

S P A C E W A R P



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2 PVA C E W A R B

AUGUST 1948

VOLUNTARY CONTRIBUTION

Speaking of journalism, I'm glad everyone seemed to find my hastily-written Torcon coverage satisfactory. It's the first newsgathering I've done since graduation parted me from the editorial desk of the Arthur Hill High School News back in 1942. I can safely conjecture that Miss Crump's blue pencil would have raised particular hell with my first-person narrative style!

Oh, yes, I must apologise to Richard S. Shaver. A few days ago I wrote him that he had no sense of humor. I was wrong. He has, as is shown by his method of retaliation for some of my remarks about him.

He's put me on the mailing list of the Shaver Mystery Club.

By the time you get this WARP, the July MUTANT will be out. Obviously you wouldn't be interested in a rocketship cover by Norman Kossuth, editorials, articles and fiction by Redd Boggs, Stewart Metchette, Jimmy Wheaton, George Young, myself, Ken Smookler, George Andrews, and Jim Harmon. Obviously not, for if you were, you'd turn to page 19 of this WARP and heed the advice given there. Incidentally, the MUTANT is probably the first fanzine on Terra to be edited in one country and published in another. In fact, it's assembled in Windsor, Ontario, run off in Saginaw, and mailed in Farmington, Michigan. Complicated, no end. But when the greatest minds in Canada cooperate with the equally-great intellects of the U.S., the results are bound to be interesting, if not spectacular!

In response to several queries: Yes, the Bottstory in the last WARP was #17. Some of the others haven't been published yet, however. They're reposing in the dusty files of scattered fanzine editors all over the American continent. If I have room next month, I'll stick a bibliography into the WARP.

In case you are unaware of it, the CONVENTION will be September 3-4-5, 1949, and the slogan of the Convention Committee is "Over the Rhine in Forty-Nine!" What, if anything, the Rhine has to do with Cincinnati, I haven't the slightest idea, but you're going to hear that phrase several times more in the next 18 months. Why don't you make life easier on your nerves by signing up for the Seventh World Stfcon now, instead of at the last minute?

This is probably the most colorful WARP you'll ever see. When I left all those spaces on the stencils to be filled with stamped words, I didn't know (or realize) the job I was cutting out for myself. The initial letters aren't so bad, and I'll continue using 'em when I have time -- but the number of stamped titles gets cut drastically!

Don Wilson says the draft will strike a devastating blow at fandom. What do you think? Is the wartime slump from which we just emerged about to close its tentacles on us once again? Or has the rapid growth of the past year been sufficient to counterbalance the snatching-away of our draft-age actifen? Personally, I think the draft will hurt fandom to some extent, but that there will be enough fen above or below the critical age to keep things activated on the home front. As Martin Alger says, we vetfen will be glad to see that the boys in camp are provided with Amazing and FA every month!

With which sadistic thought I leave you until September.....

Al
r-tRapp

((This article was obtained for SPACEJARP through the Manuscript Bureau of the NATIONAL FANTASY FAN FEDERATION))

.....
: : STRANGE -- BUT TRUE ! : :
.....

by ZEDA P. MISNER

CURIOUS indeed are the things to be learned from your daily newspaper, if you will only remember the odd incidents of which you read. But most of us pass over them without a glance, and within four or five days have forgotten them entirely. During his lifetime, Charles Fort collected enough of these overlooked items to fill four books -- but who will carry on his work? There is, for instance, the strange fog which blanketed Benshoff Hill, Pennsylvania, on June 9, 1948. The fog appeared only around four houses which were grouped on a hilltop, and when it lifted the next morning, the houses and an automobile which was parked nearby were stripped of their paint. The houses had been painted by three different companies, showing that it was not the paint itself at fault. You can look this up in the Johnstown, Pennsylvania, newspapers, which carried long stories on the "Mystery Fog."

A few weeks ago, the news broadcasts told of an Army sergeant who stole a bomber and flew it singlehanded to another state, making a perfect landing -- and this was a plane which normally required a 7-man crew! The sergeant had never before flown a plane. He says a voice told him to take the bomber, and he seems to have had no trouble flying it -- but after he landed he couldn't remember details of the flight!

Less than a week later, two children stole a three-passenger plane and flew it several hundred miles, landing it safely. They claimed a voice told them how to fly and land the plane, but they couldn't remember how they had done it. Later stories of this incident said the children had learned to fly from reading comic strips. ((See Fort's data on how people -- especially children -- revise "impossible" stories after several hours of cross-questioning.--ahr))

Recently a Canadian air route was changed to avoid a radioactive cloud drifting in the stratosphere. ((This report has come up as happening in the U.S. also. See COMPANY a few months back--ahr.))

Last fall, two ladies living near here were coming home from their club when they heard a rumble underfoot as if the ground were caving in. They were so frightened they ran the rest of the way home. Next morning it was learned that a fissure in the earth had appeared in the adjoining county, running through two farms. You can't see to the bottom, and when stones are dropped in it, you can't hear them land. Sounds like an earth quake -- but there has never been one in this region before!

I once read that the Northern Lights could be heard as well as seen. I had often heard them, but was always laughed at when I told anyone of the experience, until I found this article to back me up.

Science and religion have gotten together on yet another point. A scientist in Florida says this continent is the Biblical land of Eden, and the Garden of Eden was situated in Missouri, near Independence. Noah's Ark was built on this continent, instead of across the Pacific in Asia. The legends of the Chiapa Indians in Mexico, as well as other

tribes, teach this; and science now accepts the fact. There are only two places in the world where Gopher Wood (used in construction of the Ark) is to be found -- and the only place where the wood grows in surroundings conforming to Biblical description is near Apalachicola, Fla. Another confirmation is the tides -- for a ship to land on Mt. Ararat in Asia, as the Ark did, having no power but the wind and tide, it had to come from this direction.

