the next mailing with great interest, since I was too sleepy to know what I was saying in it at the time, and so was Ed.

First thing Sunday morning was an NFFF meeting, featuring a history of the organization presented by E.E. Evans, former president. Following Evans' talk the members were invited to participate in open discussion. The main outcome was a directors' resolution to issue another art portfolio, possibly featuring the work of several different fantasy artists. A worthwhile Official Organ was also promised for the near future.

Sunday afternoon the auction got underway. But before that -- after the NFFF meet, Cox, Higgs and I started out for lunch, but instead ((Cont'd on p. 14)



MACHIAVELLI

"There was a character in here looking for you, Morgan," I greeted the famous stfan-inventor as he came up to my table.

"That so?" Morgan Botts said, seating himself and filching a stein of lager from under my hand. "What'd he want?"

"Apparently, to start a riot," I replied, signaling Joe for more beer. "Among other things he stated he would take great pleasure and personal satisfaction out of kicking your guts all over the Seventh Level vehicle-way and watching the gyrocars run back and forth across 'em."

"Hmmm," said Botts, swallowing beer reflectively. "Must've been Dickerson. Don't know anyone else who's that mad at me."

"Dickerson?" I queried, beginning on a fresh stein. "That name sounds familiar..."

"Surely you've heard of Dickerson. He was the BNF back in the last half of the Twentieth Century. President of most any fanclub you can name, shining light of FAPA, fanguest of honor at four or five different World Stf Conventions--"

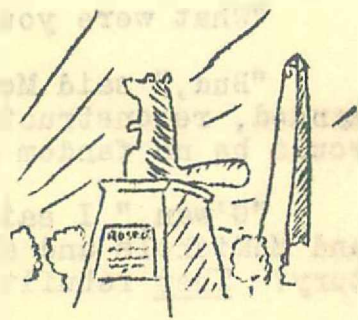
"You mean the genius who introduced the Dickerson System into fandom?" I asked, incredulous. "Gosh, I thought he'd dropped out of stf long ago."

"He did," Botts answered around the bottom of his stein. "But he's still mad about my part in the event."

I set my beer on the marble-topped table and looked at the stfan-inventor. "Now listen," I told him. "You might as well start right from the beginning, because I wasn't a fan in those days, and there's nothing more irritating than to hear one of you old fossilfen refer to stuff about which I know absolutely, completely, utterly nothing."

"Don't you call me an old fossilfan, you sniveling squirt!" roared Botts, irritated as usual at a reference to his age. "I was a big wheel in fandom before you put away your rattles and teething ring," he added illogically.

Maliciously I asked, "Who was the biggest wheel, you or Dickerson?"



Only the fact that Morgan Botts had his mouth full of beer at the moment saved me from getting my ears blistered by the full force of his half-century repertoire of profanity. By the time he got through choking and sputtering he'd calmed down enough to decide upon out-talking, rather than out-roaring me.

Fortifying himself with a fresh foaming stein of beer, he began describing fandom as it was in the old days, around 1960.....

"As you know, Bud, after the Catastrophe in the Fifties fandom was completely disorganized, a virgin field awaiting

those with the talent for leadership and initiative."

"No clubs, no nothing, eh?"

"That's right. Oh, there were a few informal local groups surviving, but naturally the complex, overlapping structure of regional, state and national organization had vanished without a trace. The pre-Catastrophe actifen were too dazed and discouraged to attempt to rebuild fandom, and the vast numbers of new fen were eager, but inexperienced."

"How about you?" I asked as Betts paused to sip his beer.

"You may well ask that," said Betts. "No doubt you have often wondered why there is so little record of my fan career. True, you'll find me on the membership lists of most clubs of the period, and now and then I participated actively in fannish projects -- but never will you find me called "The Ackerman of the Eighties" or "The New Sneary," as most of the other old-timers were."



"Why not?" I queried.

Betts paused impressively to drain his stein, then leaned forward and hissed, "Strategy, my boy, strategy! Let those second-raters -- like Dickerson -- hog the limelight; let 'em get fanzine articles and fanhistories written around 'em -- Morgan Botts was busy with more important things."

"You mean you were in FAPA?"

"NO! I'm not talking about minor distractions, you idiot! Sure I was in FAPA, but that was only one phase of my activity."

"What were you doing, then?" I wanted to know.

"Bud," said Morgan Botts, "You are gazing at the fan who, single-handed, reconstructed fandom after the Catastrophe. Without me, there would be no fandom as we know it today!"

"G'wan," I said, "Whatabout Smythe and Grenziatti and Dickerson and McNichols and all the rest of the big wheels of the Twentieth Century? They rebuilt fandom, the way I heard it."

Morgan Botts smiled enigmatically at me over the rim of his stein.

"Don't believe everything you hear, Bud," he cautioned. "It might interest you to know that of the four BNF you mentioned, three were mere stooges for the real leader of fandom."

"You?" skeptically.

"I don't blame you," said Botts. "I planned it carefully so that others would seem to lead fandom. But all the time, it was I who needed the strategy, laid down the policy, and held the veto power over their actions."

"But why?" I asked. "Why operate secretly?"

"Simple," said Botts. "There are several reasons, but one should be obvious. What happens to fan leaders?"

"Why...why...well, I dunno offhand. What does happen?"

"They become has-beens!" exclaimed Botts. "Look at Smythe. He had fandom under his thumb for years -- then along came McNichols, began calling him a 'fannish Hitler', and zap, Smythe was done for. He couldn't open his mouth after that without someone screaming that he was trying to dictate fan policy. So what could he do? He retired to FAPA, and for all I know he's there yet."

"True," I muttered, "but then McNichols--"

"McNichols went the same way," Botts stated. "In his case it was a rumor that he had a financial interest in one of the prozines. Naturally, fandom branded his every subsequent action 'rank favoritism' and he, too, dropped from the pinnacle of fame."

"Well, what about Granziatti?" I persisted. "He worked his way to the top by disagreeing with almost everyone else in fandom, and then showing 'em that he was right. Surely if there was anything at all suspicious about his character or activities, his many feuds would have brought it to light."

"Granziatti," said Botts, "was too good. He had a unique ability to lead others and make 'em like it, and he took over fandom without half trying. And that was just the trouble -- it was too easy for him. He got bored, gave up actifandom, and switched his talents to more difficult fields."

I hastily set down the beer I'd been sipping, suddenly remembering an earlier remark Botts had made. "You said three of the four fans I named were your stooges," I reminded him. "Were they...?"

"Exactly," said the stfan-inventor. "Smythe. McNichols. Granziatti. They all took orders from me, and when their usefulness had ended, it was I who engineered the rise of their successors. For all except Granziatti, that is. He would be heading fandom yet, if my plans had gone through."

