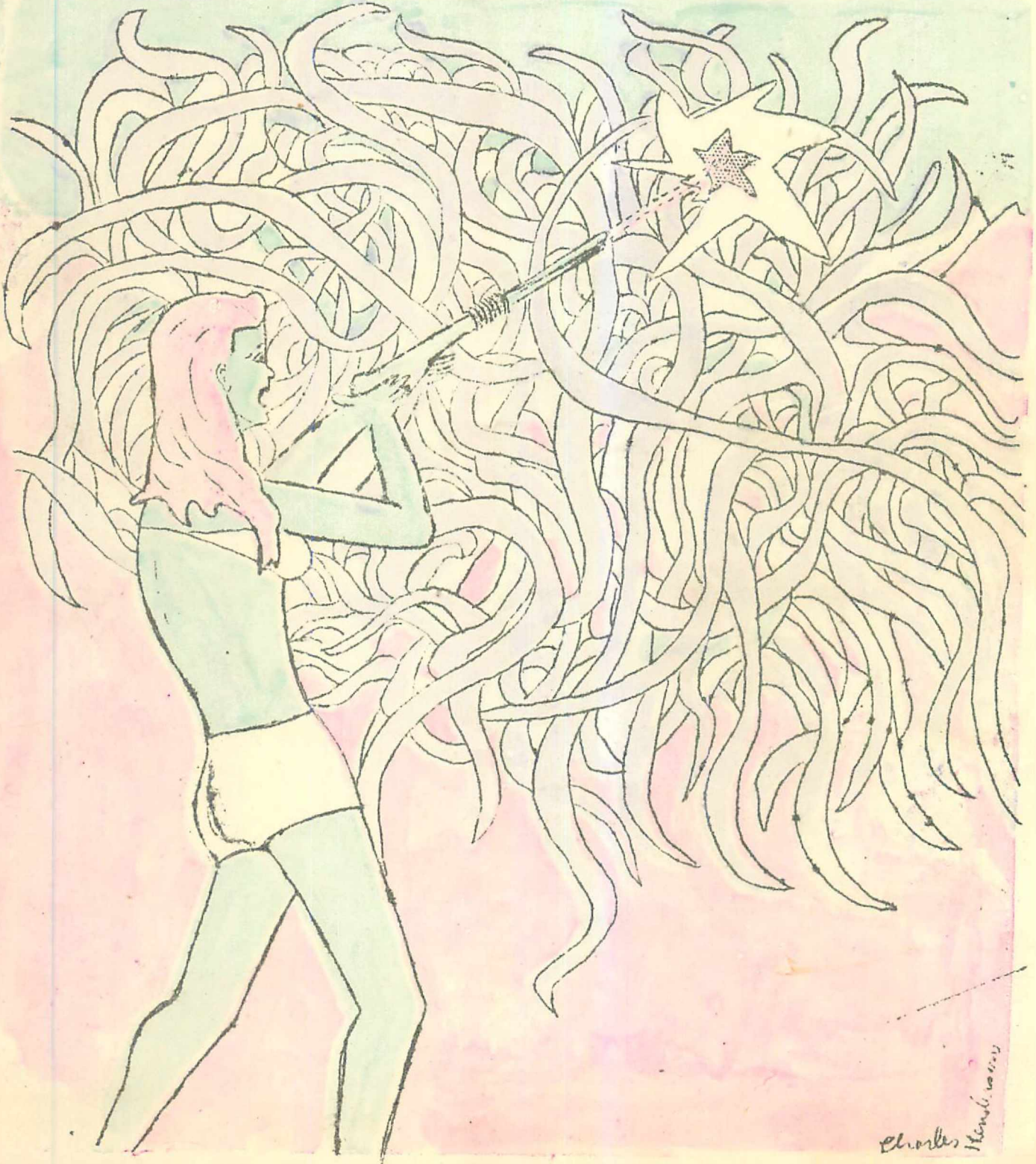


SPACEWARP

Volume Five

APRIL, 1949

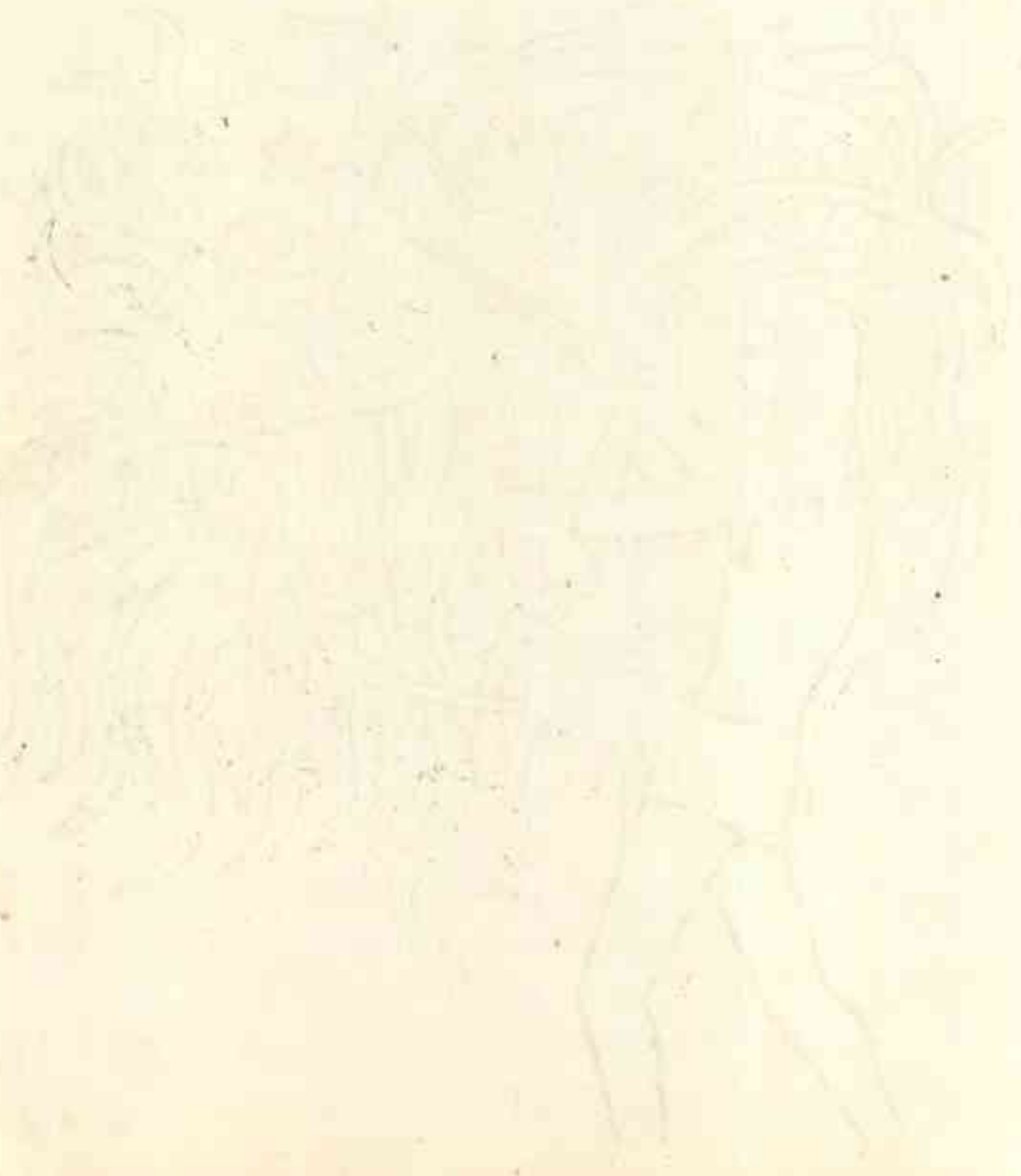
Number One



Charles Howard

39 ACCENTWARD

1880



T I M B E R !