- END -

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by BEN SINGER

((At Mr. Singer's request, we hereby admit that he wrote this reply to Conner immediately after the MayWARP came out. It's been kicking around our editorial madhouse ever since. --ahr))

CONNER, I'd like to keep this from becoming a petty squabble over personalities -- but when you suggest that my statement that I did not immediately see a copy of the July 47 WARP is not true, I suggest it is time to check on the facts. You simply do not realize that I dropped out of fandom for several months, a result of long working hours, and so missed many fanzines.

Conner's statement: "Perhaps, my style is so confusing, Ben could not figure it out, and therefore had to wait until he could find some intelligent person to interpret my article for him" sounds like I am attacking his "style" and not his statements. I hasten to inform him otherwise. I am sure r-thapp isn't allotting us valuable space to war over style. ((This is a fine place for an editorial wisecrack, but I will not make one, for once --ahr))

Conner, by his use of the words "intelligent person" implies that I am not intelligent. This I do not deny, since SPACEWARP is not a proving ground for IQ's, although certain egotistic people might think otherwise. ((Now see here, Ben!))

Conner laid another egg when he wrote: "It is nice that Mr. Singer was interested enough in what I had to say to read it." Might I ask how do I become "interested" in what Wilkie has to say if I don't read

what he writes? But enough of this. ((Too much.))

Conner admits having to add such major items as "spaceships, atomic power, and the distant world" to a story to make it science-fiction. This contradicts his statement, "Take ANY fiction, transplant it to a background common to stf, add a few gimmicks common to that background, and you have stf."

But he makes his basic error in saying that certain stf basic plots are lifted from some already-published non-stf stories, when he should say merely that the basic plot is used in BOTH, and belongs neither to one type nor the other. You cannot place any of the dozens of key plots in any one categorical time or period of fiction. Most of them are of the type that could be called UN-originated -- that is, no one man thought them up, for they are possibilities in any time.

Now, to define stf, Conner says "A science-fiction story is a story whose plot is derived from facts known to science, usually projected into the future."

When he says "usually projected" he implies the story doesn't necessarily HAVE to take place in the future; therefore, his plot of a woman having a baby COULD take place in the present according to his definition, which he applies is

THE definition -- for all stf, that is -- and thereby contains, as I said before, simply facts which apply to any fiction, and which Conner classifies, for no reason, as stf. (If we take his definition of stf literally, that is.)

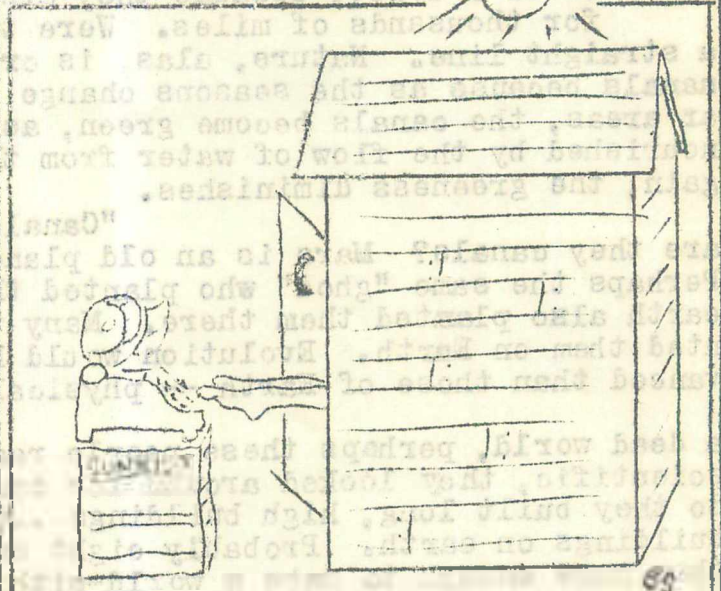
But if Wilkie had said, "A stf story is a story whose plot is derived from facts known to science, (always) projected into the future" I would point out the stf printed which is supposed to take place in the present. ((What, then, is stf? Huh?))

By the way, Wilkie, analyze the stf classic "Frankenstein" for me according to your definition. Show me how the authoress managed to use the plot of the old story "??" and change it according to the new "science she tossed in."

Certainly people may have been interested in science in general or a specialized science before they read their first stf story. But who can deny that science-fiction encourages these people to further exploration of the science(s) they are

interested in? Besides, stf TEACHES some of the fundamentals of science to the layman. Does fantasy?

(Slowly I approached the mysterious old house. As I neared it I saw a little old man sitting on the perch. Then I discovered the horrible fact!!! I could see right thru him. Bravo).



CONNER DOESN'T SOUND OFF JUST TO HEAR HIS TYPEWRITER CLICK

You say that, due to your reading of "The Prince" and his "magic cloak" you took up writing. Full credit is hereby given fantasy for your success.

