

SPACEWARP

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SPACEWARP

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EXPERIENCE WITH TELEPATHY

by ALBERT F. LOPEZ

Webster defines telepathy as communication from one mind to another otherwise than through the channels of sense. Notice it does not mention rays or thought augmentators!

I don't know what started me off on telepathy, but some 12 years ago, at the tender age of thirteen P.S. (Pre-Shaverian time), I went home one day all stirred up with thoughts of sending and receiving mental messages. I enlisted the aid of my younger sister Rita.

We started first with the numbers from 1 to 10. The sender would sit with eyes closed, and mentally throw every effort toward sending a number to the receiver. The receiver would sit with eyes closed, mind as blank as possible, and would call out the first thought or image that came to mind. We were fortunate in those initial experiments, obtaining results of fifty percent accuracy. We were thus inspired to continue our tests.

We practiced an average of four to five nights a week during the next two years, and were gratified to find our accuracy had risen to 85 or 90 percent. This may seem incredible, but strangely enough we thought nothing of it. We were at the age where we believed unquestioningly in the possibility of telepathy. I have since learned that it is impossible to get results with a sender - his mind is not receptive.

After the first few months Rita and I dropped numbers and took up colors, animals, and finally objects in general, progressing to wider fields with each jump. It is interesting to note that in telepathy the receiver picks up exactly what the sender is transmitting -- that is, if the sender concentrates on an object, the receiver picks up an image of the object; but if the sender concentrates on the name of an object the receiver will see a mental image of the letters in the name.

For example, one afternoon when we were practicing a friend of mine called on me and, seeing Rita sitting with her eyes closed, inquired what was going on. He was very skeptical at my explanation, so we offered to give him a demonstration. He wrote down the name Gebold. I sat down and concentrated. A moment later Rita said, "You are thinking of a boy's name." Then she gave it. However, we only succeeded in convincing my friend that we had some clever system of signals, although no word was spoken and both of us had kept our eyes closed during the test.

About this time I became interested in the work of Dunninger. I felt that he was really using telepathy to do his stunts. I was later to have this verified. I also felt that the mass mind could send thoughts much easier than a single person. I experienced an example of this one day when I was expounding my views to a group



of friends. They challenged me to test my statements. I spread ten cards on a table and went into another room. I told them to choose a card and have one person in the group concentrate on the card. Unconsciously, however, they were all thinking of that one card, and I found I was able to pick up the thoughts of the group fairly easily.

My telepathic studies were slowed to a standstill when I entered college in the fall of 1939, and remained that way until 1942, when I chanced to discuss the subject with a man who later amazed me with his sensitivity to thought-reception. We were discussing Dr. Rhine's experiments in ESP (extra-sensory perception) and in the course of the conversation I mentioned my earlier tests. Mr. Rutherford was interested and suggested that we try some experiments ourselves. I was to concentrate on a variety of objects, making a list at the same time, while Mr. Rutherford was to make sketches of whatever came into his mind. The results were as follows:

<u>My List</u>	<u>Mr. Rutherford's Sketch</u>
1. Spoon (table)	Sketch of a tablespoon.
2. Glass of water	Sketch of drinking glass (empty).
3. Cigarette	Sketch of a small narrow cylinder with a wiggly line at right angles to one end (lighted cigarette!?)
4. Wrist watch	Sketch of circle with short lines spaced evenly around the circumference, four prongs projecting outside the circumference. He described it as a shiny object and associated noise and color with it!
5. Pencil	Sketch of cylinder about twice as long as the cigarette, pointed at one end.
6. Bunker Hill Monument	Sketch of a mound with a sharp-pointed, elongated pyramid on top, and a door or gate at the bottom of the mound.

I was amazed at these results, to say the least. His sketches were my ideas of what the objects looked like. For example, I've never seen the Bunker Hill Monument, but from what I had heard about it, I rather hazily pictured it as Mr. Rutherford sketched it. Unfortunately for our experiments, Mr. Rutherford was made head of some government bureau and I never came in contact with him again.

From my experiments I have come to the conclusion that telepathy is possible, younger people are more apt to be successful at it, due to their ready acceptance of things at face value. It is necessary to practice continually to obtain consistent results. Some people make better telepaths than others. (In this respect I differ with Dunninger, who feels that anyone can become proficient at picking up thought). For those who might wish to experiment for themselves, Dunninger's book "What's On Your Mind" has some very interesting suggestions and exercises, and is interesting reading, too.

THIS EQUATION IS A SENSATION ~

— ANOTHER OF THEM DURN PARADOXES —

All you Warp readers who have struggled thru the horrible contortions of first-semester algebra must have told yourself at one time or another: "There has to be an easier way!"

