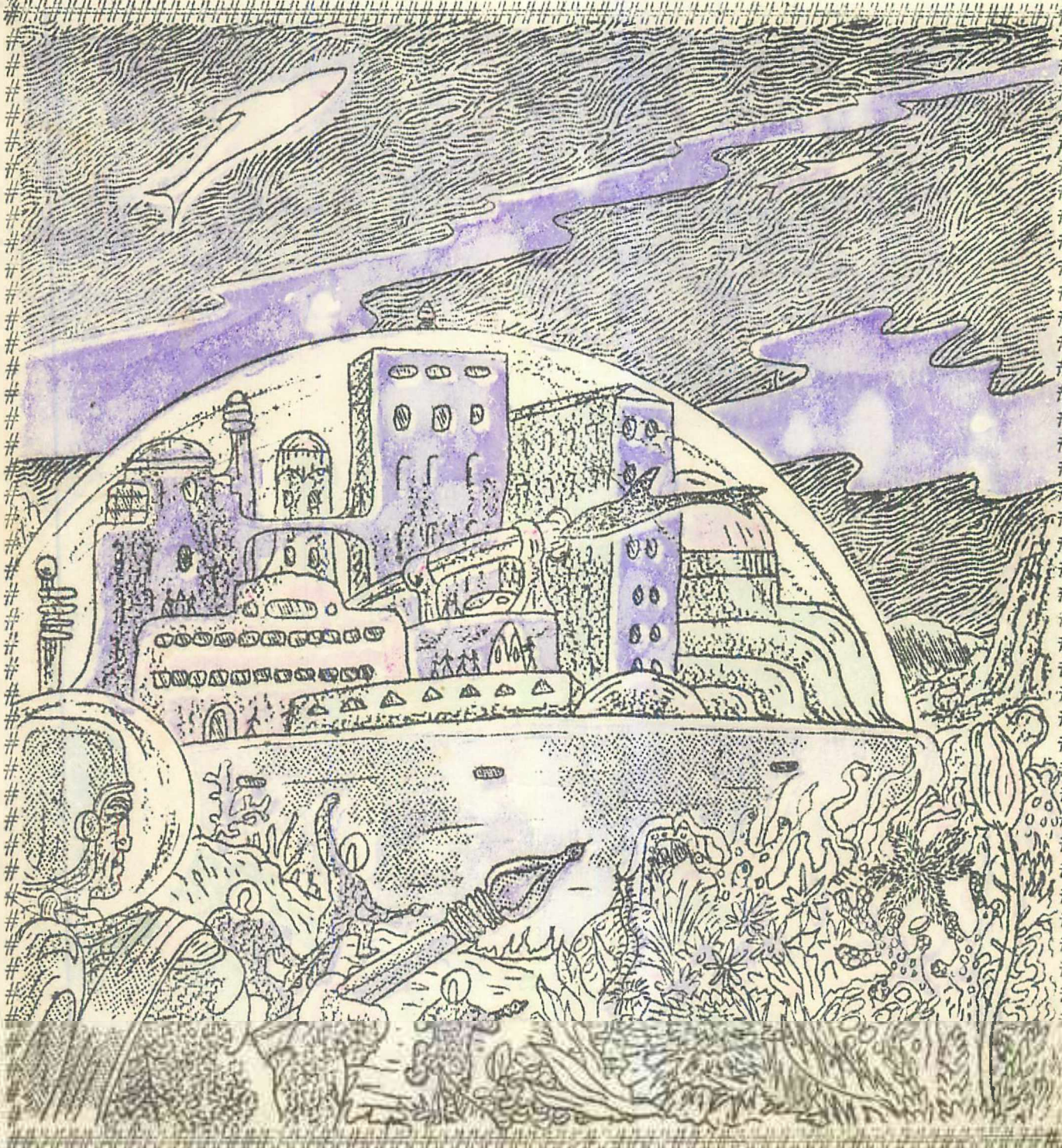


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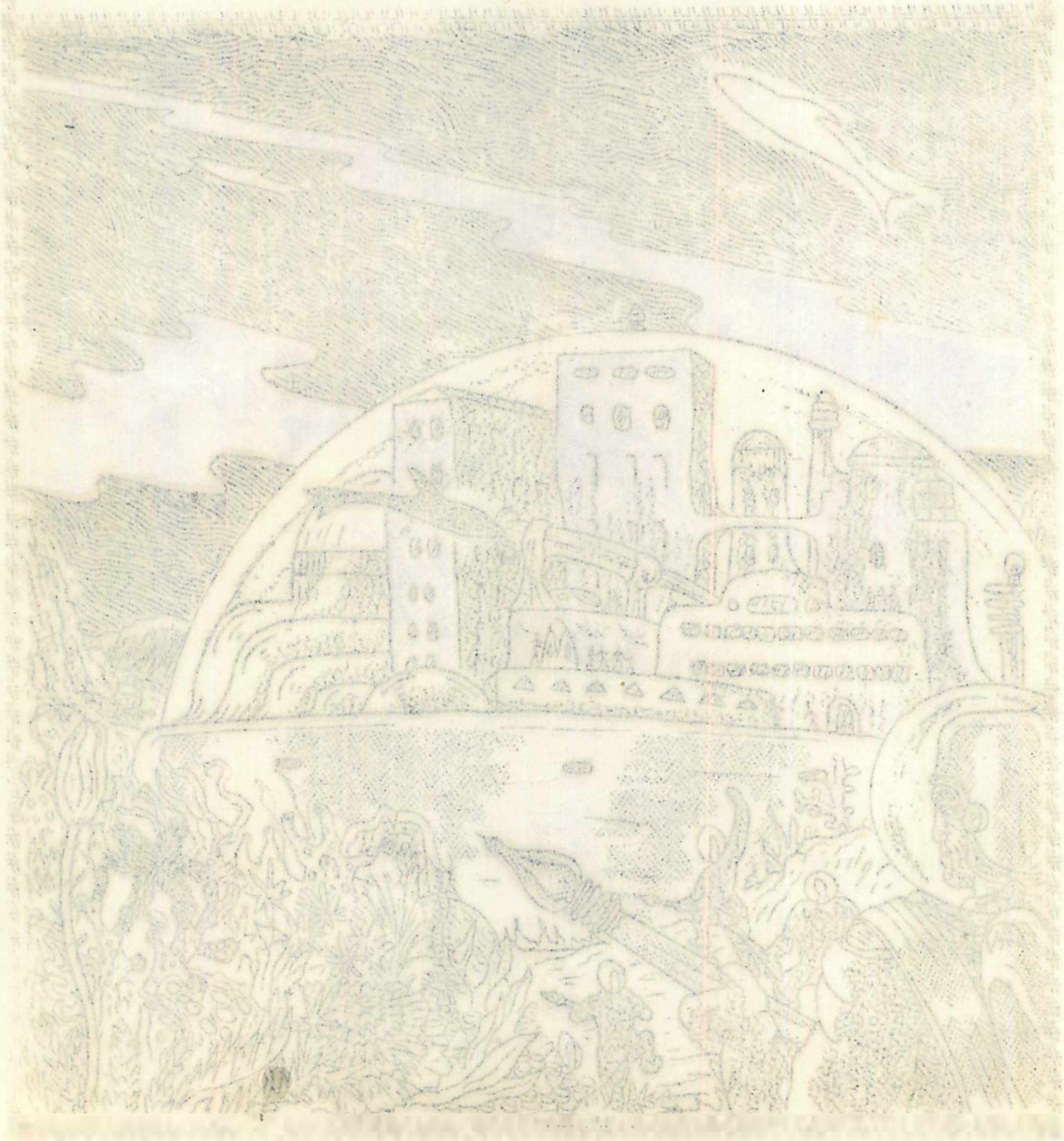
OCT. '49



1949 OCT 14

WITH UNIVERSE

OCT. 14 '49



ROSCOISM,  
THE HOPE  
OF THE  
WORLD!

# TIMBER!



(Fluent, Fairly Fuggheaded Flippancies)

To combine hecto with mimeo (1) Run the stencil on your hecto master paper or whatever you use as a substitute. Run a couple of extras while you're at it. Never can tell, you might loose something up later on. (2) Haul out your hecto inks and make as with watercolors upon the newly-mimeo'd sheets. The oil in the mimeo ink is helpful in keeping your colors from running together. (3) Hecto as many copies of the lousy-looking results as you want, and ten or fifteen more because from now on the process gets ticklish. (4) Run a thin sheet of paper thru your mimeo -- legal-size, if you can find one. Adjust the guide so the pic is high and to the left. (5) Take a hected sheet, lay it on this mimeod sheet. Hold 'em up betwixt you and a light. This makes it simple to move 'em into register. (6) Without letting 'em slip, line the mimeod sheet up with the feed-table guide and run the sandwich thru the mimeo again. If you are lucky, the mimeo will hit the hected sheet as it should.

Sounds like work, doesn't it? It is.

We were going to editorialize on Andrews-vs-sex-vs-Nelson here, but you'll find our sentiments expressed exactly by Redd Boggs back in Q-8?

Which reminds us: The two concluding installments of "STF Broadcasts Again" will positively appear in November and December. Glad?

Pfc Hal Shapiro, enroute from Wyoming to Alaska, spent a few days at home, culminating his furlough by tossing a party and inviting the MSFS as well as some mere humans. All we got to say is you shoulda bin there! Never have so many fen become so souzed so swiftly. The brawl began at 8:30 p.m. and broke up about 4:30 a.m. By noon next day we'd migrated from Detroit to Cwosso for a regular MSFS meet which broke all records for attendance. As Warren Baldwin remarks in a recent letter, "Oh, to lead the life of a FAN!" but we must add: "Yep, a great life if you don't weaken."

