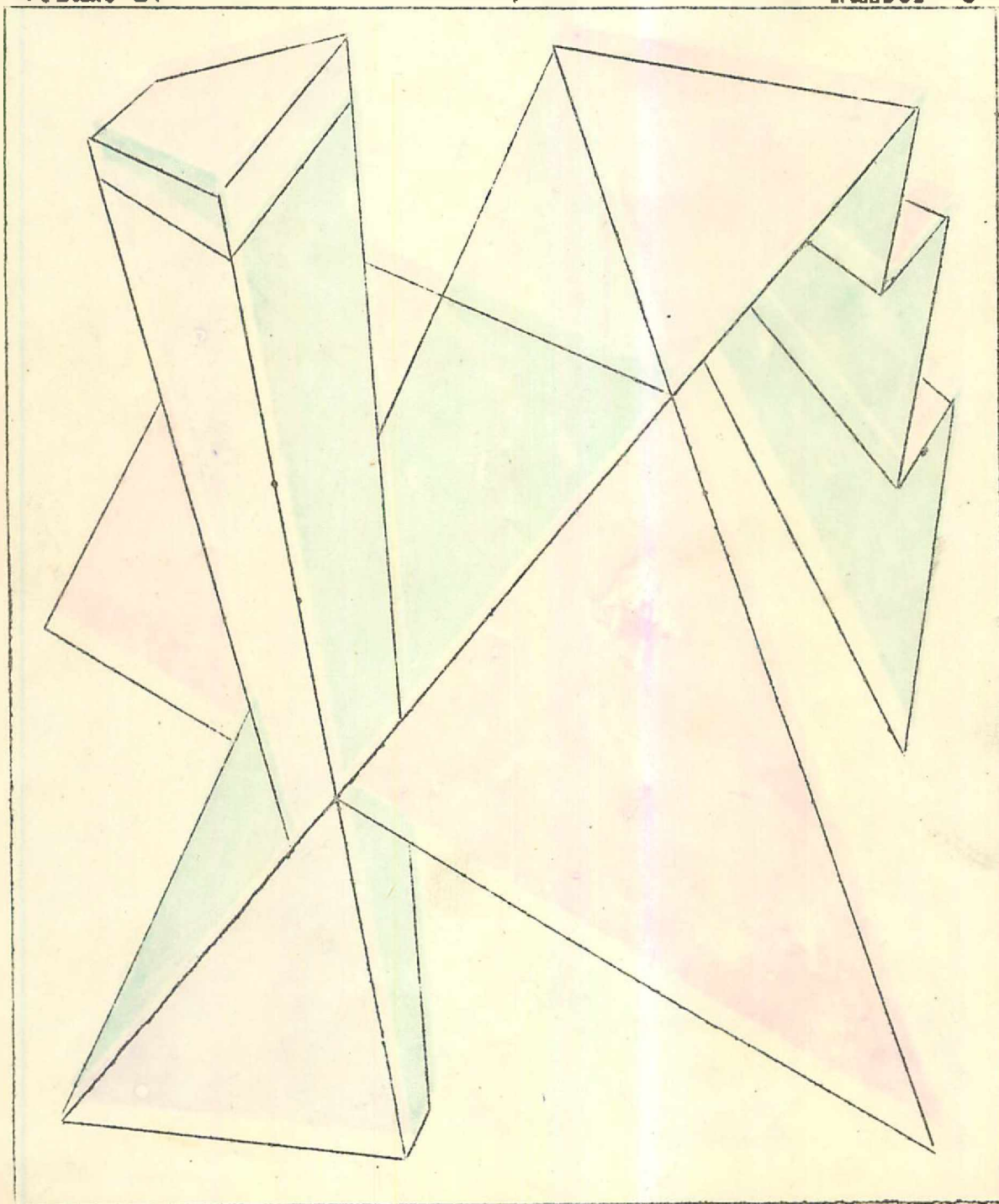


SPACEWARP

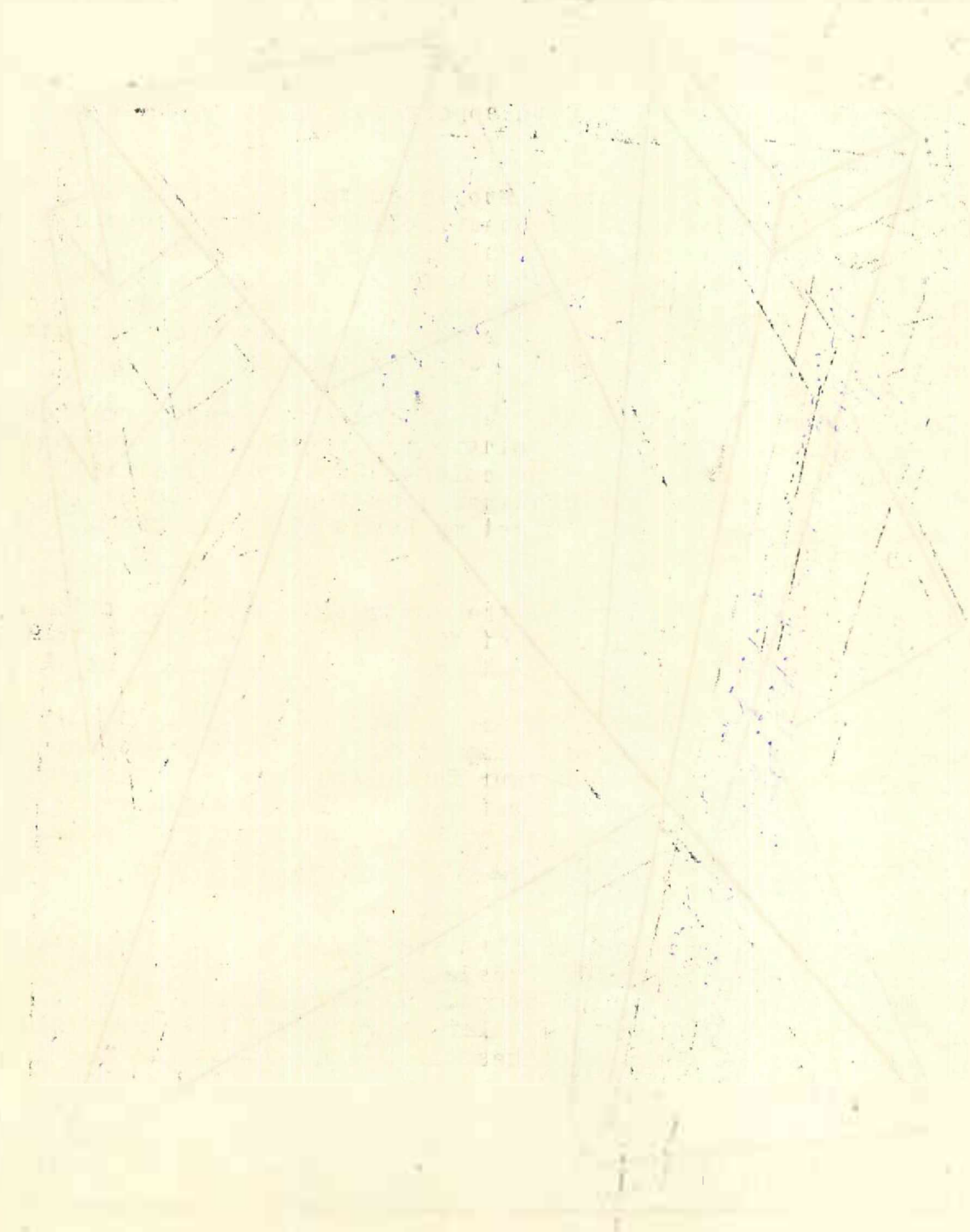
Volume IV

MARCH, 1949

Number 6



1870



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AAA	TIMBER!	AAA
AAAAA		AAAAA
H	(Identifications from the editorial thalamus)	H

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AT LAST the WARP seems to have settled down to normal. Normal for the WARP, that is, which is enough to drive any sane editor nuts. Sounds, how lucky that I'm immune!

