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SPACEWARP



SEPTEMBER, 1948

VOLUME THREE - NUMBER 5

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 \* (Lamentations from the editorial larynx) \*  
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TIMBER!

Have you read the October Amazing? If you don't get the Z-D pubs I honestly feel that this ish is worth making an exception for. It's too early to tell whether the unpredictable Palmer has again shifted the cogs of editorial policy, or if it's merely a coincidence that Amz this month holds the best array of stf since the 42-43 era of "The New Adam" and "Skeleton Men of Jupiter."

Alexander Blade's 60,000-worder "The Brain" has the favorite Z-B theme of a super Government project which is so secret that even Congress itself has only a vague idea of what's going on, plus that second typical touch: the key official who has gained his post legitimately but suddenly develops an urge to destroy the results -- but the handling of the plot is far above the normal quality of Amazing's pages, and in respect to characterization and description, the tale would be a credit to the old Argosy, or even to the present-day TWS. There are a few unfortunate bits, the worst being repeated credit of the dictum, "I think; therefore I am" to Aristotle -- but the tale as a whole is well worth scanning. (As Ben Singer points out, there is quite a probability that Blade is a penname of Palmer himself -- whether that's true or not, Palmer is entitled to congratulations for presenting "The Brain" in a mag where such treats are all too few).

Rog Phillips comes through neatly with one of his tales based on (as near as I can comprehend) three-dimensional time. While not up to the high standard set by his "The Despoilers", this, too, is a very readable tale.

Howard Browne takes up his "Tharn" saga where he dropped it in January, 1943, indicating, perhaps, that the publishers believe there isn't much turnover in Amazing's audience. And, for all I know, they may be right..... At any rate, Part I of "The Return of Tharn" is no worse than the jungle-boy stuff in the new FFM. Guess I'm just not a eave-man at heart.

The other two shorts can be mercifully forgotten.

Well, we'll go on to other things before you rename this column "The Observatory" --

Back in the pages of this WARP you'll find notice of a price increase, effective with the October issue. This will apply to all new subscriptions received after the 15th of September. However, since the WARP sometimes takes two weeks to filter through the myriad channels of the Postoffice pipelines, I'll accept extensions of present subscriptions at the old rate until the first of October.

If your sub expires before March, 1949, you can extend it until then at the 10¢-per-month price. If you are already paid up beyond that date, you'll still get the WARP at the old rate until your sub runs out, of course -- thus giving you an unlocked-for benefit for being wise enuf to subscribe!

For your convenience, if you are eligible to extend your sub at the 10¢ rate, the number of months which will bring it to March, 1949, is typed on the address label.

Why the price increase? Well, the price of paper has gone up; I hear stencils have, also. At the 15¢ price, I'll be able to put out at least 24 pages in each WARP, and still break somewhere near even. Furthermore, if and when WARP circulation hits 200, we'll revert to the present price once again.

If some of the mimeoing this month is slightly lousy, you can chalk it up to the spirit of scientific inquiry. As a result of experimental investigation, I hereby announce that turpentine as a thinner for mimeo ink doesn't work so hot. As Tom Watkins so pertinently asks, "Why thin the mimeo ink in the first place?" All I can say is that it seemed like a good idea at the time.

Wearers of the ruptured duck may be interested to learn that a Fantasy Veterans' Association is now being organized. Details and application blanks are obtainable from James V. Taurasi, 101-02 Northern Blvd., Corona, Long Island, N.Y.

Well, here's one case that the Un-American Activities committee won't have to hold hearings on.....the culprit has confessed. I quote:

"Surprised to see my feeble artistic effort reproduced on page 13 of #16; gads, what a smear. But then 'twas late at night when I scrawled it, and Schaumburger's back was used as a desk.

JoKe"

Will Singer and Kennedy now feud? Will the MSFS form a Society for the Utter Abolition of New Jersey and Adjacent Territory? We can hardly wait to find out.

Up here in Michigan, as you can see by your map, we're practically surrounded by Canada. My radio brings in about as many Canadian stations as U.S. ones. We have Canadian fans in the MSFS. From these sources I have gained an impression: Canadians know more about U.S. politics than most Americans, whereas the U.S. newspapers and radio pay about as much attention to Canadian events as they do to those of Zambonga or Liberia. Which reminds me of the time the MSFS met in Windsor and someone asked Ken Smookler to "say a few words in Canadian for us."

Wonder what the situation's like along the Mexican border?

At this writing, they're still having quite a time over that fire-plagued farmhouse down in Macomb, Illinois. However, I'll venture a prediction: By the time you read this, it will be all explained, probably on a chemical basis. If so, I'll comment further in the next WARP. Analyzing the situation according to Fort's theories, what I would most like to know are the ages, names, and other particulars about the two children of the household. Particularly, whether one or both are adopted children. Guess I'll have to wait until FATE gets around to considering the case.

Well, better start simplifying your vocabulary, if not your concepts -- remember, your teacher probably never heard of stf.....

r-tRapp

OBJECT 1

BY DAN MULCARY

IN AN out-of-the-way corner of the August SPACEWARP we find one Ben Singer expressing his opinion that belief in God is a foolish thing. O.K. he's entitled to his opinion, and I don't particularly object to his expressing it, but that next sentence gets me.

"Then again," says Ben, evidently in a magnanimous mood, "we both may be wrong in assuming that there can be found no intelligent people who believe in these absurd things." Mighty decent of you, Ben, and I'm sure those few intelligent people who believe in those absurd things are grateful to you. But I object to your condescending statements.

Klone's claws, man, don't you ever read history? I wonder what America would be like if it weren't for those dopes who hold to religion. If it hadn't been for Christianity's influence, we might conceivably be living in the rottenness of the Roman Empire, or some equally revolting successor. If it hadn't been for men who believed their God and their country worth dying for, the Mongol hordes and/or the Turks might have overrun Europe, and we'd be living in slavery to some totalitarian Khan. If it hadn't been for the Catholic monarchs who financed the Catholic Columbus' voyage to the New World, we might not even be living in this country. If it hadn't been for the Franciscans who civilized the Southwest, the Catholic French who settled in the Mississippi region, the Puritan and Anglican settlers in the East, this country might still be the haunt of barbarous savages. And if this country hadn't been founded on Christian principles, the world might have fallen to Hitler and his ilk. And yet you look down on those who hold these "absurd" beliefs.

