

SPACEWARP



W.M. KROEL
F.O. & H.S.P.
1944

INTRODUCTION TO ROSCOISM

((Editor's Note: The following is part of a collection of birchbark scrolls found in a hollow tree by a punchdrunk lumberjack named Bjornsen, or Cornwallis. He was punchdrunk because the tree, which he had attempted to fall, fell. On his head, well I mean! In his dazed condition, he neglected to mark the exact location of the tree, and by the time an expedition from that well-known cultural and technological organization, the SERS, reached the site, all but a few of the birchbark slabs had been carried off by a tribe of nearby deroes, who were constructing a giant canoe with which to emigrate to the probable site of Atlantis, where they hoped to obtain PROOF that they existed. The uncertainty as to their existence raised by a recent controversy among fans had brought most of the deroes to the verge of neuroticism, save for the few who had read Koczyski. These were completely insane. At any rate, the portions of the Sacred Writings which were rescued deal with Roscoe, the Good Beaver, and with Oscar, the Evil Muskrat, who is constantly palming himself off on the gullible herd as a beaver, also. This month we present the first half of.....))

THE SACRED WRITINGS OF ROSCOE (Book I)

There exists a gay young beaver; Roscoe is this beaver's name, and he seems like most young beavers, but he isn't quite the same, for although the rest are brownish, or a muddy greyish-blue, when you take a look at Roscoe, why the look goes right on thru!

He cannot be seen in water, he cannot be seen in air, and if he didn't bite you, you would vow he wasn't there. But his teeth are keen as chisels and if you commit a sin, Roscoe will find out about it, and he'll bite you on the shin.

Roscoe watches out for atten wheresoever they may be, from the canyons to the desert, from the mountains to the sea. He's a kind and helpful beaver, aiding fon in many ways, and he merite fannish worship on the Sacred Beaver Days.

These Days are two in number: one's the fourth day of July --it's the day when Roscoe flies a fiery spaceship in the sky. In his honor, on that date, a truce should fall on fan dissention, and every true disciple should assemble in convention.

The second Day is Labor Day, the date of Roscoe's birth, when tribute should be paid him over all the fannish earth, when all fen shall meet their fellows to look back upon the year and shall drink a toast to Roscoe in that other great ghod: Beer.

Now, Roscoe helps his followers in many, many ways; just to list them would consume about a hundred billion days: he reduces typing errors; he makes fanclub laws more stable; he keeps laid-down pens and styli from a-rolling off the table.

He makes mimeos print legibly, makes typer-ribbons last; he keeps hacks from pulling boners when they're writing of the pest; he climbs into crowded newsstands, ferrets out the stiffish zines, and attracts the fan's attention via telepathic beams.



Timber!



(Benignly Blended But Blithe Babblings)

GAW, it just dawned upon our exam-numbered brain that we've been -- for all practical purposes -- putting this thing out on a bi-weekly basis for the past six issues. Not to mention such incidental chores as FAPA and "AFSazines" (the former of which lies neatly stapled and all ready for mailing on the table before us; the other of which we plunked with a thud into the eager arms of the local postoffice a couple of days ago). Then there was the NEFF, the current prozines to read, and also the back issues which we managed to obtain from time to time. We still wonder what gives -- how we got all this done, and college too. We have now, we think, proved to our own satisfaction that when a fanzine or a fanproject folds because of "lack of time," the real reason is "lack of interest."

THE FOREGOING reflections on our fannish activities were inspired by a fact which first made us conscious that we were deeply involved in this hobby -- we've started buying our mimeo paper a half-a-dozen reams at a time.

WATCH FOR the r-trapp valedictory of 1987, or whenever we get fed up with stf and fandom. "Ah, Drop Dead!" will make FTL's outburst sound like an NEFF WelCom letter.

IN THE MEANTIME, we're having fun. How about you?

NEVERTHELESS, we are somewhat relieved to find that our era of frenziedly racing the calendar is almost over. Think how luxuriously indolent we will feel, after getting out next month's WARP, when we go back to the old practice of taking four long weeks to prepare an ish! I dunno if you thought we'd ever get back to schedule without skipping an ish -- but we were mighty doubtful ourselves, at times.

WE ARE, for the first time since last Fall, reading a couple of library books just for the heck of it -- not for a class assignment. And fascinating they are, to be sure. One is an old favorite of ours, Mathematics and the Imagination by Edward Kasner and James Newman. We read this back in high-school days, and again overseas, but find it is still interesting as ever -- moreso now that we know more about math than we did in those days.

THE OTHER is a new acquaintance, A History of Western Philosophy, by Bertrand Russell. We've tried reading philosophy before, but never got very far before giving up in disgust. But this volume is fascinating. We keep thinking of Rog Phillips' comparison of fandom today to philosophers of previous ages, and whether it's that or Russell's semi-sarcastic style, the story of philosophical conflict down through the ages reads incredibly like the history of a typical fanfeud!

INCIDENTLY, our reading habits have been ruined for life, through our being a stfan. We're constantly pausing at passages over which we would have passed unthinkingly in prior days, and chuckling to ourselves at the reaction they would produce if brought to the attention of Ben Singer. So help me, it's become a habit!

DID WE ever tell you our circulation is hopelessly low? We think it's because a lot of fen feel 15¢ is too much to pay for a fanzine --

accordingly, we intended to try to reduce our price. But, lo'gosh, when we started figuring costs we find that even at the present rate we never break even. We would, if our circulation was up around 125 or so and stayed there. The idea is, the cost of stencils is a major item in the cost of the finished product, and the larger the circulation, the less percentage of that \$3.25 or so each copy has to bear. In giving reduced rates on long-term subscriptions, and in discounts to MSFS members, we're going as far toward price-reduction as we can. If the WARP can't get subscribers at the present rates....then I guess we've failed in our attempt to make it as interesting as we thought we could.

IF YOU read Steve Matchette's poem in this ish with close attention you will probably get a lot more significance from it than if you just give it the casual attention merited by most fanverse.