Anyway, the technical difficulties have now been mostly beaten into quivering submission, and as we end this, our second year of publication, the lagging schedule is steadily creeping up on the relentless page-shedding of the calendar.

This March issue should reach you near the end of April, and providing my midsemester grades aren't a staggering shock, I think the AprWARP and the MayWARP will both appear during May. Or should I say "Maybe"?

AGAIN you are unfortunately subjected to the horror of an r-trapp cover. We had intended using a beautifully-shaded space-rocket to grace the cover this time, but when we got to considering what our stencil-shading technique would do to a pencil drawing, we figured it would be better to have the artist disappointed because we didn't use his pic than out for our blood because we ruined his reputation by putting his name on what would have resulted. Complex sentence, no?

Is not there an artist in the audience with enough curiosity to want to experiment with this revolutionary hecto-mimeo technique? Just do the mimeo part -- I'll add the color. Or if you prefer, provide two hecto masters along with the drawing. Makes no diff to me, except that in the second method I wouldn't get my hands all red, green and purple painting the hecto part myself.

In case you are wondering, the cover this month is titled "Fan⁴⁹" and is a fourth-dimensional view of YOU. If you hold it with the staples at the left and the word "SPACEWARP" on top, it's right side up.

WE JUST GOT a note from Thomas H. Carter, telling us that Spearhead hadn't folded -- just got trampled by basketball season. That is a great relief to us. Twice in our fan career we have undertaken to do a column for some waned. The first was for Carlson's Kay-Mar Trader. One column appeared, then Carlson gave up publishing the zine. The next try was for Spearhead. One column appeared and... well, you can see that it had us worried.

LAST MONTH we promised to have something to tell you this ish about reprinting "The Great STP Broadcast" as a one-shot. Well, the project is still in the blueprint stage. It was considered at the last meeting of the MSFS, as part of a larger project, but the old bottleneck of fandom remains -- everyone likes the idea, but no one has time to work on it.

If by some incredible chance there should be a WARPreader with a mimeo and time to turn it, who would like to participate in reprinting this epic tale of 1948, drop me a line; maybe we can work something out. If not, there'll be nothing cooking for several months, at least.

SEVERAL REQUESTS have come in for copies of the January issue. At the moment I don't know what the supply situation is on that ish. (3)

George still has the excess (if any) copies down in Farmington. If there are enough left, I'll send em to the eds on the exchange list as soon as I got 'em -- but I doubt that there are many left. Since at the time George ran that ish off we figured on not exchanging, we ran about 25 copies less than usual.

Incidentally, I've been meaning to devote part of this column to giving Mr. Young a verbal pat on the back for his help in getting the January ish out. Hampered by lack of experience with the mimeo he was using, the fact that he was working (you know, that stuff that so many non-fans do), and trying to bring order out of a chaotic MSFS situation, he nevertheless got the January SPACED ARP-UNIVERSE run off with efficiency and dispatch, not to mention a mimeograph. Thank, George!

JUST GOT WORD from Ed Cox, whose picture graced the Psycho Lab last month, that I don't know how to draw. Seems that's not the way one holds a sax.

Also a card from Stewart Metchette commenting that George Young points out that this month Albert Einstein will celebrate his 70th -- I think he said 70th -- birthday. And suggesting that fans might want to send him birthday cards.

IDLE THOT: Wonder who the genius is who designs the headings of stencils? For instance, this one we're cutting now has blanks for the following info, quote: No. of Copies; Kind of Paper; Return to; File Away (yes)(no); Slipsheet (yes)(no). But no space provided anywhere on the tab for a file number, page number, or any other info as to what's on the stencil. Of course in theory you can hold the sheet up to the light and tell from the stencil itself, but that's a slow process when you've got thirty or forty inked-up stencils to arrange. Fout upon the makers of stencils.

Several items got crowded out of this ish, principally because Bill James' story ran longer than we expected when planning the ish (we typed it from a handwritten manuscript, and for some reason were way off in our estimate). Next month, maybe, gives it a Horace Longhammer story by Conner; an article on how to write for fanzines by Cox (Ed, not Paul); a book review by T.E. Watkins; another chapter of "Stf Broadcasts Again" of course, and several other fascinating features. Also, the author of this month's chapter of the Broadcast will be revealed.

ED COX tells us there are a rash of new fanzines springing up these days -- come to think of it, we've already mentioned quite a number in the WARP lately. It seems to me that things in stfdom aren't as lively as they were a couple of years ago, though. What has happened to all the screwballs who used to infest fandom, planning colossal fanzines that never got beyond the vision stage, starting feuds that swept across the country like Pyramid Clubs, driving the prozines nuts with the stuff they sent to the lettercolumns.....by gum, since the Shaver feud burned it self out, fandom's had about as much life as a limp dishrag.

Maybe I'll have to start a feud of my own, just to keep things lively. Anybody wanna fight?

As Chaucer would say, wan frish Aprille cooms w'shoures soote, The AprWARP will have been by then a-wrote.

hah r-trapp

STFBROADCASTS

...try your hand at continuing the hectic adventures of these characters in some future WARP? Tell r-trapp so on a postcard!

SYNOPSIS: Having invented a rocket ship, Karl von Heine, the famous physicist and stfwriter, suggests to John Upperberth, editor of FITS, that the first flight to Mars be used to publicize the zine and thus keep Upperberth from losing his job. To make the dangerous journey, von Heine selects gangling, timid Glover Mackintosh, Upperberth's assistant. With the aid of beer and Starr the beautiful receptionist, Mackintosh is kept too dazed to realize the perils he will face.

AGAIN!

Chapter III
See AprWARP for author's name.

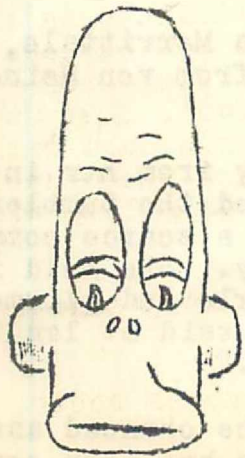
Meanwhile a mysterious pair known as "The Priestess" and Igor spy upon von Heine with a super-scientific television mechanism. But Igor accidentally destroys the telescreen before they learn who will pilot the rocket. Mistakenly believing Upperberth is the one, Igor sets out to liquidate him, while The Priestess prepares to drop in on von Heine, to learn his plans, and also because she has developed a personal interest in him.