Speaking of alcoholic beverages, it seems the MSFS has a reputation for drink-littered meets. I suppose this legend began as a result of the Beercon and DeCon, but just to reassure any non-tiplers who may be twitching in horror, I assure you that even beer has appeared at only a half-dozen or so of our hundred-odd regular meetings. Believe it or not (and undoubtedly you won't) the MSFS is ordinarily a coke-and-coffee club. We have nothing against stronger stuff, except its cost!

Tsk, this begins to sound like THE MUTANT. But before leaving the fascinating topic of the MSFS, let me add just one final phrase:

MICHICON IN FIFTY-ONE !

"Quien Sabe?" continues to struggle against page-limitations in spite of all my efforts. For quite a variety of reasons I'd prefer to keep WARP to 24 pages per month, but that seems hopeless. Of late it's even getting difficult to cram everything into 25. The guys getting it in the neck on this are the authors of the dozen or so stories I'm holding, waiting opportunity to use. "The Rumor" has parked in my files since last April, for example. So unless you are resigned to a nine- (3)

month gestation period, might I suggest that your fiction has a brighter future if sent to Wrai Bellard, Blanchard, North Dakota, for the NFFF Manuscript Bureau. Or you might try Bill James, Box 14, Big Bay, Michigan, for THE MUTANT. Or start yourself a fanzine....

Last ish I warned you to get into SAPS while the getting was good. I'm sure most, if not all, of the vacancies on the roster are now filled with the earlybirds. If the rest of you hesitated and were lost, do the next best thing -- get on the waiting list before it gets crowded! Write Henry Spelman III, 75 Sparks Street, Cambridge 38, Massachusetts, for further info. And don't blame me if you put it off until too late!

The reaction of the Postoffice Department to the last WARP was interesting. Out of the bundle of 100, they sent back 15 for additional postage -- and a more-or-less random geographical selection, at that. I mailed 'em on the 8th of September, but you might have known it would be the Convention Issue where such delays would crop up. Anyhow, I trust you've all gotten your September WARP before this October ish arrived?

Added details on the Convention: For a while, Singer was completely convinced that Pat Crossley was Margaret St.Clair, incognito. He was fostered in this delusion by Frank Kerkhof, as I heard it, and it was only after 24 hours that someone put him right. # Martin Alger was highly intrigued by another of Kerkhof's ideas -- seems the pride of WSFA wore two name-tags at Cincy, explaining that upon partaking of alcohol he metamorphosized into a character known as Mr. Unglebaum.

Anyone in the crowd know how to spell that word, meta----- ???  
Shore don't look right as 'tis.

Advertising rates in SPACEWARP are 50¢ per page, 25¢ for half, and 15¢ for a quarter-page. Circulation 100 copies.

I've got a few back issues of WARP -- in most cases, not more than 5 or 6 of any one issue, though -- which you can buy if you're that crazy. The earlier the ish, the lousier it's likely to be, by the way.

At 10¢ per copy: 1948 Aug Sep Oct Nov

At 15¢ per copy: 1948 Dec; 1949 Feb Mar Apr May June July

And don't ask for copies of the January 1949 issue! Dere ain't a one t'be had. In fact, my file copy is the only one I ever saw.

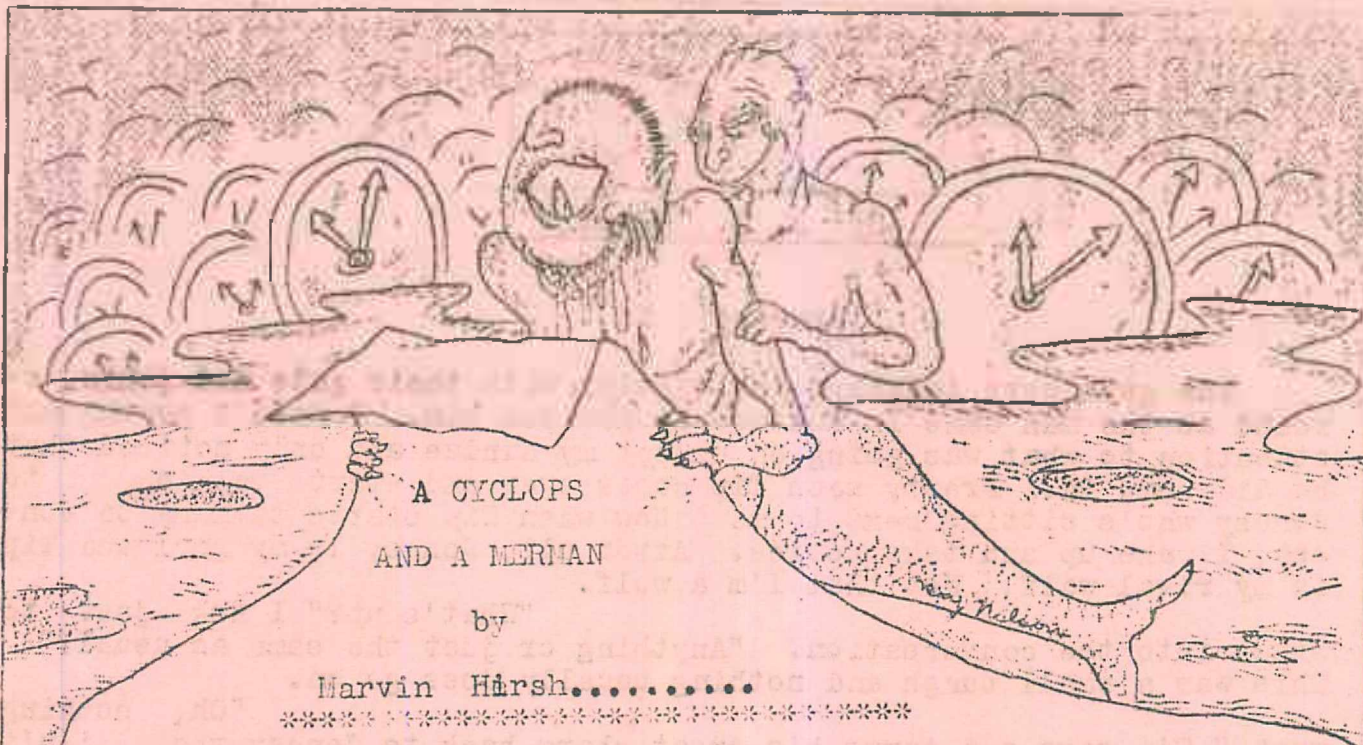
Speaking of file copies, I think there are only three or four fen besides myself who have all the WARPs: Les Hudson, Wally Weber, and I think Redd Boggs are the only ones I can recall offhand. Hmmm, think of the bidding when one of those guys donates a complete set to some Convention in the future! Come to think of it, maybe I should have kept a duplicate set for such purposes, myself. But how did I know, as I put out V1N1, that SPACEWARP would live to enter its sixth volume?

By the way, although WARP (as used by me) refers to SPACEWARP, try not to get it confused with its companion zines: TIMEWARP (SAPS), MINDWARP (FAPA), and POSTWARP (forthcoming NFFF letterzine).

With which confusing thought I leave you to face alone the horrors of Hallowe'en. If I survive that night, which in this region of the fanworld will be a hectic one, I'll tell you about it in the next ish.

Join the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION !

r-tRapp



A CYCLOPS  
AND A MERMAN

by

Marvin Hirsch.....

\*\*\*\*\*

In the Army Medical Museum in Washington are to be found a merman and a cyclops.....

But don't worry, before going any further, I want to make one thing clear. These mutations are both unborn. You may possibly have heard of other mutations of this type being born, however, there are certain things lacking in these two that make life a near impossibility. Even if they were, by a remote possibility, born, it is extremely doubtful that they would have been permitted to live.

The merman is the nearest to normal. He, like all the others who are almost human, has bulging eyes. (Closed, of course. Open, they'd be extremely unpleasant to see!)

He is normal in every way except that his legs are fused, with the feet pointing to opposite sides. There's no indication of a juncture of two legs; it's only one solid mass.

If he'd lived his life would certainly have been unhappy. Assuming that he has bones in his legs, there's no indication of a knee joint. That means he would be incapable of bending from the waist down. All his life would have to be spent in a specially constructed wheelchair. If he wanted to stand on crutches, it would be impossible without aid. (Just sit on the floor and try to get up without flexing your knees and you'll see what I mean!)

From my point of view it looks like it would have been next to impossible for him to swim. My decision is based on lack of flexibility, but I could be wrong.....

Well, let's leave him to his misery and go on to the cyclops: His body is perfectly developed. His only trouble is his head. There is only one eye, in the middle of his forehead.....a stark, staring blue.

On the card next to his bottle they say the nose is below his eye. But the only thing that would pass for a nose is an inverted "T" flap of skin directly above the eye.

I examined this nose closely but nowhere could I find any orifices resembling nostrils. In fact, there were no orifices at all. So it might be safe to say he had no nose at all. Had he lived, his case

# THE RUMOR

by L. T. GEORGE

## Chapter I

The guys were laughing and talking with their girls and joking around as the man came in and nobody noticed him. I wasn't paying much attention to what was going on except my sundae and only noticed that he did come in. Pretty soon Tip comes over and starts talking to Jonesy who's sitting next to me. Now when Tip starts talking to Jonesy, I wake up and take notice. After all, Jonesy is my girl and Tip is my rival wolf. Not that I'm a wolf.

"What's up?" I ask just to break into the conversation. "Anything or just the same as usual?" This was a small burgh and nothing usually does go on.