Some of the greatest scientists and inventors have believed in the existence of God. I don't intend to try to give a listing of them here -- you can find out for yourself easily enough.

I'm not trying to convert you, Ben, I'm just asking you to be a little more careful of your statements. I'm telling you that there always have been, and always will be millions of intelligent men who believe in God. And as for your saying that those intelligent men who believe do so because these dogmas have been hammered into their heads since youth, may I point out the conversions of Douglas Hyde and Louis Budenz (both prominent former Communists) as proofs of the statement's falsity.

I'm open to conversion to your philosophy. As soon as you can prove to me that what you say is true, I'll gladly renounce my religion. But at present I can't see my way clear to accepting your particular belief as a complete rebuttal to the usage that millions of people have believed for centuries.

In closing, let me state that I do not think that this or any fanzine is the place for a discussion of atheism versus religion; no matter who's right, any debate is bound to stir up some hard feelings. I'm asking Art to publish this to balance the inclusion of Singer's comments in the August WARP, and I sincerely hope it's the last thing on the subject I'll read in a fanzine. Enuf is enuf.

((Further discussion on this subject, if any, will appear in "Quien Sabe?" It has been worked over enuf in the past few months so that you who are interested know where to find fans who will undoubtedly be only too delighted to quarrel with you on the question of belief.

Why doesn't someone start a feud that is concerned more directly with fanzines?

THIS WAS the big night! Ever since the cities on the neighbor planet had been seen through the new electronic telescope, the military signal corps technicians, along with top men from big electrical company laboratories, had been working feverishly to construct and develop equipment for an attempt to communicate with the next planet.

Tonight was the night of nights, for just about everything was ready and technicians were busy making last-minute checks and preparations. My work was momentarily finished, so I made my way out through the brightly-lighted rooms filled with busy men with their machines and long, snake-like cables and wires arranged in what seemed utter confusion.

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* **DARK NIGHT** \*  
\* . . . . . \*  
\* **by ED COX** \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

As I stepped outside and slid the panel shut, all of the noise stopped except the humming, throbbing vibrations of powerful generators.

The evening air was cool and sharp. The stars glittered and winked in the clear night sky as I walked over to the base of one of the signal towers. With these tall lattice-work metal shafts we would communicate with another world. They would send a tight-beam of electrical impulses speeding out through black, cold space to open a vast new frontier of science and culture of a different world.

As these thrilling thoughts ran through my mind, I searched the heavens for this new world. There it was, a glow in the sky such as any star would make, though it was vastly more than a mere star, as I gazed at it. I remembered and pictured in my mind's eye how we had all watched our viewers as they picked up the image broadcast from the telescope in the observatory. The star rapidly expanding as the power was stepped up, to a slightly flattened sphere and then the continents widening out as we seemed to fall down upon the world. And then I remembered how I caught my breath as the highest magnification showed little nestling black splotches in the mountains or on great plains, everywhere, and an undefinable thrill shot through me as we could see the tiny myriads of glittering lights in those black masses.

Cities.....Not unlike our own. Intelligent beings inhabited our neighbor planet which we had thought dead and barren of life.

And now, tonight, we would send our signals pulsing through space, to that tiny flame in the sky, to make contact...

And someday maybe interplanetary travel and...

Pushing aside these exhilarating dreams, I walked back to the long, low building filled with gleaming lights. Before entering, I paused a moment to look once more at the towering spider-work shafts, silhouetted against the stars.

I had almost reached my station when the gongs sounded. This is it, was my trite thought. I finally reached my station as the generators increased their throbbing song of power. Most everything was quiet now, but I heard occasional commands given above the clicking calculators.

A steady signal was to be sent at first, which would interfere with any electrical communication on the planet. After allowing time for them to determine its source, we would vary the time sequence of the signals to show that an intelligence was trying to communicate with them.

The math men had finished checking for the last time the final calculations and as the sounds of the calculators stopped, I could hear them give the go-ahead signal. The beam's course had been plotted so that it would continue to hit the "target" planet despite the rotation of our planet and the revolution of both planets around the sun. We'd be able to continue our signals for several weeks until the distance became too great.

The switch was thrown and the signal leaped upon its way. Relays crashed over as the power started to build up and tremendous amounts of power boosted the signal along. Lights dimmed and the smell of hot insulation filled the room.

The signal was now leaping off the towers into space! The last relays went over as the reserve power leads were cut in to give the signal one last boost before its stupendous journey across space began.

At last the dream was reality. The signal was on its way. Everyone was tense now and every meter and dial was watched carefully for the slightest waver and the minutes flew by. We didn't expect immediate results but still we were expectantly waiting.

The alarm gongs were ringing! What for? What'd happened? An accident? Or.....

"Attention! Everyone attention!" the audios blared. As if in a dream, I noticed that the audios were especially loud, for the main switch had been cut and everything... Again the audios cut into my thoughts. "...your stations and report to the assembly hall. Report at once to the assembly hall. All personnel report..."

I went along with the rush and heard the baffled questions as the men poured into the hall.

The hall was dark and the giant viewing screen was alive while a voice came over the viewer's audio. We sat down and kept quiet. The voice had stopped now but we were busy watching the screen, for it must have something important to do with our project's abrupt halt. It was dark, but we made out moving clouds. We were finishing comprehending the clouds when the audio started again. "The astronomers have fitted the viewer on to the telescope now and are focusing the big eye so the public can see what they observed," said a viewcaster's voice.

This, then, was our neighbor planet! "The senior astronomer says that while observing the planet in conjunction with the attempt to communicate, they saw something so important that they halted operations. He's adjusting the viewer, folks; we'll all see in a moment!"

Scenes swirled across the screen and then we saw. Through the clouds, on strange continents, we saw brief, blinding flares of light. The black mass of a city full of pinpoints of light, and then a glaring flash. No twinkling lights after that. Time after time the telescope scanned the continents of the night-side of the planet. The scene was repeated and our eyes ached from the intense, fierce glare.

Then there was nothing but the dark night.

I stumbled from the auditorium. I passed the silent, dead equipment. I knew what it meant. All our bright dreams were now empty things, destroyed. I went slowly across the ground, out into the moonlight, for now Kralen and Zraln were making their majestic way across our night sky.