* * * *

"But I don't know any long-limbed, golden-skinned, voluptuous, exotic women!" the harried writer was saying. He puffed mournfully at his droopstom pipe and looked forlornly across the tavern table at Karl von Heine. "Gee whilligers, if I don't know any curvy alien princesses from decadent civilizations, how am I going to write about them?"

Professor von Heine pawed his beard impatiently. "Dummkopf!" he boomed disgustedly. "Der more exotic vimmen in der barroom here are, than on fantasyzine cuffers in der past 25 years haff appeared! Look aboutt you, mein freund!"

He swept his arm to encompass the whole svelte cocktail bar around them. Von Heine was conducting a session of his private writers' school and, as usual, the "class" was being hold in von Heine's favorite haunt, the Mirror Room, not far from the FITS offices. Tonight he was tutoring his star pupil, a gifted "amateur writer", whose lessons not only netted von Heine a fat fee once a week but also afforded him a comfortable living through the expedient of selling the "student's" entire output -- all written for "class assignments"! -- to FITS under the famed von Heine byline.



"Der most luffly vimmen in der universe about you iss," the German stf writer went on. "Get acquainted with von of dem, take some notes, und den revise this stingky classic, 'Ghouls of der Goo'. It an exotic female must haff before I can sell it to FITS. I mean," he added hastily, coughing, "so a passing grade can giff you!"

"Yessir!" said the student writer. His eyes gleamed behind his glasses as he began to carry out

orders, searching the cocktail bar eagerly. "Gawsh, look, prof! How about that woman just coming in? Should I approach her? She looks like a Finlay interior without the bubbles. She's a C. L. Moore character, a -- a Brundage made. Almost. Gawp, I'd like to get her into my story."

Von Heine looked over his shoulder. Gawp was right! he thought. Gliding across the dimly lit room toward them was the paragon of exotic femininity -- the ultimate in alien princesses with tinsel bandeaus and tight, molten skirts that are slit to reveal a long golden leg at every other step. She was -- although von Heine did not know it then -- none other than The Priestess!



Von Heine hastily transferred the last of his beer to his stomach. "Nein, nein," he shouted, wiping the foam from his beard. "Go home, mein freund. I haff just decided dot I, von Heine, dor sex-inter-est in your story will handle. You go home und mit der test-tubes make or sum'dings. Der chemistry in 'Ghouls of der Goo' iss faulty, too, I haff decided. Go, go, mein freund!"

The professor's star pupil somewhat reluctantly picked up his manuscript and his helicopter cap and left the cocktail bar. None too soon! The Priestess was just approaching von Heine's table.

The German writer and physicist rose and bowed in his best Old World manner. "Hiyah, sugar," he addressed her. "Where haff I before seen you? On a Bergoy cover? Or on the cover of Avon Fantasy Reader #7, it vas?"

The Priestess surveyed von Heine warmly, then blew a ring of tobacco smoke into his beard and watched it trickle forth like rising fog. "Of course, we have met somewhere," she assured him, and her voice was like Marlene Dietrich's -- husky and with the faintest suggestion of an exciting accent. "You Earthmen always do get around, you know."

"Earthmen?" muttered von Heine thoughtfully. This was a strange term. It sounded almost like the designation an outsider would employ when speaking of Terrans. He dismissed the idea from his mind with a mental "yasah!" at its silliness. He had written -- no, his students had written (von Heine was always honest with himself) too much crazy science fiction! "You a drink will haff...er...franks in? Beer? Vier Rosen?"

"Call me Priestess. My mother was frightened by a Merrittale," remarked the voluptuous woman, seating herself across from von Heine. "I would like a glass of water, if you please."

"Water?" Von Heine stared as she nodded languidly from her inscrutable haze of tobacco smoke. The Priestess accepted the tumbler that was brought forth after some delay -- water being a scarce commodity in the Mirror Room -- and sniffed it appreciatively. She held it to the light, shook it delicately, and watched it sparkle and glimmer like a sleepy lagoon. "This must be very potent," she said at length. "Please, Professor, you will not let me drink too much."

She took a sip, and nodded like a connoisseur. She chanced another, and another. Suddenly she giggled! Von Heine, who had been shudderingly imagining the horrible taste she was enduring, looked up -- and

almost choked on his back. The Priestess's eyes were growing slightly glassy! And then she hiccupped! Now he had seen everything. Here was a woman -- a woman of the world -- who got drunk on three sips of plain water!

For, verily, the Priestess was drunk. There was no denying it. But she was not too drunk to be unable to take out her compact and re-touch her lovely face. Von Heine would have been surprised to see what the Priestess's "compact" really was. In the "mirror" shadowy shapes replaced her tipsy countenance and darkened and dissolved as one tapering, red-nailed finger unobtrusively twisted a dial. Slowly, a picture sharpened into clarity on the tiny screen....

* * * *

John Upperberth, merrily vocalizing in his tub at home, did not realize how appropriate it was that he finished off his belloyed rendition of "O Du Mein Holder Abendstern" and essayed Lohengrin's narrative, "In Fernen Land", just when he did. For behind him at that very instant a menacing figure from a distant land stepped through the very wall! Incredible assassin? Igor crouched in the steamy room like a catman out of Flash Gordon, oriented himself. Then abruptly a sharp dagger glittered in his huge hand, and he crept forward....

His foot landed precisely on a wet cake of soap.

Breaking off his lusty aria, Upperberth stared in great astonishment as a man hurtled past him and stumbled headlong into the well-filled tub. Water foamed, churned, splashed, niagaraed to the tiles in a mighty surge. Then all was quiet except for bubbles rising from the half-stunned man's submerged mouth.



With a shout, Upperberth's reactions evidenced themselves. The surprised editor leaped from the tub and dragged the limp Igor out of the water and let him sag to the floor. He did not see the knife Igor had carried, for that had fallen into the tub.

As Upperberth hastily draped himself with a towel -- as if in deference to The Priestess watching from afar -- Igor propped himself on one elbow and hiccupped. "Shum fun, eh kid?" he asked, grinning blearily. He hiccupped again. Then he lay down and slept.