"But what about Dickerson?" I demanded. "Where does Dickerson come into all this?"

"Dickerson," said Botts, "is a strange case. He succeeded to Granziatti's vacant throne, but for the first time since the Catastrophe, it was not in accordance with a plan of mine. I was out of touch with fandom at the time Granziatti announced his retirement, and I returned to find Dickerson already securely installed in the Number One Fan position."

"Beat you to the draw, huh?"

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"That's understating the case," said Botts. "I didn't even have a minor catspaw in fandom. I'd figured Granziatti would be leading things for years yet."

"What happened?" I wanted to know.

"Well, there were two alternatives. Either I could try to convince Dickerson that I was running fandom, or I could pick out a promising candidate among the neofen, and groom him for opposition to Dickerson."

I sipped beer thoughtfully, then pointed out, "You could have left things alone."

"Don't be asinine!" snapped Botts.

"What did you do?"

"I chose the second course. From what I knew of Dickerson, I could see he'd never listen to reason. Dickerson was first and foremost an idealist. It beats me how he got as far in fannish politics as he did. It was pure luck, I suppose. Anyway, even the most cautious of inquiries brought from him a violent denunciation of what he termed 'inner circle conspiracies.' Needless to say, he was a passionate admirer of Woodrow Wilson."

"So you dug up a rival for the No. One Fan spot?"

"Yes. It took time, of course -- even in the comparatively whirlwind political arena of fandom, a couple of years are necessary to raise an unknown into the BNF category. But here, by a wild whim of fate, Dickerson himself brought my plans to swift maturity, cutting his own throat in the process."

"I know!" I shouted, waving my stein. "The Dickerson System!"

"Yes," said Botts, swallowing beer, "The Dickerson System. It is as every fan knows, a truly momentous milestone in fannish history. By the calm, cold intellect of his analytical mind, Dickerson evolved the nearest thing to a perfect rating system fandom has ever seen. Based on the unswerving principles of symbolic logic, it evaluates seemingly irrelevant data and produces an exact measure of how active an acti-fan is."

"I don't understand," I said. "How did the Dickerson System help you?"

"You're confused," said Botts. "You're forgetting that the Dickerson System isn't just another biased fanpoll. It's objective! Using his System, Dickerson could rate any fan, present or past, and see just how he stood in relation to his contemporaries."



"He didn't think of the historical analysis at first. But he rated current fandom, and naturally he discovered he, by his own system, was only No. Two Fan. Frantically arranging for his overthrow, I had far outrun him in activity."

"So what?" I said. "I should think that would just encourage him to become more active himself."

"Yes," said Botts. "But then he began rating his predecessors in the Number One Fan spot. And to his horror he discovered that they were just figureheads -- that I had been Number One Fan for years. It was too much for his idealistic nature. He wrote a long article denouncing fandom as a haven for double-crossing, hypocritical word-foolers."

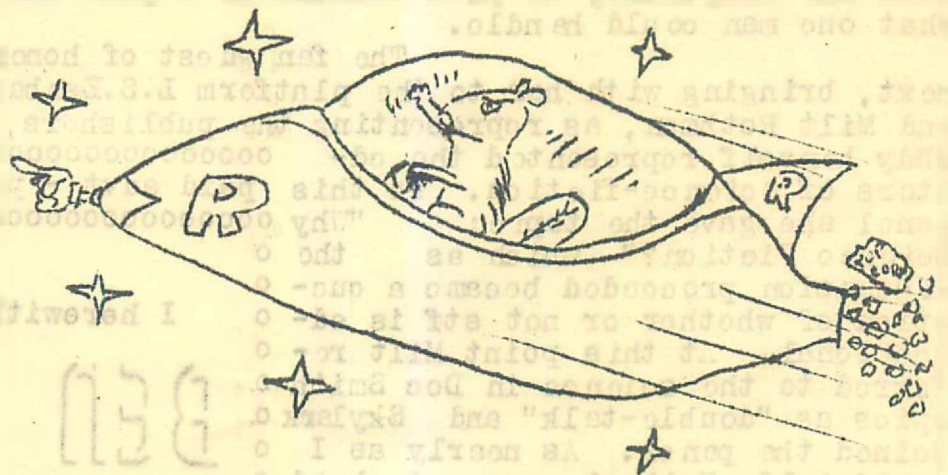
"Half the fan laughed at him, since there was nothing to prevent fanish political activities if you wanted to amuse yourself that way. The others told him if he didn't like it, he could go to hell. I made sure he understood this was an ultimatum, of course. Disgusted and disillusioned, he gave up fan activity altogether. But as you saw this evening, Bud, he's hated me ever since for outmaneuvering him."

I drank my beer thoughtfully for a while, then asked, "Granting that all this is true, Botts, tell me: why? Why go to all the trouble it must take to dominate fandom as you did?"

"Why not?" asked Botts. "Some fans put out fanzines. Some organize clubs. Some try for complete collections. I just happen to like fanpolitics, so that's what I specialize in. Sure, I could do it openly, but I've just been showing you what happens to the big wheels -- they turn into has-beens. By remaining behind the scenes I not only get a big laugh out of fooling fandom, but I avoid the downfall that usually follows success."

"It beats me," I murmured. "Say, where did you learn so much about politics, anyhow?"

"Experience, my boy, experience," said Botts, blowing the foam off a brimming stein. "I made plenty of mistakes--and profited by 'em. It was after the Catastrophe that I really got into my stride, but my azebblings in fan affairs began even before that."



"You mean those real early-day fan, like Sneary, Boggs, Ackerman, Cox, Moskowitz, Rapp, and Kennedy, were your stooges?" I asked incredulously.

"Go over those names again," said Botts. I did so.

"No, not all of 'em," he admitted. "I just controlled six of the fan on that list. One was an independent."

"Which one?" I asked breathlessly.

But Botts just sat there with a Mona Lisa smile, and not to this day have I persuaded him to tell me.....

wound up in the Palace Hotel, visiting Basil Wells and wife. Wells showed us several of his unpublished manuscripts and discussed the background of his published stories.

The auction, to get back on the track again, produced spirited bidding, and prices on the black-and-white work were about as high as at the Torcon. The four cover originals went for less than Moore's record-breaking seventy bucks of last year, but ran \$40-\$50, if my memory is correct. I got two chapter headings from Skylark of Valeron, both autographed by Smith and Donnell, for two bucks--mainly through a deal with Evans. I paid the two bucks for one he wanted, and he swapped me two-for-one to get it.

There was plenty of artwork available, and while the prices were high on the choicest items, such as Boks and Finlays, I think every fan had a chance to get some item without seriously draining his pocketbook.