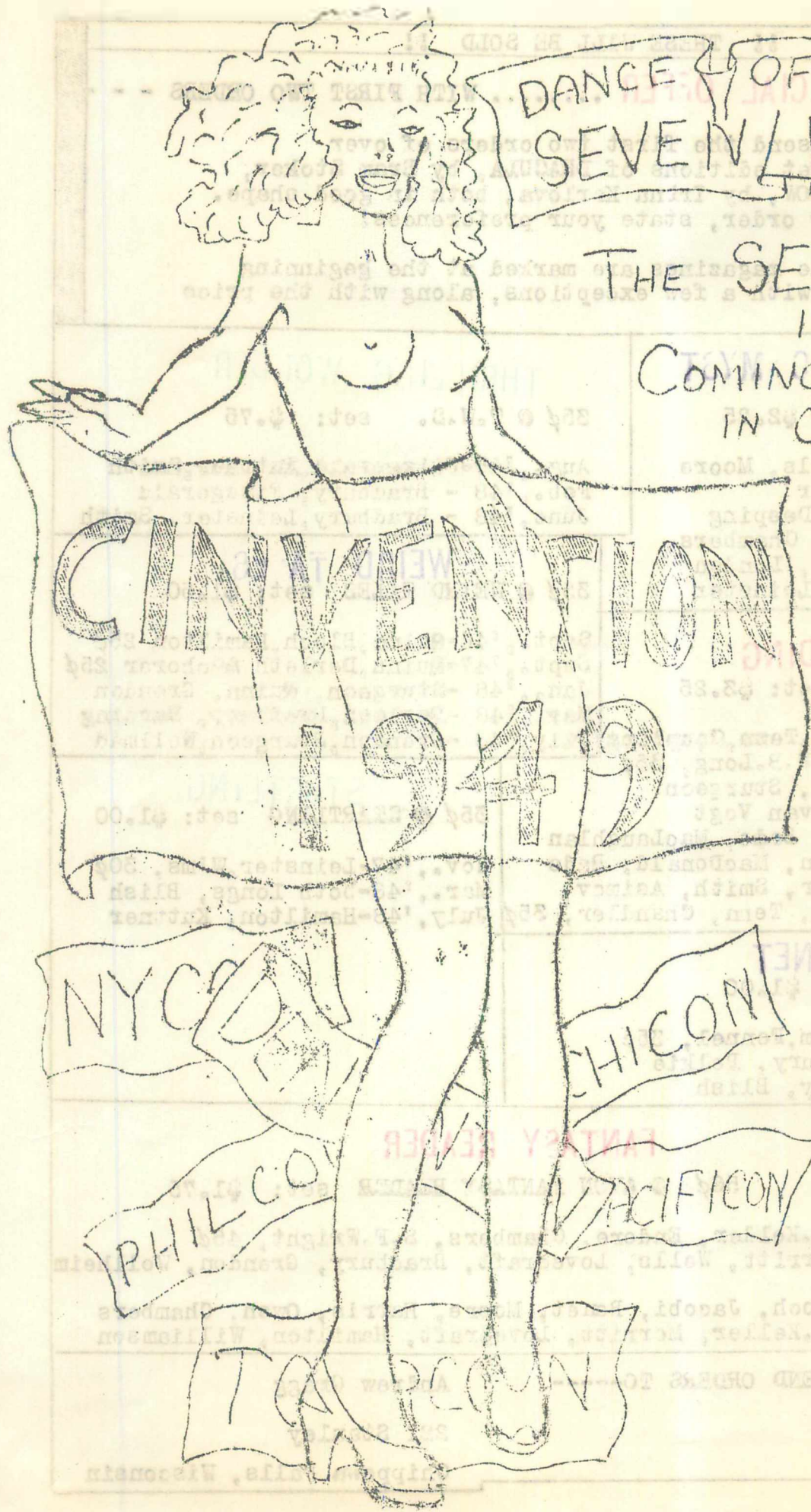
I agree with you on one point: life after death. But may I elaborate further on your statement by including belief in God as one of the foolish things people indulge in? But then again, we both may be wrong in assuming that there can be found no intelligent people who believe in these absurd things. After all, intelligent you may be, but after having conflicting dogmas of this type driven into your head since you were three or four years of age, it is hard to liberate yourself.

No, Wilkie, I don't believe you are a nincompoop, who writes to SPACEWARP just to hear his typewriter click, and just to satisfy an egotistic nature. You don't have to be a nincompoop to have those essentials. All the fans in fandom have them.

- END -

SOMETHING FOR SINGER

"All sciences begin with attempts to define. Nothing ever has been defined. Because there is nothing to define. Darwin wrote The Origin of Species. He was never able to tell what he meant by a "species.".....The fittest survive. What is meant by the fittest? Not the strongest; not the cleverest -- Weakness and stupidity everywhere survive. There is no way of determining fitness except in that a thing does survive. "Fitness," then, is only another name for "survival." Darwinism: That survivors survive." -- Charles Fort ? The Book of the Damned, Chapters 1 and 3.



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SOMETHING FOR SOMEONE
"A religion is necessary for the people -- this is, in a certain sense, the deepest insult that has ever been offered to our faith." --Charles Peguy, Basic Verities, p.183.

"It was once a tenet of all men's faith that the Divine Hand appoints the stars in their courses, so that not one of them, more numerous than the grains of sand on all the beaches of the world, might molest another. But in truth accidents most certainly occur, and before the very lens of the astronomer. It takes, today, a greater courage to have faith." --Donald Culross Peattie, An Almanac for Moderns, 8/15.

"It is...the universal impulse to believe, that is the material circumstance and is the principal fact in the history of the globe."
--Ralph Waldo Emerson, "Experience".

" THE GREAT JIF BROADCAST "

PART SEVEN -- by

PAUL D. COX

" **B**ingen helb! Help!" von Heine yelled, his voice growing weaker as the space ship hurtled ever onward out of Earth's atmosphere into the void of space. Von Heine's voice trailed off weakly with this sad thought: "Life is a blue enameled chamber pot under a bed."

The outer skin of the ship was polished to a shiny mirror-like surface with the only projection being the outlet of a relief tube. By chance of fate or by the will of the Cosmic Cheds, von Heine's coat was caught securely to this metallic thorn. He dangled in the air, saved from a fate worse than life -- death, by falling to the Earth many miles below.

Inside the ship, all was confusion. Numerous fan rushed about searching all the compartments of the ship, but no von Heine could they find. Several of the more frightened fan even bothered to open and search each individual can of beer.

Some of the newer fan insisted that a man the size of von Heine could not possibly hide in a beer can, but Tom Tadley, leader of the "beer can searching brigade" said: "You never can tell -- I've read of stranger things in magazines." He and the others continued their investigation.