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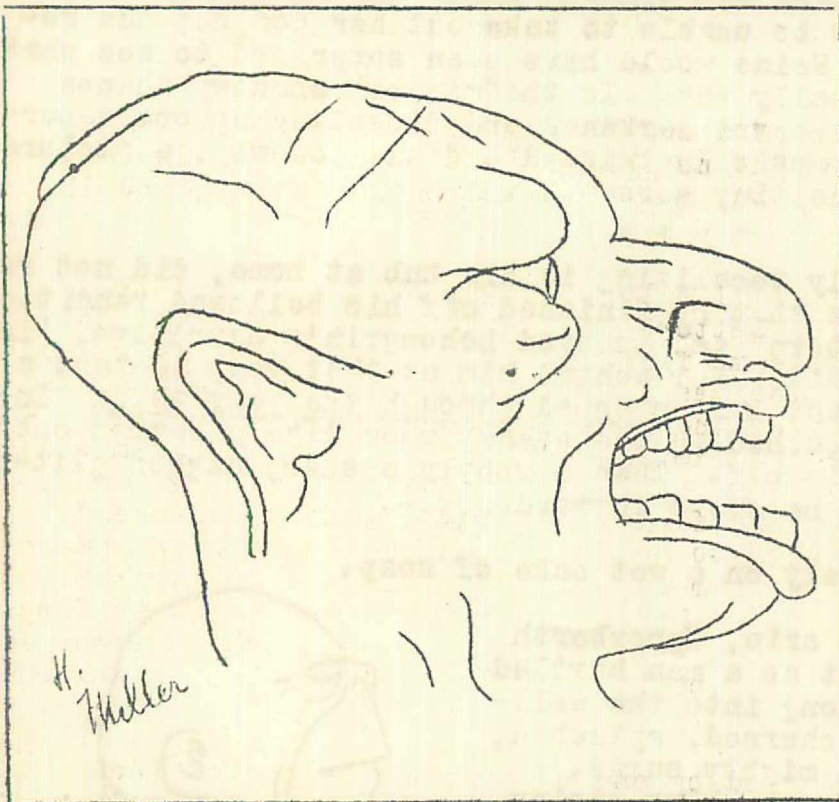
With an unEarthly curse The Priestess snapped shut her compact and her black, angry eyes met von Heine's for an instant. The German's proud beard suddenly and completely lost its curl. Then, mercurially, the woman smiled winningly, knowing what she must do. She stood up and slid into the seat beside von Heine. "You're cute!" she told him, spungling close and twirling her fingers in his beard. "I juss -- I mean, just -- love your beard. Hic."

Von Heine contemplatively strained more beck through his beard. He had been trying to forget how fantastically quick The Priestess had been intoxicated by a glass of water. Now he remembered again. "How iss id you drunk on mere vater get?" he asked.

"I come from a place far, far away," explained The Priestess, with vague gestures. "In my land water is never used for drinking -- there

is only enough for washing and bathing. Whenever one of my people drinks water, he experiences the sensations which you call intoxication."

"Very strange!" muttered von Heine. He poured down another bock.



By now he was so drunk he had lost most of his German accent. "How far away iss this land?"

"What is the farthest place you can imagine?" countered the Priestess.

"Mars!" said von Heine promptly, stifling a hiccup.

A satisfied gleam appeared in the Priestess' glassy green orbs. She congratulated herself on the superb psychological training she had received in preparation for her mission. "So you've invented a ship to fly to Mars, Professor?" she sighed subtly.

He nodded vigorously, his beard tickling her throat. Then eagerly he straightened and demanded thickly, "Who says so?"

"You did. Oh, you're so heroic, so clever!"

Von Heine preened his beard. "Of course," he admitted. "Ve von Heine's are noted for our brains and bravery. Not only did I the spaceship invent, but, caff caff, I can say that I have never flinched at the thought of going to Mars myself."

"Oh, Professor, are you going to pilot the ship?" the Priestess asked, and a light -- perhaps of hero-worship, perhaps not -- was in her dark, unfathomable eyes.

Von Heine managed a deep bow sitting down. "I am," he lied modestly.

And sealed his doom! The Priestess's deadly stiletto flashed forth in the dim light of the almost-empty bar. For a single shattering instant its slender blade, warm from her bosom, braved the free air -- and then drank the hot crimson of von Heine's prevaricating, but gallant, heart!

- TO BE CONTINUED -

NEATEST TRICK OF THE MONTH DEPARTMENT

(From "Stf Broadcasts Again", Pt. II, in the FebWARP:

"Damn it!" hissed the mysterious woman known as The Priestess.....

THE AMERICAN WAY!

an
editorial
by

WILKIE CONNER
1718 McFarland Ave.
Gastonia, North Carolina

Usually I am not in favor of a common guy writing editorials. Editors, maybe, or pro writers. But not half-assed would-be's like me. However, there are times when a guy must break ironclad rules, and this is one of those times.

I am not a very active fan. I belong to the NFFA and read the pros--some of them--and I write letters to the letter columns and correspond with a few for who wrote me first. Also I write some so-called stories for SPACEWARP. And sometimes I write something for another fanzine, providing the editor writes and requests something. Otherwise, I am not a fan. But I do enjoy the limited fan activities I allow myself.

At the moment, I'm not on any fanmag sub list, mainly because I don't make a habit of subscribing to magazines unless I see a few sample copies...enough to prove that immediately after I send my hard-earned dough the magazine won't fold. (As has been the case too often in the last few years!) So the only time I get a fanmag is when I have something of mine in it. Therefore, I had to get the information on which this editorial is based second-hand.

I have been reliably informed by one of my most respected (and faithless) correspondents that there are some within the holy bonds of fandom who advocate the complete boycotting of certain fans because of religious, civil rights, political and other subversive beliefs. These people want to cast such people as do not believe as they do on certain matters from such fan organizations as the NFFA and SFF International and other fraternal groups.

I think it is pretty childish to be against a guy because he believes in certain things not accepted as standard. Personally, I do not like, nor do I drink, liquor. But if a guy wants to become inebriated, I do not hold it against him. Because I feel that here in America a man is entitled to personal liberty! If a man is an atheist, let him alone. If he thinks of himself as superior to any other person or race, let him. It is his privilege! Why get mad at him, or why kick him out of your lodge or club? That's like the little boy who will take his bat and go home if he can't get first swing at the ball! Now, isn't it?

I believe science fandom is big enough to exist without personal quarrels, hates, jealousies, etc., creeping in. I believe it is big enough to permit a man personal freedom without restrictions. I've read it somewhere, I forget where or by whom, that people who read stuff are slightly above the average in intelligence. (No cracks, editor.) (()). If this is true, why can't one air his views, possibly with the intention of starting a good healthy argument, without someone wanting to jump up and toss him out on his ear?

Arguments are nice; feuds are o.k., as long as they are in fun and are under control. (Look at the fun I've had with such notables as Redd Boggs and Ben Singer in the pages of SPACE WARP.) They stimulate thinking and research which in turn increases one's knowledge. But

why break relations with a guy just because he doesn't see eye-to-eye with you?

The person whom my esteemed correspondent mentioned, claimed he was in favor of removing from fandom the following so-called subversive elements: Homosexuals, communists, atheists, race-superiority supporters and anti-Shaverites. Taking each heading separately, in the order listed, I think:

Homosexuals: God knows, these creatures are many. Don't look now, but your best friend may be one! Homosexuality is a disease. It is not incurable, but it is damn nigh incurable, especially in advanced stages. I pity these abnormally-sexed people and don't enjoy their company, but gho-dammit I think they have as much right to be treated as Americans as any of we so-called normal people.



Communists: There are two kinds of communists. Those who are members of a political party, just as the republicans and democrats are political parties -- and these people who are against anything decent and who want to overthrow the United States Government and all that Americanism stands for. They trade under the communists' banner. These people aren't communists and they aren't Americans. They are scum and should be treated as such. I do not believe anyone should be condemned because of his political belief...even if he is a republican.

Atheists: One of the reasons America was established was for freedom of religion. One of the reasons we fought World War II was religion. (The main reason, of course, was economics, but we won't go into that.) Whether a man is an atheist or a holy roller is his own damn business. Personally, I'm strictly neutral on the subject of religion. I don't attend church, nor do I get goose pimples when someone sings the Old Rugged Cross. And I invariably turn evangelists off my radio. But I am in favor of the psychological effect religion has on people. Without a religious foundation of some sort, life on earth would be hell. But why turn against a guy just because he comes plain out in broad day light and says he doesn't believe in God? Isn't he guaranteed religious freedom under the Constitution?