One of my classmates popped up with a simplified version of how to reduce an algebraic fraction the other day, and even though the prof took half an hour to explain just where the guy had gone off here, I believe half the class thinks it is a good idea, anyway.

Judge for yourself -- here's the problem:

$$(1) \quad \frac{AB + AC}{BM + BN} \div \frac{B+C}{M+N}$$

This guy started out in the conventional way -- inverted the divisor and changed the sign from division to multiplication:

$$(2) \quad \frac{AB + AC}{BM + BN} \times \frac{M+N}{B+C}$$

Then he began cancelling, like this: "b goes into ab a times. c into ac goes a times. m into bm goes b times. n into bn goes b times."

$$(3) \quad \frac{\overset{A}{AB} + \overset{A}{AC}}{\underset{B}{BM} + \underset{B}{BN}} \times \frac{M+N}{B+C} = \frac{A+A}{B+B}$$

Combining terms:

$$(4) \quad \frac{A+A}{B+B} = \frac{2A}{2B}$$

Cancelling:

$$(5) \quad \frac{2A}{2B} = \frac{A}{B}$$

Okay, all you Junior algebrists -- pound off! Just what in hell is wrong with that answer? ~~XXXXXXXXXX~~

If you have any pet ways of your own to defy the laws of mathematics, shoot 'em to us....we're having a hard time digging up ones of our own.)

THE JACK POT

IN SPITE OF OUR EFFORTS — HERE'S JACLEM!

"Art," I says, "what you need is a steady columnist."

"I need a columnist like I need a hole in the maid," rstarts hupp. "What you need is a swift kick in the posterior."

While I am not inclined to agree with AHR on that last statement, I remain firm in my conviction that the hupp needs a columnist. The fact that I happen to feel like doing a column has nothing to do with it. Says I to Art: "Either use my column, or I'll send you some of my stories."

I am now a columnist.

The other day I was indulging in one of my favorite pastimes -- i.e., annoying librarians, when I ran across the jacket of a book called "Travelers in Time," an anthology anthologized (?) by Van Dornen Stern. It seems this particular library has the quaint system of tacking up the jackets before the book itself arrives, so I have not yet seen the book itself. Can any of you readers -- all three of you (!!! - AHR) -- furnish any information on this book? I'd be interested in hearing the price, quality, price, where to buy it, price, and how much it costs. Money is no object unless it entails too much expense. Wonder if it'll come out in a paper-back edition in a few more years?

I wonder if anyone else was as disappointed with "The Green Man Returns" as I was? The first story was refreshing, humorous, and original. (Opinions expressed in this column are not necessarily those of Sagecraft's editors - AHR) It even had my favorite wit, Oscar Levant, as a character. The sequel is a stodgy, poorly-written, philosophical story with little interest to stf-readers. It all boils down to another "save the world from destruction with our system" type of thing. I can hardly believe that it is by the same Sherman.

Yours truly wonders if Virgil Finlay has been drawing his later stuff with his feet. Comparison to older works by this onetime great artist makes his current output look like Marchioni's nightmares. I personally think Virgil the Finlay is content to rest on his laurels, putting 1/2 the effort into his work that he used to do so capably... ..but watch it, VP -- there's a guy named Lawrence running around loose, not to mention a Clements from Cincinnati.

Well, that does it for this time. I won't pretend that I'm particularly interested in your reaction, as I don't give a damn one way or the other, but I do shudder when I think of the puns that hupp will no doubt slip in here and blame them on me. (Don't expect me to make your blatherings interesting, Jack's boy -- AHR)

Oh, well, I got my column, which means free hups, so I should worry.....

MORGAN BOTTS RECALLS
THE CASE
OF THE
SCHIZOPHRENIC
PROMAG

~ by ART RAPP

The fanzine Veepie had devoted its choice Page Two spot to a hysterical editorial which I was perusing between thoughtful sips of suds when Morgan Botts shuffled into the tiny tavern.

"What's up, Bud?" he inquired, noticing my absorption in the persuasively rhetorical phrases.

"Oh, fandom's off on another feud," I said, sliding a brimming stein over the marble tabletop to him before the Stefan-inventor could reach across to grab it anyway. "Seems the editor of Extragalactic Epics made some sort of remark in his letter-column which organized fandom interprets as a slur on their honor so now half the fan are in favor of sending the ed a denunciatory petition, while the rest want to boycott EE entirely. That has made the editor mad, too, so now he's calling the fans all sorts of vile names -- more fun!"

"Sounds like the old days," Botts mused, imbibing his ale thoughtfully. "Remember the time all the fan crusaded against Richard B. Beecher and the mag he edited -- Fantastic Stories?"