WE HAVE a theory that this Shaz who is dominating the lettercolumn in Super Science Stories is Jack Clements under a new alias. After all there couldn't be two guys like that, could there?

REMEMBER, Labor Day is a Sacred Beaver Day! We trust that you will be present in Cincinnati to join in the official commemoration on that joyous occasion. We'll be seeing you there!

WE HAVE ON HAND a couple of...shall we say, arresting?.....covers, which will light up the inside of your mailboxes in coming months. One is by Bill James, and may turn out even better than last month's --it's hard to know until we've prepared the hecto portion. The other arrived in the same envelope with Ray Nelson's letter (the one reproduced in part on page 21). It's by Trevor Nelson, and should be carefully screened by at least an inch of lead if you have a geiger counter in the vicinity, or it will run the instrument to death. YOU'LL FIND OUT!

THE MUTANT (remember?) is dormant, in case you wonder what's happened to it. Despite the fact that the WARP will soon be back on schedule, I have no intention of undertaking a similar project with regard to that ill-starred zine. But -- and let this serve as notice to the MSFS and to Auslanders alike -- I am launching a one-man campaign to have SOMETHING done about it. Migawd, with all the MSFS members in the Detroit area, someone ought to have a couple of hours' spare time to run off the stencils which are all cut and waiting!

IT IS NOW fifteen minutes past midnight on June 14 -- or rather, the morning of June 15. If Roscoe is kind, I'll get this thing run off and into the mail either today or tomorrow.

.....at least, I hope so. The lawn needs mowing.

Al
r-trapp

Roscoe crawls in cluttered corners where the bookstores' treasures stand and despite the dust and darkness guides the groping fan-nish hand that it misses the obscuring mass of mundane, worthless books and bring up the rare edition for which every stfan looks.

And it's Roscoe who puts blinkers on the greedy dealers' eyes so they sell their stf like other pulps, at half the cover price, and it's Roscoe who takes cognizance of what you are always wishin' and arranges that you find the mag in perfect mint condition.

And many other boons befall those true and faithful fen who agree that Roscoe merits being honored among men, and to prove that they are striving to fulfill the Roscoe Goal, submit their names for listing on the Roscoe Honor Roll. (TO BE CONTINUED)

S T F

identity of the author of this installment. Can you spot it as you read the story?

BROADCASTS

AGAIN!

Chapter VI

Author's name will be in July WARP.

"HAVE a seat," said the short, paunchy man jovially. "Now what's this all about?"

His two guests seated themselves at his bidding and one of them, a tall, muscularly-built man with a martial air, gestured for his companion to begin the conversation. The latter was a young man of average stature wearing large-lensed glasses.

"Well, Mr. Upperberth," he said, "it began when I looked into my storeroom, hunting for a mimeo, and found a spaceship. I sort of spread the word around fandom, and Evan, here, said he'd heard you lost one. So I figured maybe--"

"Wait a minute!" shouted Upperberth, leaping up. "You mean you know where von Heine's ship is hidden?"

"Why yes," said Art Rapp. "I wuz just telling you, it's in my store-room."

The editor of STFB was not listening. He was pounding his interoffice buzzer, grabbing telephones, bellowing orders at the employees who flocked into the room. "At last!" he said glaucosely. "We've been combing the country for weeks, looking for the space ship -- now we can go ahead with the publicity campaign!"

Glover

Mackintosh entered the room.

"Mackintosh!" roared Upperberth.

"Yessir?"

said Mackintosh, gulping.

"The ship's been found, Mackintosh, old man. You leave tomorrow!"

Mackintosh tried to dash from the room, only to find that Starr, at an unobtrusive signal from Upperberth, had locked the door. The lanky Assistant Editor slumped to the floor in a faint.

* * *

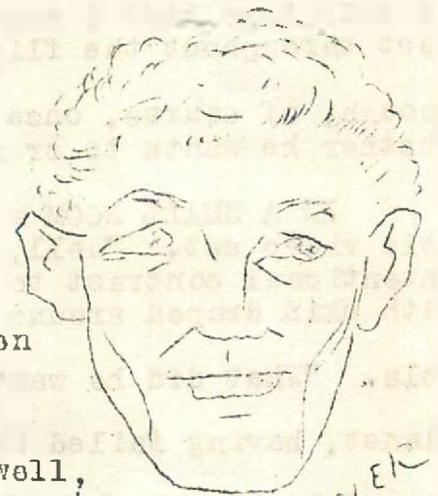
THE COMPACT trembled ever so slightly in the Priestess' hand. She snapped it open and the face of the Master appeared on the small screen within. "Have you found the body yet?" he asked harshly.

"No, sire."

"I thought as much. Very well, my patience is exhausted. You will return to the spot where the interplanetary thought-field is focussed, and teleport yourself back to this planet. Leave Igor on Earth to handle any loose ends. I will deal with the space ship problem personally. You will be punished for your failure later."

The Priestess grew pale with fear, and teardrops sparkled on her long lashes. "Yes, sire," she whispered tremulously.

The screen faded.





"WHAT'LL we do?" wailed Upperberth to his employees. "He's in no condition to pilot a delicate and complicated mechanism like a space ship, and we have no one to replace him."

Everyone gazed thoughtfully at Mackintosh's recumbent form, sprawled on the floor of the FITS office.

"Pardon me, Mr. Upperberth," said a new voice, "But perhaps I can help you." It was the fan who had accompanied r-trapp to the FITS officewith news of the ship.

"What could you do?" asked Upperberth skeptically.

"Well," said the fan, "I'm rather an expert at hypnosis, and perhaps if I banished Mr. Mackintosh's terror to his subconscious mind, he'd be willing to pilot the ship."

Upperberth meditated a while. "It might work, at that," he admitted. "Even if it doesn't, we're no worse off than before. Are you ready?--he's coming to."

The fan bent over Glover Mackintosh, who was now blinking dazedly. "Look into my eyes," said the fan. "Deeper.....deeper. You are conscious of nothing but the sound of my voice."

A weird change came over Glover Mackintosh. His chattering teeth slowed down, his terror-convulsed face relaxed. His voice, in answer to a question from the fan, sounded weak and far-away. "I hear your command; I will obey."