Shortly all the frantic rushing about came to a halt and all that could be heard was the sound of sobbing fan bemoaning their fate and the liquid gurgle of beer rushing down Tadley's throat.

A fan over near the control board was muttering aloud to himself. "I've got to do something!" he exclaimed, banging his fist against the bulkhead. "I haven't completed plans for the Cosmic Ellipse Club, yet. Fandom cannot come to such an untimely end -- we have to fulfill our Cosmic Purpose."

There was a slight clanking sound near the porthole and a nearby fan looked out. "He's outside!" He gave a hoarse fan yell. All the fans who were near rushed over to the porthole and saw von Heine outside, waving like a flag in the wind, his heels clanking against the side of the ship. Those who saw were saddened even more than before because they saw no hope of saving him.

"Are there any space suits on this ship?" yelled the Cosmic Ellipse fan. "Get me a suit and I'll go out and rescue von Heine!"

"There aren't any," Upperberth moaned. "We hadn't planned to go outside the ship in space."

Several of the more scientific-minded fans hurriedly conferred and then made straight for the machine shop. In three minutes flat they returned with a perfectly-constructed space suit, made from beer cans and used mimeo stencils.

The fan, of the Cosmic Ellipse Club, from White Castle, Ohio, hastily donned the suit and thence out the airlock. Outside, he cropt to von Heine. With a tender kick in the ribs he released von Heine from the projection and carried him back into the ship.

Inside all the fans gathered around and administered first aid. von Heine revived after a short while, non the worse for his experience except for a serious case of the bends. And some bruised ribs, of course.

"Didt antyvon notice der instrumends ven ve commenced to go?" von Heine asked, staring around at the sea of fine fan faces.

All the fans looked guiltily at each other, for none of them had bothered to check the various instrument readings.

"Den ve are lostd!" He staggered to his bunk and went to sleep. The assembled fan and authors stood around helplessly bewildered.

BACK on Earth in the geometric -- geographic, that is 0- center of the Sahara, one lone fan, Lord Alpine by name (he'd merely used the name of Joe Clump at the Torcon) stood and stared at the vast, unending desert around him. He began to regret his blasphemous statement that stories in stf presines were "just fiction."

He stood and contemplated the miles of shifting sand dunes, the shimmering waves of heat dancing over the desert, and the hot sun scorching the back of his neck.

And then the visions came! He floated in the air, drifting with a light breeze over the sands. Slowly a mirage formed before him: It was a young fan pulling a splashed purple sheet from a gelatine pad. Suddenly the gelatin tore and the ~~hero~~ was ruined. The young fan cried and cursed, screamed and flailed his arms.

"Why does there have to be so much unhappiness?" asked Alpine.

"That is the way of fan life." boomed a voice in the sky.

Another scene formed before Lord Alpine's eyes. It showed a sad-faced, serious fan opening his mail. From each letter fluttered a small orange rejection slip.

"That," repeated the voice, "is the way of fan life."

The scene faded to be replaced by one of a haggard thin fan. Once he had been a jolly fat man. He was typing with his right hand and turning a mimeo crank with his left. The sheets zipping from the machine were entitled "PHILCOM MEMORY BOOK." As fast as the sheets came from the mimeo a wind picked them up and whirled them through the window and down into a sewer opening.

"That is the way of fan life," said the voice a third time.

At this Lord Alpine was sad, and he fought back bitter tears as he drifted across the desert. At last he came to an oasis and there he slept under a palm tree.

Upon awakening Lord Alpine glowed in the knowledge of all things. He knew all things -- the Cosmic Truth had been revealed -- a golden glow suffused the air around him. He arose and walked into the sunset.

BACK on the ship, Upperberth was saying: "Last year Frankly Incredible Tales of Science printed twelve stories in which the hero was lost in an unknown part of the Galaxy. In every case he cleverly managed to figure his position and devise a means of returning to Earth, yet you say that amongst all these fine minds we can't figure

where we are! He ended his statement in a shout of rage at von Heine, who continued to sip placidly at a can of beer.

"We are marooned on some unknown planet," von Heine answered. "Look for yourself der window outd. See der strange landscape. Ve don't know vere iss ve, and iff ve didt, ve couldn't leave because der shib kaput iss. Ve iss finished." von Heine reached for another can of beer from the fast-diminishing pile.

Hom Tadley scowled at von Heine jealously. The more von Heine drank, the less was left for Hom. The rest of the fen were hopelessly outclassed.

As von Heine said, they were marooned on a strange planet, and by now some of the fen were outside. O. George Schmidt was erecting a tall pole to support the antenna for the stf transmitter. He was being aided by several author-worshipping fen and JaClem.

"We need a parabolic reflector for the antenna," said O. George. "It seems someone would have had enough sense to bring one. I told you in my speech at the Torcon that one was necessary."

The fen hung their heads and shuffled their feet in the dust. Eventually one had an inspiration, and joyously brought a suitable substitute from the sick ward. It was a blue enameled bed pan. JaClem scampered up the pole with it and nailed it in place.

All these preliminaries finished, they were ready to send a message to Earth asking the few remaining fen there to build a second space ship and come to the rescue. Then the hopes of all these happy souls were dashed into scattered pieces.

O. George Schmidt let out a yelp. "Why didn't we think of it? Radio waves travel at the speed of light. We are probably twenty or thirty light-years away from the earth. There's nothing for it but to sit around until the message gets there."

At this astounding statement a long sigh went up from the multitude, and Hom Tadley suddenly became sold sober. He said, "But -- but the beer won't last that long!" A murmur of horror rose from the whole of assembled funder. This was probably the gravest situation ever faced by these cosmic-minded individuals.

One of the more intelligent fans, Ralph Artshaw, said that he had a plan to speed up radio waves. He proclaimed loudly that he could speed them up to such an extent that it would take only a few seconds to contact Earth. For this he was denounced by O. George Schmidt.