"How could I forget it?" I demanded reminiscently. "That was 'way back in the Fifties, when I had just become an actifan; and like everyone else I batted out reams of argument, satire and propaganda to prove that Beecher was a misbegotten moron or worse and that Fantastic Stories was a disgrace to stf. Funny thing, though -- I can't for the life of me remember what caused the fight in the first place."

"Causes are mere technicalities in a rip-roaring fanfeud," Botts murmured philosophically. "The Beecher-actifan feud was unique, however, for the haphazard manner in which it was conducted."

"Yeh," I replied. "A guy never knew whether to blast Beecher in his fanzine or not, because one week everybody was mad and the next the fan and Beecher were pledging eternal friendship like a couple of affectionate souses."

"They never stayed that way long, though," Botts remarked.

"Naw -- just as every fan relaxed, out would come a new FS with a virulent tirade against the dictatorial attitude of organized fandom, or accusations that actifen were a conceited minority, or some such uncalled-for remark, and off went the dogfight on a new cycle of charges and counter-charges."

"Rather silly, wasn't it?"

"Somewhat," I admitted. "But after all, you couldn't blame fandom for taking offense when FS continually attempted to lull them into a sense of security, and then slipped a knife into their back. I never could figure out what Beecher hoped to gain by such tactics."

Botts drained the final dregs of his beer, burped politely, and said, "As one of FS's assistant editors, I happened to be in a position to learn the real inside story of that famous feud. No doubt you would enjoy hearing about it even after all these years -- am I right?"

"Shore would," I answered.

There was an extended pause.

Finally Botts cleared his throat significantly, at the same time lifting his empty glass from the table as if to see whether any beer remained in the bottom. I caught on at once. Of course I would have to provide a copious supply of beer if I expected to hear Botts' reminiscences!

"Uh, sorry," I mumbled. "Don't know what I could have been thinking of....." I signaled to the bartender to supply us with more of the brew.

After a grateful gulp of the amber liquid, the stan-inventor began his tale:

"As I say, I was an assistant editor on Beecher's mag. In order for you to understand the causes of Beecher's strange conduct, it will be necessary to outline the office politics prevailing on the FS staff.

"Beecher was a kind-hearted, rather meek gentleman himself, a former fan who had risen to his editorial position through his intense interest in stf. Naturally, he was entirely in favor of organized fandom, and had demonstrated this by many of his earlier actions -- for example, when he presented originals to the conventions, or plugged various fanorganizations in his column.



"Unfortunately, Beecher got married.

"His engagement was announced in a leap-year, which has always led me to believe that he was not the one who did the proposing. After all, it is difficult to believe (even considering that love is supposed to be blind), that anyone would voluntarily espouse a battle-ax like Mrs. Beecher. 'The Stalking BEM' as she was known to the FS staff personnel.

"Several years after their marriage, Beecher's wife decided that she would help him improve his mag. Until this time, he had somehow kept her away from this portion of his life, mostly by letting her have her own way in all other matters. She chose his clothes for him, made him carry an umbrella if there was a single wisp of cloud in the sky, interrogated him mercilessly if he worked overtime, etc. and generally made his home life such a hell on earth that he was only too glad to put in long hours at the editorial desk, losing himself in the world of fantasy."

Botts paused for breath. I seized the opportunity to ask a question: "She wasn't a fan herself, then?"

"Far from it!" shuddered Botts. "She considered pulp magazine low, vulgar things, and stiff the drags of pulpdom. She was always coldly contemptuous of Beecher's professional friends when he brought them home for dinner or such things. On several occasions her snubbings alienated promising young authors whom Beecher was attempting to win over as FS staff writers.

"Inevitably, however, there came an exception. One day Beecher received a manuscript from an unknown writer, one Raymond Tremble. The story was rather inept and stumbling, definitely below the quality of stiff which FS was in the habit of using, and Beecher automatically slipped a rejection slip on it and shoved it into a return envelope.

"But then, as if nudged by the hand of Fate, he paused. The story had a certain underlying imaginative quality, he told himself -- perhaps this Tremble person could be developed into a passable author.... Maybe he could collaborate with the has-been hack, Ray Coings, who could spin a fair tale, but had long ago run out of plots. Always ready to gamble with Fate, Beecher called in his secretary and dictated a brief note, inviting Tremble to dinner.

"Tremble turned out to be a young man of the Sinatra type."

"The whoozis type?" I interrupted.

Botts looked at me in surprise for a moment, then laughed. "Sorry," he said. "That's an expression we used to use a little before your time. It means a skinny, pale, beanpole-framed character -- the sort that women think of as 'cute'."

"Oh."