Racial-superiority supporters: I'm a Southerner and I've never seen any indication that the Negro is superior or inferior to white people. I've seen some damn stupid negroes and some damn smart ones. And ditto whites. But if a fellow wants to go around saying he's better than negroes, o.kay. Maybe he is. I've seen lots of whites I considered myself superior to, and a hell of a lot of negroes I considered myself superior to. And I have seen a few negroes I considered superior to me. (A negro lawyer, for instance, whom I know, has a much better education than I...and makes more money.) But no matter how a guy believes in regard to this question, why knock him out of fandom? Disagree with him, to be sure, if you want to disagree with him. But don't hold it against him.

Anti-Shaverism: Shaver is just an author who wanted to make himself a pile of extra dough, so he wrote his Tarz&n-at-the-earth's-core

yarns and sold them to ~~AMAZING~~ STORIES with the pretense that they were true. He didn't tell anybody they had to believe them. He didn't tell anyone to subscribe to his beliefs. If people want to believe in such crap, o-kay. (Incidentally, these people of whom I'm writing were against atheists, but were in favor of Shaver. Shaver is an atheist.) But do not hold it against him to the extent of hating him. Jesus keristtopher if a fellow wants to openly admit he is an intelligent, laugh at him, but don't say, "Hell, you ain't bitten fer to associate with we'uns. So out you'uns go."

I believe in the absolute freedom of the individual. What a man believes in is his own damn business. And no one has the right to discharge another from the NFFF or any other organization just because that person disagrees with the other person. I might argue with you all night long if you were on the opposite side of the fence from me. But at the same time, I'd admit your right to be on the side of the fence you wanted to be on.

I work with a fellow who's so fanatically religious, he believes it is a sin to go to the movies, smoke cigarettes, chew tobacco, dip snuff, wear make-up, possess jewelry, look at nude pictures, whistle at females, read anything except the Bible, for women to wear short-sleeved and tailed dresses or to appear in public in a bathing suit or shorts, for men and women to swim together in the same pool, women to cut their hair, or men to refrain from cutting theirs; he likewise believes it is a sin for a man to have an intercourse with his wife except for the purpose of conception...in fact, he almost believes it is a sin to breathe without asking God's forgiveness for being so bold. We have some healthy arguments, he and I; but we are good pals. I welcome him into my home and he welcomes me into his. We never have any cross words. Just argue. We both belong to the same lodge, subscribe to the same paper, have the same insurance, have pretty wives--only I have more fun with mine! -- and we both make the same money. Wouldn't it be stupid of me if I asked my lodge to turn him out, told the paper boy to discontinue his paper or I would mine, dropped my insurance because he belonged to the same company, divorced my wife and asked him to divorce his or marry an uglier one, or demanded he quit his job or else I'd quit? Well, it would be just as stupid to turn a fan from an organization because of his religious, political or other beliefs.

Let's keep fandom on the American side. Make "fandom" synonymous with "freedom!" Then fandom will grow and prosper! Down with petty hates and jealousies. They will kill fandom! We want to grow...not to die! Don't kick your neighbor out because his sex is different from yours, or because he is more intelligent than you. Argue with him, feud with him, but keep it clean! KEEP IT AMERICAN ;

- END -

BY THE WAY ...

The author of Chapter II of "STF Broadcasts Again" which appeared in the February SPACEWARP, was:

f-trAPP

((Because of the sudden shift to monthly publication again, there was no time to have someone else write it. But you won't read any more by me. The author of this month's installment is -- well, you guess!))



WHAT FAR WORLD ?

by WILLIAM JAMES
P.O. Box 14
Big Bay, Michigan

FOREWORD: As Philip Haldane's closest friend and business partner -- he had no relatives -- I have been given custody of this manuscript, and of the jewel that was found beside it on the desk in his deserted study.

It has been three years since Haldane vanished. The story was an interplanetary sensation at the time. Haldane had been to Venus on business. I missed him at the spaceport on his return; but when I tried to phone him at his home, I was told he was too busy to speak to me; he would call me first thing in the morning. When he failed to call I went round to his home, where I was informed he had locked himself in his study the night before and had not appeared since. We finally broke the door down when repeated knocking had failed to rouse any response, but the room was completely empty.

Doors and windows were locked upon the inside, and no one has been able to understand how Haldane managed to get out. The police, of course, reject the explanation given by the manuscript. But I am not so certain.

Haldane made some peculiar purchases before he vanished. These included a case of dynamite, old-fashioned powder fuse, blasting caps and a Kraeger machine-pistol with a large quantity of ammunition. The servants saw these things carried into the study, but no trace of them was found.

For three years a nine-planet search has been conducted by the police and private agents. No trace of Haldane has been uncovered in that time. Nor have we been able to discover the spaceman mentioned in his manuscript. The police have finally shelved the case, and though my agents are continuing to search, I have little hope for success.

It is for that reason I have finally consented to have the manuscript published, in the hope that someone may read it who knows the whereabouts of the spaceman who originally found the crystal. And in the hope that through him we may find some solution to the mystery.

WHERE OR HOW the stone came into existence, I do not know. I bought it for a hundred credits from a space-blackened crewman off of one of the many tramp freighters that stop at Venusport. I was in one of the tawdry bars that are so numerous near the spaceport, having a quiet drink while I waited for take-off time. I was leaving that night on the Stellar Queen for Earth.

I noticed him when he first entered, for he appeared frightened. Lines of strain showed on his face. The tavern was crowded, and the tiny booth where I sat was the only one with an empty seat. He stood inside the doorway for several minutes, looking around, then walked up to me and asked if he might sit down.



"Go ahead," I told him, and he slid into the seat with a sigh. I felt sorry for him, he seemed to be living under such tension, and ordered him a drink. He smiled his thanks, and when the drink arrived, gulped it thirstily.

Suddenly he reached into the pocket of his jacket and withdrew a small, silk-wrapped package. I watched him curiously as he unwrapped it; and then my eyes opened wide in amazement as the most beautiful jewel I had ever seen rolled out onto the stained surface of the table.

It seemed to give light rather than reflect it. It glittered not with one color, but with many -- colors that seemed to swirl in a madly beautiful dance within that tiny crystal globe; colors that swirled and drew the eye with an hypnotic effect that was hard to break. Gold and blue and crimson; purple and green and silver; and color and gradations of color to which I could not put a name. It was an effort to break the spell the stone held over me; but I did, and looked at the man.

He was staring at the stone with a glassy look to his eyes, and on his face were expressed a queer mixture of emotions. His features registered fear beyond anything I had ever seen, and at the same time an exaltation such as a soul newly-arrived in Heaven must experience.

"Where did you get that?" I said suddenly, and my voice broke the spell. He tore his eyes from the stone and looked at me, his face pale beneath the tan. He was shaking. I ordered him another drink, first drawing a corner of the silk over the stone that the waiter might not see, and when it arrived he drained the glass to the bottom. Then, as color slowly came back to his cheeks, he answered my question.