The evening session began at 6:30 p.m., at which time we in the Met watched a television broadcast from WLWT -- a halfhour program consisting of a panel discussion by several of the pros.

Later, the program proper commenced with a talk by Ted Carnell, who as you probably know came from London for the Convention. He reviewed the difficulties and achievements of British fantasy publishers in recent years, and thanked U.S. and Canadian fandom for their help in keeping British fan supplied with mags.

Next came Arthur J. Burks, who explained that he attended the Convention to catch up with what's happening in science fiction after spending many months in South America looking for lost cities. He added that, while he hadn't found any lost cities, he had a lot of fun, anyway.

Somewhere along here, Doc Smith also spoke, explaining that his stories will not continue to increase in vastness and complexity of plot because he'd just about reached the limit of what one man could handle.

The fan guest of honor, Judy Merrill, was next, bringing with her to the platform L.S.Eshbach, Jack Williamson, and Milt Rothman, as representing the publishers, writers, and fans, and Judy herself represented the editors of science-fiction. To this panel she gave the topic: "Why Science Fiction?" which as a discussion proceeded became a question of whether or not sf is educational. At this point Milt referred to the science in Doc Smith's epics as "double-talk" and Skylark joined the panel. As nearly as I could tell, Eshbach came out ahead with his theory that the entertainment is most important, but was forced to concede that while sf does not replace a science textbook itself, it can stimulate its readers to study topics which they would otherwise never consider, such as semantics.

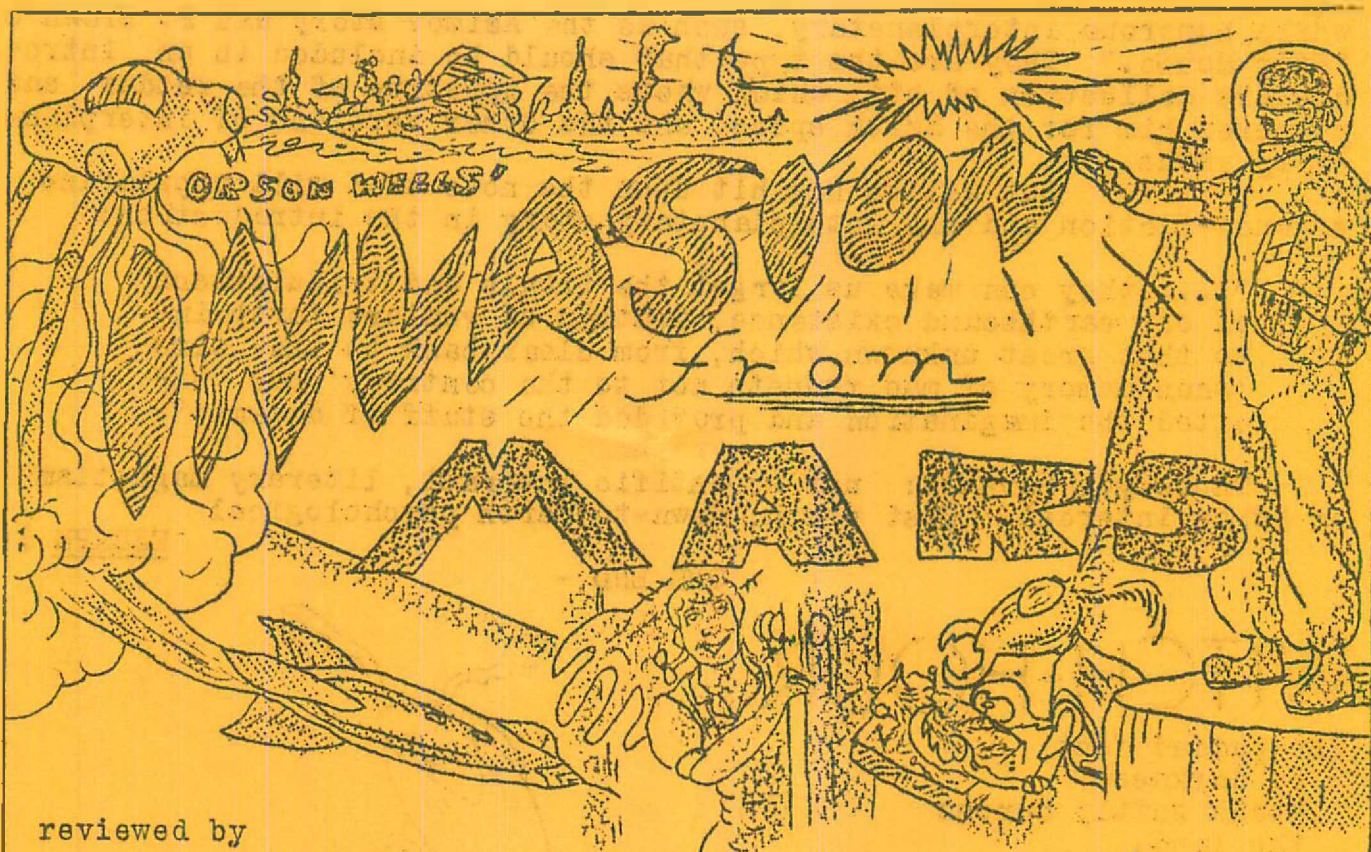
After this meeting I was just wandering out the Met's door when a screaming mob converged on me. It was Singer, Young, Bob Stein, Ray Nelson, Spelman, and a couple of dozen others, who inform-

oo
paid advt - paid advt - paid advt -
oo
I herewith wish to thank
BEN SINGER
for all
he has ever done for me
in his life.

Thanks, Ben!

Signed --

His Best Friend



reviewed by

CHARLES STUART

This Dell Pocket book (#305) contains a species of science-fiction stories deservedly dubbed "interplanetary". The cover sports one of the best spaceship covers on the face of a stf publication in many a year. Malcolm Smith, the cover artist of the Ziff-Davis twins, has done a beautiful reproduction of a golden spacer, flashing away from Earth, leaving a broad swath of tail-flame across the blue void, dotted with stars and split by the Milky Way's brilliance.

The first 25 pages are devoted to the radio script of Orson Welles' famed "Invasion from Mars," which wrought havoc on the national serenity of the US scarcely a decade past. The publishers have brought the thing up to date by adding a report on the Quito, Ecuador, riot of 12 Feb 1949. On that date the frenzied Ecuadorians revenged themselves on Welles by burning down the radio station and causing the Quito version of the National Guard to resort to tanks, teargas and bombs to restore order. The script still has potentialities!

The gamut of writers, and of magazines, is run thru on the contents page. Bradbury cops two places with his Planet pieces "Zero Hour" and "A Million Year Picnic." Nelson Bond also appears with "The Castaway" from PS, which was originally bylined "George Danzell" in the Winter 1941 issue. Fredric Brown's whimsical "Star Mouse" is also a Planet selection. I guess the theory that Planet's interplanetary space operas are perfectly legitimate stf is here proved.