* * * * * (Masons from the editorial neutrons!) * * * * *

THE NEW HEADING for this column was designed and executed by Bill James, to whom we tender appreciative thanks. Bill has also presented us with a swell pictorial stamp, which we'll run in the WARP sometime for your edification. In the meantime, we're going to build our letterhead around it, having often admired Bill's own letterheads of the same type.

INCIDENTALLY, if you think Bill's stories are something to rave about, wait till you see next month's WARP cover. If you've seen any of his work in THOTH, you need no further cue to start drooling in happy anticipation.

THIS MONTH'S COVER, in case you can't read the name on the contents page, is by Charles Henderson, 2146 E. 13th South, Salt Lake City 5, Utah. It arrived just in time to save me from having to impose upon your sanity with more of my own artwork. Hence the necessity for slugging correction fluid over the contents-page listing. Hence the blurriness of Charles' credit line there.

Gleops, 20-lb duplicator paper just went from \$1.55 to \$1.75 a ream! Which is why I'm converting to mimeo paper in the interior of the mag.

WHEN Ben Singer heard that I was entering FAPA, he lamented that WARP would immediately collapse. I just got in, and have also just missed the current deadline, because I was too busy working on this rather overdue folic of gibberings to turn out a FAPazine. Rest assured that WARP has precedence over any and all apazines on my schedule -- as my somewhat ghastly record in MSFS amply proves. According to He Whose Name Cannot Be Spoken In Spacewarp, FAPA is where old fen go to die. Well, just because I've reserved a cemetary lot, don't start writing my fannish obituary!

(Some day, comes it Utopia, I'll manage to get through this entire column without switching from the editorial "we" to the impassioned "I" -- it happens every time I compose this alleged column directly on the stencil.)

Speaking of the reverent Ben reminds me of his eminent Boswell, Martin Alger, and the fact that he wanted a message to one Scarlett O'Boggs, frantic Minnesotan File-Thirteener, inserted into "Quien Sabe?" this month. I forgot it whilst stencilling that florid forum so here it is instead: Radd, Martin says you did a good job on "Lady of Flame." Now you should sit down and read the book.

Currently Martin's favorite anecdote about Ben Singer is that Ben wrote a story for the base newspaper on which he's laboring, in which he had one of the characters emit a "guttural shriek."

I remember suggesting to somebody during the CanCon last Sunday that the MSFS ought to put out a one-shot devoted entirely to the exploits of Ben Singer, who lives on in the memory of all who have ever met him, despite his lengthy absence with the AAF.

Ah, yes, the CanCon. Perhaps you have not heard of that noble convocation of international fandom? Like the Beercon, it consis-

ted of the MSFS, a host, and one other guest. The fan on whom we descended this time was Sam McCoy, of London, Ontario, who was sleeping soundly when six MSFS members arrived at 8:30 a.m. on Mother's Day. We tried to be considerate and go off in search of a restaurant breakfast while he got a few extra winks, but it seems that restaurants in that part of Canada aren't open on Sunday mornings. So we returned and joined Sam for breakfast. The rest of the morning was spent in admiring his books and magazine -- of which he has about 10 linear feet stacked up in a corner. Those, he explained, were the ones he hadn't gotten around to reading yet.

Later in the morning, Ned McKeown dropped in and briefed us on the current status of Toronto fandom, which is still quivering with reaction to the frenzy of putting on the Torcon.

Presently we wound up on the front porch of the McCoy residence, taking life easy and enjoying the warm Canadian climate. Stewart Metchett brought out the notebook in which he is attempting to compile a list of all series run in the promags. This launched a lengthy session of memory-searching, with McKeown and Alger outdistancing me comparative neophytes with ease. Stewart now has enough leads for research to occupy him for several months.

THIS BEING AN EDITORIAL COLUMN, leave us editorialize:

Open letter to the Convention Committee: It seems that the balloting for the site of the 1950 con is considered a mere formality by many fans, who perhaps even anticipate that only one club will bid for it.

I venture to suggest that the much-criticized "smoke-filled-room" character of site-choosing politics is partly inevitable from the method used in voting on the site. I believe the conventional practice is to have the formal bids made on the final day of the convention, then immediately take a poll of the audience to determine their choice.

How, I ask you, can a delegate make anything else than a snap judgment -- unless he finds out, prior to the bidding, which groups are going to ask for the coming year's convention?

Wouldn't it be better to have the bids made at least 24 hours before the voting? If it turns out that there are rival bids, this will give the bidding clubs time to campaign, and voting fans time to decide which bidder they want to vote for.

By a fortunate series of circumstances, last year's convention politics gave the 1949 convention to you in Cincinnati -- as I said last July in the WARP, no one could ask for a better result -- but what guarantee has fandom that events will be similarly fortunate in coming years?

Here's hoping that an early deadline on bids will clear the smoke from those hotel rooms when I see ya in Cincy!

BY THE WAY: The MSFS will see ya in Cincy -- and Convention attendees will also see the MSFS. They will be conscious of the fact that the fan-denzons of the Wolverine State are on the ball. Oh, yes indeed!

The MSFS particularly invites all Gophers to crawl into the ground and pull the holes in after them.

tantalizingly yours,
DM

STFB BROADCASTS

Dagger assignments are already made through August. So sit back, relax, and enjoy the vicissitudes of this (ugh!) epic.

AGAIN!

CHAPTER IV

Recognize its author?

JOHN UPPERBERTH looked down in astonishment at the figure that lay in a pool of soap-suds on the tiles of his bathroom floor. Igor was out -- but completely.

Taking a fresh hitch in the towel that was draped insecurely about his wide middle, Upperberth bent over the man. He grasped Igor by the shoulder and shook him until his teeth rattled.

"Who are you? What is the meaning of this?" roared the editor. "Come, wake up!"

Igor snorted and mumbled. Upperberth shook him again. "Wake up!"

Then, perceiving the impossibility of awakening a man in such an intoxicated condition, Upperberth let him slump back to the floor. Igor snored lustily.