"Well, Mrs. Beecher was fascinated by this Tremble guy. They chattered back and forth all evening about stiff-writing and how

Tremble really wanted to write 'significant literature' but was forced by financial circumstances to prostitute his art to the level of the pulps.

"Beecher was quivering with rage at these slurs on stf, but of course did not dare to open his mouth in the presence of his wife. It was with numb horror that he heard her order him to buy every manuscript that Tremble sent him; and when she announced that she would give up her Thursday-afternoon musicales and devote himself to uplifting stf, he was too dazed to do more than mutter feeble protests, for which she knocked him down the stairs.

"That marked the end of our happy days on the FS staff," Botts resumed after a swig of ale. "Every female under the age of fifty was banished from the editorial offices at once, of course. Mrs. Beecher would come charging in at all hours, and in her shrill penetrating voice would tell the Art Editor how to do his makeup, demand of the Story Editor that some perfect gem of a tale be ruthlessly slashed to make room for Tremble's latest wordy epic, and generally raised particular hell all over the Fantastic Stories establishment."

"What does this have to do with the feud?" I asked.

"Well," Botts retorted, "You must recall how fandom reacted to the first Tremble story. Even the henpecked Beecher felt a twinge of sympathy for the guy as the stacks of derogatory missives piled up in the FS office. However, he saw in them a chance to eliminate the Tremble nuisance, so at the first opportunity he showed the letters to Tremble, hoping to convince the would-be author that he should give up writing and return to his former occupation of hod-carrying."

"As you might have guessed, however, Tremble merely wailed that the morons who read stf didn't know great literature when they saw it. Then he snatched a handful of the most vituperative epistles and carried them to Mrs. Beecher.

"He got sympathy from her, of course. Mrs. Beecher was indignant that her protege was not welcomed into the stf field, and decided that the entire blame rested upon the shoulders of the organized fen. She at once decreed an unrelenting campaign to exterminate fandom, in spite of the hesitant opposition of the entire FS staff, most of whom were ex-fen themselves."

"But after all--" I protested.

"Yeh, I know," snarled Botts. "We should have put up a firm united front against her. It sounds nice in theory, but after all, we had to live somehow; and jobs in the publishing field were few and far between just at that time. Reluctantly we included her anti-fan cracks in the next issue of FS.

"Naturally the feud, once started, was difficult to stop. Constantly supervised by Mrs. Beecher and her stooge Tremble, we were forced to develop a sort of guerilla strategy."

"How do you mean?" I asked.

"We worked it this way: Every staff member kept a constant lookout for job openings on other mags. When one was discovered, the person who could then leave the FS staff would, as his last duty, delete the anti-fan cracks from the issue of FS then going to press, and would make such changes in the copy as were possible to win the fans back to friendship.

"Of course, when the fish would hit the stands and Tremble or Mrs. Beecher discovered what had been done, there would be a nasty scene at the FS office, with Mrs. Beecher angrily demanding the identity of the curplet who had disobeyed her orders, and Tremble sobbing hysterically over his blue-pencilled galley proofs. Then the guy who had the new job lined up would confess to the crime, and Beecher, acting under his wife's orders, would fire the man on the spot.

"That Beecher was secretly in sympathy, however, was evidenced by the fact that each man's last paycheck always showed a twenty-buck 'bonus for outstanding work.'"

"So," I breathed, "That is why FS showed such a schizophrenic character during the years of the fanfeud?"

"Exactly," said Morgan Botts. "Let's have another round of beers, shall we?"

END

Well, seems this guy Clements wants to advertise some sort of crudzine called Fandom Speaks, but hasn't provided any copy for the ad...

Hmmm, the thing seems to be a monthly, for which Jack and Rex Ward are responsible; and they'll send you one for a measly dime, or a full year's supply for only a buck.

Fandom Speaks is just that -- fanletters, in which few if any punches are pulled.....a successor to VOM, so I'm told. All that and Cockroft covers too.....why don't you subscribe to it, huh? Whadda ya want, a yegg in your bier?

FANDOM SPEAKS

Jack Clements
6310 Madison Rd.
Cincinnati 27, Ohio

Rex E. Ward
428 Main St.
El Segundo, California

P.S. After all, they might even run an r-trapp letter one of these days, and you'd get your money's worth right there, even if you don't like the rest of the stuff they print!

THE PSYCHO LAB

Here's the fan who made Cincinnati famous:

Jack Clements

Take a neurosis, stir it up with an element of conceit, give it a flair for bitter sarcasm, and the final result is a natural for fandom.

And its me, too.

I have discovered that the follies of the human race are as pointless and complex as the workings of a political regime. The only thing I like about humanity is fandom.