"Oh, nothing much," Tip says and turns his great charm back to Jonesy who isn't saying anything much for fear we'd, Tip and me, get going at each other again. But I'd soon put a stop to him.

I finished off my sundae, flipped the coin of the realm to the white-clad fizzician and says:

"Well, let's deprive this place of our presence and take to the heap," to Jonesy, who immediately took to the idea.

We got into the crate and I finally got the thing groaning into motion. I hoped that Dad would get me that new Buick when I start in at college. You see, I am a Senior and soon to leave the fair, shady-laned town of Mapleview for the big college, in an equally small town. Jonesy was a Junior, and I was worrying about leaving her here in Mapleview with Tip on the loose. My thoughts were busted by her dreamy voice pouring into my ears.

"Did you hear what Tip was telling me? I mean, the rumor that's making the rounds now. Bill Taylor came into Kline's and told it around," she said in that dream-voice of hers.

Now I remembered who that guy was who came in. I made words.

"Whatever Tip was telling you isn't worth repeating and he shouldn't of soiled your lil ears with it anyway," I said, wincing at the corn. But anything to get a crack at mine enemy.

She went on, ignoring my beautiful words.

"There's a rumor going that they've fenced off the approach to Miller's woods and the swamp," she said. "The Sheriff has been down there making an investigation. I wonder what's going on?" she ended in a musing tone of voice. I knew she wanted me to drive down there and have us a look-see.

"Well, it'll turn out that somebody's gog got drowned in a bog and they are afraid a kid will fall in next," I said quickly, regardless of facts, preparing to lead the conversation away from the subject and concentrate on the dance at the Grange the next night. But I was doomed to failure.

"But Tip says that they think the Beardsly child already has been lost in there. He said that they are trying to keep whatever's going on secret! It's an awful

place anyway. Have you ever gone way in?" she asked, almost melting me with her wide, misty blue eyes. The heap weaved back and forth on the road a couple of times before I was able to answer her.

"Nope. I kept out of there. Went partridge shooting along the eastern edge once last fall, though. Not bad there," I replied and let the heap come to a shuddering halt in front of her abode. Before I could even open my mouth to say another word, she scoops up her books, jumps out of the car and runs up the walk. I'm worrying til I see her grab her kid brother (Little Napoleon) away from the poor dog and then turn around and call goodbye and wave to me. I wave back and mumble something.

Oh, well, I thought, the ways of women are indeed strange, and turned to the task of getting the heap started down the street.

## Chapter II

I was just finishing supper when Dad started talking about the rumor. I'd completely forgotten about it until he mentioned it again. This time I learned more about it.

"Did you hear the rumor going around about Miller's swamp?" he asked. From the twinkle in his eye, I knew that he knew something about it. Mom said no, and I risked a falsehood and said no too.

"Well," he said, drawing back his chair, "Milvern down at my office told me something's up down by the swamp. Sheriff Link has ordered it closed off. Funny thing is, though, that they aren't telling just why. Or what for anyway," he said. We had all finished eating and retired to the living room. The maid, with an ear open, started clearing away the dishes.

"What d'you mean, why or what for?" I contributed. "Is there some dirty work going on?"

"Lewis, must you always turn things into something gruesome?" Mom asked me. I shrugged while Dad finished lighting his pipe.

"Well, we do know this The Boardsly child has disappeared, and they think the child is lost in the swamp. But," he said, pausing dramatically, "Why the secrecy involved?"

I was quick to jump into the situation.

"Well, maybe somebody killed the kid, dumped the body in the swamp, and this is all cover up because they don't want publicity," I rattled off, and then realized that Mom was getting exasperated with me again. I shut up but too late.

"Lewis, sometimes I think those magazines you read have too much control over your imagination," she began. Dad, who was neutral in this argument, gave up his conjectures as a lost cause and opened his newest Hunting & Fishing. I grabbed my trig and English books and rushed upstairs telling Mom that she needn't worry about Weird Tales unduly influencing my mind.

## Chapter III

I got up to my room and chucked the books on a table. Then found the latest Astounding and went out on the back porch via the back stairs where I could read in peace. I was deeply engrossed in van Vogt's "Clane" serial when Ted Ward's voice broke into my thoughts. I looked up in time to see him vault the white picket fence, nearly land in Mom's flowers and run across the yard toward me. I rolled over on the

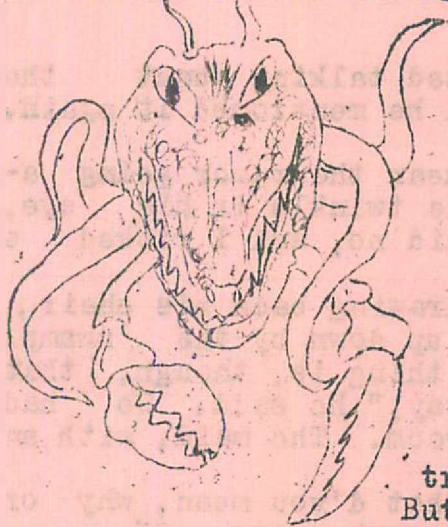
couch and got up in time to open the screen door for him.

"Hi, Ted, what's new?" I tritely remarked and eased onto the couch again. I rescued the Astounding and a Startling from certain destruction as he plumped down on the couch beside me.

"Did you hear," he panted, "what happened down in Miller's swamp?"

"No, I haven't heard much," I replied, sensing that my neighbor had some inside news. This was developing into something.

"I know. They aren't letting much out but me and some of the fellows were down there hanging around and helping with the fence. They've put up a big one on the townside," he continued. "I got some hints as to what's going on. The Beardsly kid, you know, little Joe Beardsly the kid that played on the grammar-school baseball team, well it seems he's dead. They found him in there," he finished. His enthusiasm died down and he leafed through the pages of an old FEM, absent-minded like.



"Well, blast it!" I huffed, "what's happening? I mean, cut the stalling. Come on boy, give! Don't stop now!"

It came out in a rush now. He knew and he wanted to share in his terrible knowledge. For it was terrible.

.....  
"Somebody found what was left of the body pretty deep in the swamp. The man got sick when he saw it. He notified the sheriff office and the coroner and a couple of policemen went down. They found that the kid had wandered off down there and couldn't find any tracks other than the man's that had found him.

But the thing is, the body was half eaten! They never saw the likes of it before and can't think what there is around here that would. I don't think any dogs around here are wild and that's the only thing that I know of," his voice trailed off. I just sat there, aghast I guess. "What do you think of it?" he finished.

"Sounds like something out of Weird Tales to me," I said, as it was the first thing that popped into my head. "This needs investigation too," I continued, "from us. We ought to get some of the guys together and sneak down there and look around. How about tomorrow evening?" I asked, all enthusiastic over some real adventure. It sounded good anyway.

"Hey, you won't be so all-fired quick to go off into that place tomorrow night when I tell the rest of it," he replied.

"The rest of it?" I yelped.

"Yeah," he said, his voice low, "and this is the worst of it. They saw or think they saw what did it or traces of what did it! I didn't get all of this because they told us guys to scam out of there and they drove off anyway. But Jack Shannon's father is one of the cops, you know and he pumped his old man. Anyway, that's it," he finished.

"Yeah? You didn't tell me what the thing, is it a thing? is like," I said, all lathered up. This sounded good. Maybe I could write an article on it for a fanzine if it panned out good.

"Oh," he said, disappointed-like, "well, I wasn't able to find out. That's the worst of it. We only half-know what's going on."

"Well," I shot out, "that's why a bunch of us ought to get down there and see if we can find out just



what is happening down there, or what is down there," I said, all heated up again. "Tomorrow night while this is still hot. Too late tonight to go."

"Wait a minute! What about the dance? Most of us are going. And I thought you were going to take Maxine," he countered (Maxine is Jonesy's real first name.)

"Bro-ther!" I breathed, "I forget all about it! I did? How could I !"

"Well, you did," he shot back. "Now what? Say, ...we could sneak off after the dance or at intermission," he pondered. "But what would the girls do? I guess we'll have to wait," he finished.

"No," I said, trying to save the ship. "We ought to be able to swing it somehow. Maybe we could take the girls...no, that's no good. They'd like it being dragged around in that mess. I got it! You and me can go down tonight! Then we could take the rest of the guys down later!" I enthused, all excited again.

"Naw, it's too late now," he said, shattering my enthusiasm. It was, too, for we'd been talking for quite a while.

"Well, gotta get back across the fence, Lew," he said getting up. "Say, can I borrow this FN? I haven't got mine yet."

He usually returns them okay so I said yes he could and he went out. The last I saw of him, he was sailing across the fence into his yard. He is one of our top track men and he is too lazy to walk down our driveway and up his.

#### Chapter IV

Well, in the middle of the night I heard the solution of the whole thing. It was raining. And it sounded like it wasn't going to stop for quite a while. If it didn't stop, that meant the dance would probably be called off and if it was.....

For the rest of the night I couldn't sleep. I kept turning over and changing the position of my feet and legs trying to find a new, cool spot. And my mind was just as restless. Figuring out how Ted and I could slish down to the swamp and look around. I finally dozed off again and about a minute later, it seemed, the alarm brought me out of it with a jolt.

By nine o'clock I'd found out that the dance had been called off because of the rain. A leak in the roof had developed and the floor of the hall was sopped and unfit for dancing. Of course, I'd cleaned up, eaten and all those other things but they seemed incidental. Then, after I'd gone through my morning mail (including reading both fanzines that came) I got Ted over.