In a few brisk sentences the fan implanted in the Assistant Editor's mind the idea that he was a fearless, calm adventurer who could hardly wait to set foot on Mars. And strangely enough, even after a snap of the fingers had released Mackintosh from his hypnotic state, this idea persisted.

"I don't know how to thank you," said Upperberth gratefully, as the two fan prepared to leave the FITS office. Mackintosh had already left, headed for the Planetarium to study orbits and trajectories.

"No trouble at all," the hypnotist assured him. "I only hope that I made the posthypnotic suggestion strong enough to last throughout the flight."

"I hope so too," Upperberth answered. "Although, of course, once he's taken off in the ship, he has to keep going whether he wants to or not."

* * *

IN A SMALL ROOM a short, dark-complexioned man turned from a portable video set. "Well, Kola," he said to his companion who was, as if in intentional contrast to his colleague, little more than a tall skeleton with skin draped around it, "I've talked with the Master."

"Oh?" said Kola. "What did he want?"

"He commanded that we return to our home planet, having failed in our mission on Earth." Vogar's voice trembled.

Kola blanched. "Then we are doomed! We shall never be able to get into the Master's favor! When we leave Earth, the Priestess will be free to search for von Heine's body and learn the secret of the ship. And if she does . . . Vogar -- WE'D BE KILLED!"

"Fool!" replied Vogar scornfully. "Cowardly fool! We aren't removed yet. We must leave Earth, but when we get home we'll see what can be done from there to sabotage the Priestess."

"But . . ."

"Quiet! Don't you realize she hasn't been any more successful than we? We're right back where we started from before she murdered von Heine."

"Yes, but in the meantime her beastly tribe of yellow-bellied Kartans are slowly winning the war against our beloved Daakta. And if she manages to conquer us.."

"But now we shall see that she never does," hissed Vogar, the light of fanaticism dancing in his yellow-green eyes.

* * *

Half a light-year from Earth, and 36° above the plane of the ecliptic, a small metal bubble-craft reached aphelion and began a slow, powerless drift back toward the planets.

* * *

GLOVER MACKINTOSH climbed into the cabin of the spaceship, closing the hatch behind him. There was a low hiss as the pressurizing mechanism went into action. He pulled the switch starting the rockets and watched the temperature indicator move. The ship was standing on end in a hastily-constructed concrete mounting, but the pilot's seat was swung on gimbals so that he felt no discomfort. Although the acceleration of the spaceship was likely to keep him in his present position for most of the voyage, the oscillation of the craft warranted the free swing. However the seat was often enough in this position to allow the control board to be placed against that part of the cabin which would be considered the "side" were the ship horizontal.

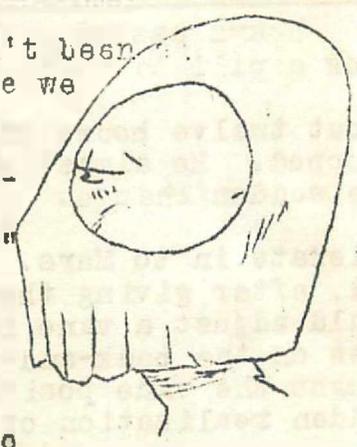
The temperature of the engines had now risen sufficiently for takeoff. Mackintosh waved cheerfully to Upperberth and Starr, who were standing at a safe distance from the ship, and pulled the throttle. A dull roar filtered its way into the cabin and he felt himself pressed down in his seat as if by a giant hand. The seat itself dropped a yard on a powerful shock absorber. The gravity indicator flicked forward. A gray blur streaked past the windows. The blur became dimmer and dimmer until it merged with the blackness of outer space. The ship continued to accelerate.

Now Glover Mackintosh began to feel a strange fear and loneliness, in spite of his hypnotic conditioning. Alone in a small ship streaking through emptiness--alone in millions of miles of -- of nothing. What if there had been a miscalculation? A fraction of an inch off in the timing of the mount would cause him to overshoot Mars. And out he would go -- out into the space beyond. Out until his fuel ran out and then he would stop. Stop and wait to suffocate.

Or what would happen if the distance had been miscalculated? On one hand he would come in too fast, crashing to his death on the surface of an alien planet. Or, on the other hand, he might come to a stop in no man's land, where no body exerted sufficient attraction to draw him to it. That would be even worse, he thought -- to die a slow death so near to Earth, and yet so far. For he could never, in that case, make the necessary calculations to correct his course. Although he had tables for the purpose, what good would they be if the basic figures were wrong? No, he couldn't escape, but would remain there, drawing ever closer to that boiling inferno that was the sun.

Mackintosh

shuddered.



Hours passed. The acceleration caused his muscles to ache and he took a pill to relieve the tension.

The halfway point was reached after about twelve hours of flight. He cut the engines. The acceleration stopped. He almost vomited as every nerve in his body revolted against the sudden change.

It was now necessary to turn the ship around and decelerate in to Mars. Mackintosh turned the rockets on to steering power and, after giving them time to get going, spun the small wheel which would adjust a vane in the jet stream to turn the ship. He glued his eyes on the bank-and-turn indicator. It didn't budge. Frantically he sought the vane position indicator. The vane was perfectly straight. Sudden realization of his predicament came on him and he shut off the jet although he fully knew the futility of the action. He could never decelerate enough in the few short hours remaining before the ship would be caught by Mars gravitational field.

Mackintosh laughed hideously, laughed in a way that would have made even Upperberth's blood run cold. Here he was plunging toward Mars at a speed of several thousand miles per hour and there was nothing -- absolutely nothing -- that he could possibly do to stop himself.

"Meow," said the mouse sticking its head out from under the control panel.

* * *

In the drifting bubble-ship, a being in glittering uniform watched the radar pips and meter-readings that told of Mackintosh's voyage. He commented in a low voice to a companion now and then. As the breakdown on Mackintosh's ship became apparent to the watchers, they bent forward with sudden interest.

"It looks like their first try at space flight will have an unhappy ending," one remarked.