I looked up through the towers for the "star." It was easier to find now - for only the brighter stars shone through the moonlight. I stood there, looking up at the planet, which, showing nothing of the dusk that had fallen over it, was shining so blue in the sky. -END -

# WIZARD OF THE WEIRD

by Pvt. ANDREW GREGG

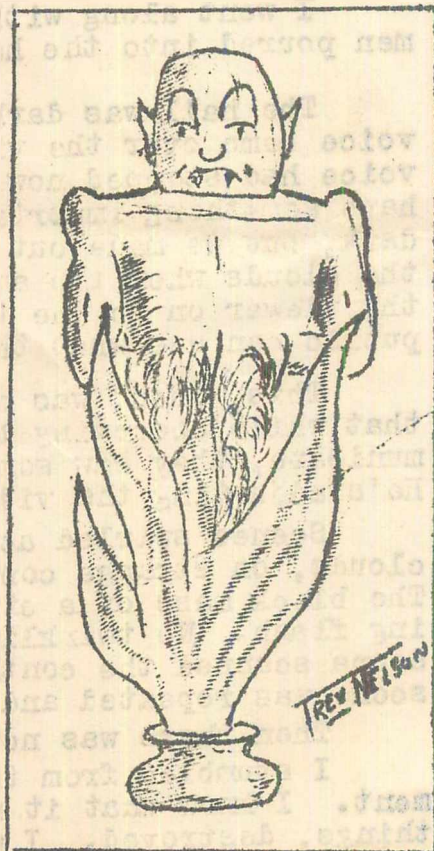
"JUST GO WEST of town across the tracks and turn left, Derleth lives right across from the cemetery." That's what the lady said when she gave me my directions. That's how I found August Derleth, head of Arkham House and an all-round top-notch writer. He has been writing since he was 13, and his first market was WEIRD TALES. Although not writing much fantasy now, he still stands with Lovecraft and Bradbury as a top fantasy author. These three are the only fantasy writers to be given a 5-star Roll of Honor rating by the late Edward J. O'Brien and Martha Coley for their annual "best" short story collections.

There was once an idea that these three were only two, that Lovecraft was Derleth. Certain associates of TIME Magazine argued this until a short letter from him led TIME to Lovecraft's home, Providence, for proof. Even to Lovecraft's grave. That was soon settled, but another question has come up. Stephen Grendon is a well-known fantasy writer, and a "protege of August Derleth," seemingly distinct from him. In his earlier stories, Derleth used that name, and the coincidence brought Grendon to him. The quoted words are from "Who Knocks?" published by Arkham House and edited by you-know-who. According to him, Grendon is from a small town near Ashland, Wisconsin, and is now overseas with the Army Intelligence Service. Derleth merely works as Grendon's literary agent, it seems, receiving and selling his stories. (One of Grendon's earlier science-fiction stories will appear in the ARKHAM SAMPLER, No. 5.)

As for writing fantasy, Derleth has this advice to offer: Good characterization, not too popular in the half-cent-a-word days, is the best possible thing for your stories. The old vampires and werewolves are still good for a story, but characterization is essential. Witness "Homecoming!" An odd variation is fine, too, but that won't make your complete story. Study Bradbury for this.

The unseen forces, hovering on the outer fringes of space, are still good, but don't capitalize on Lovecraft too much. If you write stories about the "Necronomicon," "Arkham," or "Cthulhu," be sure to write to Derleth for permission. He, Donald Wandrei, and R.G. Barlow act for the Lovecraft estate. All that is copyrighted, so watch out! Even if you get permission, be careful what you write. Derleth is working on the last part of "The Trail of Cthulhu," and he wants all Cthulhu stories to jibe. If you write about it, keep it in line with Lovecraft's ideas. "The Whippoorwills in the Hills," by Derleth, is a good example of this. It is interwoven with "The Dunwich Horror," but written in the pattern of "The Halls In The Walls."

"The Trail of Cthulhu" will be an account of the Cthulhu Cult gleaned from Lovecraft's stories. Unlike Shaver's stories, it makes no pretense of being true.



Mark, ye aspiring scribbler, aspiring to four cents a word! To get that, try the Saturday or Harpers, for Pogany and Ziff-Davis won't be paying more for better stories, says Derleth. He's having the same trouble with Arkham House. People hate to see the price upped on books and magazines, yet pay no attention to rising labor and material costs. Exactly why the guy with his nose pointed at the black ribbon has to get it in the pocketbook is unknown, but he does. The situation is about the same with all publishing houses. If possible, get hold of Bennett Cerf's article in the October 1947 WRITER'S DIGEST and Ken Crossen's reply, entitled, "The Opulent Poorhouse," in the January 1948 issue. Both sides have convincing arguments; judge for yourself. But keep in mind that August Derleth does not throw the wild parties and Roman banquets described in Crossen's article, although others do. THE ARKHAM SAMPLER, with a circulation of about 850, pays for short stories. Poetry and articles you donate for the fame.

You're donating for fame when you write a top notch short story and sell it. ASTOUNDING pays most, says the 1948 WRITER'S YEAR BOOK. One and three quarters cents a word and up. John W., Jr. Whether they can afford to pay more for better stories is one's personal opinion, but the fact is that they don't, and it appears that they won't be. Derleth himself has partially abandoned fantasy for the more lucrative love story field. By the way, rates for STORY MAGAZINE, a top prestige market with a small circulation, are one-half to one cent a word. Think that over.

As for the Shaver Mystery, "Claiming that it's true is good salesmanship and showmanship," said Derleth. "But to insist on its truth runs the risk of offending fantasy readers by casting aspersions on their intelligence," he added. "Enuf sed," as an Arkham citizen would say.

Visitors among the key pounders to Arkham House have included Donald Wandrei, Robert Bloch, Dr. D.R.Keller, Sam Moskowitz, Henry Kuttner, and others.

The only market he has is for the ARKHAM SAMPLER. Submit here and you'll be competing with Lovecraft, H. Russell Wakefield, Lord Dunsany, etc.

- END -

## BOTT'S BIBLIOGRAPHY

These are the 17 Bottstories so far written. Those without publication date listed are in the hands of some faneditor or other. This is the order in which the tales were written, and applies neither to the time-sequence in the stories, nor to their publication sequence.