Upperberth pulled the stopper in the bathtub and dried himself vigorously. For a time the only sounds in the bathroom were the musical gurgle of water running down the drain and Igor's thunderous snores. With a final glug the last of the water ran out, and Upperberth, glancing down, let out a yelp of dismay.

Igor's dagger lay clearly exposed in the bottom of the tub!



Clutching the washbasin for support, Upperberth stared down at the weapon. His mind spun madly for a moment; and then, with commendable celerity, his mighty intellect arrived at the horrifying conclusion.

The man had meant to stab him to death!

Upperberth glanced from the dagger to the limp form of Igor, and a monumental shudder shook his frame. It was like Everest quivering in the grip of an earthquake. For a moment his trembling threatened to tear the basin from the wall. Then, taking a deep breath, he got a grip on himself and tottered weakly from the bathroom.

Stopping only to wrap a voluminous bathrobe about himself, Upperberth made straight for the kitchen. This, he thought to himself, called for stimulants -- a lot of them. He paused before the tremendous refrigerator that filled one corner of the room; then opened the door to gaze raptly at the row on row of bottles that were its only contents.

"Beer!" whispered the great editor reverently.

He extracted one of the bottles from the shelf, uncapped it delicately with his teeth, and raised it to his lips. The contents gurgled pleasantly down his throat. When the bottle was empty, Upperberth set it on the table and reached for another.

Five bottles sat empty on the table when Upperberth finally closed the refrigerator door and strode out of the kitchen. Gone was the trembling weakness of fear; courage spread warmly throughout his plump body. He glanced into the bathroom as he passed, to see Iger still snoring peacefully, burped pleasantly, and moved on into the living room. There he picked up the phone and dialed a number.

* * *

PROFESSOR KARL VON HEINE slumped into the corner of the seat with The Priestess's knife deep in his heart. He opened his mouth, fighting for breath, and two great tears welled from his eyes and slowly trickled down his cheeks. The Priestess observed that he was trying to say something, and leaned close to hear his last words.

"Ach, no more beer!" said von Heine regretfully. And died.

The Priestess wrinkled her brow at these mysterious words, then snapped open a small memo book and hastily wrote them down. They must, she felt certain, have some deep significance. Then, realizing that to be found with the corpse would prove more than slightly embarrassing, she slid smoothly to her feet and left the tavern.

She had not observed the dark man who had watched the whole performance from his vantage point at one corner of the bar. He waited until The Priestess was out of the door, then dropped a coin on the bar and, with a glance at the slumped form of von Heine, followed.

OUTSIDE, HE TURNED LEFT, walked rapidly for two blocks, and entered a small second-class hotel. As he entered his room a second man rose from a chair.

"Well, Vogar?"

"She killed him!"

"What!" exploded the other. "Why didn't you stop her?"

"And give ourselves away? Kola, your stupidity never fails to amaze me."

"We could have used the spy-ray," said Kola sullenly, "for all the good your personal presence did."

"Spy-rays," Vogar pointed out, "are detectable. The Priestess would have known she was under observation."

"The Master will be displeased."

"He'll be more displeased if you don't get busy on the ray and find out where the body is taken!" snapped Vogar.

Mumbling under his breath, Kola turned to the corner where a small case stood open, revealing the complicated electronic mechanism of a spy-ray. He pressed the activating button and slowly twisted a dial.

A picture formed on the screen, the tavern that Vogar had left but a few minutes before.

The place was in an uproar. Bluecoats were everywhere, and the fat proprietor wandered in distracted circles, wringing his hands. Professor von Heine, the center of attention, was the only one taking no interest in the proceedings -- but that was natural. As Kola watched, two men carrying a long basket entered the room. The men standing about von Heine moved aside, and the body of the professor was dumped unceremoniously into the basket and carried swiftly from the room. Kola twisted the dial to follow them.

Vogar, meanwhile, was busy with another mechanism across the room. This one had a larger screen, that flamed with prismatic colors as he twisted various dials. Slowly a picture formed.

"Vogar O-22X reporting," he said.

The face that looked out of the screen was darker than his own, with flaming evil eyes. The thin lips writhed open in a snarl.

"What is your report?"

Vogar quickly described the murder of von Heine, and finished, "Kola is now tracing the destination of the body."

"The Priestess," snarled the voice from the screen, "is a fool! But we shall take care of her later. The important thing now is the body of von Heine. You know what to do?"

"Yes, Master," Vogar nodded.

"Good. Report to me immediately the task is accomplished."

"Yes, Master." Vogar bowed deeply.

The image faded and the screen went dark.

* * *

JOHN UPPERBERTH bent over the figure of Igor -- a now partially sober Igor who lay on the rug in Upperberth's living room, so thoroughly trussed up with strips of torn bed-sheet that he resembled the mummy of a pharaoh just removed from the tomb -- and roared:

"So you won't talk, eh? Well, I'll find a way to make you talk!"

Upperberth raised his hand, as if to strike the cringing Igor -- and the doorbell buzzed. Swearing softly under his breath, Upperberth made his way to the door and opened it.

"Well!" said Brenda Starr; and then, catching sight of Upperberth's bathrobe, she giggled. "My!" she said. "Mr. Upperberth, you didn't by chance call me up here to show me your etchings, did you?"

Upperberth purpled. At that moment the automatic elevator hummed; the door slammed open. Along the corridor ambled the gangling form of Glover Mackintosh.

"Come in here, you two!" said Upperberth, as Mackintosh paused on the threshold and gaped at the weird sight of the bathrobe-clad editor. He closed and locked the door behind them.



"Who's that?" said Starr, catching sight of Igor.

"That," said Upperberth, "is the man who tried to stab me to death in the bathtub."

"What!" gasped Mackintosh, getting as far from Igor as possible.

"In the bathtub!" said Starr.

Upperberth nodded. "If it wasn't for my quick thinking, I would be dead at this moment." He expanded under their expressions of admiration. "I overpowered him and disarmed him, and took him up. But I haven't been able to find out why he wanted to kill me. All I can get out of him is that his name is Igor."

"Maybe he's a fan," suggested Starr.

"A fan who won't talk?" he inquired sarcastically.

"Have you tried -- er, persuasion?" asked Mackintosh.

Upperberth shook his head. "Perhaps you have some suggestions."

"How about pulling his toe-nails out with hot pincers?" Starr asked sweetly.

"Or matches under his finger-nails," said Mackintosh, an expression of rabbit-like fierceness on his long face.

"I had thought of a hot poker against the soles of his feet myself," said Upperberth. "But those things strike me as being a bit -- ah, crude. I was hoping you could suggest something more refined."

"Mr. Upperberth," said Mackintosh, "I think I have it!"

"What?" asked Upperberth in alarm, edging away from his assistant. "I hope it isn't contagious."

"Don't be silly," said Starr. "He means he has an idea!"

"Really?" said Upperberth, startled. "I'd never have thought it, after all these years."

Paying no attention to the other two, Glover Mackintosh was looking over the row on row of colorful magazine bindings in the editor's bookcase. These represented the greater part of the contents of the bookcase -- a complete file of FITS.