"It usually does, on these Stage Four planets," the other answered. "Of course this one will fail, but they'll be bound to try again. And those who are trying to prevent the flights can't be successful all the time. But the point that concerns us is that they've gotten a manned ship beyond atmosphere. That makes all planets of this star eligible for contact. So we might as well get going. With nine of 'em, and probably all inhabited -- they usually are -- it will be a long job."

"Okay, that's what we're here for," the second said. "Which do you want to try first? But in spite of that space ship, I maintain none of these planets are ready for contact. Did you see the reports of the latest close-range survey the disc-ships made?"

The leader shrugged his shoulders. "Orders are orders. Let's try the one called 'Earth' first. Technically, it deserves priority anyhow, since the ship came from there." He touched a colored spot on the panel before him and the bubble-ship drafted swiftly toward the green globe of Earth.

"Meow," said the mouse a second time.

Had his mind been a bit clearer, Mackintosh would probably have ignored the sound. As it was the impulse slid past that barrier intended to filter out ordinary stimuli and brought the pilot to acute awareness of the fact that mice weren't supposed to say "Meow." He spun around.



"Mouse!" said the mouse again with a slight hint of indecision that quickly turned to anger. It darted back under the control panel as Mackintosh leaped for it.

Mackintosh brought up sharply against the end of the cabin. For a moment the blow dazed him, then he shook his head dizzily and scrambled to his feet, walking slowly toward the window in which the brown tinted disc of Mars was growing rapidly larger.

* * *

"Whew!" The Master wiped beads of sweat from his brow after pulling hastily out of the mind of the mouse. "That was close! Apparently I did something which made him suspicious. I should have studied these Marrestrial animals a bit more closely -- but how was I to know I'd need to control one in order to sabotage his ship? Why must I do everything myself?"

"At any rate, he'll never be able to turn the ship around for deceleration, and it will be some time before those puny Earthlings try again. We're safe for a while, at least!"

- END OF PART VI -

And so we reach the halfway point in this annual saga. Here's hoping the second six months of 1949 bring as good a series of chapters as the first did!

Speaking of chapters, the one in the last issue was the product of that sterling fan from Sterling, Kan.,

JOEL WARREN

THE MASTER

by C. STEWART METCHETTE
(Member, NFFF)

He writes of lands, half-wraithed in mists;
Every detail by gloom is kiss'd.
No human has ever trod the ways he paints:
Rare scenes -- of beauty to rival saints.
You are the one who breeds the night

Knowing the wonders that the Master writes --
Until, exhausted, you place away
To read again, some future day,
Tales of weird and horrific things.
Not one of staid Terra's offsprings
Eases your faith in things mundane,
Rather, you see a Merite again.

Seven, eleven, and numbers fay
To each he gives a touch sublime --
Filling the night with Hecate's slime.

Don't shoot your grandmother; the law frowns upon it. Buy her a one-year sub to SPACEWARD and drive her nuts the easy way!

LITTLE LITTLE WEEK

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

(Member, NFFF)

FILE CLERK'S NOTE: Due to press of time, this installment of that loud-mouthed pillar known as File 13 will be composed mostly of odds and ends, without any lead item, such as "Open Letter to August Derleth" last issue. However, there are some hot items coming up, one in which Sam Merwin is picked up and inconsiderately hurled through space and time to another editorial desk. Watch for this one, Samuel. Speaking of Sam Merwin, those of you who read the Final Dream Quest will remember the merry laugh we had at Sam in the "Pro Phile" column, where his colossal ignorance about the book Venus Equilateral, which he had reviewed, was ironically pointed out. Well, Sam must surely be a prototype of that apocryphal book reviewer who reviews a book without reading it. Or perhaps "The Wheels of If" was rewritten for its book appearance. Check Merwin's review of the de Camp book in the July 1949 Startling, and see if you think he read the book.



HISSTORY LESSON. Verily, few fannish fads have shown the perennial popularity of H.C.Koenig's famous "hiss" campaign. This fad, which was good for a mention in the Fancylopedia and probably should have a paragraph devoted to it in "The Immortal Storm", continues to sprout forth ad lib in unexpected places, despite Koenig's own retirement from the field a few years ago.

Before retiring, Hiss Honor assembled a vast collection of quotations from fantasy stories "in which characters are supposed to 'hiss' sentences in which most people couldn't find anything to hiss", as the Fancylopedia describes it. More recently, editor Rapp has spotlighted an example of this sort of faux pas from his own installment of "Stif Broadcasts Again", and in the April 1949 Vanguard mailing, Virginia Blish used the following on the masthead of her magazine: "This-s-s is-s-s the s-s-sixth is-s-s-s-ue of S-S-S-Snarl, s-s-she his-s-s-sed, s-s-snarling and s-s-snarled, his-s-s-sing. (All this-s-s for the benefit of a man who isn't even a member. Tssk.)"

Such spontaneous manifestations certainly attest to the lingering potency of the hiss campaign, and this column salutes Mr. Rapp and FrauBlish for so nobly carrying on the ancient traditions. However, it seems from this angle that Donald A. Wollheim's latter-day opinion on the Great Hiss Campaign has considerably more merit than its comparative obscurity would indicate.

In his Phantagraph for October 1943, DAW opined; "At first this writer was inclined to feel that H.Koenig was justified in his attack on the use of the verb 'to hiss' for the meaning 'to speak with whispered sinister intent.' It was not in any dictionary with such a definition --and taking it with its given definition, it was most definitely im-

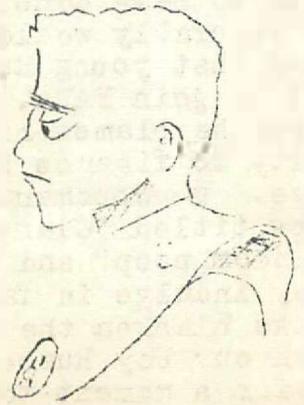
possible to sibilate the sentences given.