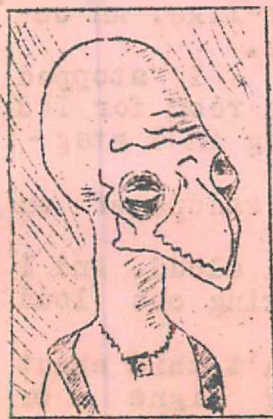
"Well," he said, shaking himself like a wet dog, "looks like we can make it now doesn't it?" He seemed strangely unenthusiastic about the thing now and as soon as he got his raincoat hung up, he sat down beside me and said just what I thought he would.

"Do you think it's wise for us to go?" he asked.

"Now look," I said, "don't tell me you're backing down! Why, all we need to do now is to wait a few hours, about an hour after lunch and then we can go. It ought to be done raining by then and our guns won't get wet."

"W-e-l-l, I wasn't exactly backing down," he replied, "I was just wondering. After all how do we know what we'll find there?"

"Look, dope," I said, pacing up and down before the couch, "that is the



idea! Can'cha see....?" I stopped looking for words. "Yeh," he says, "something too big for us to handle, for instance." "Oh, hell," I shrugged uneasily at him, "I doubt it. But..." I was remembering what he'd told me. I guess he was more aware of it than I was. So I started talking and talking fast. For over half an hour. Then we agreed on the time we'd leave. After all, I wasn't going to go alone.

## Chapter V

"Lucky it stopped raining hard," Ted said, feeling the wet draining down his face as a light wind blew the misty fog.

I looked up at the twisting gray mess in the sky and wondered when it would let loose again, and regretted it. "Damn, that's three times I've stepped in a deep puddle," I raged.

And so we squished along the cow path down along the branch of trees from the forest toward the swamp. The ground was low in the first place and the puddles were only deep spots where the water could get depth. As it was, the ground was like a sponge.

The half mist-fog blew across the meadows and condensed on us while our feet were getting wet even in lumberman's rubbers. We didn't say much but we were thinking plenty. Were we nuts coming out here like this? Or wasn't there anything...?...but they had recovered a grisly thing that was once a boy...something that we've never seen had done that to him.....

"Here we are," said Ted in a gay voice that rang dull as a counterfeit half dollar. "After you Alphonse."

"Oh, no, I couldn't think of it," I said graciously. "After you, Gaston."

So I took the lead and started slopping and sloshing into the swamp. Now there are many different types of swamps but this was the more northern kind. It consisted of a shallow scoop of land that was filled with water in varying depths according to the season and rains. Soggy mud made up the "solid" spots and to avoid getting badly wet, you had to go from clump to clump of grass. To finish the scene off, alders and smaller bushes and trees grew in abundance which were good for scraping mosquitoes off of your face and skin too. There were a few bogs around but whenever we felt the "ground" sag under us, we got away from there fast-like. An occasional water-soaked log made for a dubious stepping stone.

I stopped on a big rock that was strangely out of place here and made room for Ted to inch up beside me. I stared at some dead leaves floating in a stagnant puddle.

"Well," ventured Ted in a stage whisper like sandpaper on wood, "What next?"

"What are you whispering for?" I asked aloud. And I regretted it because I felt so foolish and unprotected talking out loud like that. For some reason.....

"Well," I whispered, "Isn't this about the place we're supposed to start...ah...looking for clues? Signs or



something?"

He didn't answer and I looked at him. He was staring down to my left so it was hard to see what he was looking at, since he was also to my left.

"What is it?" I ventured. I was irritated by a sudden quivering of a stomach muscle.

"Look," he whispered and pointed.

I followed the direction his lone finger showed, and looked.

## Chapter VI

At first, I couldn't see anything different from usual. A moss-covered rotten log sticking up out of the water with clumps of grass all around. Dead leaves and sticks and stuff all around in one big tangle. Alders here and there. Then I saw the branch of the big tree. It was broken as if somebody had stepped on it. The dead orange of the ends showed up bright against the dead, wet black of the bark. It was crushed as if a big foot had tread on it. But what foot is about two feet wide? I was about to say something silly and irrelevant when I noticed the smooth look of the grass and leaves. Like grass looks after water has been running over it in one direction for quite a while. It looked like someone had dragged a sack over it. A sack of cement.

"That must've been recent, Lew, or those little pieces of rotten wood would've been washed away in the rain. And the black mud would've been too." Ted was dead sober and his blue eyes were troubled.

"Well," I said finally, "I guess that's the direction we take."

"Okay," he replied. He started off the rock without another word. We didn't bother wondering what had made the trail. We did know that no man had. Not unless he was dragging things around and why should he, way out here in this mess?

Ted had his gun in his hand and I suddenly found that mine in my hand was the most reassuring thing in the world at that moment. The Smith & Wesson felt pretty darned good right then!

"Oops, getting deep," Ted yelped quietly. "We'll have to circle out of this. Ground rises over there." He pointed to a small forest of alders.

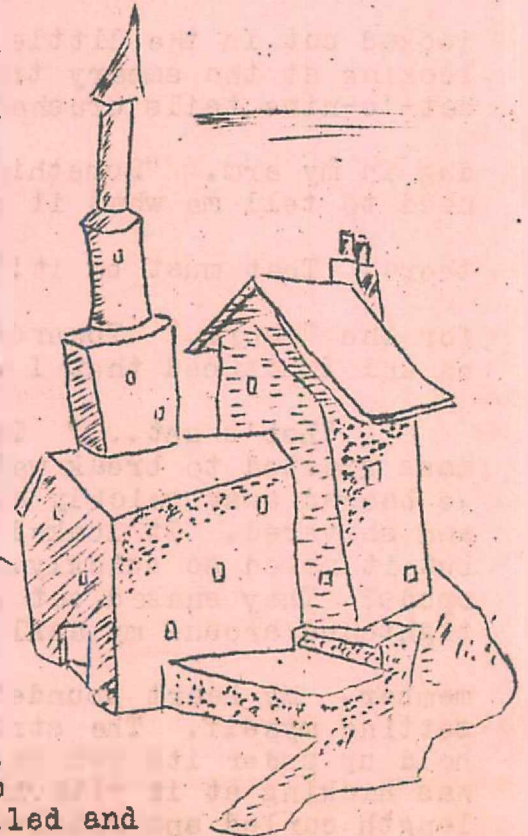
"We'll have to circle those too," I added. "We'd never make it through those."

So we sloshed on. I suddenly noticed that I made every effort to make as little noise as possible. Because Ted was too!

It started raining again as we finally came to where we thought the trail would lead. Ted stopped.

"Well," I mused aloud, "we were originally going in a straight line from that branch. If we had kept on, we'd have to come out here, I think. Let's...uh...look around. Together," I added.

It was a bit difficult to walk with one hand in your pocket but we didn't want to get moisture on our guns, even though we'd oiled and greased them up pretty thoroughly. And we didn't



want to let go of them, either. Twice I stumbled and came down on one foot quite heavily, making quite a splatter.

I spotted the mark this time. The sack again. Like it was dragged out of the water onto the higher ground. The grass was flattened down and went "against the grain" where the grass had previously streamed like hair down to the water as the higher land drained. And this time, we saw where the trail kept on going. A glistening-like trail. Sort of like a snail makes.....

## Chapter VII

This time we knew that we were on the trail of it, whatever "it" was. We knew it was "it." I just went along in a daze without thinking. I did not feel like making any guesses as to what that was. Why we didn't go back and show somebody, I don't know. But here we were following its trail. Through the soggy muck, decayed leaves, rotten refuse of bushes and trees...in other words, the swamp. It looked like a huge snail had gone through like a bulldozer, scraping its path as it went.

Suddenly I was scared. Because I knew this wasn't a dream.

So we followed. Two high school seniors slogging through the mucky swamp with revolvers in their hands, following...what? It was fantastic but real.

Ted stopped again. We were on the edge of a shallow lake where the ground was basin-shaped. He turned to me and said, "Say, Lew, how do we get out of here? Have you been noticing how far we're in? This," He gestured out over the small body of water, "is way, way in the swamp. I saw a map once and we're at least two or more miles into the center!"

I didn't answer. I looked out in the little pond and watched the water boil. I stood there looking at the smeary track go down into the water; at the rushes and cat-'o-nine tails crushed down and at the turmoil in the water.

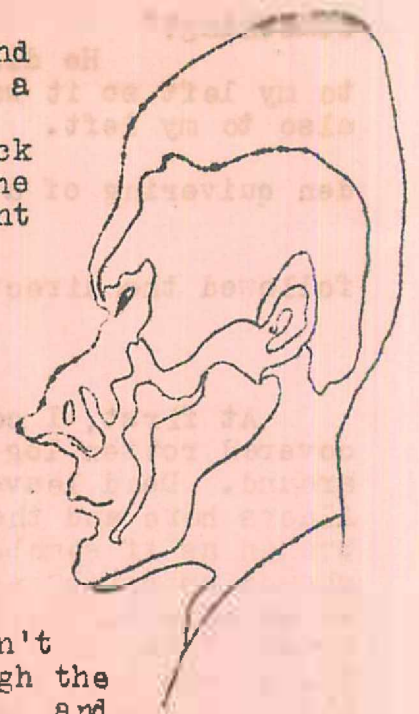
Ted's grip dug in my arm. "Something's in there," he said needlessly. He didn't need to tell me what it was.

"What'll we do?" I asked. "It is out there. That must be it!"

"It" decided for us. A streak of foam made for the "shore." Towards us. The hammer on the Smith & Wesson clicked and I noticed that I had unconsciously cocked the gun. But for what?

"Let's get..." Ted's voice died as an almost translucent jelly mass started to break water. It looked rubbery; it glistened. It stank. We backed away quickly as it foamed nearer. We just backed and gawked... and shivered. It looked like a huge amoeba. What we would see of it. But it moved so quickly...Then we saw the tentacles, or were they pseudopods? They snaked out and hooked around alders and tightened. And one tightened around my ankle!