"I found it on Mars," he said. "I tried my hand at a bit of prospecting awhile back, and while out on the desert, I stumbled on an old Martian temple that had been uncovered by a windstorm. Inside I found this."

"I'd like to buy it."

"Buy it! Oh God! I'd give it away," he said, his voice almost breaking. "It's cursed."

"Nevertheless, I'd like to buy it," I said.

"You can have it as a gift. I'm glad to be rid of it."

"No, I'll pay for it," I told him. "Set a price."

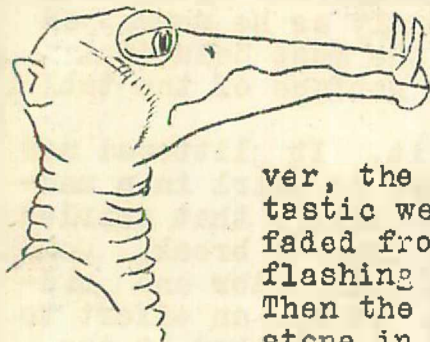
"All right. Give me a hundred credits, and it's yours. But remember, I've warned you -- it's cursed."

"Let me worry about that," I said.

I drew out my wallet and counted out a hundred credits; pushed the small bundle of bills across the table. I glanced at the stone once, then wrapped it and placed it in the inside pocket of my jacket. I could not quite believe it -- that I had purchased what was probably the most priceless jewel in the System for an infinitesimal part of its value!



I did not look at the stone again until the Stellar Queen was a million miles out from Venus, accelerating at a comfortable one grav. Then I locked my stateroom door and rolled the glittering crystal globe out on the writing desk. It flashed with a hundred colors against the dark green blotter that covered the surface of the desk.



Again I became submerged in the swirl of fascinating color that seemed to fill the tiny sphere. The glint of gold, the flash of silver, the indescribable tints and shades; they wove a fantastic web about me, until the low rumble of the rockets faded from my hearing and all I was aware of was the jewel flashing against the dark green background of the blotter. Then the blotter faded too, and there was only the flaming stone in a deep darkness; and I seemed to hear the sound of waves rolling onto a sandy beach, and a chorus of feminine voices singing a song more beautiful than any heard by Earthly ears.....

THERE WAS WATER in my nose and in my throat. I choked, coughed; thrashed about in momentary panic. There was sand bottom a few inches below the surface of the water. I raised myself on my hands and blinked the water from my eyes. I was lying in the surf a few yards from a white sand beach, beyond which loomed a dark green wall of jungle.

I thought it a dream then. For I knew that actually I was far out in space, between Venus and Earth. But even in a dream I should have expected to see our normal Sun in the sky. But it was a white dumbbell star that flared in the blue heavens.

I got to my feet and waded ashore, and stopped as I heard again that unearthly singing; the chorus of golden voices swelling in a song as beautiful and majestic as the slow march of the constellations through the clear sky of a winter's night. The song ended; there was laughter, like the tinkle of little silver bells. I moved up the beach and pushed into the jungle.

The trees were rubbery growths, resembling nothing ever seen on Earth or Venus. Great pale, bell-like flowers hung from them, nodding over my head as I passed. The ground was carpeted with a spongy brownish-green moss, with tiny crimson flowers flaming here and there. A giant butterfly, patterned in black and yellow, fluttered overhead, dived, and settled on one of the bell-like blooms. A moment later I stepped out of the jungle fringe.

I stood on the edge of a large clearing. The ground sloped down on all sides to form a bowl-shaped depression. Halfway up the farther slope stood a building that vaguely resembled, in its pillared white architecture, an ancient Grecian temple. Behind it was the green jungle; and looming out of the lush green, at what seemed to be a great distance, was a tall, slender black pylon, the sight of which, for some unknown reason, caused an involuntary shudder to run through me.

The tinkling laughter sounded again, from the clearing below. Clumps of bushes dotted the slope on all sides, and at the very bottom stood a clump of trees. I caught a glimpse of water through the interlaced branches, and then a flash of golden skin. There was a splash, and then the bright, crystal laughter.

There was a rustling sound from a clump of bushes very near me on the slope. I turned to discover the cause, and stopped with my eyes open wide.

I saw -- Shari.

WORDS CANNOT DESCRIBE Shari. From the top of her golden head to the tips of her tiny golden feet she was Perfection. Her skin was a glowing golden-tan, and her body had a symmetry that clothing would have marred. She was the dream of a million dreamers who had dreamed a million years. She was the full moon shining in the midnight sky. She was a golden chalice in which bubbled the wine of life.

I drank in her beauty as a man who has been long on the desert, drinks at the crystal pool of a green oasis. She stood before me without any sign of embarrassment and examined me curiously out of smoky grey eyes. Then she smiled and spoke.

Her voice was like a clear silver bell, and the words she spoke were made up of soft syllables with strange musical overtones that made of each sentence an enchanting melody. Of course, I could not understand what she said. And she seemed to grasp that fact quickly.

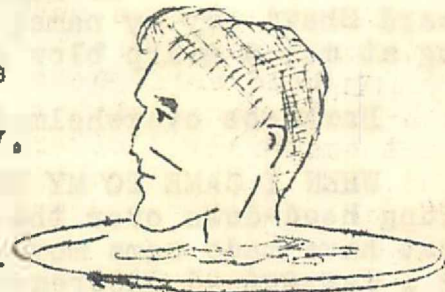
Suddenly she pointed to herself and said, "Shari." And then again, "Shari."

"Shari," I repeated. She laughed; a bright tinkling sound. Then I pointed to myself: "Phillip Haldane."

"Phil-leep Hal-dan!" she said, the unaccustomed syllables coming out softly slurred and strangely accented. She repeated the name slowly; then said something in her own melodious tongue and grasped my hand, leading me down the slope toward the grove of trees at the bottom.

As we pushed our way through the low bushes that grew between the trunks of the great trees, I heard the splashing of water, and laughter, and then a golden voice lifted in song. And then we burst from the grove and stood on the edge of a great circular pool that flashed and glittered in the sunlight.

The basin was made of white stone, and scattered around the pool were benches of the same material. Beyond the pool stood the singer, arms outflung, face lifted to the sky, her voice rising in a song so beautiful it brought tears to my eyes. She too was nude--as were all the golden-skinned girls in the pool who now turned to look curiously at me--and with the same perfection of figure I had noted in Shari.



Suddenly the song broke in the middle as the girl became aware of me. Her arms dropped to her sides and she stared curiously for a moment, and then called across the pool to Shari. And then a babble of golden voices arose from the girls in the pool, questioning. Shari answered them, and I heard my name mentioned.

I KNEW THIS MUST BE a dream, invoked by some peculiar property in the ancient Martian crystal. For only in a dream could such a perfect world exist. And yet it was very real to be a dream.

I was plied with fruit until I could eat no more; great golden globes with the flavor and heady effect of rich wine. And then the golden,

girls gathered in a group and sang; their voices lifting in a melody beautiful beyond words; gay with the richness of life, and yet with a strange note of sadness in it I could not reconcile with the perfection of their environment.

Shari sat near me beside the pool, speaking softly to me, although she knew I could not understand. I began to point out objects to her and name them, with some vague idea of teaching her the rudiments of English; and she repeated the names after me, struggling with the unfamiliar syllables and laughing softly when she made an error in pronunciation. And slowly the white double star sank toward the horizon.