"But from the vast data Koenig has assembled of the use of the term 'to hiss', it becomes clear that the fault lies not with the authors and editors, but with the compilers of dictionaries. Koenig has amassed definite proof that dozens of different writers, writing for different types and qualities of markets, have found it necessary to use the term 'hiss'. The fact is that people understand exactly what is meant when a character hisses something. In context, it is proper and clear. In the cases that Koenig has collected, let him try to substitute other terms and yet retain the meaning implied by the protested verb. It cannot be done satisfactorily. Koenig's evidence has now reached the point where his original thesis is refuted. What is proven is that 'hiss' has a meaning in accepted usage not yet noticed by the lexicographers."

THE GAME OF FOURS. In an old Spaceways (not Spacewarp) there is mention of a game which intrigued me for six or seven years without persuading me to try playing it. Recently, however, I attempted the game, and being a mathematical genius somewhat less spectacular than George O. Smith, I find myself stumped. Can someone help me out? This game consists of expressing each number from 1 to 30 by using four fours. "One" is of course expressed by the fraction $44/44$; two is $4/4$ plus $4/4$; and three is 4 plus 4 plus 4 , all over 4 . And so on. It is auspicious that I stopped exemplifying there, because I'm not too sure how to express 4 using four fours. Ditto 11, 13, 14 and many of the other numbers. If anyone knows the method which by 30 or more can be reached in this manner, I'd be interested in hearing from him.

PENNAME OR ACOLYTE? With File 13's recent luck in "scoops" (for example, my paragraph in last installment on the forthcoming Merritt collection from Avon), someone will probably have burst into print long ere this item appears, remarking that Charles L. Harness' "Flight Into Yesterday" in the May 1949 Startling is remarkably van Vogtian in theme and concept. Here are a few of the points this someone will probably enlarge upon to illustrate his thesis: 1. "Flight into Yesterday" concerned a member of homo superior who didn't realize his slannish potentialities except under pressure (compare with "Slan", "The World of Null-A", etc.) 2. The story was crammed and jammed with strange and new concepts, not all of them developed to any degree, which were used to add color, bizarreness and "body" to the story (compare with "The Weapon Makers", and check van Vogt's contribution to Of Worlds Beyond, particularly pp 59-60). 3. The novel contained some Korzybskian stuff (the comparison here is obvious). 4. Basically, the yarn was a variation on van Vogt's favorite "hidden chess-player" idea, and even skirted close to van Vogt's oft-used gimmick of having the menace being merely another guise or manifestation of the hero (refer to "Slan" again, and particularly "The Weapon Makers", and of course "The Players of Null-A" for the chess-player concept). 5. The story was somewhat incomprehensible at first reading, deserving a re-reading to tie up all seemingly loose threads and incongruous subplots. This certainly is a hallmark of all vVogt's longer efforts.

Now, far as I know Charles L. Harness is a real, living and breathing person. He is a member of the Vanguard apa. But in any case, I think he's written in "Flight into Yesterday" a yarn in which A.E. van Vogt may rightly claim a contributing influence.



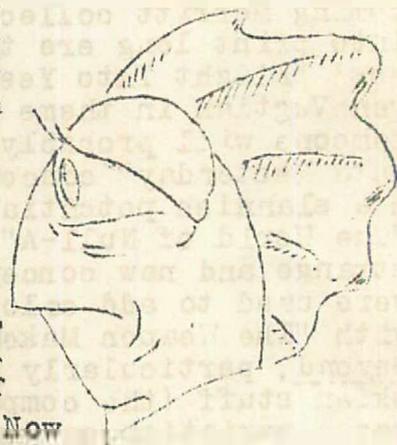
TEN SECOND QUIZ. Name two instances wherein a story and its sequel appeared in reverse order -- that is, the sequel was published first. Answer later in this department.

OPEN HOUSE This is File 13's letter section, wherein the fans (which possibly should be singular) or other features are invited to register their reactions to my comments, articles, bouquets, connections and comments are solicited. Sign your name, if you dare, or send your kicks anonymous. But I warn you. I'll print your name if I can possibly find it. Remember, nothing is off the record when you write to File 13.

America's farthest East fan leads off this section. Says Ed Cox, referring to my "Going Down" item in the March 1949 Warp: "Another deep-sea stfyarn I can name is Paul Ernst's 'Marooned Under the Sea' in the Sept. 1930 Astounding. It was quite good -- that is, I enjoyed it about as much as I enjoy any story. And didn't Norman L. Knight's 'Crisis in Utopia' have something to do with the theme of undersea life?" You've got me, Manana. I've read the Knight yarn, but damn if I remember anything about it except that Rogers painted a lovely cover for it -- one of his very best. Anybody remember if "Crisis in Utopia" dealt with deep-sea intelligent beings?

PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR. At 16:12 p.m. PST, 28 January 1949, the sun turned into a fast nova, according to Philip Latham in "N Day", Astounding, January 1948.

ANOTHER PROPHET WITHOUT HONOR (I HOPE). Any of you former dogfans remember a book called Sgt. Terry Bull: His Ideas on War and Fighting in General, which was published in paperback form during the war, perhaps by Penguin, and circulated rather widely to army libraries? Willy Ley had an article in ASF about the book late in 1941, I believe. Since I don't have the 1939-42 issues of ASF indexed as yet, I will not look up the article, but it strikes me very vividly -- either from reading the Ley article or the book, which lay around our PRO cubbyhole for a long while -- that Sgt. Terry Bull chronicled a super-scientific war that took place in 1949-50. The chapter title "The Roving Boys of 1949" is the only exact quote I remember. Pray to FooFoo that in choosing 1949-50 for his hypothetical war, Sgt. Bull was merely living up to his surname.