1. The Man Who Murdered Fandom .....	BEMBOOK	Jul 47
2. Whiffingham's Revenge .....	BEMBOOK	Jul 47
3. Anniversary .....	SPACEWARP	Sep 47
4. The Barber Enigma .....	SPACEWARP	Oct 47
5. How to Write SFF .....	SPACEWARP	Nov 47
6. The Case of the Schizophrenic Promag .....	SPACEWARP	Dec 47
7. Probability .29 .....	MUTANT	
8. Please, You -- QUIET! .....	TIME	Dec 47
9. Time and the Torcon .....	MAGABRE	Jul 48
10. Botts By His Bootstraps .....	MAGABRE	
11. ...But Zeno, Don't We? .....	MAGABRE	
12. Vindication .....	SPACEWARP	Feb 48
13. Once In A Long, Long While .....	SPACEWARP	Apr 48
14. Deadly PERIL .....	TIME	
15. Lunatic Fringe .....	SUFANABIC	
16. Crisis .....	TIME	
17. ... ..	SPACEWARP	JUL 48



# THE GREAT STF BROADCAST

PART EIGHT -- by

RADELL NELSON & JOHNNY MAC KARRIGAN

ARROWLIKE the great space bomber "Spacewarp" hurtled thru the airless void toward the far planet of Halshapiro, where the hardy fen were unsuspectingly sending out a steady beam of very good, very unintelligible stf. The heads of all the governments of the world stood in the engine room, gazing moodily at the huge tanks that piped a steady flow of Ex-lax to the mighty jets.

Were they hurrying to take part in the great STF broadcast? Were they rushing to get in their little crumbs of ego-boo? NO! They were carrying an atom bomb to blow our friends and their wonderful transmitter to Xeno.

They used the broadcast as a radio beam, forcing the toughest, most hard-bitten old veterans to listen to the broadcast and keep them on course. Even these men of steel could listen for only about an hour before they leaped up, drooling and gibbering, and walked on their hands out the airlock. The third man who took the dread suicide post tore the phones from his ear as they moaned in a low B.S.\* voice, "The only true ghod is beer," over and over against a soft instrumental background. Desperately he threw the switch that changed it from a receiver to a transmitter, and screamed "No! No! No! I can't stand any more! It's driving me mad, mad, MAD!!!"

Because, you know, it was.

JaClem and Luna, hearing this ad-lib on their portable tooth-filling radios, instantly guessed that it was a listener's reaction to the stf broadcast and, after tracing the call thru central to the "Spacewarp," realized instantly the whole plot (They were both kindergarten stage lensmen) and spread the alarm.

Even in this crisis the stalwart fen remained calm, cool, and collected. Von Heine sized up the situation and quietly said, "Achhimmel dertouflemanderboatsundzapguns, and be quick about it!"

Then O.George Schmidt stepped upon the scene, shouting "All is not yet lost. I will save you! I will build a zap-gun to end all zap-guns, a super duper large economy size ray that will make us masters of any situation. Just go on with your broadcasting. There is nothing to fear save fear itself."

Then the famous author built a strange, towering device out of two autogyro hats, a mimeograph, 80 empty beer cans, r-trapp's pipe, a Gideon Bible\* and two impossible Steinpix. Then he hooked it up with the transmitter and turned to the fans with Triumph (his right-hand-man).

"How does it work?" screamed the fen in unison.

\* Ben Singer's.

"Very simple," crowed Schmitt. "It operates on the Keith Hoyt single tingle angle trisection principle. The perverted neutrons enter the Bible, after being scared into motion by the Steinpix. Then they proceed thru the beer cans, their speed greatly increased by the smell of r-trapp's pipe, and are flung into the transmitter's parabolic reflector by the autogyro hats, where they follow our radio beam to the target."

"Astoundingk," whispered von Heine. "What dus it do?"

"Whenever it strikes a man," answered Schmitt, "it turns all the sugar in his blood-----to ALCOHOL !"

The fen stood a moment in awed silence, then burst out in a mighty shout of "We want the ray. We want the ray. We want the ray."

Upperberth scrambled toward the controls of the new zappun, crying out his old magazine editor's slogan: "If the little yuks want something LET 'EM HAVE IT !" and tried to turn the ray on the fans, but Schmitt turned and stopped him with a whisky bottle on the head.

"Later, later!" yelled Schmitt, standing on Upperberth's face. "Business before pleasure, you know." And with that he aimed the ray at the approaching space bomber, and pulled the trigger.

\*\*\*\*

Aboard the space bomber "Spacewarp," the tenth radio man was just about to go off the deep end from listening to the great stf broadcast when a strange feeling came over him. It was as if someone had slipped a soft, wooly blanket over his senses.

"Shay," he said, tuning up the stf broadcast, "Now that radio program makesh sensh. I gesh I jusht washn't in the (HIC) right mood before."

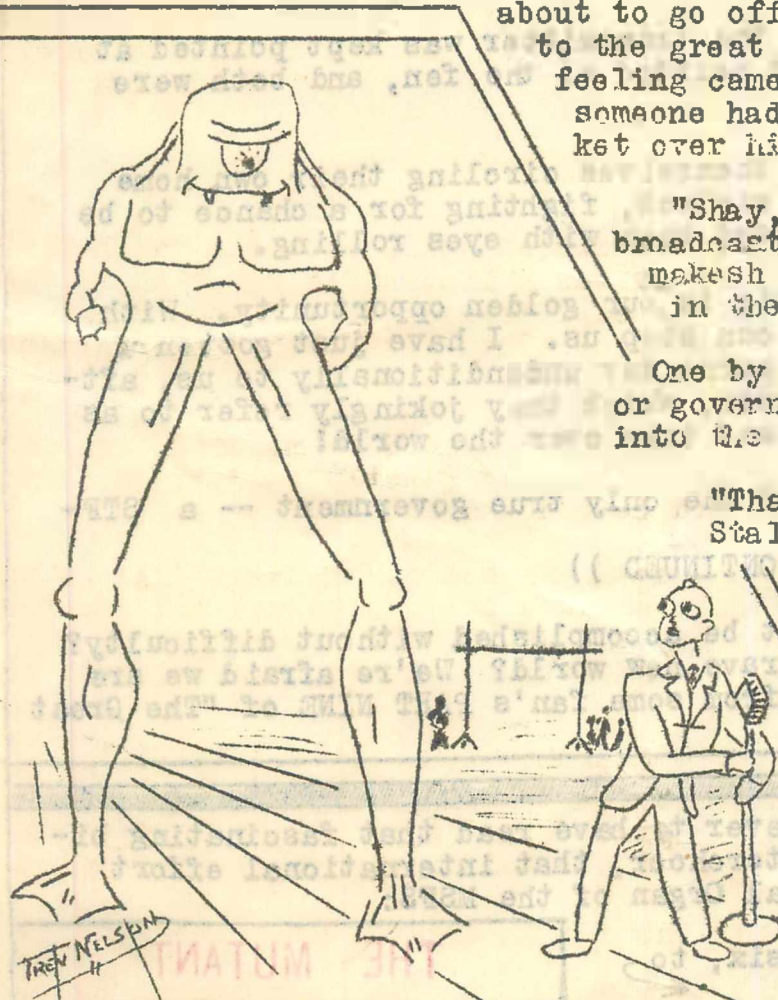
One by one the heads of all the major governments of the world staggered into the radio room to listen.