I must've yelled something but I don't remember. My heart pounded and skipped as I fugged foolishly, almost upsetting myself. The stringy-looking pseudopod didn't look like it could hold up under its own weight but it pulled. I nearly fell. Then Ted was hacking at it with his long pocket knife. It parted and the small length curled and writhed as if alive. It was.



## Chapter VIII

Then I fired into the mass. The .38 slug ripped through it with seemingly little damage. It quivered and reared up out of the water on to the higher land. I found it couldn't move so quickly out of water. It pulled itself along by grabbing small trees and pulling. That's how it made those draggy-looking tracks. And now it was dragging itself towards us.

We scrambled back and tried to get out of reach, which was not easy. Then a pair of wide eyes, pupilless, stared at us and a gaping mouth slobbered at us. A harsh panting sound issued from it and I decided that it was more than an over-sized amoeba! Both Ted and I opened up on it. The bullets tore through it, making a sickening thud-rip sound. The thing came on...

"Look, Lew," Ted panted, "these slugs aren't doing much damage. Let's make dum-dum slugs out of them. For this....."

I agreed hastily, wishing we had rifles. We ran, if you could call it running, a distance and dug a notch into the noses of the bullets, flipped the cylinders back in and turned to face the horror slithering and squishing toward us. Alders creaked and bent and broke as it pulled on them, dragging itself nearer and nearer to us.

"Okay, let's try it," I said and pulled the trigger. The .38 bucked in my hand a little and the dum-dum thudded into the crawling horror. The thing stopped, convulsed somewhat, and then proceeded slowly.

"It worked, Lew!" Ted yelled. "It bored a big hunk in the thing but didn't go completely through. Maybe we can bust this thing up..."

He fired again and I took out extra cartridges and notched them. Then I fired while he reloaded. I aimed near the side of the thing and a great blob of "flesh" sloughed off the side of it. I fired into the middle of it until the gun was empty and my thumb sore and bruised where it scraped on the cylinder release each time the gun recoiled.

I reloaded as Ted started firing. "They're working!" he yelled. The monster seemed to lose what shape it had had and was losing big hunks each time we fired. Then it started to literally dissolve. It collapsed into itself and became a dripping pool of slime. An odor suddenly assailed our nostrils and we choked and coughed and nearly retched.

"Aaaaghhh, let's scam outa here," I gasped. "It looks done for."

## Chapter IX

Ted agreed very heartily and we scrambled from there. The silence suddenly became an extreme to the racketing gunshots of a few moments ago and only now did we realize what a noise we had been making.

It was even more of a nightmare experience making our way out of that swamp than when we destroyed the monster. The effects started to set in and several times we had to stop and get rid of the snakes. We lost lunch, the breakfast and the supper before that, before we got halfway out of the place. We tried to erase the horror from our minds and mentally tried to cleanse our memories of the terrible scene we left back there.

Then it started raining hard again. It would...wash...it...away and cover up most of the tracks and what had happened. In a week, most all traces ought to be obliterated.

"Lew," croaked Tai, "we'd better just try to forget this. I mean, not tell anybody. We wore," he paused, "just out

for a walk or something."

"Yeah," I replied. "We were out for a five hour jaunt somewhere. I hope I never take another like it."

We finally arrived home in the darkening afternoon as the rain let up and contented itself with a drizzle. Before going into the house, I luckily noticed something.

I scraped off, with some mud, some slime from my boot.....

-- THE END --

## BROKEN IMAGE

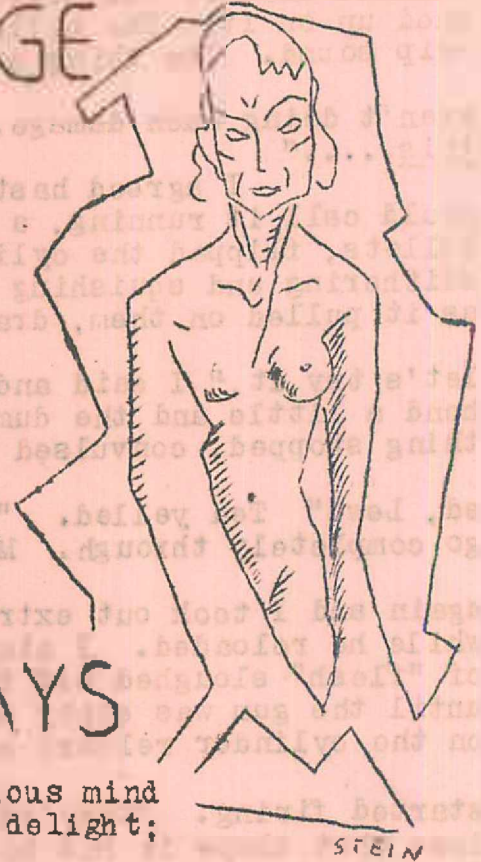
Stone and rubble and dirt clod,  
Broken dwelling of a god.

Who was replaced by stronger one  
Underneath a younger sun.

Step softly and most carefully  
On this thin edge of immortality.

Lest in his sleep he take alarm  
And strike at you with broken arm.

-- GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS

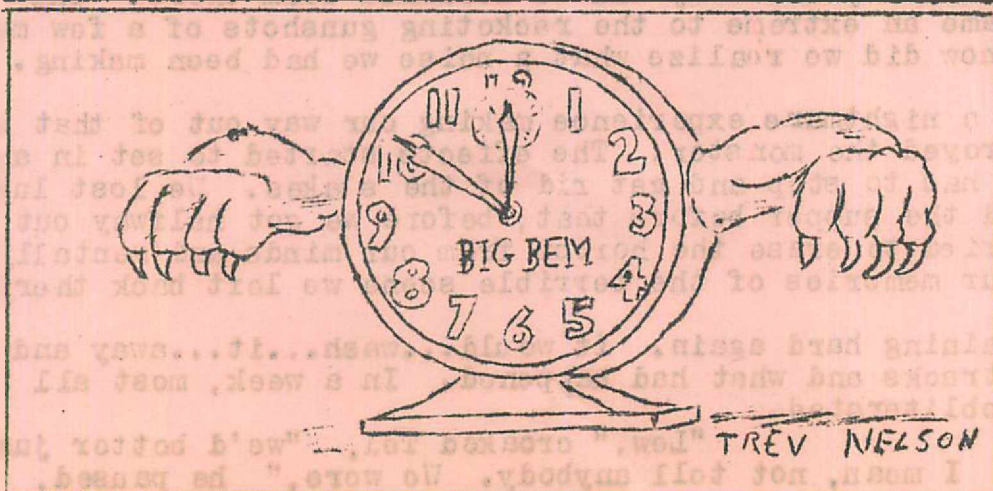


## PAST GATEWAYS

Past gateways of the conscious mind  
Vistas wait of madness and delight;  
Towers rise up for me  
By day or night.

And shadows clustering, how low--  
An Empress, absolute am I,  
Of endless kingdoms  
Over and beyond the sky.

-- GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS



would have been relatively simple. Plastic surgery could have cut off the old nose, and put a new one in the right place. If there were any nasal cavities they would have been opened and connected to the new nose.

But unless he joined a freak show, he would have a tremendous inferiority complex. Not to mention the pushing around he would have received from others.

As far as officialdom is concerned, these freaks are caused by simple mutation, but perhaps, just perhaps, they are caused by long-recessive genes. Perhaps they are once-useful, but now often fatal, atavistic characteristics inherited from.....inherited from.....WHAT?

- the end -

# ARCTIC IDYLL

by RICHARD E. AVERY, and put  
in here for the benefit of Hal Shapiro

Through arctic night that has no dawn  
The wolf pack races on  
Fleet, untiring, the gray forms swirl  
Like the spray of ocean foam

The hunger madness grips their flanks  
and flecks their sombre jewels  
And adds an eerie note of horror  
to the moon-mad, awesome howls

Sweeping Susitna's banks they hurl  
their breath to the frozen air  
Lacing the night with frozen mists  
like silvered comet's hair

Up the valley t'wards Sleeping Maid  
the howling pack rush on  
Nor pause to note the quiet that greets  
their hideous carillon

While 'neath the shoulder of sleeping maid  
old Graybeard lifts his head  
Tenses, poises, stomps his hoofs  
and the caribou leave their bed

The hornless young are herded in  
the does next take their stand  
While antlered bucks surround the all  
an armed and armored band

With lowered heads the phalanx waits  
the hideous clamor grows  
And into their fear-filled vision springs  
the torrent of their foes

Straight to the herd the wolfpack speed  
then break and circle round  
But on every side an antlered wall  
stands rooted and iron bound

The madness grows as the  
arctic air  
wafts forth the scent  
of the yearling fawns  
And a gray form leaps  
in futile rage  
and dies on Gray-  
beard's horns.

Another tries, and another  
dies  
and the moon lights up  
the stage  
And the hours speed by as  
the wolf-pack cry  
Their hunger-maddened  
rage.

Oh how can ye of the  
southern clime  
know aught of the arc-  
tic waste?  
And of the beasts that  
live and the beasts  
that die  
'neath Aurora's burn-  
ing rays?

So cherish your fire this  
winter's night  
Dine well, and take  
your cheer  
'Cause I'll give you a  
clue; believe it well  
It's colder than hell,  
up here!

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# SYMBIOTICA

I. T. SPHACT

From time to time, much controversy has been occasioned as to whether or not "plants" have heartbeats, hearts, etc. -- And yet, science will not accept concrete facts proving this theory to be true.