As the shadows lengthened across the pool, a strange silence fell. The sound of the golden voices ceased; there was no more laughter, no more song. A soft breeze had sprung up, and I could hear it sighing through the branches of the trees; a strange, sad sound.

I turned to Shari. She was facing the west, and -- listening. And on her face was an expression of sadness tinged with fear. I saw now that all the girls had faced the west, and all were listening.

And then I heard it -- the crackle of brush, the thud of boots and the harsh sound of men's voices!



They burst out of the grove of trees suddenly -- five men with smooth-shaven heads, clad in long black robes belted with silver. They were short and stocky of build, and seemed to me as ugly as the girls were beautiful.

The leader walked up to the girl I had first seen singing across the pool, and grasped her roughly by the arm. I saw her wince in pain. And then with a cry of anger, I was on my feet and across the short space that separated us.

I grabbed his shoulder and swung him around, and saw a look of astonishment cross his ugly features. I swung hard, and felt his teeth give before my fist. He measured his length beside the pool. And then I heard Shari cry my name; caught a glimpse of a black-robed figure leaping at me; a sharp blow caught me on the back of the head.

Darkness overwhelmed me.

WHEN I CAME TO MY SENSES, night had fallen. I was being carried, slung head-down over the shoulder of one of the black-robed men. I must have made some movement that told him I was conscious, for suddenly I was dumped unceremoniously on the ground. As I rose weakly to my feet I found myself facing the glittering blade of a knife.

The man grunted something at me in his harsh voice, and pointed with the blade. I understood. Still groggy from the blow on the head, I walked slowly in front of him, and every time I hesitated I felt the sharp point of the knife prod me in the back.

We were walking a well-trodden path in the depths of the jungle. Directly overhead I could see a narrow patch of dark sky with a glowing tracery of unfamiliar constellations. All around me in the gloom I could see the dim white blobs of the jungle-flowers. And in the distance I heard the weird scream of some night-prowling animal.

And then, as the pathway turned, a great dark shadow directly before us hid the star-gemmed sky. And even as the prodding knife forced me forward through an unseen doorway, I realized what it was -- the great black pylon I had seen from the clearing.

Suddenly light flared up in the darkness as a torch fastened to the wall was lighted; and then we slowly advanced along a corridor weirdly lit by leaping flames as torch after torch was lighted. Ahead of me I saw the other four men leading the golden-skinned girl.



The corridor ended in a wide black stairway. We climbed perhaps a hundred feet to the floor of a great vaulted room, dimly lit by flaring torches fastened to the walls. The ceiling was lost in shadow.

There was a deep-shadowed recess at one end of the room, with long chains hanging from the wall above almost to the floor. The girl was led across the floor and, with a snap, the wrist-bands of the chains were fastened to her wrists. Then the priests -- for such I now realized they were, -- backed slowly away.

The girl did not struggle, although she must have known what was going to happen. She stood with shoulders slumped and head bowed -- waiting.

A low chant began, growing slowly in volume until the whole room rang with it. And as the chant gained power a strange electric tension seemed to charge the air. I stood paralyzed, struck with an unreasoning awe. The chant reached a climax; ended. A silence that was almost solid descended; was suddenly rent by a scream from the girl!

I stared, and fear gripped my vitals. A glow of light had appeared suddenly in the dark recess; shimmered and grew brighter. It seemed to hesitate a moment; then -- a writhing tentacle of living light reached out and wrapped itself around the trembling girl. A second scream burst from her throat, a sound of anguish unbelievable, and -- she was gone, as if she had never been!

Suddenly blind rage took hold of me. I have no clear remembrance of what happened next. I must have grappled with the priest nearest me; for suddenly I had his knife in my hand and he lay on the floor with blood gouting from his throat. And the other four, with flashing blades, were forcing me back toward the recess in the wall.

Suddenly, from the corner of my eye I caught a flash of living light -- reaching. I tried to dodge -- and something gripped my arm; something that burned with a horrible cold fire. Then, for the second time, my senses blanked...

I AWOKE on the floor of my stateroom. The jewel still flashed on the desk top. I felt then that it must have been a dream; that I had fallen to the floor from the chair and the jar had awakened me. But my head throbbed horribly, and when I



placed my fingers to the back, I found a sizable lump. And a burning sensation on my arm proved to be a white scar exactly where the tentacle of light had gripped me.

So I know it was no dream. Shari exists! On what far world of this Universe I do not know -- but she exists. Shari the golden! And that black temple with its unholy thing of living light -- that exists too.

I am going back. And this time there will be a different ending. I'll see if that thing of light can withstand a dynamite blast; and I'll carry a gun with plenty of ammunition to destroy its black minions.

I am going back to Shari!

- END -

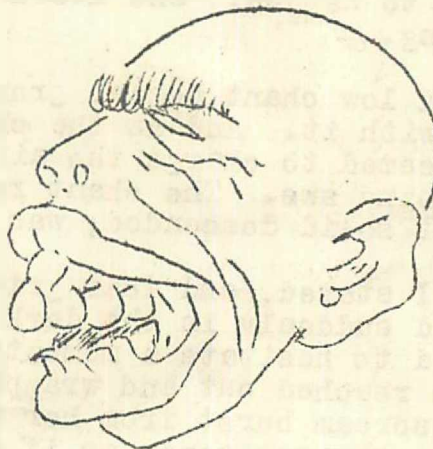
** SPIRIT - DEVILS **
** **

by BILL WARREN
314 W. Main St.
Sterling, Kansas

My brain is alive
with ungodly things --
spirit-devils that sap
the goodness
that is my soul.

They whisper with evil,
and hammer at thought-cells
so that there is no respite
from Hell-life,
discord-damnation
and despair's dirge.

What can I do --
how can I find
one precious moment away
from my torment,
the spirit-devils?
How can I send
these beings --
sadistic . . . ghastly --
back to the Inferno
from which they came?



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FILE THIRTEEN

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

SPRING HOUSECLEANING. If there is one fannish job I hate to do it is to clean up this "office" of mine. The process is irritating in itself, for it entails disrupting the even tenor of my fannish life -- letting slide fannish articles, mimeograph duties, answering correspondence, etc., while I do a disagreeable job. It entails heaping the desk and the bookcase and the dresser with old correspondence, cruises, manuscripts, artwork, books, used and unused stencils, and various other items, while I try to decide whether to file each item away, destroy it, or keep it close at hand.

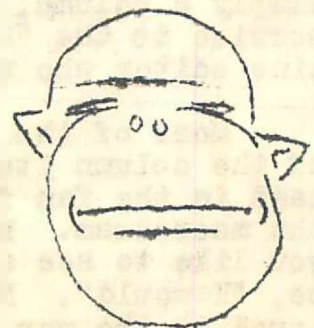
Not long ago I completed my housecleaning for 1949. My 1948 "incoming" correspondence file was shorn of circulars, announcements, and unimportant items of various sorts, and the remaining letters and postals were bundled with string and filed in a big carton I keep in a corner of the basement. My "outgoing" correspondence file, which consists of carbons of the letters I wrote in 1948, was even more drastically winnowed: I destroyed dozens of carbons about affairs long since disposed of, and kept mostly the copies of letters I wrote to my regular correspondents. The rest of the stuff that clutters this place was somehow taken care of, in ways now obscure to me.