"Thatsh waerlly good shtuff," said Stalin, falling flat on his face.

"Whut do we wante pomb thosh bipple (HIC) for? I shay letsh join up with them. We, too, can have (BURP) ego-boo."

The rest of the world leaders cheered mightily, and all joined the NFFF by radio.

The purple planet Halshapiro loomed in the screens, and only the autopilot took note of it.



"... AND A NEW HIGH JUMP RECORD BY, ER - WHAT DID YOU SAY YOUR NAME WAS ?"

**A**s they landed they were greeted by mobs of cheering, drunken fen (They had murdered O. George Schmitt and turned the ray on themselves) and held a great party to celebrate the new memberships.

Stalin came tottering into their midst with the atomic bomb under his arm. "Haw, haw, haw!" he roared, "We don't need this any more!" and tossed it to JaClem.

Instantly sober, JaClem tossed it back, while the rest of the fen picked up the transmitter and the ray and ran for the ship. Stalin, now fully aware of his danger, and JaClem played hot-potato with the bomb, while the fen jammed into the "Spacewarp" and blasted off into space.

Hurting toward Earth, they looked back just in time to see a blinding flash and a huge mushroom-like cloud on the planet Halshapiro.

"Well," said Upperberth, "The NFFF will have to issue a revised roster. Two members less.....would you favor them with a short prayer, von Heine, while I hold my hand over Singer's mouth so he can't interrupt?"

"Jawohl," said von Heine. "Mein Ghott, at last we're beginning to cut down the number of characters!"

"Ay----MEN!" shouted r-trapp happily.

**D**URING the entire trip home the transmitter was kept pointed at Earth and the ray was kept pointed at the fen, and both were kept running full force.

At last they awoke to find themselves circling their own home planet. As they crowded to the airlock, fighting for a chance to be first man out, Upperberth addressed them with eyes rolling.

"Fellow fen," he cried, "This is our golden opportunity. With our ray and transmitter nothing can stop us. I have just gotten a radio message from Earth. They surrender unconditionally to us, after hearing our wonderful Broadcasts, which they jokingly refer to as a terror weapon. Let's move in and take over the world!

"We'll give them a sample of the only true government -- a STF-OCRACY!"

(( TO BE CONTINUED ))

((A noble dream -- but will it be accomplished without difficulty? What will life be like in this brave new world? We're afraid we are going to find out presently.....from some fan's PART NINE of "The Great STF Broadcast." ))

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Zap! Zap!

# Atomic Ray Is Passe With Fiends

((This --uh-- article is what the reporter for the Toronto Morning Star produced after a session of the TORCON. What do non-fen think of stff? Well.....))

Put down that ray-gun, Buck Rogers, I've got you cold. So I let him have it with my 25th century rocket-pistol (zap, zap), hopped in to my space-ship (zoom, swish), and made off to the planet of the three-headed people. Minerva was waiting for me, a light sparkling in every one of her six television eyes.

Seen any machine-men of Zor lately? They have organic brains in metal cube-shaped bodies, you know. What's the word from Helen, the lovelorn robot, or the snail-hizard of Venus? How're interplanetary communications with you, kid?

NOTHING WRONG with me that a long rest -- and protection from another science-fiction convention -- won't cure. The sixth world convention of these publishers, writers and readers of fantastic tales is being held at 55 Queen St., E. Just take a firm grip on yourself, plunge right in, and it shouldn't be more than a couple of weeks before you can sleep again without nightmares.

Of course, you may have a few bad moments if you start worrying about the cosmic veil of meteoric dust which is going to cover the earth in a few years. Don't let it get you; it's just going to last for 40 years and after that the sun will shine through again.

THE BUSINESS about the cosmic veil is contained in one of the fanzines which are available for the fen attending the Torcon. A fanzine, among science-fictionists, is a fan magazine, fen is the plural of fan, and Torcon is Toronto convention. Gunning, aren't they?

Those of tender nerves should made a point of avoiding the drawings displayed at the convention. These are up for auction (if anyone wants a good portrait of a fiend for the bedroom wall, this is the place to get it) and are the originals of pictures which appeared in fantastic and astounding magazines and books.

THERE'S ONE COSY little number, for instance, that shows a poor bloke being clutched to the breast of a beast that has the body of an octopus and arms which are individual snakes. Any number of these pictures show people being done in with ray-guns (zap, zap...ugh, you got me), space-ships flying through the mushrooming smoke of atom-bomb explosions, and lightly clad maidens being menaced by fiends of one sort or another.

On Saturday, before the formal goings-on of the convention started, the delegates were free to examine the fanzines, new books, and drawings on display, and to cut up touches about fiends they have met in their readings. Two men in one corner were earnestly discussing

werewolves; a group of three was lost somewhere in outer space on a jaunt between Mars and the moon.

The fan are kept in touch with one another and the writers of their favorite type of literature mostly by the fanzines. One of the latest of these is a jolly little number called simply Macabre.

IT IS ADVERTISED: "Want to feel disgusted, scream in horror, beat your head, kill your mother-in-law? Read Macabre."

Science-fiction is years ahead of actual science, according to David A. Kyle, a fan, literary agent, writer and publisher of Monticello, New York. "We had the atom bomb 15 years ago," he says, indicating that the atom is pretty much passe now. "We're on to new things."