Suddenly divining his assistant's intention, Upperberth blanched. "Oh no!" he groaned. "Not that! Not Berzee's cover!"

"You mean," said Starr, her eyes very wide, "the one with the guy, the gal, and the BEM -- the one?"

Upperberth nodded. Starr shuddered.

Igor, who had during the earlier part of this unpleasant conversation maintained a stoic calm, now began to sweat. With wide eyes he watched the tall form of Mackintosh cross the room, bearing in his hand cover down, a flamboyant pulp magazine. The assistant editor bent slowly over Igor and suddenly let him get a brief glimpse of the cover.

"Enough?" he asked softly.

Starr put her fingers in her ears. Upperberth shuddered and had to sit down. Even Mackintosh turned pale as Igor's agonized screams echoed through the apartment.

His yells finally dropped to a low sobbing. "I'll talk! I'll talk! Oh, please, don't use that on me any more!"

Upperberth sprang to his feet. "Then tell us--" he began, and broke off as the telephone rang.

Swearing softly at the interruption, Upperberth picked up the phone.

"Hello. Yes; Upperberth speaking. What!" Starr and Mackintosh moved closer to the phone, trying to hear the voice on the other end of the line. "Oh, this is terrible," Upperberth continued. "Yes. Yes. Right away."

Upperberth cradled the phone and turned to them with a white face. "I have some very bad news," he said.

"What is it?" asked Starr and Mackintosh together.

"Professor von Heine has been found murdered!"

* * *

"YOU UNDERSTAND," said the police lieutenant, "that this is just a formality. We identified him--" He broke off, staring at something over Upperberth's shoulder.

Upperberth turned around. Behind him stood Starr, dabbing at her eyes with a tiny handkerchief, and beside her, Glover Mackintosh. Upperberth immediately perceived what held the lieutenant's attention. Mackintosh was swallowing nervously, and his highly mobile adam's apple was bobbling up and down his long thin neck like a haywire elevator. To one unused to the sight it was indeed startling.

"Mackintosh!" Upperberth roared.

"Yes sir!" said the gangling assistant with a gulp. The dancing adam's apple did a half-roll and came to a stop.

Upperberth turned back to the police officer. "You were saying, Lieutenant?"

"Eh? Oh, yes!" said the lieutenant, blinking. "We identified the body from papers in his pockets, but as a matter of form, we must have some close friend or relative make positive identification. And since it appears Professor von Heine had no relatives, we called on you."

"Yes, I see," said Upperberth. "Well, let us get on with the sad business, then."

"If you will come with me," said the lieutenant.

THE MORGUE held an impression of dank gloom even under the bright glare of the overhead lights. A clicking as of castanets aroused thoughts of skeletons rattling their bones, and Upperberth shuddered. Then, suddenly realizing where the sound was coming from, he turned.

"Mackintosh!" he thundered.

"Yes s-s-sir," said Glover Mackintosh, striving to still the clatter of his teeth.

"Here we are," said the lieutenant, stopping before a great cabinet with tier on tier of huge drawers whose purpose was only too obvious. He nodded to the attendant who had accompanied them, and he laid hold of one of the drawers and dragged it open with a squealing of uncoiled rollers. The group crowded around.

"What--!" gasped the lieutenant.



"But it can't be!" exploded the attendant. "Why, only a few minutes ago--" He broke off, confronted by the mute evidence that the impossible had occurred.

Glover Mackintosh fainted quietly.

Everyone else gaped at the empty drawer. The body of Professor Karl von Heine had vanished!

- END OF PART IV -

The author of this month's installment of "STF Broadcasts Again" will be revealed next month. Meanwhile, see if you can guess from the style who it is.

Were you right last month? Did you recognize, in reading Part III, the distinctive style of its author? He is.....

REDD BOGGS

* DIMENSIONAL GATE ? *
* * *

by STANLEY FOREST
23123 Vance
Hazel Park, Michigan

My field of interest and hobby is electronics and amateur radio, and therein lies the story, fantastic to say the least. By trade I am an electrochemist plater. Before I go much further with this story I want to bring to the fore that unless you have some understanding of the fundamentals of electricity and simple radio theory this may be all greek to you.

The equipment I use in my experiments is very simple: an Air Coil which is made of 1/8-inch enameled wire, about 200 turns wrapped around a stiff cardboard which fits snugly around my head. One 6-volt, 200-amp car battery. One 6-amp headlight. One radio power pack with a 450-v, 25-milliamp output connected to a radio oscillator stage of a superhet radio; and one human brain, i.e., my own. Assemble all the above items, turn on the current, and presto, I become a human Iron Core coil.

And what happens when I slip the Air Coil over my head and turn the current on? Well, don't take my word -- try it yourself if you don't believe me -- but your subconscious mind will go on a star-roving quest!

For anyone interested in duplicating the experiments, here are more detailed instructions:

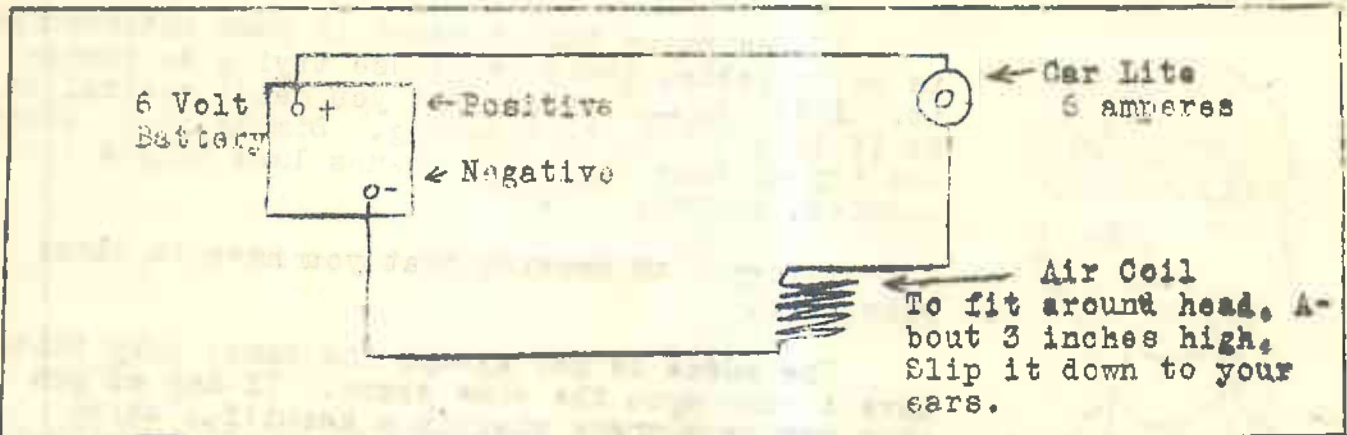
First build yourself an Air Coil of enameled copper wire, diameter big enough to handle comfortably the amount of current you will use through it. The current has to be D.C. in order to create an electromagnetic field in your Air Coil, and it has to be negative current going through the Air Coil. You can use any amount of current, but start out small to play safe.