Heinlein's Postale "Green Hills of Earth", Leinster's "Incident on Calypso," Sturgeon's "Farewell to Eden," Boucher's "Expedition" and Asimov's robot short from Super Science, "Victory Unintentional" round out the contents.

In general, the stories are not too complicated, ranging from the usual Planet space yarn, thru the more difficult space tale of TWS, and ending in the once-in-a-

while humorous interplanetary, such as the Asimov story and F. Brown's "Star Mouse." They are the type that should be included in an introductory collection of stf, which whets the appetite of the reader and prepares him for the Smith epics, and the other versions of interplanetary yarns.

But Welles has hit upon the note that will popularize science-fiction and the interplanetary story in the introduction:

".....they can make us forget the trials and tribulations of our earthbound existence, letting us venture forth into that great unknown which, from clear back to the time 'when memory of man runneth not to the contrary' has excited the imagination and provided the stuff of dreams."

There you have it: not scientific interest, literary magnetism or hobby interest. Just plain, down-to-Earth psychological

ESCAPE !

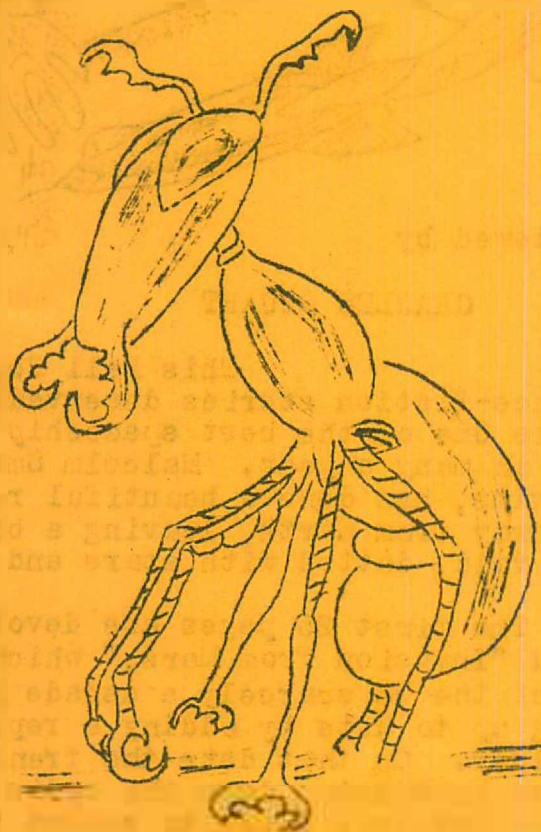
- THE END -

WITCH-HOUR

The padded feet
of darkness
stalk softly across
the land,
creating opaque shadows
that obscure the fields
and lull the minds
of men.

The hairy hands
of night
clutch, with subtle might,
the earth,
plunging into blackness
the familiar scape --
planting evil seeds
of lycanthropy.

-- BILL WARREN



WARLOCK

Lean is the Warlock
A serpent in his tongue
That stings the souls of dying men
And felons that hung.

In yonder toad
His soul doth lie,
Who crushes toad
May see a Warlock die.

-- GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS

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ed me they were ready to hunt up the smoke-filled rooms and swing some political deals. In the interests of giving you WARP readers complete coverage, not to mention that I wasn't headed anywhere in particular, I joined 'em, and we began searching for the political arena.

We couldn't find any. This slight technicality didn't discourage us for long. We met Sam Moskowitz in a blind corridor where he couldn't escape, surrounded him, and drug him to our room, where he gave us the New York point of view. Just as Sam escaped, Milt Rothman wandered in so we got the Portland side of the question. (Ackerman and Rothman were acting as the Portland representatives at Cincy). It seemed that the bids had all received so much advance publicity this time, though, that there just was no last-minute political finagling going on. As Sam put it, "All the discussion will be on the floor of the convention."

So the planned conference broke up into a bull session, which continued until 4:30 a.m. until the last remaining talkers, Ray Nelson, Bob Stein and I, were too sleepy to go on.

Monday morning I was up bright and early at 9:00 in order to hear Dave MacInnes' wire recordings of "The Diamond as Big as the Ritz" and Stanley Weinbaum's "The Adaptive Ultimate."

The auctions-- pro and fan -- filled the morning.

With afternoon came the business session. Five bids were presented: two from New York -- one by the Hydra Club and one on behalf of all NY fandom -- Washington D.C., New Orleans, and Portland. Because of the number of bids, Chairman Tanner ruled that unless there was a clear majority on the first ballot a run-off between the two highest cities would be held.

There was some discussion back and forth as to whether the Hydra Club was a fan organization or a commercial group, and Milt Rothman objected to the way in which the Convention was being publicized by New York interests.

On the first ballot, Washington and New Orleans were eliminated, and a run-off vote was called for. The voting, incidently, was by written ballot this year because of the large crowd and the need for accurate counting. Good thing, too, as you will see.....

The results of the second ballot were interesting, to say the least: New York 60, Portland 60. All the MSFS members had voted for Portland, except one Benjamin Singer, who sat among us prattling of New York. When the tie vote was announced, of course, Ben came very near being lynched on the spot. That being slightly illegal, we did the next best thing -- made sure everyone around us heard that Ben was voting for New York. We figured if anything would, that should swing votes to Portland.

On the third and last ballot, Portland won by -- I believe -- 4 votes. It is encouraging to me that the crowd could listen to the New York bidders, who promised bigger and better celebrities and other attractions than ever before, and who probably COULD outdo the efforts of the Portland group simply because of the greater opportunities in New York -- as I say, it's encouraging that the crowd could listen to all this, and still vote the convention to Portland because their sense of fair play demanded that the West be given a chance at attending a World Sci Convention and enjoying the same fun the East has been having the last four years.

While the votes were being counted, the bid of the Outlander Society for the 1958 convention was presented. Rick points out that the South Gate boys have



now completed their initial phase -- that of insuring they'll get the convention -- and are about to start lining up the program. After all, they have only nine years to go!

Following the business session there was an interval until the banquet. Incidentally, whoever was going to offer a resolution that the convention voting procedure be changed apparently forgot about it, because the matter was not brought up at the business session. Perhaps the voting of the 1950 Con to Portland proved impressively enough that fans have the sense of fair play to make the present system workable.