At one time during the war the FBI in the United States told one science-fiction magazine it would have to drop an atom story because it might give away military secrets. The publisher said his magazine had been publishing atom stuff for 10 years and if it was to discontinue abruptly it might create suspicion. Atomic fiction marched victoriously on.

During the introduction of visitors, the delegate from New Orleans complained that he had mislaid his Zombie. It was learned later, outside the hall, that the Zombie, in this case, was a fanzine, not a representative of the walking dead.

- END -

((Correction: This is the account from the Toronto Globe And Mail, not the Star, as stated at the beginning of the article. I am happy to announce that George Young has just acquired a typewriter; therefore, I am sure he will type out the Star item for me for the next WARP. If not, all you eager readers can send him nasty letters.))

XX  
X THE SHAPER MISS O  
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XX

by ARTHUR TEMBY JAMES

I have, at this writing, been in Fandom just about six months.

During that six months, I have read a letter each by Rog Phillips and Forrest J. Ackerman.

Of all the wasted ink and useless words, the two letters of October 1947, are at one and the same time, the most inane, imbecilic, and idiotic conglomerations of accusations and counter-accusations that it has ever been this writer's misfortune to have wasted time in perusing.

From these two letters, and from the opinions of some of my correspondents, it would seem that Fandom in general consists of about 90 per cent prejudice and ten per cent I'm-gonahate-'im-whether-he-deserves-it-or-not.

Undoubtedly, the name calling and accusations made by both Phillips and Ackerman was quite justified in both cases; from the viewpoint of the bystander, Ackerman and Phillips have the IQ's of about 50% that of a maggot. Certainly they show little intelligence in participating in such a meretric feud.

What if one did say the other was crazy?

From the letters, it would seem that both writers are more than just a wee bit waxy-headed.

And, as far as that goes, just about anyone who takes part in Fanactivities, including myself, is waxy-headed. And then some.

Does Fandom consist of the mental types like Ackerman and Phillips? One would certainly think so after studying the Ackerman-Phillips-Shaver feuds of not so recent date.

Which brings up the condemnation of Richard S. Shaver.

I have been reading stf and fantasy since the days of the old Wonder Stories, and have read a good many of Shaver's stories, and, as yet, I have failed utterly to find any of the smut that many of my correspondents claim to have found. Shaver has, admittedly, at times been a shade or two too descriptive of the Fem form, BUT -- unless one has that type of mind, he or she will not denounce as smutty every other page they read.

The Chicago Art Institute is packed with statues and drawings in both semi-nude and full nude, but the class of people who view them do so with clean eyes and clean minds. Unless he or she has a dirty mind to start with, basically, they will not see what is not there.

Any one who thinks that way, can find evil in their own home. To see your sister or your mother carrying a towel and soap, dressed in a flimsy, transparent bathrobe is not to say they are evil; anyone can find evil, who looks for it!

I have witnessed scenes on the Chicago beaches and public conveyances of which nothing was ever done or thought of; let Shaver print an illo of the undraped female form or describe the charms of a Fem in one of his stories, and all of ~~Fandom~~ -- or most of them -- are ready to jump down Shaver's throat and stamp him as evil or smutty.

Hypocrites!

The very first law of Christ, "Judge not -- lest ye too be judged -- likewise ----" is violated by the very ones who claim to have a belief in God and in the Hereafter -- or even a partial belief.

They will condemn Shaver because he professes to have little faith in a Hereafter. They (Fandom) condemn Shaver and call him an Atheist.

The Bible describes an Atheist as one who denies God. ((Where?))

Shaver is not an Atheist! Richard S. Shaver has stated to me that he neither believes nor disbelieves, but simply that he has little faith that God does exist. So what? Does the mere fact that Shaver neither believes nor disbelieves make of him an arch-criminal, to be shunned and derided by those who ought to be cleaning out the trash in their own back yards instead of criticizing their neighbor?

I can't see it that way, at all.

I have never met Richard S. Shaver in person, but have corresponded with him for some weeks.

Eyes right! ---

# THE PSYCHO LAB

traces the neural currents of

RAY NELSON

Unfortunately I was born, October 3, 1931, in a little torture chamber on the lunatic fringe of New York. My first contact with fantasy was a little friend of mine by the name of Johnny MacKarrigan. He was the perfect playmate in every way but one: nobody could see him but me.

We moved about quite a lot, living first in Bridgeport, Connecticut, then in Marion, Indiana, Cadillac, Michigan, San Francisco, California, and Oak Ridge, Tennessee. I learned to draw in a vain effort to make other people see Johnny, but when I found that even that didn't do the trick, I bade a fond farewell to my faithful friend and have seen very little of him since.

In California I became quite a problem to the oh-so-progressive school I haunted by telling my playmates strange tales of the world Johnny lived in. On one occasion I was almost expelled for scaring the b'allzebug out of a couple of little girls.

When we moved to Oak Ridge I took up Comic strips for a hobby, got a stupid kiddie strip called "Petie Panda" published in the local newspaper, "The Oak Ridge Journal", and started a grade school paper with a science-aviation column I used to forward my airplane photo business. (Boy oh boy, did that racket ever pay off!) Then I got my first fantasy mag, Weird Tales, and I've been a fan ever since.

The war ended, my airplane pix racket dropped dead, and we all moved back to Cadillac, almost never more to roam. In the 8th grade



The whole attitude of all Fandom in regards to Richard S. Shaver appears to the bystander as the gleanings and products of mentalities that should more properly be under the care of a Psychiatrist.

If this article is going to set Fandom against me, then hew to the line -- let the quips fall where they may. I believe in what I have set down on these pages and defy the world to show me where I am wrong.

I go on record here and now as A FRIEND OF RICHARD S. SHAVER.

I believe Shaver to be one of the most unjustly maligned persons who ever lived -- condemned because he is willing to stand behind his principles and beliefs, adjudged by those who, in so doing, justly place themselves in danger of like judgment.

According to letters I have received, many of Shaver's theories have been substantiated by recognized scientists.

WHO CAN PRODUCE ABSOLUTE, INDISPUTABLE PROOF THAT SHAVER IS WRONG?

Answer: NO ONE!

- END -

I founded and edited a one-shot school paper, the first and probably the last grade-school paper in Cadillac.

Upon entering High School, four non-fen, two teachers, and myself founded our high school paper, The Cadillacian, which is still going strong after two years. I was freshman editor and did a semi-stf column called "The Wandering Mind", which twice made "The National Echo" (That's a sort of seventh heaven for amateur writers, a reprint zine of the best school paper features from all over America.)