I was introduced to stf in the familiar manner. An acquaintance left a copy of AMZ at my house overnite; I read it, enjoyed it; I began buying all the promags, finding that ASF was my favorite until SS and TWS started giving Campbell a run for his money. Bradbury is at the #1 spot on my writer list.

Actifanning for only a few months, I have already succeeded in insulting the feminine sex, Thorne Smith, Kuttner, Wilkie Conner, the human race, Jack London, Bok, and everything else that fandom holds sacred. Although my endless amount of fanzine crud would imply that I like nothing, such is a false impression. I like jazz, Frank Sinatra time-travel stories, Jones covers and spitting out of 3rd story windows. I even like a few people, namely Oscar Levant, myself, Art Rapp (to make sure this gets printed,) and, most of all, Rex Ward.

I consider myself an artist without peer.

As for my personal appearance: I am five eight at the last reading, and my weight wavers around 107 up to 110, which I think is cleverly unique of me. Sinatra looks like me; Levant is impudent, sarcastic and extremely witty -- all Clements characteristics. That's why I like them, too.

Another Clements characteristic: talking too much. With that in mind, I depart.

GANGWAY! GANGWAY PER DE GREAT JACLEM!



*DUH! WIMMEN ARE
THE ROOT OF ALL
EVIL
TAKE EM AWAY!
TAKE EM AWAY!
TAKE EM AWAY!*

REPORT, SANS 'EXPLANATION'

BY

4sJ ACKERMAN

One night this summer I worked a ouija board with a friend. The friend is a fantasy fan who knows plenty about authors, stories, etc., so that he could have dreamed up the dope that was spelled out. Briefly, however, I may say that the experiment was not in the nature of a facetious one; and I had nothing to do consciously with what the board wrote.

E.P. Lovecraft was called on. The board wrote: "I am here -- Lovecraft." A couple of other things were written, but for the life of me I cannot remember what they were, on this, the morning following. Then, as I recall, the board said: "You are being kidded -- elementals."

Next, Homer Bon Flint was called. The ouija wrote: "I wrote the Blind Spot." My friend said, "If I am not mistaken, you had more to do with the story than your collaborator, Austin Hall?" The board replied, "Modestly I admit it." Question: "There was some mystery about your death." Response: "No mystery--auto accident." Q: "But wasn't there a gun found in the car, when you never carried one, and various other discrepancies?" A: "The work of drunks who got worried they would be suspected by the police." Then some question was put about The Blind Spot (I'm sorry, now, I didn't record all this verbatim) and the reply was something like: "I didn't describe this world perfectly in The Blind Spot, but good enough to make some people think." Q: "Was there any other story you had in mind writing when you passed on?" A: "Yes." Q: "What was its title?" A: "The Last Godling." Q: "That doesn't make sense." A: "It would, if you were here."

It was about 12:30 then, and we called it quits. I do not like to record what Flint wrote as his last message, but honesty impels me to do so. He said, "God is good." Anybody knowing me (an atheist since 15) knows that never came out of my mind, unless my subconscious is a schizophrenic that enjoys scandalizing me; and the friend is not a religious fanatic.

Earlier in the evening, the friend demonstrated automatic writing, and called on A. Merritt. The pencil, to employ a cliché, fairly flew over the paper. It wasn't the plainest writing in the world (nor did it resemble in the least Merritt's small, modernistic hand) but it was legible. This morning I experimented, and damned if I could write anything legible at such a speed. He signed his name three times, without capitals; and spelled "through" "thru" on the one occasion he used it. I do not recall if "thru" was characteristic of Merritt in personal letters, nor am I familiar with whether the friend uses it. Remember, I wasn't doing the writing! The friend and I had discussed the possibility of really "ghosted" stories, and "Merritt" responded that he would be interested in doing more writing if someone wanted to collaborate!

I only intended to make a little news item out of this, but it seems to have grown all out of hand. At that, there's about ten times as much that I could tell or speculate on or expand on -- thought that was stirred up -- but I do not feel in the mood for an exhaustive article. Suffice it to say that this was the first time I had encountered apparently-genuine phenomena of this kind, and, too, that this "item" should not be interpreted as any acceptance of mine of shaverism or anything of the sort, but be taken for just what its purpose is: To pass on something interesting, real or fancied, concerning some Masters of Fantasy.