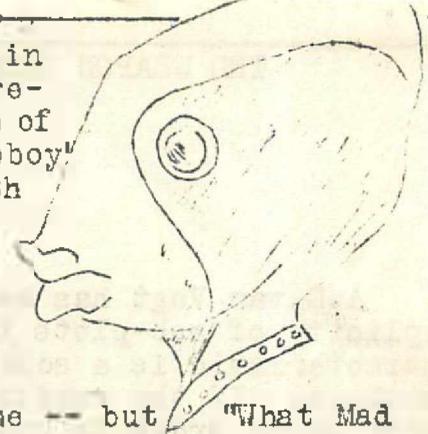


NOTES THAT MISSED MY WASTEBASKET. Is it a trend? First Super

Science Stories reappeared in one of the worst printing jobs the stf field has seen in ten years. Now the August 1949 TWS has burst forth with one of the dirtiest printing jobs ever performed on that venerable standby. What happened? Standard must have switched printers, as Ziff-Davis is rumored to have done. Thank ghod I don't read Amz. Three pulps printed so execrably would be too much for my artistic soul. I see in Proteus that young Russ Woodman blames your file clerk for his decision not to join FAPA. I have two letters on file from Good Old Woody in which he blames his withdrawal from the FAPA waiting list on his inability to finance his general fanzines and a FAPazine, too. Very strange. # Woodman also sneers at an article in my FAPA publication Sky Hook titled "Clang, Clang, Clang, Went the Trolley," which he terms "fandom poop" and which he svers tells fans they won't become homos if they indulge in fandom activities. Since in a sense Woodman's inane remarks blacken the name of FAPA, which certainly is a helluva lot better than our boy Russell seems to think, I'll toss modesty out of the window for a moment to quote two reviews of the article in question, both by people whose opinions I value more highly than young Woodman's.

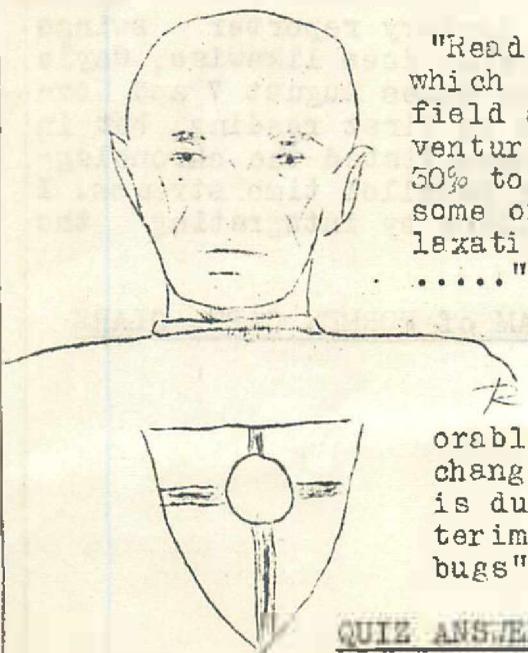
(12) Francis T. Laney said in Morpheus #2: "Redd Boggs takes a sensibility-of-the-road approach with which I cannot take issue..."

D.B. Thompson in Phantour #5 declared: "I think (the article) presents a fair picture of a rather high percentage of those FAPates who have outgrown the 'Goshwowboyoboy' stage long ago, or who, because they started with their eyes open, never have regarded fan activity as anything but a pleasant hobby....." # Despite the fact that recent issues of most fantasy mags except ASF are only partly read, I've just had the pleasure of rereading Fredric Brown's "What Mad Universe." It's been a long time since I reread any story -- haven't had time -- but "What Mad Universe" tickles me immensely and I couldn't resist another perusal. Frankly, I'd rather see Eshbach hardcover this year than some of those stories he's scheduled. # For an author who was on my personal "dislike" list less than three years ago, George O. Smith has made a remarkable climb in my estimation. Right now he's among the top five of my favorites. Affable George has learned a helluva lot about pulp writing and it's a pleasure to see him at work, as in "Fire in the Heavens", which was terrific. Don't you think?



AS TIME GOES BY. "Scientifiction's fans, mostly boys of 16 to 20, are the jitterbugs of the pulp magazines. Many keep every issue, which often fetch \$25 from collectors. Publishers soon discovered another odd fact about their readers: They are exceptionally articulate. Most of these magazines have letter columns, in which readers appraise stories. Sample: 'Gosh! "OW! Boyoboy! and so forth and so on. Yesiree, yesiree, it's the greatest in the land and the best that's on the stands, and do mean Thrilling Wonder Stories, and especially that great, magnificent, glorious, most thrilling June issue of the mosta and the besta of science fiction magazines...'"

Thus Time surveyed the science fiction field at the time of the Nyxon, in its 10 July 1939 issue. Many fans of that era protested this inaccurate picture of the typical fan, and "Goshwowboyoboy" has become an ironic gagline. But it was ten years before Time took it back. In its 30 May 1949 issue Time reviewed Stanley G. Weinbaum's A Martian Odyssey, and managed to take a quick look at the "rabid fans" who support the small publishing houses devoted to science fiction.



"Readers of science fiction include a special cult which specializes in collecting the classics in the field and faithfully supports the worthy publishing ventures.....Several publishers estimate that from 50% to 40% of their readers are professional men, some of them scientists who read the stories for relaxation but with a sharp eye for scientific errors....."

Except for the fact that several of the fanzines mentioned in the article are long since defunct -- a common fault of these articles on fandom -- this is a very favorable picture of fantasy and fandom. Whether the change in Time's attitude between 1939 and 1949 is due to the fact that fandom grew up in the interim or that Time became more tolerant of "jitterbugs" is a point you must mull over for yourself.

QUIZ ANSWERS.

"Robots Return" (the sequel) in ASF, Sept 1938, and "Though Dreamers Die," ASF, Feb 1944. "Trouble Times Two" (the sequel) ASF Dec 1945, and "Trouble" ASF July 1946. (No, Wilkie, "Methuselah's Children" and "Ole Doc Methuselah" isn't right.) -- END --

AN EXPLANATION

by C. STEWART METCHETTE
(Member, NFFF)

A.E. van Vogt has been noted for his complicated plots and the multiplicity of sub-plots that run throughout his fiction. Although this characteristic is a source of the success of his stories, it is also a drawback. If the reader loses a point, he must go back and dig that point up in order to grasp the remainder of the story.