As long ago as 1929, Sir Jagadis Bose proved that "plants" not only have heartbeats; but he finds evidences of life in metals and all other inorganic matter. His findings so impressed English scientists that he received Knighthood and several degrees - honorarily.

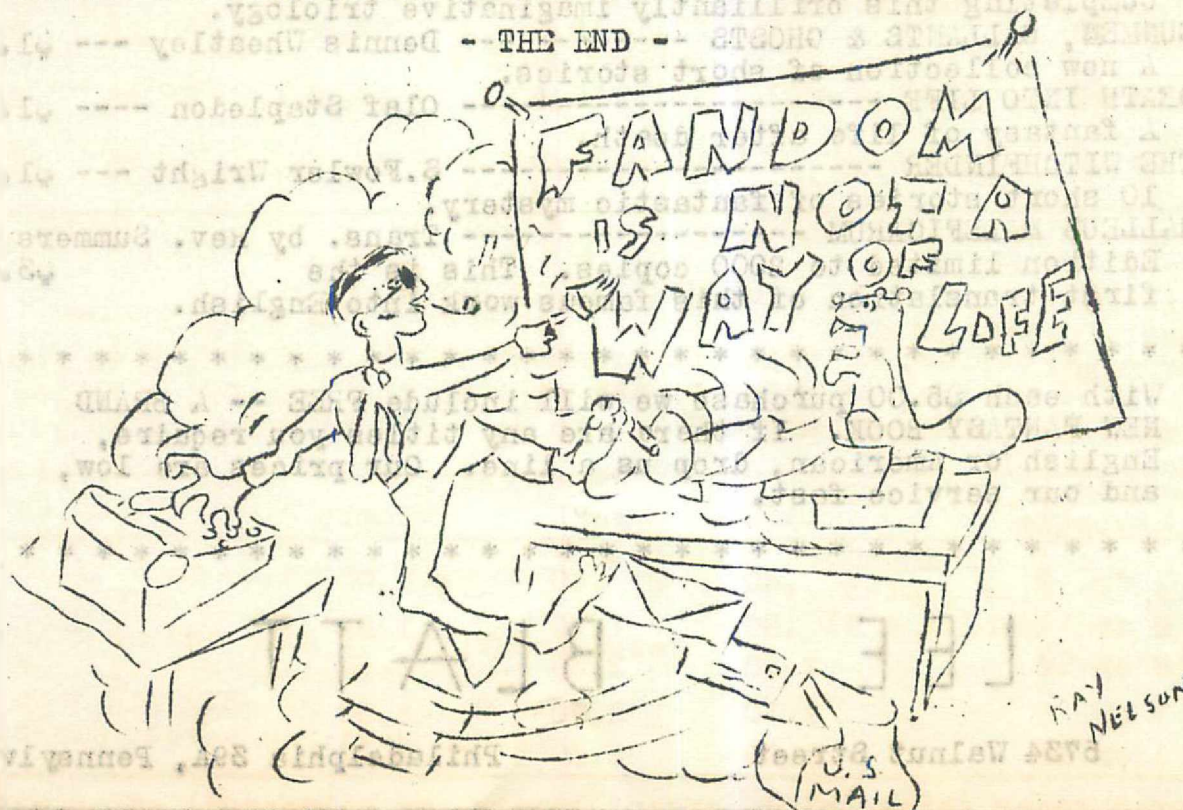
In his treatise "Plant Autographs and Their Revelations" he tells us that plants have a circulatory system essentially like our own, and he backs this up by numerous diagrams showing the heartbeats of vegetables and flowers.

Now, this in itself is a sufficiently remarkable discovery, but the present writer has, with all due respect, an even more astonishing one to relate.

Sir Jagadis Bose has been able time and again to reproduce a perfectly good heartbeat of fine quality, so far as rhythm is concerned, in a mere cotton lamp wick soaked in the juice of a large cabbage.

Finding these pulsations in a living tissue as low in the scale as a humble garden vegetable is what one might expect. BUT -- what can be said of their appearance in inert and lifeless matter?

The question arises: Is the similarity between these diagrams of the pulse of plants and the cardiagrams (or electrically-made autographs of the human heartbeat) merely one of external appearance, or are the causes behind the records in the two cases similar in kind?



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QUIEN  
SABE ?

((We're straining our usual policy a bit and running this letter even though it's anonymous. To future Q-S contributors, however, we point out that chances of your missive's being used are almost nil unless it's signed. This is merely for our own protection -- if you don't want your name printed on the letter, o.k.; we will leave it off -- but we want it on the original copy just in case of repercussions.))

Dear Art: May I make a response to File Thirteen in your August issue? Not hearing any negative response, I'll proceed. # Our kaustik friend has a facile pen; a Carlyllian turn of phrase, tho I doubt if the one would use the terms of expression of the other; seems to be imbued with a sense of negligible importance but is often wrong. # I take issue with his remark about "The writer who controls the rights to his pulp work and nevertheless releases book rights indiscriminately to any and all semi-pro publishers should expect nothing but a polite snoor." # Now I have in my possession a letter from this same sneerer as follows:

Stf. Weirdest:

I am planning a series of chap books in which I hope to be able to reprint some of the older stories which I consider worthwhile and are not easily obtainable.

Would you consider giving me permission for the reprinting of one of your stories -- preferably 'I Heard the Nightingale in the Moonlight'\* as I have always considered that one of the finest, not only of your work, but of the stories current at that period.

Incidentally I have written Bloody Hands\*; Inter World\*; Atomic Atmosphere\* and several others and hope to have a full schedule lined up very shortly.

Thanking you for your consideration, I am,  
Redd Boggs." signed,

\*Admittedly not the correct title.

Now indeed, consider the "poor pulpster"! Every week there are many repetitions of Mr. Boggs' pleas and many, like him, become most acid and acrimonious when the "poor pulpster" finds it either inconvenient or momentarily unfeasible to agree. If one does "help (me) out" from the kindness of heart and the hope that some enterprising soul will find both pleasure and reward for their efforts, then, according to the inflammatory young man, they "deserve nothing but a polite snoor." # It is because of this tirade and attitude that so many of us feel fazed or not too fair or considerate of or too high a mental grade. For one, I feel that when a "pulpster" has donated one of his "brainchildren" to the not too tender hands of a fan he surely deserves more than a sneer, polite or otherwise -- and it is mostly otherwise, for they are a notoriously ungrateful pack. # Redd sez he can trace any letter. So what he has to do with this. His copied letter is authentic. Kindly disposed, (to, not of)

Stf. Weirdest.

Dear Art, Speaking of Cinevents, here's one. Ben Singer and I were sitting in Art Rapp's room, chewing the fat, when a certain slightly plastered publisher, who shall here remain nameless, invited us down to his room for a few drinks. As we three sat in said room, guzzling happily, our publisher friend began to mutter about the good old days. # "Ben," he said to Singer, "remember the Philcon? We sure had fun then, didn't we? You were just a sassy brat then, but now you have grown up. You're a man now, Ben, but you sure raised heck at the

Philcon. Why, remember how you..." and the publisher went on to re-  
late a whacky list of typically Singeroid stunts. # As we left, two  
drinks and a dizzy spell later, Ben remarked thickly, "Gee, if I had  
that much fun at the Philcon, maybe I should have gone to it." # This  
month's WARP was swell, from cover to cover, but how the heck did you  
ever manage to get the Con report out so soon? Did you run it off in  
the car on the way home? # But as to the letter column, here's my  
trusty ego-blast, loaded and ready to fire. "90% of (fandom are  
Ghodists of some sort)" sez Bob Johnson. According to the fan poll in  
the first issue of United Fandom, only 38.4% of fandom believe in God.  
That leaves 61.6% either agnostic or atheistic, and that is an estima-  
te that leaves out the possibility of those guys who actually don't  
particularly believe in God, but pay lip service to Christianity be-  
cause they have been brought up to think it is the "thing to do", and  
the guys who are afraid to speak up for atheism, even tho they are at-  
heists, because of fear of condemnation by the Cullible Herd. I can't  
prove these borderliners are atheists, so I'll retreat to the figure I  
can back up. Say I, "61.6% of fandom is wether atheist or agnostic."  
Happy, Bob? Also, my estimate of fandom does not imply anything re-  
motelly resembling what Johnson thinks it does. Don't I say enough at-  
tackable things so no one has to attack me for things I DON'T say? #  
Wally Weber's comments are more lkke it. He may be right about my not  
wanting to spend my every waking hour in sexual activity, even tho  
such a plan looks very interesting at first glance. Maybe we should  
stage an experiment to find out just how much I can take. I am ready  
to sacrifice myself for science. Let's get us some girls, go into the  
darkroom, and see what develops. Weber is also right about my being  
crazy. What a brain on Wally. He's the first one to find me out. #  
As for Baklard, be it known to him that I had the only birds-bees thing  
I ever got from pappy three years ago, and then I already knew all he  
had to tell me. I learned all I know about the broad field of broads  
from (heh-heh) trial and error and Shaver. # And Dan Mulcahy claims  
that my humor of old was good but since then -- ugh! Maybe you missed  
it, Dan, but the spaceship I had in the StF Broadcast was powered by  
ex-lax. That's what I call a dirty joke, if there really is such a  
thing. The stuff I have run in my Sexocracy letters has never been  
dirty, (except one word, used for emphasis) only sexy. There seems to  
be a funny notion floating around that sex is shameful, and anybody who  
jokes about it or calls a spade a spade is a "it" from the swamps of  
Floor. When I told a joke that was dirty, being concerned with dirt,  
nobody made a peep, but just let me say one word, even in jest, about  
(gasp gasp gasp) sex, and every prig in fandom is on my neck. I'm be-  
ginning to wonder if fandom is such an open-minded, liberal thing, af-  
ter all. This Mulcahy even whips out his portable psycho-analyst's  
couch, plops me down on it, and makes like a poor man's Freud. Just to  
puncture his little bubble, I hereby "expose" what he thinks I was try-  
ing to hide. I say again, as I have said before, but this time more  
calmly, "I'm sorry. When I was a Christian I was wrong. I made a  
mistake." I do wish, tho, that you wouldn't call me "it." I don't  
want that to get around. # And Warren, the guy in the pic is leaning  
on his fist with boredom, as if you didn't know. Anyway, I sure am  
glad to meet one fellow who hasn't yet found out that I am crazy, even  
tho he does differ from me in his views on WARP policy. # Complements  
from JoKe? If I wasn't an egomaniac before, this does it. # Lester  
Fried sez that sex is a good thing to take your mind off other things.  
Say I, with the faintest trace of a superior sneer, "What other things?"  
But then he may be right about not putting sex into stories. Most of  
the stuff I've seen gets you all stirred up as the hero and heroine get  
closer and closer to bed, then, just as they are almost there, the  
story ends, or the scene shifts or something. The reader is left all  
steamed up with noplac to go. "Ban the sexy mags from the stands," I