We occupied the next few hours in checking out of our rooms so we wouldn't have to pay extra day's rent, and in scrambling into costume for the banquet. At the Torcon last year, the MSFS boys were the only ones who went in for costume at all, but this year there were a dozen or so on hand. We were ahead of competitors in one respect, though -- while many of 'em carried rayguns, we were practical and toted water pistols. One of the diverting moments of the con came when Rog Phillips and Erwin Stirmweis conducted a H₂O duel in the Metropole lobby while weirdly-garbed characters scrambled behind mirrored pillars in all directions to get out of the line of fire and the desk clerk explained -- or tried to -- to non-fen. "It's a bunch of supermen," he is reported to have said, "They get together once a year like this from all over the world."

Ray Nelson's banquet costume deserves some kind of medal for originality. He stripped to the waist, then decorated himself with indelible-ink tattooing such as a spaceman would pick up on his sprees on various planets. Hannes Bok added a couple of sketches, which kept Rayson guard all evening against the many fen who threatened to collect a Bok original with the aid of a carving knife.

Rickey Slav, wearing a low-cut evening gown, had a Bok mouse all the way across her shoulders, and was rumored to be pestering A.J. Donnell for additional artwork, only he couldn't find space to put it.

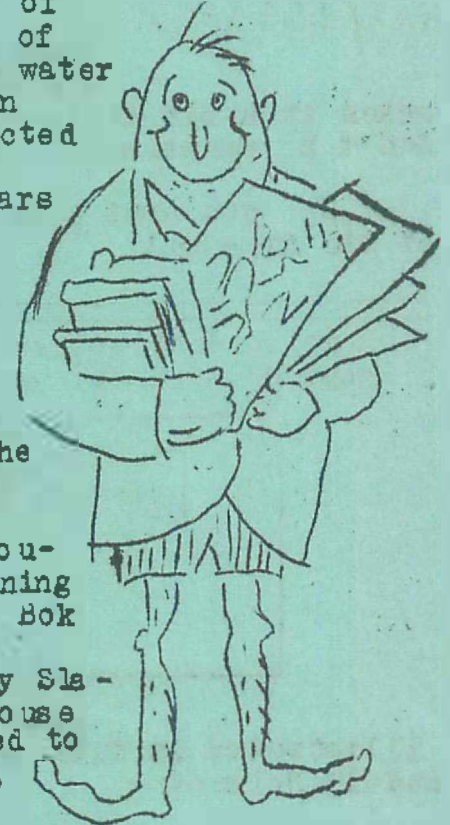
After the excellent meal, we adjourned once more to the Convention hall for the closing session. This consisted of a skit by the PSFS, a sequel to their space-opera of last year. Ted Carnell acted as master of ceremonies, and various other fen and proz stepped up to say a few words. By popular request, Sam Moskowitz repeated his recital of Poe's "The Raven" and the Seventh World Science-Fiction Convention came to a tired but happy close.

The sketches illustrating this account were drawn by Ray Nelson for use in the second issue of the Convention Daily. Drawn while he tended the table where our MSFS pubs were offered for sale, they are the ultimate in authenticity. If you don't believe it, come to Portland next year and see the models for yourself!!

For your Torcon membership, send one dollar to Donald B. Day, 3435 NE 38th Ave., Portland 13, Oregon.

Now for some odds and ends.....

Thank to Richard Avery, who intended flying down from Alaska for the con, but whose flight was cancelled at the last moment. He sent his hotel reservation to me at the Met in case some other fan could use it. Such thoughtfulness is indeed rare in fandom, but even rarer elsewhere.



I have sheaves and sheaves of literature that was passed out at Cincy. There's the first printed ish of Frank Dietz's SCIENCE, FANTASY, & Science-Fiction, a lovely job with color-printed cover. There is the Fall FANSCIENT, lithoed in color throughout, and with an all-star lineup that would make a prozine editor drool. There's an ish of Spelman's SPARK which I haven't had time to read yet, but it looks like it's devoted entirely to Asimov.



There's a Cincy ish of Tucker's BLOOMINGTON NEWS LETTER, and probably there are some other items buried in the heap of papers, notes and crud from which I've been constructing this story. As I mentioned before, I kept no consecutive notes as I did at Toronto, but I jotted stuff on the margins of whatever I happened to be holding when something interesting was mentioned. This makes it a bit difficult to arrange things in chronological order, so don't be surprised if I've gotten a few things out of the proper order.

See you next year -- join me in Portland! Let's all get Orry-Eyed at the Ore-Con!

-- THE END --

Here is the book which went on sale at Cincy.....there are a few copies left, for sale at the same price:

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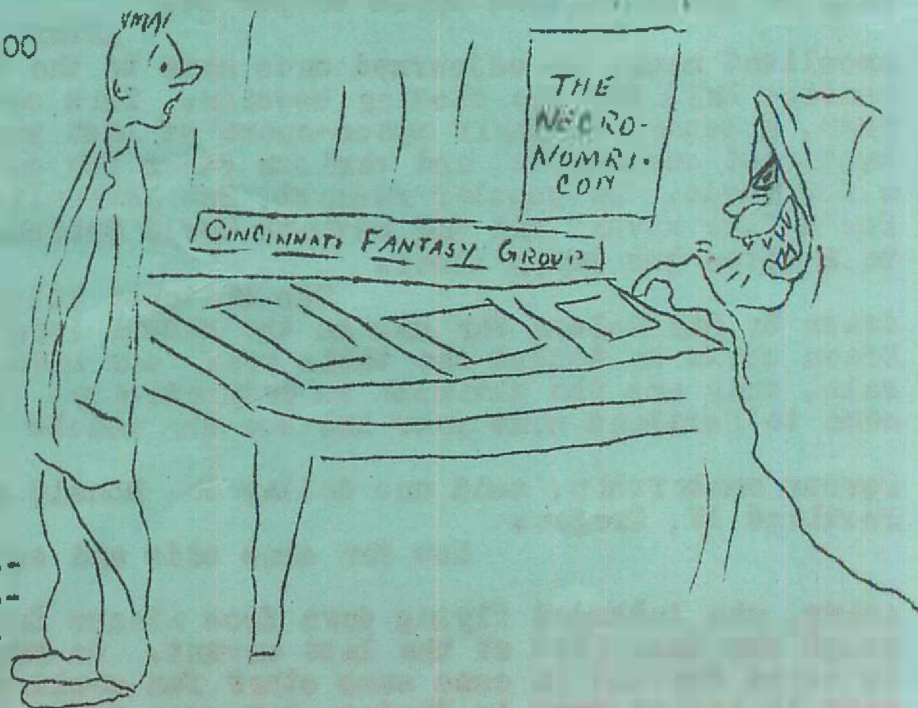
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fandomvsnelsonfandomvs
a n d o m
n e l s o n
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Dear r-t: I had heard from a rather reliable subject that SPACEWARP wasn't any too respectable, and ever so slightly on the smutty side. Anyway, I disagree, rather. It isn't smutty. The only thing that made me wonder was in RB's FILE THIRTEEN (June ish). In the notes that missed his wastebasket (I don't see how!) section, the 8th line from bottom,