"Weapon Shops of Isher" (TWS Feb 49) is such a story: the complex plots, the multiple threads, and the gadget. The main theme is a continuation of the war between the Weapon Shops and the arbitrary power of the Isher Empress. Running parallel (and contributing to this main plot) is the story of Cayle Clark and Lucy Rall. Clark is a callidetic that is, he possesses a faculty for winning at games of chance. Clark would fit into an ESP group, for this amazing luck of his is certainly above the norm. Rall, a Weapon Shops agent, is detailed to watch Clark's development and report on it to the Co-ordinating Centre of the Shops, who in turn hope to use him as an instrument against the Isher power.

Since this novel(et) is part of a series, the extension of the plot in "The Weapon Shops" is carried over, and Robert Hedrock continues his activities, cloaked in mystery and personally motivated operations. Hedrock is Earth's only immortal man, and throughout the series has sided with the Weapon Shops against the Isher Empress. Centuries before, as Walter de Lany, he founded the Shops as a counterbalance to the growing power of the Isher dynasty; at the "now" of this particular story Hedrock is concerned with ending the war between the two power groups, and solving the problem of the time pendulum which threatens to destroy the Universe.



The gadget is time travel. While a 20th Century reporter swings endlessly in time and an Isher government building does likewise, Cayle Clark evidently leads a double life between the dates August 7 and November 26, 4784 Isher. This leads to confusion on first reading, but in hopes of solving some of the difficulties, I have listed the chronological events in the novelet, and placed them in parallel time streams. I propose to illustrate the dual life of Cayle Clark by integrating the events into a linear time chart.

MAIN TIME STREAM of CAYLE CLARK

TIME STREAM of FORMER CAPT. CLARK

July 15 Cayle boards ship to go from Ford to Imperial City; He meets Lucy Rall. Cayle is robbed in a poker game, and talks to an Isher general.

At the City, he visits the general and inquires about an Army commission.

Later, Cayle goes to Penny Palace, he makes phenomenal

MAIN TIME STREAM of CAYLE CLARK

TIME STREAM of FORMER CAPT. CLARK

gains, and is abducted to a House of Illusion by the proprietors.

When police raid the House, Cayle is sent to Mars as an exile.

(This time stream starts here:)

Aug 7 Capt. Cayle Clark does not return to Isher building after time swing, but remains in this time August 7.

Aug 8 Clark enters stock market with 500,000 credits and becomes a financier almost immediately. (His callidity, turned from luck at games of chance because of his experiences in the House of Illusion, takes the form of stock market manipulations.

Aug 26 Cayle starts return to Earth from Mars, after escaping labour colony.

Sept 30 Clark establishes his financial empire, and erect his business headquarters.

Oct 4 2:00 p.m. - Cayle arrives from Mars and talks to other Cayle on 'stat.

Oct 4 Noon Clark marries Lucy Rall

Arranges meeting that evening with his other self.

Oct 5 Both Cayles raid the Penny Palace, recover the 500,000 credits due from Cayle's winnings.

Oct 6 Cayle purchases Army commission in Isher Imperial Guard. Becomes favorite of Empress, starts a moral cleanup of the Army.

Oct 6 The former Captain Clark goes into hiding.

Nov 26 Captain Cayle Clark and Empress go to visit the government building which is their end of the time pendulum.

Captain Clark stays in building during time-swing.

He leaves building, and does not return, but remains at that date

August 7, 4784 Isher

Therefore, he becomes the former Captain Clark, and follows the time-stream of that person.

Nov 4784 Isher This Cayle Clark, the former captain, emerges from hiding and with Lucy, visits their new home.

(End of this time stream)

(The future time stream of Cayle and Lucy begins here ad mortem.)

When Cayle was exiled to Mars on the 15th of July, he did not begin his return to Earth until August 26. But, since he went back in

time with the building on November 26, he was already on Earth on August 7, when he began his financial operations. Therefore, when Cayle returned on the 4th of October, the other Cayle was waiting to greet him. Both planned the recovery of Cayle's winnings, carried it out, and the Cayle who had gone back in time went into hiding. Now the Cayle from Mars continued his life; joined the Army on the 6th, and stayed with the building during its transit back from November 26 to August 7.

That is the extent of the dual lives, and since he was already established as a financial giant, Cayle merely came out of hiding. The Cayle Clark from Mars is merely his life as viewed from the present "now"; that is, just as if you were by his side during the events of the story. Accordingly, in the future, Cayle went back to August 7, and thus was able to live the dual life.

The two time streams are actually all one, but van Vogt tells the story from the present "now", and this point of view aids the seeming paradox of the plot.

Simplified, the chart runs from July 15 to Nov 26, and then doubles back to August 7, and continues on, presumably until Cayle dies.

If anybody has other ideas, or additions which may help to further clarify the paradoxical appearance of the story, please send your ideas or criticisms to this magazine. Several heads are better than one!

- END -

((We wish someone would tackle "By His Bootstraps" in this fashion.))

ONE SHOT

by BILL WARREN

((The following note accompanied this poem: "I got SPACETEER #2 and #3 this a.m., and noted with regret that Lin Carter was discontinuing his excellent zine as of the latter issue. Publication difficulties had mowed him down. I was so sad that SPACETEER's life was done that I composed 'One-Shot' in tribute. Of course, Lin's zine ran three issues, but that is a slight consideration. The funeral-fooling is there, and my head is bowed with remorse..."))

Advance publicity proclaimed
uniqueness;
and the editor planned --
hopefully ... idealistically --
for never-ending
fannish publication.

Modishly late, it burst
nova-like
over Fandom's horizon.
Fannish heads nodded --
predicted sagacious things;
while STARTLING STORIES awarded
A-listing ... and Art Rapp gave
encouragement.

Everyone waited --
professional fans ... fannish professionals;
oldsters ... tyros --
the big guns and the squirts.
All waited for fanzine two.
All waited in vain ...

It never came.

SYMPTOMS

by ED COE
(Member, NEFF)

LATELY I had not been feeling very well but not feeling so badly that I had to call a doctor. However, I couldn't seem to fit the symptoms to any known sickness I had ever contracted before.