END

The Bulletin Board -

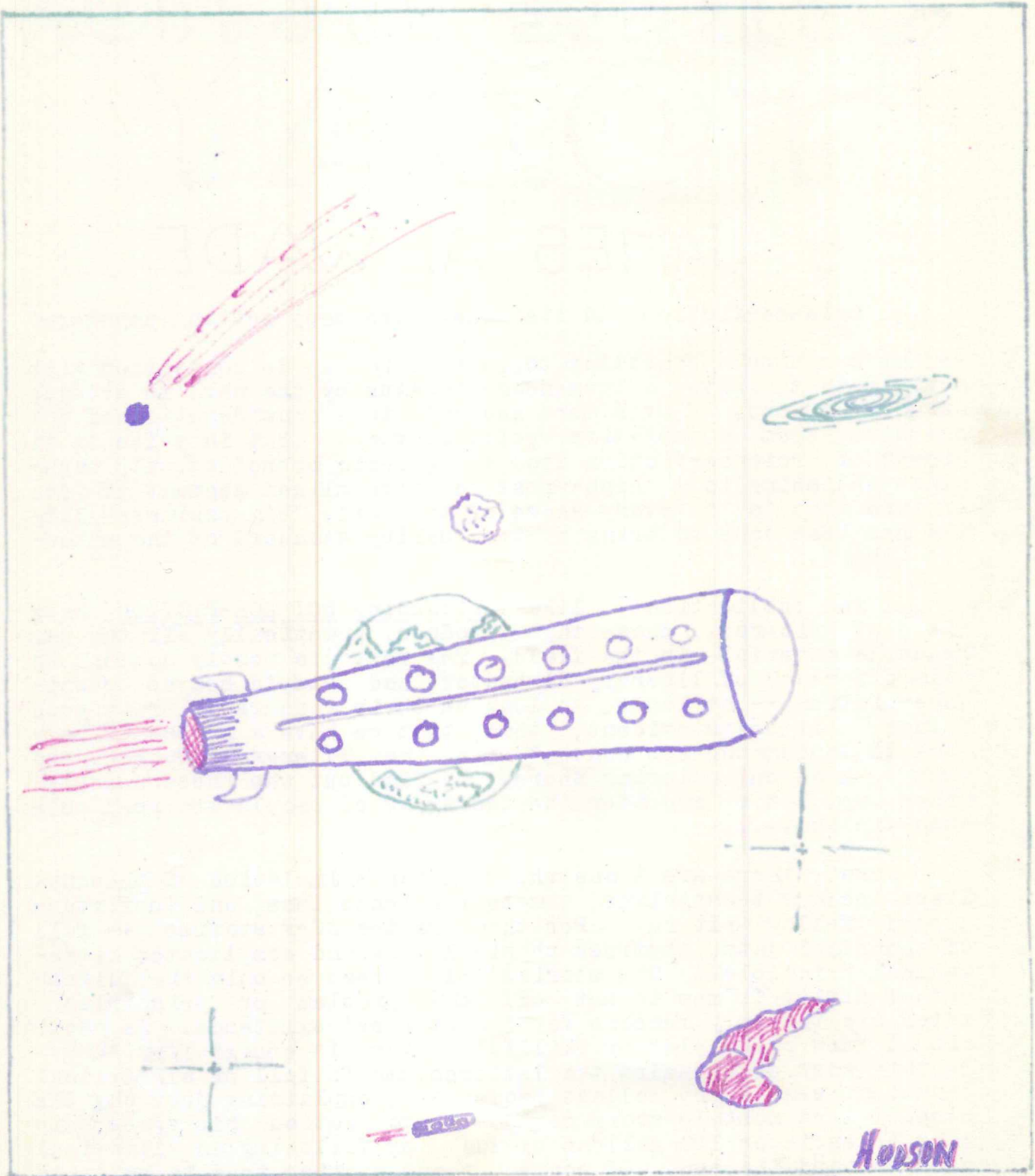
We hereby abandon our plan of rewarding Warp contributors with advertising space in addition to the usual free copy....the bookkeeping is too darn complicated!

Nevertheless, if you want to plug something in the Warp, we'll run your ad for free if you're one of our shining galaxy of writers, poets, or artists. Otherwise, Warp ad space sells for 50¢ per page, 30¢ - 1/2; 20¢ - 1/4.

Due to rising production costs (as the auto manufacturers say) a boost in subscription prices for the Warp may become necessary. We're going slightly in the red as 'tis.....so it would probably be a good idea for you to subscribe several months ahead while the present rates are in effect.

Notice the new names appearing on the contents page the last couple of issues? Most of the credit for that goes to Reid Boggs, who has obtained much material for us.....don't blame him for the Clements stuff, though -- that is something for which no human can be held responsible. Clements sends the stuff in himself. Mucho gracias, thanks, and all that sort of thing, Redd.

Wanna join the National Fantasy Fan Federation? Get an application blank from r-tRapp!



HOLSON

READ "PROBABILITY .28" FEATURING MORGAN BOTTS
IN → ECITON ←!

SCIENCE-FICTION TODAY

by JAMES A. WADE

Science-fiction and its fans: are they getting anywhere?