next to last word. My mind may be groveling in yo oldo gutters, but that seems a little inane, to say the least. # In reply to Ray Nelson's letter, "80% of fandom is atheist". BOSH! I don't think much of fandom is the highly religious, 'two church attendances on Sunday, plus Sunday school, etc.' but I do believe that at least 90% of us realize that there must be some sort of providence watching over the universe in general, and that many of us (myself included) believe that there must be a God of some kind ruling our destinies. Call it providence, Christianity, Hinduism, Moslem, whatever, but we all have a deep-seated conviction that there is something, whether it be the common characterization of the Christian god, or some pagan idol which watches over us. If we must be mundane, call it Roscoe. Mr. Nelson's statement implies that fandom is a lot of long-haired dreamers and philosophers and Greenwich Villagers in general smoking hookahs and wearing wedged heeled open toed sandals, and pedal pushers. Except for being one of those odd people called an editor /LUNA -ahr/ -- and an adolescent (14) to boot, I feel that I am almost perfectly normal, at least in most ways, and I resent deeply the implication by Mr. Nelson that I, and many of my dearest friends, are all bordering on the "lunatic fringe". Three good rousing Bronx Cheers to you, my not-so-dear friend, Ray Nelson. # Maybe I should be thrown through a SPACEWARP.....Quion Sabe?

BOB JOHNSON, 811 Ninth Street, Greeley, Colorado.

Dear Art: August cover was WONDERFUL!! Took me until today before I realized that it wasn't a cave mouth I was viewing the scene thru. "Pitiful Puppets" does much to relieve my mind. I guess it isn't my fault that I am what I am. # "Quion Sabe?" seems to have come up with some conflicting views toward that popular three-lettered word, sex. Mr. Andrews seems to be opposed to having it in the language while Mr. Nelson seems to get along with it quite well. Personally, I think even Andrews would get bored with a perfectly "nice" world, and Ray would no doubt flee a world that demanded sexual activity on a 24 hour day, 7 day week basis. The world needs a balance between the two to keep from stagnating. For myself, I am quite willing to let you take care of whatever consorting there is to be done. After all, you are the one that has to answer to Roscoe and the post office officials, not us readers. # Incidentally and by the way, is Ray Nelson in full possession of all of his marbles? From the way his letters ramble on, the illustration at the top right of page 22 could well be a portrait of him. # I steal away now.

WALLY WEBER, Box 13, Ralston, Washington.

Dear Art: If your ACTIVITY PARTY lives up to your platform, I'll vote for it, and make my kid brother join the NFFF so he can vote for it too. I mean especially, "South Gate in 48". What other party offers a time excursion into the past? Can see several advantages. For instance, all of us will be able to furnish an alibi for whatever happens at the convention, we can always prove we were somewhere else. Don't think the idea is quite practical though, but if you have the time machine, you can do me a favor. Let me borrow it long enough to send myself back about 15 years. At the time, in the middle of the depression, railway fares were pretty low, and my birth certificate (22)

would prove I should go by half fare. At this rate I could probably go to Cincinnati, and bring myself back to the present. Looks like that's the only way I'd ever make the Convention. Ah well, maybe next year. # Book review must have been pretty good. I read it, and tried to borrow six bits. # PITIFUL PUPPETS? Well I could understand the first two paragraphs, but from there on I was lost. So I went back and reread the second paragraph, nodding sagely all the while. Yes! Yes? # Hail Roscoe, and may he send me knowledge of UNKS & ASF I need. Roscoe reminds me of my attempt to convert the local gophers to STFanom. /wha' hopen?/ # In a way I agree with George Andrews, but I'll limit it merely to not overdoing it either way. For example, I like this Longhammer stuff, and want more of it sometime. Ray Nelson seems to have had a man to man talk with his father a short time ago and he is still excited over his new found knowledge. Calls me normal too. Wonder if he means fan normal, or people normal? # Hoy, what Bikini Bay thing in ALIEN CULTURE was good. Ingenius I mean. Think I have a line on what Wordsworth is doing now. A fellow came along the other day when we were harvesting oats. Asked quite a few questions that didn't arouse my suspicions at the time, but I see now that he was spying on the country's future food resources. Said his name was "William Redman", which in his usual brazen fashion tells who he is working for. No I don't mean the indians. # Have a good time at the Convention, wish I was there.

WRAI BALLARD, Blanchard, North Dakota.

Dear Art: Too bag about George Young, whose accident is mentioned in "Timber," but that's what he gets for working. # "Pitiful Puppets" was a nice try at worming out of Zeno's paradox. The only thing wrong with the attempt, in fact, was that it failed. Baldwin's endless line of "adjacent universes" is little or no improvement on the man-in-the-street's endless line of adjacent seconds, which Baldwin rejects. # Each of Baldwin's chain of universes is supposed to take up no "time" (i.e., "In it there is absolutely no motion," and Baldwin claims that without motion, not even the concept of time is possible). Therefore it follows that it would take an infinite number of his "adjacent universes" to make one microsecond, and therefore it would take an infinite length of time to make even the most minute motion. If you can swallow that one, there is a nice, well-padded cell set aside for you, complete with hot and cold running fits. Baldwin would never get himself in such a mental tailspin, loudly proclaiming that "it is no use. Whatever you think you have done, whatever you think you shall do, it was all there before you came to it," and "we're just a lot of pitiful puppets dancing on the end of a cosmic string," if he recognized the underlying oneness of all things. Time is not divided up into separate seconds or separate "universes." All the seconds, or "universes", blend and merge together into a single, continuous, "stream," which, in turn, thru the close relationship between time and motion, blends into the rest of the universe. Seconds and microseconds (or, for that matter, feet and inches) are simply arbitrary divisions, made for the sake of convenience, of the underlying oneness. # I doubt if there is any greater proof of the limitations of that convenience than that such nonsense as "Pitiful Puppets" could be written around it. # Three cheers for Roscoe! His Heaven is the only one I've heard of yet that I'd care to go to. # A couple of cheers for Boggs, too. # or once we agree; and while we're cheering, let's give a few to Hal Shax'iro. A fine crystallization of the usual army hitching, that poem of his. # "Quien Sabe?" and George Andrews, "TRUE ROMANCES", fan. I have just eagerly reread the July issue of WARP which he objects to, and darned if I could find anything very indocent, except maybe the Longhammer epic, and that was pretty tame compared to some stuff I've read.