"Didn't I say, in my speech at the Torcon, that speeds faster than light were impossible, except in fiction?"

"But we came here in a ship at faster than light speed," pointed out Ralph Artshaw.

To this O. George Schmidt had no reply. He opened his mouth, closed it again, and walked away from those fans who had collected around Artshaw.

"Tell us your plan!" they shouted, clutching at straws.

"Get me some chewing gum and some sort of grease," Artshaw commanded sharply, his super-elan mind clearly visualizing just what procedure was necessary.

Starr and Luna contributed their slightly-used chewing gum and one slick-haired young fen gave a tube of Wildleaf Lard Oil. Artshaw sent JaClem up the pole with instructions on what to do. While JaClem worked, Artshaw explained the principles of his system.

"With the chewing gum placed directly in the center of the reflector, and with the reflector itself well lubricated, it is obvious that we can send a radio wave at a tremendous speed." He paused a moment so the fan minds could absorb what he had said. He continued, "It works like this: When the message is transmitted all the radio waves get stuck to the chewing gum until the quantity of the waves reaches such a point that they burst loose with a super-cosmic charge of energy. When they escape the gum they slide over the Lord Oil and flash across space with an unimaginable velocity."

The other fans cheered at this and lifted Ralph Artshaw to their shoulders, marching around and 'round the ship singing "For he's a jolly good Blan."

AFTER this demonstration was over they sent the message, and, as was expected, the radio waves exceeded the speed of light many thousands of times. Within thirty seconds a benevolent, kindly, god-like, telepathic thought came into their minds. "Fellow fen! I have seen the Light -- the Cosmic Truths -- I, Lord Alpine, realize the error of my former ways. I see in the future that fankind has a wonderful Cosmic Destiny. I have heard your call for help, and answer: To repair the space ship it is merely necessary to reverse the bigangious connection on the Hydrosmetic Thermocosmostat."

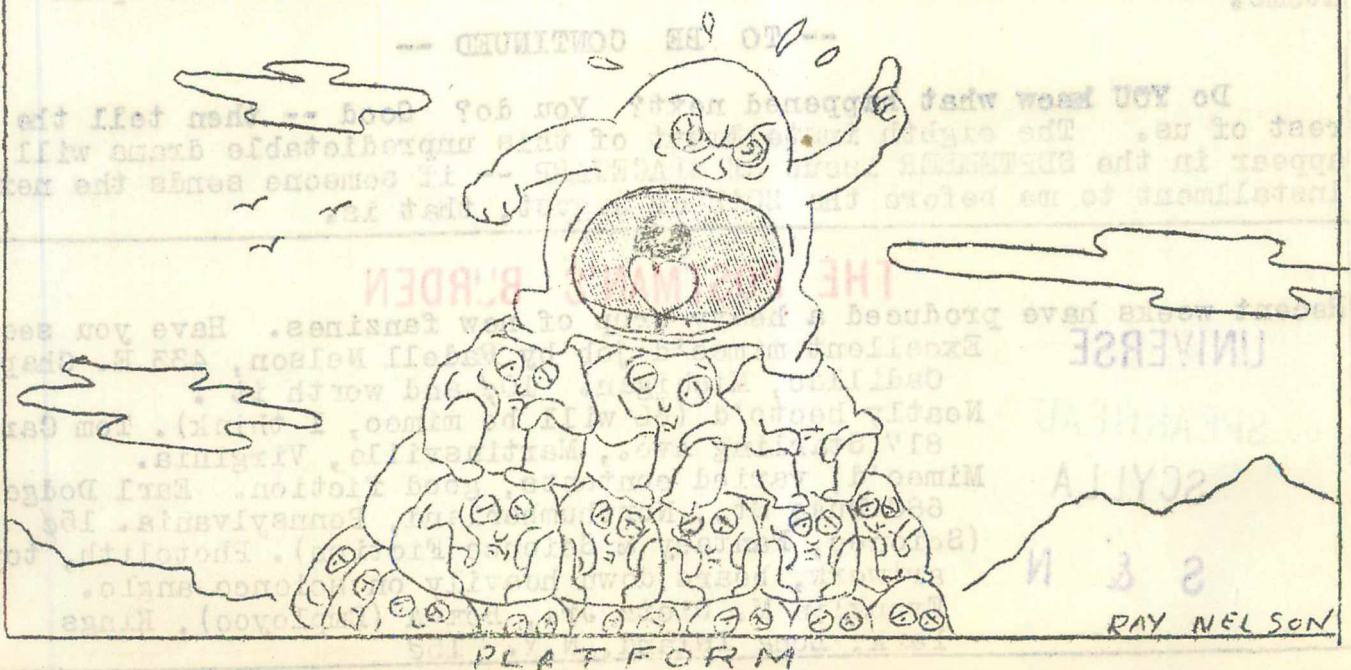
"Good by, my friends. I must leave you and go to converse with the Elder Gods." With that the message faded from their minds. Lord Alpine was never heard of again in this universe.

After reversing the whetait, the space drive was tested and found to be in perfect operating condition.

The Earth had been located by several of the fans by getting a directional fix on the telepathic message.

Much relieved, fans and authors alike clamored for the Stf Broadcast as had been originally planned.

The transmitter was turned on again and various talented fen prepared their speeches, songs, dramas, etc.



BEFORE long, the population of Earth, turning on their radios, were startled to hear a voice intoning: "Alpine is Ghod and I am his prophet." Throughout the day and far into the night they heard all manner of weird religions praised; all manner of political systems advocated; stories of wild adventure in the farflung void; weird poems and songs; obviously non-human logic, etc.

For three days, without letup, Earth was subjected to this utterly mad-mad broadcast. It was too much for the population of the home planet. They were threatening to overthrow their various governments unless they could be protected from such outrageous, degenerate trash as was filling the airways, drowning out "Road of Life" and "Our Gal Sunday" and other cultural programs.