--That's rather a startling topic to bring up in connection with a field that, given a tremendous impetus by the war, is growing as never before. Even more unusual is a consideration of the question from a negative point of view. But in spite of the growth of science-fiction from an esoteric branch of pulp magazine publishing to a high-pressure, streamlined segment of literature that is, in every sense of the word, "big business" little has been done to bring up the quality standard of the material itself.

A few publications, like astounding SCIENCE-FICTION, have the best writers: those that produce practically all the new readable material in the field. The rest are mostly content to palm off reams of literary diaphanous and stupid hoaxes as science-fiction -- at least, so long as their readers tolerate such things. It seems evident, then, that we have a number of persons in fandom who are content with the literary gutter, and want to keep on wallowing there. To find out who these undesirables are, let's consider the two types of people who read science-fiction.....

First, there are those who read for stimulation of thought. These include technicians, amateur science fans, and (unfortunately!) fellow writers. For them are the AS-F stories -- full of technical data, abstruse physical laws and complicated mathematical principles. The stories' plots need be only the flimsiest of artist frames to set off the problem or principles which are the only reasons for the stories' existence. An occasional "new principle" or skillful fantasy is enough for them. In this sort of magazine the lettercolumn is full of algebraical equations sent in by college professors, explaining just why the hero of last month's story couldn't have gotten his space-ship back to earth on 100 gallons of fuel by following an elliptical orbit around the sun. Of course, these stories tend to be trite and unconvincing little jigsaw-puzzles.

But in dreadful contrast to these fairly sane and logical readers are those who read for pure enjoyment, to "escape." With certain of these, anything goes! Logic, reason, unity, plot -- even style and syntax are but undesirable intruders to some of these readers. The main object of a story to them is

to hurl the stock hero and stock heroine into as many stock situations as possible; to set up as many villainous tentpins for the hero to knock over as is practical (and if the tentpins happen to have three heads, 40 purple tentacles and an irresistible connubial urge for the heroine, so much the better!) These people have their Captain Future files to live on, but not much else. Fortunately, there are those to whom fantasy means much more than merely the old "man-against-the-jungle" technique, or the infernal triangle with one member not human.

A science-fiction fantasy worthy of the name is best described by example: Lovecraft's "Case of Charles Dexter Ward," "Shadow Out of Time" or "The Colour Out of Space" -- no mathematics, no melodrama; touches of supernatural terror, but still true science-fantasies. Or, to name others: "Frankenstein," "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde," "Satan," "Odd John," "The First Man in the Moon," "Power Planet," "Microcosmic God," "Twilight," "The Purple Cloud," "The Red Brain," and others.

Let our writers seek to follow the traditions of these great narratives, instead of merely setting second-rate shockers in a haphazard future, and the abused letter columns of our magazines and fanzines will lack most of the bumpkinsily breezy, elephantinely cute and crankishly fanatic material which reflects a low standard in both magazines and readers. Then and only then can science-fiction fans free themselves of the stigma that has been attached to the name by those who are merely out for cheap thrills, sex, and threadbare melodrama.

END

We Technopolarians do our spring cleaning in the fall, just to be different.....anyway, we've rounded up all the back issues that have been cluttering up the joint, and here's a list of 'em:

<u>Issue</u>	<u>Month</u>	<u>No. of Copies</u>
I - 2	May 47	14
I - 3	June 47	5
I - 4	July 47	2
I - 5	August 47	7
I - 6	September 47	10

You can have as many of these as you want at 5¢ per copy. Complete your file; get a couple extra copies of the Warp which contained one of your literary gems or artistic efforts.....you can send 'em to your relatives or friends for ego-boo purposes!

Oh, yeah -- we still have a few Bembooks, too, at 15¢ each. Have you gotten this all-fiction oneshot yet? Hmmm? (if you Warp readers who have bought Bembooks would encourage your friends to do likewise, eventually we'd get 'em all sold, and then we wouldn't have to use up valuable Warp space on plugs like this...)

Letter From
Lunar Station

Had I an ear for melody
I should have heard
in this keen silence
overtones of ageless sound...
the music of the spheres.

But endlessly I hear a song
of Earth only, of spring winds
and billowing wheatfields under the sun
and the evening call of one robin
in the darkling meadow

and I hear
the song of a girl walking
on a green summer street

(this theme is loudest
and constantly recurring,
whirling out of the hardy-gurdy
of my soul
like an air from Il Trovatore
on the garish Midway of a ragshow)

not the soprano of her throat,
but the white melody of her body
freely striding
and the caroling chiffon music
of her summer dress
blown distractingly,

all tilting together the fragile leitmotif
of my heart's grand opera
of Earth.