Despite the soul-smothering censorship that was slapped onto us with the coming of an ultra-conservative Teacher-supervisor, the local fen and I managed to slip in a lot of stf and fantasy, all of which made The National Echo. (Which just goes to prove what I've always known: that fantasy is the highest form of literature.)

Then one eldritch day I saw it. Art Rapp's name in a prozine lettercolumn. I wrote to him, joined the MSFS, and became an actifan. Not content with driving Rapp mad, I set out to get the rest of fandom. My plot was very subtle. First, I assaulted the readers of SPACEWARP and MUTANT with articles and stories changed but little from those Johnny told me as a child, second, I pushed them to the borderline of sanity with ghostly pix of goblins, or bump-men as they are sometimes called, which I drew in my sleep.

But something was wrong. Even after the Singer-Nelson religion feud the fans were still saner than the rest of the world. That called for drastic action. I founded another zine, UNIVLASE by name, for the sole purpose of driving you mad, mad, MAD beyond your wildest dreams. Even now, dear reader, I am nibbling, gnawing away at your mind. Slowly, carefully, I am short-circuiting your synaptic connections, re-wiring your mental switchboard, and loosening your screws.

How will you know when I've finished you?  
Johnny will tell you.

- END -

The influx of new fanzines continues. Since last month, two more bouncing babies have been abandoned on my doorstep by slightly shuddering postmen. To wit.....

## ASTEROID X

Otherwise known as "Fandom's Unique Magazine" Vol. I No. 1 (July) consists of 32 - 5½" x 7½" pages, mimeo'd on slick paper. Jim Harmon, Ed Barnham, Dan Mulcahy, and several others contribute fiction, articles, poetry, artwork, etc. Although suffering the usual first-issue faults, this mag shows great promise. Monthly, 10¢, \$1.00 per year. Jim Harmon, 427 E. 8th St., Mt. Carmel, Illinois.

## QUANTA

Official Organ of the Washington SFA, this consists of 20 WARP-size pages. The contents are double-spaced throughout. Heavy paper, either 20 or 24 lb. stock. Yellow paper for front and back covers. Very neat mimeo job. Contents high-quality, including a reprint of a N.Y. Times article about Russia and stf. Poems, articles, and fiction by Robert Rainsbury, Robert Briggs, Franklin Kerkhof, Philip N. Bridges, and Miles Davis. Published irregularly, 10¢, 3 for 25¢. Miles Davis, 1422 R.I. Ave., N.W., Washington 5, D.C.



H. LONGHAMMER, STIFAN

MY NAME IS Horace Longhammer and I am a stif fan. That makes me some sort of something or other. Perhaps a martyr. My girl, Betty, says it makes me a plain idiot. But you know how women are...that is, most women. Betty is a little different. Besides being beautiful, she has a modicum of intelligence. Even though she does not care for stif nor for fandom, she does not hold my affliction against me. In fact, she takes quite an interest in fandom--especially for my benefit, she says. But between us three, I believe she likes it -- fandom, that is -- and is just too stubborn to admit it. Women are usually stubborn about admitting anything. I suppose they just want to play hard to get.

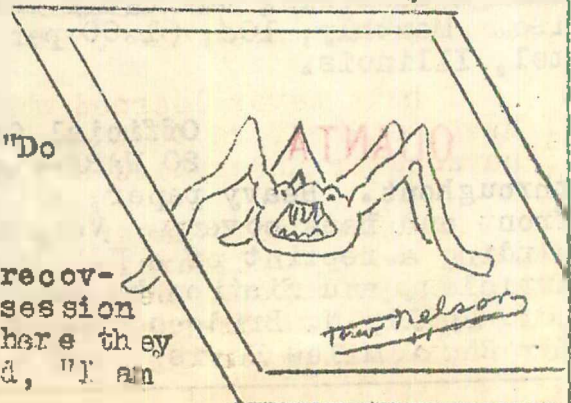
But I guess I'm sort of getting ahead of myself. Here I am describing a character when all the experts say you gotta start with action. Well, the technique of writing doesn't go here--since Sam Merwin, Jr., will never read this anyway. And if he did read it, he probably would reject it. Which is why his Magazine enjoys a large circulation on the newsstands. Though some of the fan are of the opinion that Rick Sney's letters are the reason it enjoys such a tremendous circulation. My opinion is though that the Magazine's popularity hinges on Bergey BEMs. Whatever that is.

But what you want is action. Story action. "Begin with action," says Woodford. "The Boy stood on the burning deck. Eating peanuts by the peck. His father called, he would not go because he loved them peanuts so." There, we have begun with action. I will now get on with the story. (It says here in fine print.)

I WAS IN THE WOODSHED back of our mansion -- complete with four rooms and outside plumbing -- cranking the mimeograph that turns out my monthly fanzine, BEM, when there was a discreet knock on the door. I knew it was Betty, because she always knocks before entering. She never knows when I might be running about the place in my birthday suit. However, knocking would be the last thing I would do if I thought there was any chance of catching her that way. However, I am always polite when I call on her. I always peep through the key hole before I barge into her room.

I opened the door and Betty came in. She was dressed comfortably as is her habit. Shorts -- very short -- and a bra -- very tight. I gave a low, appreciative whistle which she ignored. I always know when she ignores me because she always gives me a right haymaker to the jaw. What I can't understand is the embroidery on her bra: "Do not handle!" As if I...but wouldn't you?

"What's cooking?" she asked when I'd recovered from the haymaker. I dodged another session of being ignored by keeping hammer, eyes where they belong...i.e., on the mimeograph...and said, "I am getting out another copy of the BEM!"



"What did your subscriber say when you mailed him the last copy?" she asked.

"Do not mention my circulation," I requested. "Besides, I just arranged with Art Rapp of Spacewarp to start an exchange of subscriptions.

"Rapp is a sucker," Betty said, picking up one of the mimeo'd pages. She glanced over it hurriedly and started to replace it on the stack. Then she stopped and began to read excitedly.

"Must be interesting," I said hopefully.