roar in my few world-saver moments. "If they reveal some of the process of sex, they ought to show it ALL." So you see, Les, we do agree, after all. # Ham. I don't know whether to welcome the rare, sane, voice of Ed Cox or not. If it gets around that I am in favor of most of his ideas, these fannish witch-hunters who have been hounding me might set out after him, too. Rather than give you the old Nelson kiss of death, I'll say "Nutz to you, Ed Cox," and hope against hope that you don't take it seriously, like Quien Sabe's good squad took some other things I said just for laughs. # Yorz,

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

Cheerio: **SPACEWARP** for September arrived here yesterday and a good job it was -- fast too, for it was the first convention report to reach my mailbox. I found the report accurate so far as my knowledge goes, and you are to be complimented for such accuracy on fast work. # About the Singer death hoax: I want to talk at length on this and you'll be doing me a favor if you publish this part of my letter. I had intended writing you earlier, asking you to publish a retraction, because MB Wheeler has been getting letters of condolence and a couple of serious reactions have come up. If however, you only put out forty copies of the flash notice, possibly all forty who received that notice will read this or your own account of the affair in the September issue. Will you see to it that this portion of my letter reaches all who got the hoax notice? # The reactions were these: Will Sykora telephoned the owner of the theater where I work, and the owner was pretty sore when the matter was explained to him. He didn't know what kind of a newspaper Sykora published and the whole affair smelled of bad publicity for his movie. He blamed me for circulating the fire and death rumor and complained to my union's Business Agent, who jumped me about it. Also, Sykora got out a special edition of his Fantasy News which raked me over some rather hot coals for so contemptable a trick. Finally, a few days after the convention, Walt Daugherty telephoned from Los Angeles ready to give me hell. It seems the Los Angeles fraternity was ready to run me out of fandom. See how a little thing like that can snowball? # I'm not angry with Singer. Naturally he is no longer welcome around these diggings, but I hold no rancor for him. I expect he'll eventually grow up, and the little "fugghead award" I gave him at the convention is about the limit of my feelings in the matter. He will have to take whatever knocks that come from the rest of fandom; at the convention I successfully persuaded two of my friends to leave him alone -- they were all for knocking him around a bit. One of the parties on the long distance phone was all for running him out of fandom. Oh well. # As for the death notice, and the wording of it, and the many gullible people who believed it, I have a further word: anyone who has been in fandom for at least a year should know better, should have seen at a glance that it was false. Of the thirteen paragraphs in that notice, eight of them were blatant give-aways. Singer (or you) put words in my mouth no dying man would utter, and added such fancy trimmings as to expose the whole thing. Rest assured when I am dying (actually and finally), I won't give a tinker's damn for fandom and I'm pretty sure I won't have any final parting words for them....unless it is to consign them to hell for driving me into an early grave. # I must lift a surprised eyebrow at people who believed the hoax, after reading such obvious clues as "Tell them I'm sorry," and "He died peacefully," and the sad story of my writing a love novel which was lost by accident, and my drinking my worries away, and the



bunk about "Fandom, Inc." and the five pseudonyms I was supposed to be using while writing for Campbell, and the bit about MB Whesler adopting the children -- promising to put them through colleges and keeping them supplied with science-fiction magazines. After all, gents, just how much will you swallow? # That about covers it, Art. I think that this letter, combined with the report you made in your convention article, should take care of the matter. But I do believe you should send this to everyone who received the hoax notice. After all, I can handle the theater owner and the union officials on my tail here but I'm wary of Sykora and Daughtery and those others who are ready to run me out of fandom. Best,

BOB TUCKER, P.O. Box 260, Bloomington,  
Illinois.

---

Dear Art: Really I am surprised, flattered and excited. In the Sept. SPACEWARP so many of the best fans in fandom mention me. # How much I read and hero-worshipped these fans' writings in promags and fanzines. # I really could never admit that I was one of them and am in the same class. Honestly, I don't belong with these great minds. Even Ray Nelson is my hero. I only hope that my sudden popularity(?) is honestly earned. Heavens!! But how can I be sincerely among these S-F heroes? I doubt that my 2 or so percent can keep up the good work. # Sufficient to express my feelings -- now to comment to all who mentioned me. To Wally Weber: Sex talk and drawings can be toned down because no amount of printable sex material can equal one French postcard. So why elaborate? Wrai Ballard, to quote: "To not overdo it." Precisely, Wrai, and put forth by you, correctly precisely. Ray Nelson -- read my reply to Wally Weber. To Ed Cox: All people are not broad-minded. When you treat sex like propoganda, it is high time to differentiate from sense and non-sense. In moral: "Trying to dig rock with a shovel, will break the shovel." # Your Cincy coverage Art was great. Great in itself alone, and considering all the pitfalls (various other duties, backlogs, and lack of time) you did perfectly. So you really met Ray Palmer, Rog Phillips and others. Did you rest uneasily from one leg to the other, with mouth agape (ears pinned back and looking dumb, which happens to be natural) when you met them. Or did your Scotch pipe blow furiously -- with all kinds of smoke -- except tobacco smoke. No kidding, you could hold your own with them and I bet you did. # Machiavelli by Rapp was exciting, with suspense and mystery all the way. The answer Margan Botts wouldn't give, is here. The independent fan was Rapp. Now, when Morgan Botts could pull all those strings and not touch Rapp, you have another answer. Rapp was the ward-heeler behind Botts!! The article by Charles Stuart is clear enough. We do need space travel is my opinion. # The poems were typically excellent for all S-F poems are excellent. # Well, goodbye for the nonce,

GEORGE ANDREWS, 8917 Cumberland Ave., Cleveland 4, Ohio.

---

Rapp, Rapp, I'm knocking at your door. And I have a peculiar feeling that this letter is going to be a long one. So..... To start off with guess I'll tell you how much I enjoyed the Cinccon report. Aside from the change in locality it reads somewhat like the Torcon report of last year -- just as zany, much more interesting, and just as much fun. Offhand, I can't imagine anything even halfway approaching a fan convention. Can't think of anything I'd rather do than attend one, either. B'Gawd, I'll make it to Portland or know the reason why! Yah, how many times have you heard that one before? But now for a few running comments... Heh, Might have known you'd get lost in Cincy. Something like that one can always look back upon and laugh at when discussing the con. Why, it would hardly have seemed like a con if it hadn't happened, now would it? .....Hit-It-Again-It's-Still-Moving Mimeograph--I like that. Sounds fannish.... What a list of fan and pro celebrit-

\*\*\*\*\*

\*  
 \* The following are all good items, and it breaks my heart to part \*  
 \* with them, but I have to make room for other stuff, so..... \*  
 \*  
 \* LIFE EVERLASTING - Keller - exc. - d/j - not even eyetracks on this \*  
 \* copy - now out of print, and before it reaches astronomical \*  
 \* prices you better grab it at - \$5.00 \*  
 \* INTRIGUE ON THE UPPER LEVEL - Hoyne - good - no d/j - 1934 ed - "A \*  
 \* story of crime, love(!) and revolt in 2050 AD under tenth dic- \*  
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 \* Two by Robert Chambers - no d/j -- THE MAN THEY HANGED - good - \*  
 \* \$1.00; SLAYER OF SOULS - loose binding, otherwise good - \$1.50 \*  
 \* THE MAN FROM LIMBO - Guy Endore - good - d/j - his first book \*  
 \* (1930) - rare - \$3.00 \*  
 \* ETCHED IN MOONLITE - Stephens - Macmillan '28 - no d/j - fair - \*  
 \* \$1.00 \*  
 \* THE SCARLET PLAGUE - London - Exa - 1st ed - MacMillan 1915 - ill? \*  
 \* - cover trimmed in red & yellow - no d/j - a bargain at \$2.00 \*  
 \* SHOCKING TALES - Wyn pub. - anthology - exc - d/j - unusual col- \*  
 \* lection of tales of cruelty, frenzy, jealousy, obsession & cyn- \*  
 \* icism - \$1.75 \*  
 \* THE OTHER SIDE OF THE MOON - Pellegrini & Cudahy - exc - d/j - \*  
 \* Derleth's latest collection, maybe you'll like it - a 3.75 book \*  
 \* for \$3.25. \*  
 \* Two mags -- FANTASTIC ADV. Sept '39 - exc - not even eyetracks-50¢ \*  
 \* UNCANNY TALES - good - Canadian mag - Sept-Oct, no date tho \*  
 \* (such ads!!) -50¢