To increase the magnetic field in your Air Coil you have to increase the number of turns and increase the amperage -- making sure your copper wire is thick enough to handle the increased current.

Formula for increasing your electromagnetic field is:

$$\text{Amperes} \times \text{turns} \times 1.25 = \text{Field Strength}$$

You can use a car headlight or any other device to close your circuit. Here's a diagram of my setup:



Use any kind of radio power pack that can change A.C. to D.C. or any method that D.C. can be obtained, for you have to have another circuit whereby you can touch the POSITIVE side of the circuit with your finger in order to induce a current through your body. A Positive current of 2 amps should be enough, although I get only 25 milliamps out of my power pack, but make sure that this circuit is grounded. Otherwise you may get an awful jolt!

What you actually do with this setup is to turn yourself into an Iron Core coil. You either magnetize or amplify your powers of the subconscious to see things in some long-forgotten era. Due to iron in your blood which circulates in your brain, when you touch your finger to a positive side of a circuit, you induce a current by mutual induction. You charge yourself up like a battery.

WARNING: Make sure your head is dry when you slip the Air Coil around your head. I got a jolt just from perspiration.

Leave the coil around your head from ten to thirty minutes. You will know the coil is working when you feel a tingling sensation in your finger when you touch the positive side of any circuit. I say finger because you may not be able to let go if you grab it with your hand and have too much voltage. Just make sure your negative side has more current than the positive.

I advise rank amateurs not to try this experiment -- it can be dangerous.

Now here is what you do to get visions -- and brother, what visions! From beauty sublime, to ugly desolation -- that is in reference to persons and general topography of the places you will see.

After you have charged your brain with the Air Coil for half an hour or so, take it off and lay down, making sure you have no distractions, either noise, light, or bodily distractions. Use the Yogi method to completely relax, that is, you start with your feet, think along the entire length of body until every part is relaxed. (Make sure the room is dark). Relax your brain -- think of nothing; just center your mind toward your forehead. Relax, but always keep your mind in center of forehead concentrated on that.

It's not going to be clear as a movie -- I theorize the clarity depends on the physical composition of body, the current used either in the negative or positive sides of your circuits. You may get clarity with different combinations. In using the car-

cut, make sure your head or hair is not oily, otherwise you will not get penetration with the magnetic field in the coil.



If the scene that appears in your subconscious is unfavorable, there is no use trying to change it. I tried, and found that you can't control it, as it is not like daydreaming. Simply go to sleep and try another day. The scenes last only a few minutes, anyway.

I forgot to mention that you have to close your eyes.

The scene is not always the same; only twice have I come upon the same scene. If any of you come across a scene wherein a beautiful white priestess with a shimmering white robe and red feather plumes emerges from a temple and descends some steps, let me know. Maybe some brain will be at the same resonance in space and time as mine. What is more -- such a coincidence would prove that my gadget works! If only two people see the same scene, that will be proof enough. We should establish a central headquarters to pool our findings and maybe improve on my gadget in different ways.

I would like to find someone near Detroit who could help me build a more powerful Air Coil using rheostats on both negative and positive sides of the circuit.

Let's get one thing straight -- it's been proven that the brain is able to generate small amounts of current. So it stands to reason that one should be able to amplify that current or charge the brain through mutual inductance, or magnetize by the electromagnetic field induced by passing a D.C. current through the Coil, which I have done. But I believe there is a lot of room for experimentation in this field, so come on you fans and get in on this -- don't give up if you fail a few times -- I didn't. Give me a hand, and let's hear from you all.

P.S. The white priestess in the white shimmering robe and red feather plumes is mine -- I seen her first!

- END -

ARCHIE

by BILL WARREN

Archie twiddled his thumbs,
His mind all in a whirl.
Archie wrung his hands
'Cause he could not get a girl.

Archie couldn't figure it;
He was not a bad guy.
The gals would scream and run --
Leaving Arch to groan and cry.

I know you folks don't get this--
You think the girls were dumb!
But bear in mind that Arch was queer --
He had tentacles for thumbs.

" HOW TO WRITE FANFICTION "

by EDCO

So you want to write a story and have it appear in a fanzine, huh? You think to yourself, "Why can't I too appear in fanzines as the author of immortal fan prose?"

Well, why can't you?

This article will tell you just ~~why you can't~~ how to go about it.

First, you've got to take into consideration that what you're going to write must be at least a new twist to an old theme. It is just about impossible to think up a new idea or plot, and if you can, what are you wasting your time in fanzines for? After you have decided on a plot, better check through the recent fanzines (never mind the prozines they don't count anyhow) to make sure there hasn't been an exact or near duplicate of your proposed prose. After finding that almost every fanzine has a piece resembling yours in some way, skip it. We'll go on to the next thing.

Everything depends on what kind of story you are going to write. And the style of writing will be decided after finding which type your story falls into. First, there is the weird horror type that resembles Lovecraft to a nauseating degree, or a wonderful degree, depending on your attitude toward Lovecraft. These can and should be told in the first person, and usually are. This is the yarn that builds up slowly to a horrible climax with you, as the first person narrator, getting bumped off in some ghoulish way at the end. The only objection to this sort of tale is that it is sure to inspire a reader to comment, "That was the most horrible story I ever read!"

Let's try something different: the straight sci angle story. If it is to be science fictional, you need to know some science. Well, that's that....but wait, don't give up yet! If you've read any ASTOUNDINGS, and/or George O. Smith stories, you ought to be able to ~~write~~ think up some science! But then, it is all so much WORK to figure out a plot which will embody a scientific angle and work out logically with a neat ending. Besides, it's probably already been used.

So maybe you can write a nice fantasy story. It doesn't especially need a plot or set of characters. Or at least, you can claim that such trivia would trammel your creative imagination. Just a prose pastel sort of thing that has glowing words that weave a scintillating web of elfin beauty which will leave the reader sitting there in a daze of ecstatic splendor. But if you can do that, try FEM first.

Well, now what? Ahhh, the humorous story! Now, be careful! You've got to do a really good job so it won't fall flat. Mustn't lay it on too thick, y'know. And if it's too subtle, no one will get the joke. And then, if you intend to write satirical humor, you've got to be careful it doesn't resemble previous efforts in this line, for there have been thousands of 'em. Of course, there is the funny-type story that uses a recent fan-event as a basis, making a satire of it in fictionalized form. But this is dangerous. If you don't disguise it cleverly, the principals in the little drama may get pretty miffed about it and turn on a stream of stuff at you which will make you sorry you ever started something in the first place. Better leave that sort of

thing to Laney!

So then we can go on to the parody! Ah, this is an ideal thing now. All you have to do is pick out any sf or fantasy story and write a gagged-up parody on it that will show the fen your dislike for the story and author and at the same time, your talent, wit, and dry sarcasm. But wait! No! NO!! Don't pick on poor HPL for subject matter! His works have been well worked-over. Even Marritt and van Vogt have had their share of parodies, although it takes quite a bit more work to put your tale across when you pick on them. And everyone remembers van Couvering's classic rewrite of Russell's "Metamorphosite" and will just yawn at your feeble parodies. Now, Doc Keller is another author coming in for more than his share of it. He's had many a good going over, but watch out, bub! He is inhabiting the fanzines nowadays, and he's liable to retaliate and give you double if you pick on him!