I picked up a duplicate sheet to see what was so interesting. The sheet contained the last page of a Bottsyarn and a filler at the bottom ...a bit by the number one fan, "Fishkake" McClurk. McClurk never subscribed to fanzines, but he sent one and two line fillers out to get free copies. This one said: "I have made definite observations of life on the moon. Fan who doubt this or who would like to see for themselves may get in touch with me at my home and workshop in Shady Lady Canyon, near Los Angeles, California."

"By Jupiter!" Betty exclaimed. "We've been wanting some place to go on a vacation, and right there is the answer."

"Sure," I said unenthusiastically, "California is three thousand miles away...it would cost us well over a hundred dollars just to make the trip one way, not counting hotel bills and so forth...and I don't have 100 cents at the moment. Maybe YOU have a suggestion."

"I certainly do!" she answered in the manner of one who has suddenly become important. "I will enter the local beauty contest. The first prize is a full paid trip for myself and an escort to Hollywood."

"You speak as though you had already won!" I tried to sound very sarcastic.

She put her hand on her hip, stuck out her br---er, that is, her chest, and made a sensuous movement of her thighs, then began to parade slowly about the workshop, model-fashion.

"Don't you think I have a chance?" she smirked.

"Frankly, my dear, you are very beautiful...to me. But you have quite a few judges to impress."

"When a judge is a man, he is very easy to impress." I didn't like the positive way she made the statement, but I kept quiet about it. I returned to my mimeographing and she rushed out to make the proper application to enter the contest.

I have never learned what cajolery Betty used to win that contest. I have said before that she was beautiful. Perhaps that was why. But I have never understood how she was so sure of winning. But she won.

And five days later we were strolling arm-in-arm down Vine Street in Hollywood, California. And the next day we crawled out of a bus near Shady Lady Canyon. Betty was wearing slacks, a tight blouse, and sun glasses. I was dressed quite conservatively in a purple shirt and pink trousers. I never wore sun glasses, because when I tried to, bobby sox-ers swarmed all over me hunting autographs. I can't help it if I have

Clark Gable's ears, Jimmy Durante's nose, and Frank Sinatra's physique. Not to mention Art Rapp's pipe.

It was a good half-hour's walk up the winding, twisting canyon to McGlurk's hide-out. Betty breezed along in front, and I wheezed along behind, carrying several trunks containing her clothes...also a bag with my other pants and a camera. Why I brought the camera, I shall never know. I forgot to bring any film.



McGlurk was waiting for us, on the patio of his ranch house. If you've never seen McGlurk, he's about as insulting to look at as those letters he sends to the magazines. He's big...I do mean big... with red hair, blue eyes, a large chin and a prominent nose.

"Welcome to McGlurk's Haven," he roared, extending a hand the size of a space-lock. "Just put the luggage on the station wagon." I cursed mentally when I saw the snazzy station wagon standing near the house. The darn tigt-wad could have met us at the bus stop! I dropped the luggage and noticed he still was extending his hand. I grasped it and thought the planets had dropped into the sun and we were in the grip of a supernova. I shook for ten minutes after he turned me loose.

"We will lose no time in getting to the observatory," he said. "Get into the station wagon."

McGlurk drove and the wagon bounced over the canyon trail for ten miles or so. Finally we spotted the

big dome of the observatory high above the canyon rim. McGlurk parked the wagon and we got out. Had to walk the rest of the way...about two miles straight up.

McGlurk led the way to a huge telescope.

"I will now prove my contention about life on the moon!" he announced. He peered into the eyepiece and focussed the instrument.

"Ah!" he exclaimed, "There it is!"

Betty came forward and looked. I might explain that though it was daylight, McGlurk claimed his telescope could see around the curvature of the earth to spot the moon on the other side. It was his own invention, he pointed out modestly.

Betty went into a little dance of ecstasy.

"It's true!" she said. "There is life on the moon!"

"Get out of the way," I said, "and let a man look."

I peered into the eye-piece. Suddenly, I burst out laughing.

"What's so damn funny?" McClurk demanded.

When I could control myself, I said, "Why you fool! That's not the moon! That's China! You've focused the telescope on China!"

McClurk was quite taken aback, as they say in the dime thrillers of grandpa's day. In other words, he was astounded.

Suddenly, to coin a phrase, he galvanized into action. He grabbed Betty around the waist and placed a huge paw over her mouth.

"You two are the only ones who know I have made a mistake," he grunted. "I will seal your lips forever."

I became frightened and scared, too, all at once, simultaneously and at the same time. I realized that McClurk was mad. In fact, he was insane, quite off his nut, so to speak. Betty was squirming in his mighty arms. I was paralyzed.

Suddenly Betty caught his hand in her firm white teeth. She bit down, and McClurk gave an anguished bellow. He threw her against the wall and started toward me. I took a deep drag on my pipe and blew the smoke full into his face. I forgot to mention earlier I smoke a blend of super-concentrated D.D.T. It keeps the mosquitoes away.

The smoke wilted McClurk like a potato plant in hades. (Thought I was going to say like a leaf, didn't you? There ain't nothing trite about me! WC)

After that, it was easy. Betty and I crated McClurk into a packing case and I dragged him down the canyon wall to the jeep. Or I believe it was a station wagon. Yep, that's what it was. On re-reading, I have discovered it was a station wagon. It always pays to check up those things. But the station wagon sort of resembled a jeep.

Our trip to Hollywood was a big success. Betty tried out for a part in the movies. But she turned it down. After seeing the title of the script, I didn't blame her. It was: "A Trip To The Moon," by Fishcake McClurk.

- END -

(Well, if you lived through this one, there will be another "Horace Longhammer" story coming soon. Maybe you will live through that one, too! I'm afraid. WC)

## SUBSCRIPTION DATA

Sorry, there are no more copies of the July SPACEWARP, containing the Torcon account, available. I seldom run off more WARPS than are necessary to cover the subscription list, plus a dozen or so extra. If you don't want to miss future fanworld-shaking WARPS, I suggest you subscribe, instead of buying an ish at a time.

Furthermore, on the 15th of September the price of the WARP increases to 15¢ per copy, two for 25¢, 9 for \$1.00. Present subscribers will receive the balance of their subscription at the old price, of course.

Back WARPS available: May, Sept 47 @ 5¢  
(While they last) Feb, Mar, May, Aug 48 @ 10¢

fandom's  
top monthly

VOLUME III - No. 6  
- September, 1948-  
(Whole Number: 18)

# SPACEWARP

(See Page 19 for  
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