What's the kick anyway? Name names, Andrews! You don't give me anywhere near enough rope to string you up with. (My favorite sport is hunting down people who want to spoil the beautiful amorality of fandom and practicing my "art" on them.) But you do say that "the greatest country" was founded on Puritanism. # If you are talking about the U.S.A., you are talking thru your hat. Columbus, as you may recall, discovered this land while on a strictly business trip, and besides, Columbus, it is said, was the father of at least one illegitimate child. The later explorers, such as Cortez, were certainly not Puritan either, as their expeditions were marked by a most amazing record of theft, rape, and even murder. The Southern states were settled by Cavaliers from England, who, according to one history, were "against the Puritan revolution in England." The Puritans had a part in the founding of this country, sure. Nobody will deny that, but so did the Cavaliers, the ex-soldiers, the Indian-raping woodsmen and traders, the Protestants, the slavers and slaves, the convicted criminals who served out their terms in the new land, and all sorts of sinful characters. When the Constitution was written Puritanism was dead as a political force, and George Washington was a very un-Puritan slave owner. --And the statement that "sensationalism destroyed Carthage, Rome etc." is such obvious baloney that it doesn't deserve to be refuted. I pity a guy whose priggishness won't allow him to enjoy a good, sexy joke, but when he tries to stop me from enjoying it, my pity turns to murderous anger. Here's a suggestion, Andrews. Spend a little less time reading these true love pulps and a little more reading history, or SF, or philosophy, or the Bible or almost anything else. You may learn something, such as that the length of hair is not the only difference between boys and girls.

RAY NELSON, 433 E. Chapin St., Cadillac, Michigan.

Dear Art: Somebody recently stated (or quoted) the belief that "Profanity is the attempt of an inferior mind to show its superiority" --or words to that effect. In my opinion, this statement applies even more to offensive vulgarity, as evidenced by Redell Nelson in his love for four-letter words of Anglo-Saxon origin, and Wilkie Conner in his little "Longhammer" sagas. Those who make use of this vulgarity are attempting, unconsciously or otherwise, to make up for what they feel is the inferior merit of their writings -- in much the same way Shaver used to fill his stories with sex to cover up the lack of originality, plot, and/or characterization. # Dropping Wilkie C. for the moment -- largely because I feel that he may write those stories in attempting to be funny, without consciously trying to be offensive -- let us turn to Nelson. When I read his installment of "The Great SF Broadcast" and "The Psycho Lab" I was impressed by what I considered real humor and originality. Since then, however, his writings have sunk to the level of pamphlets that are sold under the counter in disreputable stores, containing language heretofore found mainly on lavatory walls. I think he is consciously trying to attract attention by his use of such verbiage, and, in doing so, he shows that he has no confidence in his ability as a writer. In fact, he seems to have very little confidence in anything. # In a recent letter he stated that he had changed his mind in re religion since his controversy with Singer, and was now reacting violently because he had been so duped by the proponents of Christianity. Now, if anyone "duped" Ray, it must have been himself. In these violent outbursts we see a character that is not capable of calmly admitting that it has made -- or thinks it has made -- a mistake. Ray feels that he has shown his inferiority by accepting something that he has since come to feel is false, and must lash out at others to hide his own shame. # Well, enough on a distasteful subject -- for the present, at least. Let me

close with the very apropos comment that "You don't have to take part in a revolution to be revolting."

DAN MULCAHY, 4170 Utah St., St. Louis, Missouri.

Dear Art: As a loyal FooFocist, I must censure you for capitalizing the name of that foul religion, ghughuism. I also object to the Roscoism propaganda in artwork (Haw!) form with File 13. I request that you publish a statement to the effect that I do not embrace the false religion of Roscoism. Poo to Roscoe! /Heresy! Heresy! # "Beautiful Ft. Warren" is quite familiar, tho I was never at that station. God, the GIs in Wyoming don't know how well off they are. It's the guys down in Texas and Mississippi who are really hold off. I weep for them. Same subject: Obviously, Singer is riding the gravy train. He never had it so good. And was there ever a recruit so lowly that he never signed a letter in that high-brass armyian form? # Nuts to the jet jobs. Ben should've had a buck near the end of a heavy-bomber runway in England. 30-ton B-24s hurling themselves and a couple tons of GP bombs into the fog about 6 eyes less than a hundred yards from your Nissen hut! All four Pratt & Whitneys roaring to beat Hell! Two or three a minute gunning down the runway, and 50 of them on the mission! Bah, what are jets? Nothing but medium-lead vacuum cleaners in an upstairs apartment. # Baldwin's article was amazingly good, but I don't feel moved to comment. As good a fanzine article as I've read in some time, though. "Lily on Mars" isn't par for Warren/1949/. Cliches all over the place: "arid waste"; "fever'd brain"; "strange, unholy things" And why the apostrophe in "fever'd"? That practice has been out-of-date for 50 years and has been unnecessary for 100 years or so more.

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

My dear Arturo: You were right about the cover; it is the best WP has had to date. One thing sort of has me stumped, though. What is that guy at the fire doing with his hand? Looks to me as if he's poking his fist in his mouth. Or is he supposed to be stifling a yawn? I presume he is depicted as being unaware of the monster with the birdish legs hovering over him. Looming up behind him, rather. A fine piece of drawing. Give Nelson my regards. Tell him that he makes a better cover than -- who is that other guy? -- shr. # Re George Andrews' remarks: I agree. Tone down WARP. Not to say that I don't like to read a good, lurid sex thing. I do. But I'd much rather in WARP anyway, read a good story like "Tea Time" or "Symptoms" which were, incidentally, two very excellent stories. Ghod, but that Ray Nelson is uninhibited! # Yours hot for Roscoism,

WARREN BALDWIN, 407 Philip Ave., Norfolk, Nebraska.

Dear Art: Since I'd resigned myself to the No Greater Dream booklet's being totally ignored by fandom, it was a happy shock to find Redd Boggs' incisive and carefully thought out review of same in Warp. You are the salt of the earth for sending me a copy. Aahhh, would Campbell had liked "The Inquisitor" as well as Redd did! # A fanzine that produces 29 issues is a rarity. Congratulations # Gaw, but I've drifted pretty far out of contact with the mainstream of fandom (excluding the am. press associations)--the references in Warp to Roscoism, the "Boggs-Woodman fight", etc., were all news to me. #Yuk Didn't notice till just now the significance of the cover -- the two gigantic legs which frame the disgruntled-looking gentleman sitting by the fire. Clever. Maktuing on top of mimeoing is one hell of a lot of work, no? # Ray Nelson may not be the most technically competent

artist in fandom, but he has some wunnerful ideas. Y'oughta get him to do you a batch of Globlies cartoons. I still recall with fondness his drawing in, I think, Triton entitled "mass education". Showed a vast steamroller gulping struggling youths into its maw, and spewing forth a stream of expressionless heads, every one the same. He had another un in that inch-thick thing that Higgs published recently: the picture showed scientists up in their ivory tower handing down to the eagerly clamoring populace all sorts of inventions -- atom bombs and rockets and cars and things -- which the populace are using to mow one another down with. Lovely. # There's some weird philosophy in "Pitiful Puppets" but the temperature is now in the upstairs 90's, so damn if I will get involved in a detailed discussion of the article. Can't help remarking though, that the idea we-are-all-a-bunch-of-helpless-robots-doing-things-which-we-can't-help-doing-because-our-actions-are-predetermined is a peculiar conclusion to draw from an argument which merely points out that small segments of "time" might in a sense each be considered a separate universe. # Regards,

JOE KENNEDY, 84 Baker Avenue, Dover, New Jersey.