So you'd better leave parodies alone. At least until you are more acquainted with this writing game. Next, there's..... hmmm, what d'you know! Guess he's lost interest in writing fanzine stories, after all!

- END -

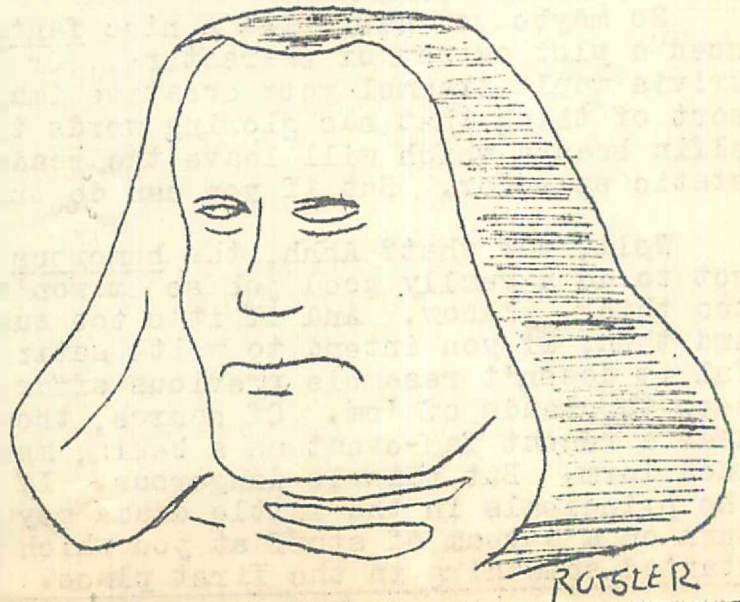
* MIND OVER MATTER *
* *

by CHEE WHISSEN
4556 Richelieu Ave.
Lorain, Ohio

WE ARE all more or less familiar with the phrase -- "the power of mind over matter," but how many of us really know what it means? We have all read, at some time or other, books, pamphlets, and assorted articles on the development and uses of certain mental faculties. Hypnosis, telepathy, clairvoyance, clairaudience and telekinesis are a few which come under the heading of mental phenomena known as parapsychology. I am going to outline an experiment which should prove to you that the human mind does have the power to influence inanimate objects. Please note: I am not selling anything, nor asking you to believe anything. Try this experiment yourself and if it does not work for you, it will be because you have not followed the directions closely enough. Anyone with so-called "normal" faculties can do it.

Take a piece of thread or string and tie some small metallic object to one end of it. The thread should be about two feet long and the metal object can be a bolt, a nut, or even a bottle cap!

Now: seating yourself in a straight-backed chair, comfortably, with your feet flat on the floor, and holding the thread in your left hand, lean forward a little and rest your left elbow on your left knee so that the weighted thread hangs down vertically between your legs pendulum fashion (14) and is about two or three



OF THE PULPS

by T.E.WATKINS
1605 Wood Avenue
Kansas City 2, Kansas

SEVERAL WEEKS AGO I heard the rumor. It was only a murmur then, but it has developed into a roar. I walked into Ted's Book Shop at 12th and Magee in Kansas City, Mo., for a Thrilling Wonder Stories, and while my eyes were still popping at the babe on the front cover who was about to be devoured by green snakes (there was a guy fightin' the snakes with a wooden sword, but who was lookin' at him?) Ted whispered in my ear:

"Did you hear that Street and Smith has dumped their pulps?"

"No kiddin'," I said.

"That's the latest dope," he said.

Ted took off to the other end of the shop to sell a lady a Mademoiselle and I didn't wait to hear all the latest dope. I didn't believe it anyway. I pushed past the banks of pocket books and on into the street. Yet in my exit I had blindly ignored two of the several factors that has brought about a decline of the pulps. The big women's slicks like Mademoiselle, Woman's Home Companion, Ladies' Home Journal, Good Housekeeping had filtered the women readers from the love pulps. Those who were not reading the above were buying the confession magazines like True Story or True Confessions or the movie fan mags, such as Photoplay and Silver Screen.

Some of the men are still reading pulps, but too many are turning to the 25¢ pocketbooks where they can get a complete story in the field they want, written by the top writers in the field.

This week Fantasy Times came out with an EXTRA in which they confirmed the rumor that Street and Smith had dropped The Shadow, Doc Savage, Detective, and Western Story. They had already dropped Love

inches from the floor. Now, place your forehead directly over your left hand holding the thread and so that you can look directly down the string and concentrate your gaze upon the little metal object. If you will now sit calmly and quietly, allowing no outside thoughts to crowd your mind, and concentrate your attention on the little weight which you have fastened to the string, you can make it move in accordance with your mental directions. You can make it swing in a circle, clockwise or counterclockwise; stop and reverse its direction; or you can make it swing straight back and forth toward and away from you; or in a straight line from left to right, or vice versa.

An interesting angle to this experiment is to have someone else try to oppose your will and make the object move in a direction contrary to your will. There is no magic or supernatural "hokum" about this experiment. I offer no explanation. It is best that the reader try it and then form his own opinion. As a final caution, make absolutely sure that you satisfy yourself in your own mind that you are not moving your hand (the one holding the string). - END -

Story, the best of the love pulps, back in 1947.

On April 27, the evening edition of the Kansas City Star carried a feature story on the Street and Smith pulps. The story was written by Robert K. Kelley, a member of the Star's staff. He stated that the trend started when Alton L. Grammer, a former member of the Curtis Publishing Co., took over direction of Street and Smith in 1938. It was his idea that the big slicks would steal the patrons from the pulps and he started conversion to slick paper publications such as Mademoiselle, Charm, and Mademoiselle's Living.

The pulps started in 1855 and at one time during World War II had a circulation of $\frac{4}{5}$ million readers. During those years it looked as though Grammer had made a mistake in turning to the slick field. By the first of this year, however, the huge pulp circulation had dropped to only 700,000 readers and were no longer as profitable as slick publications when the work of putting them together was taken into consideration.



The point of interest to science fiction fans is that Astounding Science Fiction will still be published and will be the only pulp published by Street and Smith. They will not revive Unknown Worlds.

This event may not stir the fans to any great extent because their darling, Astounding, has survived. We may shed a tear over the bad news that Unknown Worlds will not make a comeback, but I think most of us had already given up on that. Some will shout, "Fandom saved Astounding!" and we will pat ourselves on the back and go on with our merry reading. Believe me, fellows, the boat is rocking.

This is a trend. And trends, whether they occur in the stock market, motion pictures, women's styles, or the public reading habits, have tremendous inertia and continue to move with gathering speed in one direction as long as the factors behind them are operating. Three of these factors behind this trend were given by Mr. Grammer of Street and Smith. He said that the big slick magazines were in the best position to bid for the feminine reader; the pocket books, which are reprints of the best authors were in the best position to bid for the male reader; and television would take the rest.