# ALBERT TOTH

1110 Gillespie Ave.  
Portage, Penna.

\*\*\*\*\*

ies! The ones I'd like particularly to meet: Boggs, the Cox's, Don Ford, Kroll and Grossman, the Nelsons, G.Young, George O., Poul Anderson, Palmer and ROG PHILLIPS..... Well! So the con was even plugged on a d-jockey show. I was wondering, did the plug draw any sightseers or isolated fen in Cincy who hadn't heard about the con? /quien sabe?/ Singer is getting to be almost a legend at the cons. I still remember Singer and the Alum..... "We ran off 200 copies. We sold about 25. We discontinued the zine." I wonder how many neophyte zines have collapsed because of those three simple but expressive sentences? ...Yes, Kroll is an excellent artist. I know. I take SCIENTIFANTASY... Heck, just thought. Kroll lives in Des Moines doesn't he? Maybe I could have caught a ride. Foo...Specimens from the Moon, eh? Reminds me of a certain hoax, of which more later... So you received orders from Singer to mimeo announcements of Tucker's death and distribute them "to leading fen"? I received one. Inferring...Oh, goody! ... I think Williamson was right when he said that stf writers have for the most part been ignoring human values for the scientific theme. You know, of course, that that is why Bradbury has been placed in the status of a demigod by most of the fan world. The fen were all so tired of reading stories of supermen, gimmicks, gadgets, knick-knacks, twists, et cetera that when Bradbury appeared upon the scene with stories that placed the human element first with the scientific side as more of a decoration they immediately gave him far more credit for being a wonderful writer than he actually deserves... Ray Nelson's costume proves what I said a while back. Is he uninhibited!... The fall FANSCIENT was a swell one, wasn't it? I got quite a buzz out of ANGELMAN and the cartoon... All in all, a very sweet job of reporting, Art. Oh, to lead the life of a FAN! is great! See you at the Porcon. # And now, Arthur H. Ratt, about that hoax. I'm disgruntled and aggrieved (oh sure) that you would

play such a trick on poor, unsuspecting fen. Now all my sorrow has gone to waste! Yes, I admit I was completely taken in, although I did think your obit was worded rather oddly. And speaking of that obit, I am curious as to how much of it was true and how much wasn't. For instance, is it really true that Tucker has been writing for ASF? Where does Singer get these fiendish ideas? And that ad on page 14? Who is Singer's best friend? Singer or Tucker? # The new Dobbstory was fine. Art. Excellent. But, like Boggs, I don't feel moved to comment. # The Book Review didn't do much more than enumerate the titles and authors in the book, but it didn't make a hell of a lot of difference to me as I have the book. # Of the two poems, Genevieve Stephens' was the better. # I see that PITIFUL PUPPETS drew a couple of caustic comments to QUIEN SABE I was going to put in a couple of lengthy refutations along about here to curse Nelson and Cox and perhaps start a feud Wot? Another? but it is getting so darn late that I won't be able to do it since I live in a stinking rooming house and there might be complaints on my typer. It sure makes a lot of noise for a Noiseless. And I'm getting sleepy, too. I will only point out here that JoKe was the only one of those commenting that caught the real flaw instead of picking on details. Smart guy, that Joe. Oh, and another thing before I close. Inasmuch as my letter in which I support "toning down WARP" would seem to be in direct contrast to the second paragraph in PITIFUL PUPPETS (which I didn't consider as being too strong, tho I see it drew a remark) I wish to say in my own behalf that you are the one to decide the editorial policy of WARP, and while I would prefer the mag to be "toned down" until you do so I'll continue to write anything you'll print, including that three-letter word. As soon as if you decide against it, tho, I'll quit writing it into my stuff and so will, I'm sure, all your other notable authors. There. Now that's evened up I can sign off. # Will come up again soon.

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

Dear Art: A very good issue of Spacewarp arrived today, and I wonder again: How do you do it? I am still so sick of science fiction, after talking about little else for 4 days at the con, that I've been unable to do much fanning, though I did grint out an installment of the colyum for Tucker a couple evenings ago -- three days past deadline, to be exact. # Your convention coverage was adequate, though not equalling your excellent Torcon report. I finally reread that in Mindwarp and am still impressed with your blithe, complete-coverage, personalized slant there. Too bad the CInvention Daily didn't pan out. # I was interested in seeing what happened at the last session, which I didn't attend. I intended to leave Cincy on the 11 p.m. bus but due to circumstances didn't make it. I spent a very unfannish evening (night, in fact, all night) in Newport, with an old airforce sergeant whose name I don't even know except that he was "Mac" and he had lots of folding stuff. Newport should be the capital, or the papal seat of Sexocracy; yet I'll wager most attendees didn't know about Newport until they read Fried's letter in this Spacewarp. Sponsors of the con should inform us of things like this. # I ran into Stein at the bus depot at 7 a.m. Tuesday, 6 Sept, when I finally got back to Cincy and was hurrying to my bus (Bob was going to Columbus), and thought that brief encounter would be my last view of a sensitive fannish face for a while, but, after killing two hours in Chicago where it was raining dismally, I was just about ready to catch the Minneapolis bus when I spied John Grossman. So he, Kroll and I had about 5 minutes of conversation before I left. # Otherwise, Spacewarp was improved in format and C-S was good - probably your best effort in both instances. The lack of a frame around most pages was welcome, in particular. Lettering-guide heads were excellent. # As I said, "Quien Sabe?" was fine. Ray Nelson hits the nail on the head, and I love his final crack. If



had time, I'd pick on Dan Mulcahy and his statement about profanity. But I haven't so I'll merely ask Dan what's wrong with 4-letter Anglo-Saxon words? I suggest he read Heinlein's yarn where it was sardonically pointed out that A-S can't be used in polite society but that Latin equivalents can be, with the end result being the same. I'd also recommend a perusal of Morris Ernst's discussion in To the Pure: A Study of Obsenity and the Censor (Viking, 1928 (?))

What is wrong with the Anglo-Saxon words? They are the simplest and most direct and unambiguous. An inoffensive example (I trust):... oh hell, I have no wish to have Warp barred from the mails; the postal department is, sad to say, not modern or enlightened in this respect. Anyhow, I think an A-S 4-letter word is one helluva lot better than a term like "quieting concupiscence", which I understand is what the Pope calls, uh, ecotion. Let Dan and others who decry Anglo-Saxonisms hearken to Havelock Ellis: "The ancient and simple words (for the more private bodily parts) are... unquestionably the best and, in their origin, the most dignified and expressive words. Many persons are of the opinion that on this account they should be rescued from the mud.... I am of the opinion that this is the ideal to be sought." Someone else in A-S -- it was Les Fried -- says that sex in stories appeals only to boys of 14 or 15 and grown people "who weren't all there". I'd say it was to people who weren't all there that sex in stories doesn't appeal, and I wonder if'n Les has changed his mind since hearing Les del Rey speak at Cincinnati? #

Your Warp Services in mimeography is almost exactly what I planned to do last spring, I think it was. (You're going to think I'm a jealous unoriginal dope -- after I already mentioned once that Stein and I considered the idea of a hecto-mimeo pic.) Anyhow your plan is very similar to the one I toyed with, and might have inaugurated with the May SkHk, except that good dear FooFoo wouldn't let me reduce the explanation of the plan into sufficient cogency and briefness to fit the space I'd left for it in the issue. So I said the quieting concupiscence with it and ran a poem or something instead. # Note: FAPA requires 68 copies, instead of 65 as shown on your plan. /Roger Wilco./ # Oh, yeah, tell whoever it was (Matchette?) that the Speer decimal system is complete, as shown in the Evans Index. The gaps in it were left in order to let it grow, if needed, and Juffus has stated that an enormous amount of planning went into determining where those gaps should be. Knowing Juffus, I don't doubt it. # Bah, gradually I'm getting my kid sister initiated into stf. For years she's been asking for something to read and when I proffer something she's said, "it isn't science fiction, is it?" But she'd read stf whenever I had nothing else at hand, and after she read The Portal in the Picture she decided it was pretty good. Tonight I dug up What Mad Universe and she's loving every word of it. # Hey, what is wrong with you? Or is something wrong with me? Here you say RBG is 6 foot 6, and I don't think he's more'n 6'2", and then you call Higgs "rather thin and tall". Hell, he's not as tall as I -- unless I'm nuts -- and I'd say he's no more'n 5'10", which I don't call tall. Take a chance now: How about Coswal? # Error: Judy Merrill's panel included Fritz Lieber Jr., not Jack Williamson. BEEK was on it, too, as moderator. # You say in your last letter that the Wash DC gang sounds like more fun. Well, Pavlat and Kerkhof turned out to be lovely characters indeed. They saved me, first day of the con, when Stein and I didn't get up till just time to wobble to the opening session, without eating. During the intermission P, K, and I went out and absorbed 3 Nuclear Fizzes (recipe on request) which cured my headache, belly-ache and



sundry other aches. Wonderful pick-me-up. Sincerely, REDD BOGGS, 2215 Benjamin St., N.E., Minneapolis 18, Minnesota. (The only independent on Botts' list.) (One of the best Bottsstories, by the way) (If you print this, make it "tummy-ache"; "belly" is Anglo Saxon.)

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COVER BY RADELL NELSON  
 Interior artwork by Radell and Trevor Nelson, Robert L. Stein and Rosece knows who else.

What I'd like to know is what good it does to list the zine's content above, when the pages don't have any page-numbers on 'em?

alack, in new brunswick, in georgia  
 and maine  
 the postmen are hitting the bottle  
 again  
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 for again they're confronted with  
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