Dear Art: Thank you for running Boggs' review of "No Greater Dream" at the front of SPACEWARP. There is, however, one point I should like to clear up. While I do not like to contradict Redd, the cost of producing "No Greater Dream" was considerably more than 25¢ to us. Possibly the prices we had to pay here for the raw materials was more than elsewhere; if this is so, no one can regret it more than I. When one considers the fact that a large number of review copies was sent out, it also cuts into the profits. So I should like to say definitely here that, as a matter of cold fact, neither Joe Kennedy nor myself had any intention of, or the slightest expectation of, getting any profit from the sale of the book. If we do so, we'll be tickled mightily! # Probably this will sound like carping at what generally was a most favorable review. Certainly we appreciate Redd's taking the time and effort for the review, and your publishing of it. On the other hand, I don't want anyone to think that we are trying to gyp fandom. If I needed money that badly, I could do far, far better digging ditches. # Again all thanks to you and Redd! Sincerely,

THOMAS H. CARTER for The Spearhead Press, 817 Starling Avenue,
Martinsville, Virginia.

Dear Art: The latest SPACEWARP arrived today and for once I have a few comments to make regarding sex in SW, and the N3f. # As of late it seems that WARP has been running stories which in parts slant to the let us say nasty side. I like humor in fan writings but not when you have to mix sex in an otherwise good story to do it. Only young bboys around the ages of 14 or 15 not knowing the true facts of life or grown people who weren't all there would enjoy reading stuff like that. The second paragraph on page 11 is a good example of what I mean except this is the best example to date. What do the editors of prozines think when they read trash like that or when do the parents of fans who read this think? Before I drop this subject I wish to go on record as having no illls against sex, in fact I delight that there is such a thing to take one's mind off other things. # The Activity Party sounds like a good idea except the plans you have will no doubt fall by the wayside for one reason and one reason only. "No Cooperation!" # I have been in the NFFF for over a year and in all that time I have seen little done in the way of worth-while projects. The only thing that has come from the N3F has come from ego-boo seeker Ray Higgs. Look at the Philcon Book and (26)

see how Higge stunk it up with his crud-filled pictures. Last but not least, look at Editors Efforts which just arrived from Higgs. Aside from a few good pictures I have never seen such lousy artwork done by that one and only Ray Higgs. I stopped doing fantasy art for the same reason that Higgs should: No talent for that type work. My line is advertising art and I do o.k. by it. # Aside from making some good contacts the NSF hasn't helped me at all. Are you a NSF member? If so, ask yourself "What has the NFFF done?" I rejoined NFFF only because of my friendship for Leslie Hudson. After talking myself into renouncing I had a hell of a time talking Russ into joining too. Right now our only hope is the ACTIVITY PARTY and for that reason everyone vote their way. While you are voting don't forget to vote for Fried for director as I will give full cooperation to Rick, Art and Cox. # Not that it wasn't funny and all of that, the cartoon on page er...22 was uncalled for. The only place to get sexual is in Louisville and Newport, Kentucky.

LESTER FRIED, 2050 Midland St., Louisville 4, Kentucky

Dear Art: Got the new WARP today. Right on the first of August, smack dab right on the....but why be trite? # Um, hmmm, cover the best ever, sez Art, but tho terrific, I think there has been bet-tern' thisen. Like on the May (dare I say it?) issue mebbe? # Yeh, I know of this Cream of the Crop thing. I answered Miss T's appeal for members and she writes back. I sent no money tho. We exchanged once more and then I didn't hear from her again until last Xmas when she sent me a C-Card! Then I wrote and received in answer to my obvious query, a list of names in the club. I later resigned from the thing...after still having sent no money! Heh. # OkokokokOK! I'll shell out 75¢ and get "No Greater Love"...er..."--Dream" I mean. Redd has done convinced me. I had hazy intentions of getting it when I saw GREEN THOTS. # I liked LILY ON MARS. Wish I could write poetry. # Pitiful Puppets. Aw, hell, now looky here Warren, maybe we is and maybe we isn't. Did you also read "Recruiting Station" lately? This is in the mind, I think. Or if it doesn't exist as Warren asserts, what is this here business of the carSh's rotation? What is the period between light and darkness called? Day, evening, night and morning, yeh. But between sunset and sunrise? What's this? I can make this phenomenon labeled "Time" "pass" "quickly" or "slowly" as I prefer. When I'm working, I think nothing outside of the work at hand and my inner thoughts. I don't look at the clock; just keep within myself, sort of. First thing I know it's time to eat. Then I can make that "hour" last for quite a "while." Then back to work and all over again. I know this is very sketchy, vague and I dunno what else, but that's something of my idea of it, if "time" does not exist. Why waste pages trying to figure it out? I ain't van Vogt, dammit. # Gee, would I love to see Jawdge Andrews and Ray Nelson have a quiet lil discussion at Cincy! Heh. Looky George, there was not a thing wrong with that nude in the May WARP (on it, that is). It was a perfectly good drawing, not pornographic in any way I could see. After all, God made the human figure (whether Nelson thinks so or not) and it is a beautiful sight, a thing of beauty, especially the female form. So what's wrong with a good drawing of it? It is all, of course, depending on the level of the mind that looks on the nude. There is nothing wrong with the nude unless the person looking at it "reads" something into it. Mebbe something bothering you, George, while looking at it? (There was something bothering me while I was...my brother, I think.) Then again, what's wrong with this"..girl business.."? What, really, when you get down to it, occupies the male mind more than the female? What do bull-sessions inevitably lead to? Men's dreams, their every consideration in life...marriage for the main object. I mean, it is only basically natural that this girl business should be a prime factor in the male world. What's really wrong with that? # Abeaver

ED COX, 4 Spring Street, Lubec, Maine

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All of this ish save the Cincy part was run off in painstaking and elegant leisure. The con coverage was slapped together with the idea of speed. Whether the idea was realized or not, you can determine for yourself by counting the days between the ending of the Convention and the thudding of this mag into your mailbox.

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