The women are turning to the big slicks, confession and movie fan magazines. Ninety per cent of the readers of STF are men and we are not likely to turn to the Ladies' Home Journal. However, there are new publications in the men's field such as True and Argosy (ever hear of it?) that are providing increased competition for the pulps.

There is another large field that do not sell their publications on the news stands and which is bidding against the pulps for readers. Since the war there has been a vast increase in magazines devoted to special fields such as veterans organizations, labor organizations, and special trade journals. For example, chess publications would hardly be considered competition for pulp magazines. Before the war there was Chess Review and that was all. Today there are five American chess

publications bidding for patrons and one English and one Australian chess magazines being imported. This is only one obscure field, but multiply it by a thousand fields and anyone can see why patrons are scarce and paper is high. As a mail carrier I can tell you the load is terrific!

The pocket book is a real threat to the pulps. Most of them are reprints of best selling stories and are written by big time authors. There are few big time authors writing science fiction now, but the field is growing fast. H.G.Wells and A.Merritt have already been outstanding pocket book successes. Let the pocket book publishers see a profit in STF and dip into the vast and almost forgotten reservoir of pulp stories and our prozines will have stiff competition. The old Argosy published a lot of stuff that might interest our fans today.

Television is still an unknown quantity. Certainly the movies and the big magazines are eyeing it with fear and trembling. Its effects are already being felt and yet it is operating in only a few urban areas. It will bid for patrons with technicolor, music and moving pictures and the beautiful babe about to be devoured by green snakes will look pale in comparison.

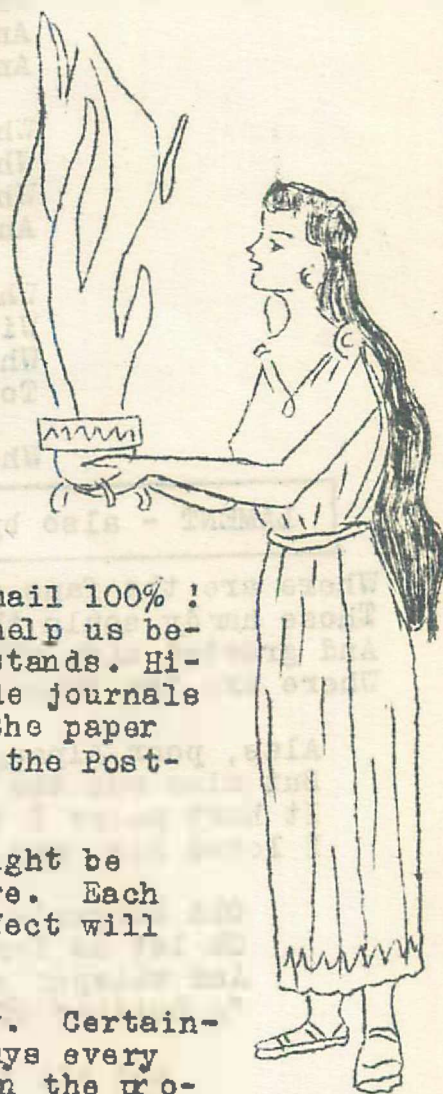
Other factors are behind the trend. Printing and paper costs are going up. Everyone has been watching the Chicago pressmen's strike that has been going on for 18 months. Just how high printing costs will go may depend to some extent on the outcome of the strike. The vast increase in the number of publications has boosted the price of paper. The point is, the higher the cost of printing and paper the more chance we have of losing some of our prozines.

Mail rates may go up. The Postmaster General wants to raise rates on second class mail 100% ! Magazines are second class mail. This could help us because most of the pulps are sold through newsstands. Higher mail rates might cut out some of the trade journals that are distributed by mail and cut down on the paper demand. However, the latest reports are that the Postmaster General won't get away with it.

There any number of other factors that might be pushing the trend or help push it in the future. Each by itself would be small, but the combined effect will keep the trend moving.

Did fandom save Astounding? I don't know. Certainly the fan organizations with their bloc of buys every month was a factor that kept the publication on the profit side. But a larger factor is the fact that the editors of the prozines have been very careful to keep their publications moving. They have not depended on formula stories, endless repetitions of the same ideas.

But we are not out of the woods. We need more readers to pay for the rising costs of paper and printing. The fan organizations have been wanting something to do. Why not try to get more readers? Those



who can afford it, buy two prozines, put one in the attic for the collection, if you must have a collection, and read the other one. When you find out how the guy with the sword saved the girl from the green snakes, hand the book to the guy next door!

- THE END -

UNEMPLOYED UNIVERSES, or
I HAVE BEEN IN THE CAVES, TOO

by Pvt JOE SCHAUMBURGER
RA 12 304 327
9958 TSU-SGO, Det. #2
Tilton Gen Hosp Annex
Fort Dix, New Jersey

What lurks beneath the city's streets
When darkness reigns above?
And crawls through slime and filth and gore
And knows unholy love?

Who howls on blasted mountain peaks
Where night winds whisper clear?
What chants aloud the elder words
And shakes with cosmic fear?

What slinks along behind the young
With dripping, slimy jowls?
Who hides in lonely desertlands
To voice its unclean howls?

Who gives a damn?

LAMENT - also by Schauburger

Where are the fans of yesteryear?
Those hardy souls that swilled Ghod Beer
And greeted Life with a merry sneer
Where are the fans of yesteryear?

Alas, poor Alpaugh, I knew him well
But mine was the hand that rang his knell
It hurt me as I tolled the bell
I loved him, may he rot in hell.

Old Singer's gone to the wars, they say
Oh let us for his poor soul pray
And whisper once or twice a day,
"A Soldier of God has passed this way."

And all the others let us hail
The college men that always fail
The sailors bold that cannot sail
And the BNP that must stay in jail.

We weep for the fans of yesteryear
Those hardy souls no longer here
Oh let us shed a bitter tear!
We'll have to pay for our own damn beer.

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QUIEN?
 SABA!

Dear Art:

Just a short note mainly concerning the MarWARP.

Cover good. Can't see anything in it though. Any sense that is. (Sense he wants, yet!) The color arrangement with the lines is good, is what I meant.

Hmmm, I see I got mentioned 3 times in the Editorial. Hmmm, wonder what I've done (or will have to do) to deserve all this ego-boo? Ha. I see ya got back at me for my bawling you out in re the sax, pic, etc. Neat.

Liked Bill James' WHAT FAR WORLD? Didn't read the Broadcast as I haven't read the 2nd part because I haven't got the 1st part yet. Simple, ain't it!

Wilkie Conner did right nice on his article. One minor disagreement is in re the Communist section. A person is connected with communism either because he is trying to destroy our country or he doesn't know what he's doing. The latter can be told; if he doesn't change his ways the hell with him. The former of course, should be shot anyway. The point is, this political belief class just DOESN'T apply to Communism in any way!