The United Nations met and for the first time in its history there was no threat of a veto to block action in a common cause. At the meeting the President of the United States made a speech in which he said that this broadcast from beyond the stars was obviously transmitted by alien, non-human creatures, for no ordinary human could make sense of it.

The Premier of Russia agreed, and added that he thought these aliens probably had capitalist ideas.

After all the representatives of all nations had spoken they called in the leading scientific men of all countries to discuss the problem of combatting this menace.

These scientific teams from all the nations of Earth worked together with mutual and perfect cooperation. The nations revealed their own secret technical knowledge. Progress was made so fast that it surprised nearly everyone. It showed that a united world could accomplish the seemingly-impossible almost as fast as a bunch of stifen could.

Within a week a space ship had been built -- the location of the mysterious transmitter had been plotted -- and all was ready for the attack.

As if the strange menace which already threatened the fen on the alien planet weren't enough, they now had this new factor to contend with. An atom bomb aboard, the space ship roared into the heavens, bent on blasting the transmitter and its crew of supposed aliens into split atoms!

-- TO BE CONTINUED --

Do YOU know what happened next? You do? Good -- then tell the rest of us. The eighth installment of this unpredictable drama will appear in the SEPTEMBER issue of SPACEWAR -- if someone sends the next installment to me before the 20th of August, that is.

THE POSTMAN'S BURDEN

Recent weeks have produced a heavy crop of new fanzines. Have you seen:

UNIVERSE Excellent mimeo'd job by Radell Nelson, 433 E. Chapin Cadillac, Michigan. 10¢ and worth it!

SPEARHEAD Neatly hecto'd (#2 will be mimeo, I think). Tom Carter 817 Starling Ave., Martinsville, Virginia.

SCYLLA Mimeo'd, varied contents, good fiction. Earl Dodge, 680 Duke St., Northumberland, Pennsylvania. 15¢

S & N (Science, Fantasy & Science Fiction). Photolith, top artwork, bears down heavily on science anglo. Franklin M. Dietz Jr., Box A (Employee), Kings Park, Long Island, N.Y. 15¢

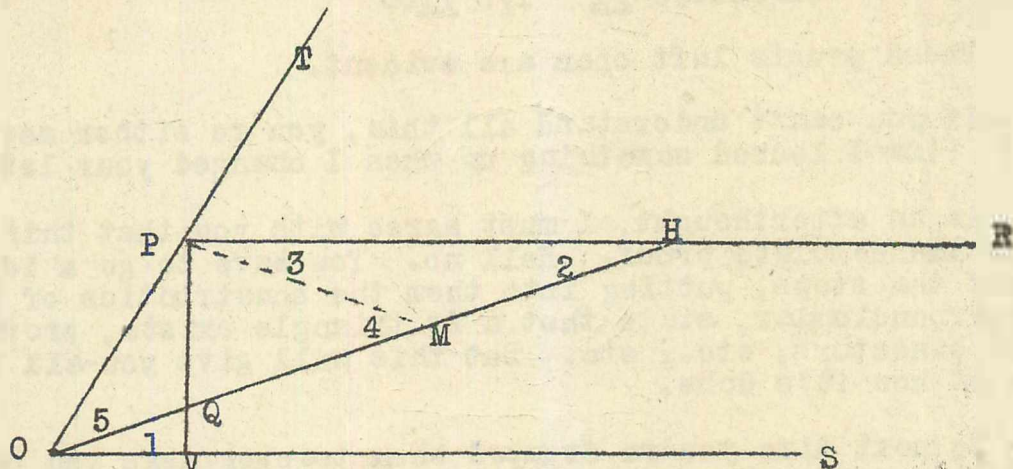
HELL YES, LUMPHEAD!

by KEITH HOYT

ATENTION, fellowfen! Gather 'round, for I'm gonna stump the experts. I'm gonna show you how to trisect any damned acute angle you can give me. The trisecting of an angle has long been an international dilemma, and has long since been proved a physical and geometrical impossibility. Impossibility, that is, by using the well-known geometric implements, using them only for their purpose, keeping that purpose strictly in mind. If you are one of those sticklers for detail and a meticulous chap, then I must allow you your inevitable argument. For, you see, I am, in my trisection and proof, committing an infraction of one arbitrary rule -- that a straightedge may be used to draw a line connecting two points. I am using it to connect THREE.

That, and that alone, is the flaw which causes my proof to be invalidated. But I suppose that the few of you who are above twelve years, and it must be a damned few, are licking your paunchy chops preparatory to taking me and my brainchild apart step by step, so let's continue:

Here is the diagram, followed by an explanation, followed in turn by my proof, which, by the way, involves the median of a rt. triangle, and its equality to $1/2$ the hyp. (Yes, I can spell it, but can you?)



Interesting, what? Well, now I'll go into a long and winded explanation of its construction, and I think you'll be stricken by its simplicity when I'm through. ((Or just stricken, period?))

The first thing you must have or construct, is an angle. If you have any old angle-irons laying around, and can extract the iron from them, you will be assured of a plentiful supply of angles. Or you can extract the worms from angleworms and get the same results. But it is absolutely necessary to have an angle. Really, it's very evident if you stop to look at it all objectively: Angle, trisection of an angle, an angle to be trisected, Angle.

What is an angle? A lopsided figure, having nothing to do with spacewarps and relativity. (Do we hear an interruption by Dr. Philo S. Opher, Bv.D?*) ((We do not!))

*Doctor of Brobdingnagian Vyvaharika.

Now that that's done, we may introduce the remaining construction, to wit: At any point, P, on OT, construct a parallel to the other side of the angle, OS. (Of course, this may all be integrated and then reversed, but I'm using this specific method for the thirteen-year-olds' benefit). With a compass, you dope in the second row. All very simple. ((That has all the earmarks of a dirty crack.))