The worst thing is, after I complete this Herculean task, I am never able to find anything. Whereas this frenetic chore did uncover a few letters that should have been answered last summer, a poem in manuscript that I dashed off last August and forgot about, and such-like, it also resulted in disposing of dozens of items that I want to refer to. Invariably, if I want to put my hand on some manuscript quickly, it is either filed away somewhere in a place I have to paw through to turn up, or it is destroyed entirely.

Housecleaning does have a pleasant side. It uncovers uncounted little clippings and notes that have been mislaid for FooFoo knows how long. For instance, there is the flyer someone stuck into my hand at the Minnesota State Fair last summer, which avers, in shocked print, that Minnesotans consumed the unutterable total of 1,864,000 barrels of beer in 1947. (This is an under-estimate: the MFS drank more than this by themselves.) Then there is a postal ad from J.E. Koestner which is so illegibly handwritten that I disregarded it. It either offers some Astoundings for sale, or else requests Astoundings be sold to him -- I can't figure out which.

There are random notes on scraps of paper, like this one: "Man outgrows cities, planets, sun-systems, galaxies ... Will he outgrow the very universe?" This seems to be a blurb for some yarn, maybe Edmond Hamilton's "Cosmic Fantagraph". I wonder if it is original or whether I copied it?

And there's a clipping I apparently saved for Tympani, but which never appeared there. It relates that David Lasser, commerce department official, resigned his government post after being under fire from Congress for once having been president of the Workers Alliance. Oldtime fans will remember Lasser as managing editor of Wonder Stories in the Gernsback era.



And there's a clip from Russ Woodman, appended to a note which reads: "Speaking of Throne [sic] Smith, life is just like that!"

Budapest, Hungary, Aug. 9 (UP): A slim young woman with the figure of Diana created quite a stir Sunday when she stepped nonchalantly out of a swimming pool at a crowded beach, the newspaper Vilo reported today.

The girl had left the bottom of her two-piece bathing suit in the pool. Startled bystanders reportedly called her attention to her immodesty.

"Pardon me," she cried, grabbing a robe off the back of a nearby gentleman.

The gentleman fainted, the newspaper said. He didn't have anything on at all.

GAY DELIVER. The so-called "Buck-a-Book Club", an affiliate of the House of Stone, a bookshop in Lunenburg, Mass., advertises The Timeless Land as a "real bargain!" at 77¢. Although not labeled a fantasy, this book is included among a list of fantasies and borderline stuff such as The Uninvited, Frankenstein, and The Day the World Ended.

Don't be misled! The Timeless Land is not a fantasy, but a very commonplace novel of Australia.

Despite the name, the "Buck-a-Book Club" offers no book on this particular page for \$1.00. Some are priced at 77¢ and 98¢, but most of the prices are more than a dollar each. The House of Stone also offers a number of bookplates, but I wouldn't touch them myself. Each one is some variation of an imperative request, addressed to the borrower of the book, to bring the book back pronto! I hate to be so impolite to my friends. Haven't you got something more subtle, Mr. Stone?



30-SECOND QUIZ. Match the nicknames H.P. Lovecraft gave to his correspondents (lefthand column) with their real names in the righthand column. Answers are listed later on in this department.

M. le Comte d'Erlette
Klarkash-Ton
Malik
M-lmoth
Monstro Ligriv
Ludvig Prinn

Donald Wandrei
E. Hoffman Price
Virgil Finlay
Clark Ashton Smith
Robert Bloch
August Derleth

A PRO FANZINE? Lee D. Quinn is distributing a single-sheeter which may or may not be unique in the fan field. It is simply a column, titled "One Fan's Opinion", which is distributed as a service to the "harried fanzine editor", to be reprinted by any fanzine editor who wishes to do so.

Most of the column is hash, and I am mostly interested in the idea of the column itself. I wonder whether such a "canned" column can succeed in the fan field as it has in the case of syndicated columns in the macrocosm. However, Quinn interests me when he asks, "How would you like to see a professional fan magazine?" Not that my answer would be, "I would". No. Fandom is merely a hobby and its informal, amateur level is the way I prefer it. However, I don't feel strongly on the subject at present, either "for" or "against", for it is my opinion that

the project will never come to flower. It depends upon co-operation in fandom, and when has fandom ever co-operated on a large scale?

GOING DOWN! It begins to look, doesn't it, as if man will conquer the frontier of space -- whose first outpost is 240,000 miles "straight up" -- long before he penetrates the frontier which begins only a half mile straight down? I refer, of course, to the deeps of Earth's oceans.



If space is conquered, interplanetary stories will fall from their classification as "science fiction" to the category of mere "adventure" fiction. Perhaps at that time still yarns about the unexplored portions of this planet will come into their own. So far, very few stories have been written about this setting. Offhand I can name only three: One is P. Schuyler Miller's recent "The Thing On Outer Shoal", which did not involve a voyage to the bottom of the sea, but did deal with life down there. The others are Clifford D. Simak's "Rim of the Deep", and Ra. Gallun's classic, "Davey Jones' Ambassador". Both these tales treated the tremendous pressure of the deep ocean just a little bit lightly, but they were -- far as I remember -- the best stuff yet written about the big deep. Can you, perhaps, name others of this type that I have forgotten?

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR. (This is a department revived from L.R. Chauvenet's Detours, circa 1940.) "April 5, 1947: that was the night the waveries came." ("They were invaders of a sort. They didn't hurt -- couldn't hurt -- a fly, let alone a man. But they could destroy a culture.") -- From "The Waveries", by Fredric Brown, ASF, Jan. 1945.

QUIZ ANSWERS:

M. le Comte d'Erlette:	August Derleth
Klarkash-Ton:	Clark Ashton Smith
Malik:	E. Hoffman Price
Melmoth:	Donald Wandrei
Monstro Ligriv:	Virgil Finlay
Ludvig Prinn:	Robert Bloch

- END -

EL FANZINE MAGNIFICO!

This is an unsolicited free plug. As we were cutting away at the above stencil, the postman staggered up to our door with the May (and also First Anniversary) issue of PEON, which is published bi-monthly at 10¢, six for 50¢, by Charles L. Riddle, PN1, USN, 2116 Edsall Court Alameda, California.

Going down the contents page in order, we find the contributors include: John A. Keel, Vaughn Greene, C.L. Riddle, Edward W. Ludwig, Donn Brazier, David H. Keller, Robert Bloch, Anthony Boucher, Jack Cordes, and Jack Riggs.

The outstanding reason for this item, however, is Greene's "The Fallacy of Mass Rule," which will undoubtedly achieve the same immortality in fanzine annals as "I Remember Lemuria" did among prozines.

Only once in a blue moon does an editor lay hands on a piece like that. Subscribe to PEON and see what we mean. --ahr

fandom's
top monthly

Volume IV - No. 6
- March, 1949 ---
(Issue Number 24)

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10:

SPACEWARP, combined with UNIVERSE, with this issue winds up its second continuous year of monthly publication as an amateur magazine for science-fiction fans.

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2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

Staff: Bill Groover
Ray Nelson
George Young
and others

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