ED COX
 4 Spring St.
 Lubec, Maine

P.S. GAD! You seen Pan Deimos? Gorgon had better watch out! Seen the Fan Artists' Folio? Promag Art Eds ought to lamp that!

Dear Art:

The STF Broadcast is coming along pretty good. I bet Ed Cox wrote Part III. (See above. Heh!)

LESTER FRIED
 8050 Midland
 Louisville 4, Kentucky

My dear Rapp:

Thanks for copy of Spacewarp just received. This fanzine is above the average and I trust you will be able to continue publication. I have just been told that TRITON has gently folded which is too bad because their last issue was positively beautiful. Of course it was simply too good unless subsidized by the U.S. There is an idea. Our government spends 200,000,000 dollars a year supporting potatoes. Why not something to help fanzine publishers?

Sincerely,

DAVID H. KELLER
 55 Broad Street
 Stroudsburg, Pa.

HEY HEY HEY have you signed up for the CINVENTION yet? Do you realize that 6/7 of the time between the last World Stecon and this coming one has already passed? Don't wait until too late! Join now!

Dear Art:

Just a word to say that I got the Febwarp this morning. Mixing the hecto and nimes on the cover was a novel idea and effective. I might add that I thought you did a good job on it. That you could have injected an air of sci or fantasy by the simple expedient of either a dragon-boat or flying saucer (subtly injecting the idea that another race, far advanced to us, has always kept a watchful eye on man).

Chapter II of the Broadcast was well done; set the thing on its way with a bang.

So long,

BILL WARREN
514 W. Main
Sterling, Kansas

Dear Rapp:

Re the shirt trick, in Feb. SPACEWARP. I had a book on magic explaining how the trick was done. I read it, but didn't pay any attention to knowing it. Just rest assured it is a trick that can be explained. Watkins' "Solarpolitics" is well written, but the idea is childish. How would you prepare for maintenance of the floating platform -- when strato-conditions are not known? Paul Cox has a fine story in "Troopship to France." As for your Great STF Broadcast, I'm still sore -- anyway I look at it. My 2 parts for your first Great STF Broadcast, were the best !!! But u wouldn't print them.

GEORGE ANDREWS
8917 Cumberland Ave.
Cleveland 4, Ohio

Dear Sir:

I have been a rabid science-fiction fan for several years, but never have made contact with any of my fellow fans. However, in the last issue of Amazing there was mention of both you and a fanzine which you were helping to get started which was especially for servicemen.

Naturally this interested me, and I would be indeed grateful to you for any information that could be given to me about your project.

I am also interested in corresponding with any person interested in science-fiction, either in the service or out.

At the present I am working as a radioman in electronics, and so find that Astounding Science Fiction is my favorite magazine, and I am more interested in the serious type of fiction.

Cpl KENTON A MARTINSSON
Hqs 1806th AACSGp
Albrook A.F.B.
Canal Zone

((Since UNIFEN seems to have fallen through, we present Cpl Martinsson's letter here in the hope that some WARPreaders may be interested in correspondence with him.))

AIN'T IT THE TRUTH ? DEPARTMENT

"Student jobs fall into eight general classifications:

..... 8. Odd jobs.-- jobs not easily classified, such as attendants, messengers, truck divers." --Bulletin of the University of Minnesota, March 12, 1945.

Dear Art:

Probably the best item in the March issue was the story. True, the plot was a bit weak -- and it smacked too much of the Shaverite type of AS yarn -- but for a fanzine story it was darned good. Let's have more of Will.

Nice of you having a discount to NFFF members. It seems too much like being partial, though. And besides, it's easier to send a buck even. ((Sure it's partial -- it's part of the NSF membership drive!))

Yours,

EVAN H. APPELMAN
196 Laurel Avenue
Highland Park, Illinois

Dear Art:

Was sure surprised to get the WARP after all this time, but I see it hasn't degenerated any in the interval. Rather better, in fact, in content that is. The printing is worse than before, if possible.

I think you have a good idea in the cover. This is the first time, I believe, that I have seen this kind of work. On my copy the hekto was a bit out of alignment, but then I understand that this is only experimental. The art work itself is oke.

"Providence after Lovecraft" was a neat little factual article which I quite enjoyed. But I enjoyed "Little Things Like That Make A Big Impression" even more. Haw and haw.

"STF Broadcasts Again" This chapter is a wide departure from "The Great STF Broadcast" in style. At least I think it is. It sounds a little more like a standard prozine story, what with the Priestess, Igor, etc. Spyray!

"Solacopolitics" started out very good but fell down flat on its little rump at the end. ((We had to condense half a page into one paragraph in order to make the end of the story come out even with the end of the stencil.))

Love and kisses,

WARREN BALDWIN
112 Park Avenue
Norfolk, Nebraska

Dear Art:

The Feb '49 ish was very good. In fact I can't say that there was anything on the inside that I can gripe about. But since you asked for comments on the cover I'll have to admit that I didn't care for it at all.

It looks as if someone had drawn a nice cover in outline, and before it could be painted correctly, some small child got at it with water colors! Gaahh! Well, you asked for it and that is my opinion. Oh yes, I still think that you should have a letter department in WARP so we readers of the 'zine can squawk or praise it as the fancy hits us.'

Stfectionately,

(Mrs.) GEORGIA BARTHOLOMEW
745 Haight Street, #9
San Francisco, California

Watch for deflation to hit WARP sub rates soon, I hope !!!

Random's
top monthly

Volume V - Number 1
-- APRIL, 1949 --
(Issue No. 25)

SPACEWARP

15¢ - two for 25¢
9 for \$1. Discount
to NFFF members.

combined with UNIVERSE

CONTENTS

Fiction:- STF Broadcasts Again! Part Four 5

Articles:- Dimensional Gate? by S.Forest 10
 How to Write A Story by Edco 13
 Mind Over Matter by C.Whissen 14
 Decline of the Pulps by T.E.Watkins 15

Verse:- Archie by Bill Warren 12
 Unexplored Universes)
 Lament by Joe
 Schaumburger 18

Departments:- Timber! by r-tRapp
 Quien Sabe? by an assortment

Artwork:- Interiors about half Rotsler and half Ray Nelson
 Cover -- CHARLES

- Subscriber, more to come.
- Subscriber, sub is done.
- One of the geniuses whose work makes up this month's issue; you get it free.
- Exchange? Review? Don't YOU know why you're getting it?

Lost you think this a flash in the neck of the pen, or worse yet, a pain in the flesh of the neck, allow me to assure you that SPACEWARP has happened to suffering humanity every month since April, 1947, and shows no signs of stopping now! It's a monthly amateur publication for fans of science-fiction and accompanying literature, and is published with mumbled curses by

ARTHUR E. RAPP
2129 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

We print advertising too, at \$1.00 per page and proportionately. But since our circulation has just dropped to about 80, you're nuts to buy any. And say, Mr. Postman, I hope you appreciate my efforts to give you some interesting reading matter on the external surface of this mag.

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