Next step: Construct a perpendicular to your parallel (PR), which let's call PV, just for the hell of it. Now for the most important step: Using your selected length (OP), double it, any way you care to, just so it's doubled. (NO! Not by folding it in the middle!) Then maneuver your doubled length so as to have one end of it touching H, on PR, the other touching Q, on PV -- AND, in such a position that HQ extended passes through O, the vertex of the angle!

Thus we have the line OQH, which, as I shall endeavor to prove to you, is the line of trisection of the angle TOS. There!

- | | |
|--|---|
| 1) Construct PM | 1) |
| 2) PM equals $\frac{1}{3}$ QH | 2) Med. to hyp. = hyp/2 |
| 3) $\frac{\angle 1}{\angle 3} = \frac{\angle 2}{\angle 2}$ | 3) Alt. int. \angle s |
| 4) $\frac{\angle 1}{\angle 3} = \frac{\angle 2}{\angle 2}$ | 4) Base \angle s of isos. triangle. |
| 5) $\frac{\angle 1}{\angle 3} = \frac{\angle 2}{\angle 2} + \frac{\angle 3}{\angle 3}$ | 5) Ext. \angle = sum of opp. int. \angle s. |
| 6) $\frac{\angle 1}{\angle 3} = \frac{\angle 4}{\angle 4}$ | 6) Base \angle s of isos. triangle. |
| 7) $\frac{\angle TOS}{\angle TOS} = \frac{\angle 1}{\angle 1} + \frac{\angle 5}{\angle 5}$ | 7) |
| 8) $\frac{\angle TOS}{\angle TOS} = \frac{\angle 1}{\angle 1} + \frac{\angle 2}{\angle 2} + \frac{\angle 3}{\angle 3}$ | 8) $\angle 1 = \angle 2 = \angle 3$ |
- Therefore $\angle 1 = \frac{1}{3} \angle TOS$

These proofs left open are evident.

If you can't understand all this, you're either seven or a moron noo? ((Or I loused something up when I changed your lettering system))

As an afterthought, I must agree with you that this is by no means the complete proof. Hell no. You have to go a lot deeper into all of the steps, putting into them the construction of the parallel and perpendicular, state that a rt. triangle exists, prove isos. triangles, bisectors, etc., etc. But this will give you-all a general outline of how it's done.

So next time you're stumped when teacher asks you how to trisect an angle, just pull out this ish of SPACEWARP, disregarding the shrieks of anguish coming from the last row, and point proudly at just another of fandom's simple discoveries.

If that doesn't work, let teacher read the rest of the WARP.

- END -

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

Religion and Science is, that its elucidation requires that we have in our minds some clear idea of what we mean by either of the terms 'religion' and 'science.'" --Alfred North Whitehead, Science And The Modern World, p.180.

SOMETHING FOR EVERYONE

"When a politician talks the foolishest,
And obstructs everything the malishest,
And bellows the loudest,
Why his constituents are the proudest." --Ogden Nash

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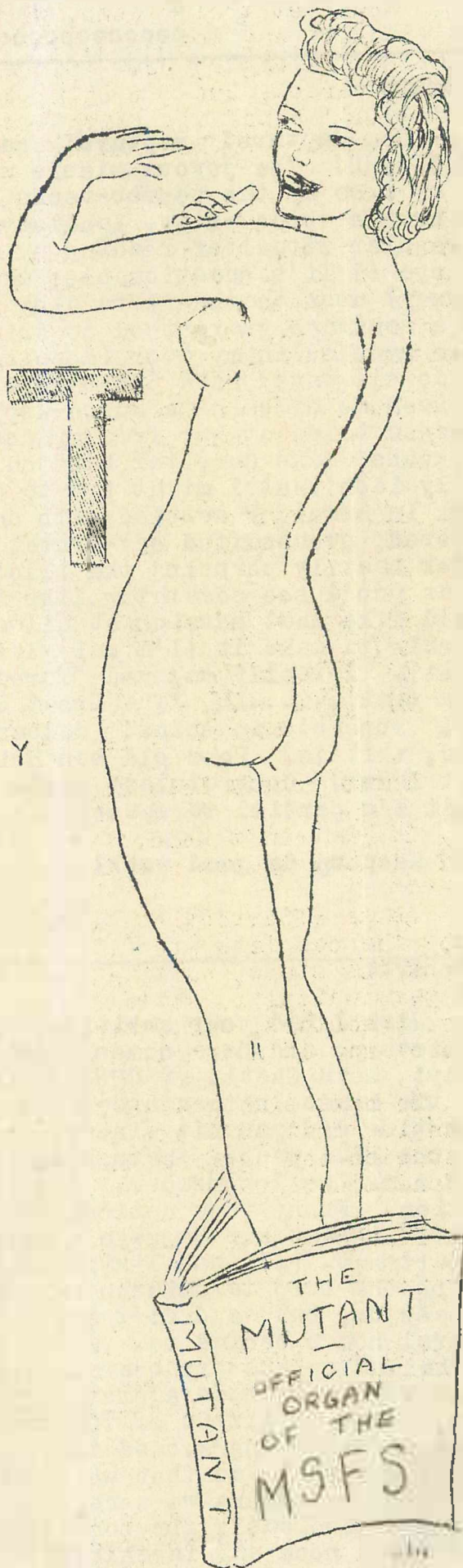
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o o
o QUIEN SAPE ? o
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r-trapp:

Oh, Rapture! Rapture! Rapture! I just got my first copy of SPACEWARP! The joyous missile was just this morning reverently flung in my face by the be-yoo-teous bem who resides in the nether regions of my humble abode -- the landlady. This repulsive creature -- she makes a regular ritual of reading my mail, u kno -- just "happened" to cast an eye (? It's questionable; they're the closest things to eyes she has anyway) upon the heart-rending illus. on p.13 of the July ish. ((There is a sentence guaranteed to drive any English teacher nuts!)) She at once smashed in my door (despite the loyal efforts of my ten-limbed spiders), waved said pic before my astounded countenance and lustily accused me of being a Russo-espionage agent. Well, after I finally managed to eject her from my doorway, barricade the opening with a bookcase, make sure the bats on my windows were secure (they have some silly idea that I might try to escape), and light a few candles (it's dark in here), I settled with an expressive sigh down onto my plush-covered, overstuffed egg-crate, and turned my attention to the WARP. After hastily perusing the illo's (no doubt a spacewarp is the only thing you'd see something like those in) I turned to "Timber!" Hmm. Would like that session at Milwaukee on Labor Day but, d-n, wouldn't be able to make it (I'm only let out at each appearance of Halley's Comet). I really enjoyed "Torcon Daze" tho, especially Singer and the Alum (yak).....Ah, "The Great STP Broadcast" -- stupendous! marvelous! superb! ingenius! colossal! magnificent! wonderful! Very good, that is. Poor old von Heine. Gad! Part Seven for not hardly wait I can! Congratulate Stein for p.15 (best in the issue, altho I admit I'm partial to spaceships, usually).

Keep up da good wurk!

WARREN BALDWIN
112 Park Avenue
Norfolk, Nebraska

Dear Art:

Wish I had your ambition! The Torcon is less than 2 weeks back in history, and here comes SPACEWARP with an 8 page review of it already! Mein Ghatt. ## CHRONOSCOPE impatiently awaits a new ink-pad for the mimeo, although some of it may be run off on the old one. ## What time did you hit Windsor and the inspectors? ((about 8:00 a.m.)) We (the MFS) passed through the tunnel just after dawn -- probably 5 or 6 a.m., as I remember. I think we woke them up at the inspection station. Funny they noticed the radio missing from your stuff; they didn't inspect our baggage at all, except to glance into the trunk compartment. ((It was listed on the car-registration slip)). All during the trip to Chicago we expected Saari's car (with the Chifen) to pass us, but we didn't see him. You and that car must have been several hours behind us. ## We left the convention hall in the midst of the interplanetary opera. The car was finally fixed by then (cost: \$41.00!) and we made a pretty quick trip of it home. We thought we were on the outskirts of Toronto just as the storm came up. A mighty flash of lightning k.o.ed the electric system in that part of town, and it seemed to us that we were out of town entirely; then the lights came back and there we were -- still in a busy part of town. It rained quite vigorously for some time, too. ((And how!)) # We got to Chicago about noon and in skirting the heart of it, we whisked past road-signs pointing to Lily Lake, abode of that great character, Sharpe Shaver, but we didn't bite.

We passed through Sask City about dusk, 6 July, and those who had seen it before tried to point out Berleth's place, but they couldn't remember exactly where it was. I'd like to have seen the place -- and Berleth. ((Don't miss the Sept WARP!)) ## Enjoyed your funny story about the alum and organist. Inevitably the jokes crackled freely around the interior of the Minneton car, too, but I wouldn't dare tell any of them in my fauzine(s). ((Cook some persuasion from Martin Alger to get me to print that one!)) ## It's nice to get back here where they have Grain Belt Premium beer. Wasn't Toronto the most-closed-up place you ever saw on Sunday? I got a kick, though, out of the guys who way-laid you over by that church near the Rai Furdy studios and sotto voce offered to supply you with a quart. Heck, Toronto was worse than England on Sunday. In England the pubs were open most of the day anyhow.

Sitting here glassy-eyed at midnight a persistent thought tells me that there is something more to say. What? It beats me.

Sincerely,

REDD BOGGS

2215 Benjamin St NE,
Minneapolis 18, Minnesota

Dear Art:

I've been sitting here staring at this blank page for several hours trying to get inspiration for a serious two page article for my SAPSuzine. It won't come, tho. ## Oh ho! A journalist in our midst, I guess every fan in the country is interested in writing professionally. I am, but will probably never make it. According to Singer (or somebody), ((probably somebody!)) tho, one out of six fans becomes a professional writer. That's pretty good odds.

More fans! The world is full of 'em if we can just find them. Up to a certain point that's fine. Some FAPA mag was bitching recently about the popular appeal stf is growing into. He says that probably all the fans of today would quit fandom if it were ever to become very popular, say like stamp collecting. I agree with him. Most stf fans are proud to come across! of our ~~unaccredited~~ ~~items~~ in the outer world. That's the beauty of it; ~~what~~ would be the fun of it if we weren't a small exclusive organization. As it is now we can almost know every active personally by correspondence but if we were to have three million members we'd play hell doing it. In other words, we'd be disgusted with such a popular movement and move on to less crowded fields. -- It's hard to get a lot of action with so much competition from the multitude. ((But think what it would be to fannize circulation figures!))

That's all.

PAUL D. COX

3401 6th Avenue
Columbus, Georgia

Dear Art:

The July WARP came much as a surprise and the color cover was, to be frank, astounding until I remembered your prediction last issue. # A word of warning: the paper thing was torn off and the mine was all open when I got it. I imagine it was gone through before it reached me...and that's the trouble. I hope nobody happened to glance at the last page!! Or your fears will be realized!! And to make it worse, they are a particularly nosey bunch down here at my PO, Canada! Anyway, let's hope for the best!

The top and most bestest thing in this WARP is your account of the TORCON DAZE. Ghod, but I wish I could have been there! I am sure as hell going to be at the CINVENTION if I have anything to say about it (and if there is even a Cincinnati or USA left a year from now!)

Stfantasticalenthusiastically,

ED COX
4 Spring St.
Lubec, Maine

- END -

fandom's
top monthly

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