Rue Bowdoin

SO YOU WANT TO WRITE SCIENCE-FICTION?

by WILKIE CONNER

(Part One of this two-part article appeared in the Nov. Warp)

PART TWO

Last month I promised to present a method whereby the average s-f fan could write a salable science-fiction story. Though I favor fantasy, I have deliberately selected s-f (though the method outlined will work equally well regardless of the type of story), because fantasy is harder to sell than science-fiction: The fantasy market is so limited it's almost extinct.

I assume you have read enough s-f mags to know their general requirements -- i.e., their slant. I also assume you know yourself -- that is, you know what market best fits your background, education, etc. (Be honest about this. If you can't write top-grade fiction, try for a low-grade market at first. Remember, even the lowest science-fiction pulp demands top writing -- as any check of current issues will show: the same TOP writers appear in all of them. Editorial standards are high; the only difference among the mags is in the type of reader they seek -- some use a juvenile slant; some more mature ideas. They all demand good writing, tight well-motivated stories. In other words, whether a magazine is "high quality" or "low quality" all depends upon what the individual reader defines as quality in literature.

When you have decided on the magazine you intend to write for, obtain several recent copies. Read them from cover to cover. Read them so often they become tiresome. When you become thoroughly saturated in the slant of the book, decide which of the stories you have read is most representative of the general contents of the book. Copy that story word for word, comma for comma. Then write the story in your own words. Try to visualize, as you copy and as you write, just what the author of that story was doing. Notice how he used dialogue, suspense, atmosphere. Then, destroy both those stories! NEVER keep a copied story or a rewritten published yarn around where people may see them and accuse you of plagiarism.

(Of course, all this adds up to work, brother! Writing is the hardest job in the world! If you're not willing to work, forget about this and become an Air Corps general or something... there's no easy way to break into writing. If there were, the authors would outnumber the readers!)

Now, you are ready to write YOUR yarn. As you copied the pro's work, and as you later re-wrote it, a similar, though differ-

LAMENT

His flesh is here
But his mind is bound
And his ears listen only
For a thin small sound...

A pale-eyed maiden
Of the pixie race
Sings a song binding
In spider lace.

I have his body
But a pixie maid
Weaves his heart
In her long black braid.

GENEVIEVE K.
STEPHENS



ent story formed in your mind. What's more important, it formed in the general slant of the magazine you're trying to hit! As you write, you will be writing for that particular editor!

As you begin the initial draft of your story, think of the story-pattern of the tale you copied as being a Christmas tree. You remove the pro author's ornaments and substitute ornaments of your own. Not Kattner's. Nor Smith's. But YOURS. DON'T USE ONE WORD OR BIT OF BUSINESS OR PLOT USED BY THAT OTHER WRITER! Just use his pattern, his blueprint. He probably stole it, himself. All authors, including Shakespeare base their work on other models.

Where he put on tinsel, you put on a popcorn ball. Where he used a red star or a blood-b-e-m, you toss in some snow or a chain reaction.....but, when the pro introduces his hero, you trot out your own super-genius or whatever. When the pro's hero finds trouble, yours does the same. Try to use the same amount of dialogue as the pro. Only f'r keerist sake make it YOURS!!!.....I can't emphasize that too much. Copy the other fellow's pattern, but not his plot, style, bits of business, etc. That is, if Joe Dope in the pro story gets caught in a vortex, don't let your hero get near any vortexes -- lose him in a Venusian fog or drop him through a hidden trapdoor, or something.

When you have finished your story, put it aside to cool and forget it completely for a few days. Then re-read it. Every line, every word, every paragraph that sounds amateurish, or high-school-ish, or like your college professor told you to write -- every line that doesn't move the yarn ahead -- every bit of drivel that sounded so swell when you wrote it down -- strike 'em out!

Blue-pencil ruthlessly. Then re-write. After another cooling period, see if you can stomach the thing again. If you can, you have a pretty fair story. Type it* and mail^o it away.

If you have played fair with yourself, you have written a sound story. Despite that, your first dozen or so will get you nothing but a big postage expense and a collection of rejection slips. ((A-men! - AHE)) But eventually, one will attract attention in that editorial office ... and sooner or later you will sell. Just follow the above method on all your stories. It is work -- but it does work! (I keep telling myself).

Good luck, and let me know the results!

END

*Correct form for manuscripts:

Top left corner, page 1 - name and address. Top right corner, page 1 - number of words. Title: centered, 10 lines from top of page 1. Indent 10 spaces for paragraphs. Begin yarn 5 lines below title. Double-space, one side of paper only. Number pages in center of bottom margin.

Mail flat, enclose return postage (NOT a return envelope!) Don't staple, bind, pin or clip the pages together. Fancy trappings spell amateur.