I sat back into the soft confines of my easy chair and listened to the autumn wind sigh through the huge pines outside. My teeth started twinging again. I couldn't understand it. My teeth were perfectly sound and I was one of those rare people who had never had occasion to require the services of a dentist. I had inspected them and could find no cavity nor any other reason for the annoying twinge. It wasn't pain nor any ache. It seemed.....I laughed to myself.....as if they were growing twinges!

I dismissed the thought from my mind and settled back for my evening doze in front of the flickering fire place. I usually tried to read a bit and maybe doze after supper before retiring. But in the past week I had grown to be almost sleepless even after retiring. I couldn't understand that either. I had always been a heavy sleeper and had never partaken of the sleep killer known as coffee; therefore I had no explanation for my sudden loss of sleep. I got up from the chair and tended the fire.

As I watched the flickering flames after I had replaced the screen, I realized that the sudden loss of sleep had started about a week ago and coincided exactly with the sudden annoyance of my teeth.

At the thought of my teeth, I became aware of that damnable pulsing again. In the same two places all of the time! I wearily plumped back into my easy chair and sat back. Then I straightened up again. Had I heard a noise outside the window? Most likely, I thought, as I sat back again. There were any number of things that could have caused it. Then I realized I was getting considerably restless lately, especially at night. And accompanying my restlessness there was a vague feeling of frustration. I couldn't explain it.

I got up and unconsciously started pacing in front of the fireplace. Again, for the third night in the week, I felt that I was under observation. Unseen eyes peering in upon me, almost tangible in the fierceness of the unknown gaze.

I attributed it to my mood in general and went over to the book cases and tried to get interested in one of the books. I couldn't. Maybe this is what I get for leading a bachelor's life pretty well separated from the rest of my fellow men. They had kidded me about it but



now I was beginning to put some belief in their sayings.

That night when I retired, I again heard that slight noise down by the side of the house. I looked out the window and tried to see as far as I could down the sharp angle of the side of the house down to the ground. But I couldn't see anything since anyone or anything would've been out of my sight if they had kept close to the house right under my window.

All night I could only half sleep and the same vaguely-frightening dreams plagued what little sleep I did get. But when morning came, I was reluctant to get up and annoyed for more than just the reason that I hadn't slept. I got up and went around in a daze.

While preparing breakfast, I burned my finger and it brought me out of it somewhat. I realized that whatever it was, it was getting out of control! I was actually worried now!

That day I was able to do very little on the novel nor could I prepare anything for magazine publication. I knew it was getting pretty bad, whatever it was, when it interfered with my writing.

Then the worst happened. I don't remember when it did, I only know when it ended. I had been idly pecking away at the typewriter when I last remembered anything. The next thing I knew, it was dark and I was hungry! I broke out in cold sweat when I realized where I was! Trembling, I got back to my study and looked at my watch. It told me that it was nearly evening and I realized that I had been.....there..... for at least seven hours!

Then I stopped my whirling brain and found that I was quite refreshed and rested as soon as I got over the frightening experience of finding that I had unconsciously gone.....my mind shied away from the fact.....and I had slept, on my feet. I shook this new fact from my mind and again tried to take stock of things. I was abounding with vitality and I doubt if I had felt like that for weeks!

I went over to a mirror. Yes, I looked.....What was wrong with my face? It was strangely misshapen! I explored and again broke into a cold sweat. It was impossible! But that mocking hint kept nipping the outer edges of my thoughts and I was seriously wondering if I had gone mad.

An imperative, thundering knocking at the door brought me out of it with a jolt. I hurried to the door wondering who it could be, totally unprepared for the shock that awaited me there.

I opened the door to face a tall, shabbily-dressed man. He smiled and I, for some reason, nearly fainted! He had an unnatural pallor, and his lips were full and red. A disgusting combination. His teeth were sparkling white as he smiled and spoke.

"Pardon me for the interruption -- for I know exactly how you must feel and the state in which your mind must be -- but I must talk with you." Somehow he was past me and into the room. I closed the door and turned to him.

"I don't quite understand," I started, but he smiled quite understandingly and sat down.

"Please be seated," he said and made himself very much at home. I sat down and asked him who he might be and his purpose in visiting me.

"It makes no difference as to who I am but the purpose of my visit will be quite plain very soon. Yes, very much so." He favored me with another of his smiles.

Before I could say another thing he resumed.

"You haven't been quite yourself lately have you?" he said, more of a statement than a question. Waiting for no answer, he rapidly continued. "Yes, yes, quite so. You have been upset lately and have been puzzled and very much disturbed by.....shall we say.....heretofore unparalleled discoveries? You have no doubt felt yourself being watched. I was the watcher and I was observing you for very good reasons. Reasons that justified my watching you. I have also found out that which I had been looking for." He smiled again and it annoyed me as much as his little speech. I had little or no idea of what he was talking about.

"I don't understand just what you mean," I ventured. "You have admitted prowling about on my property and seem to know that I have been feeling a little unnatural lately but so far, you don't make sense," I said quite coldly. The sooner this visitor was gone, the better I'd like it.

"My friend," he said very fraternally, "you have lost much sleep at nights lately haven't you? And you've been bothered by.....ah, shall we say, dental troubles? Also, you have had a most unpleasant experience with...er...a closet. Yes. I can ex--"

I broke in angrily. "I haven't the least idea of what you are talking about and I will thank you to terminate your visit and leave these premises at once." I was on my feet now and he stood up and towered over me somewhat.

"You are overwrought, my comrade. Calm down and let me explain. First, haven't you noticed anything different about me?" He smiled at me again, adding to my unease as I noticed and remembered that I had noticed. I remembered reading somewhere.....but.....

"You do then! My unnatural...ah, pallor, my dark eyes and my build. My...teeth!" He breathed the last word and revealed his teeth in a wide grin. HIS TEETH! Now I remembered...two things...!

"Y-You are a vampire!" I gasped.

"Yes.....and so are you."

- END -

ELSIE

by BILL WARREN

Elsie was a luscious,
delectable thing;
she had all the boys
going round in a ring.

This two-timing babe
was a regular coquette --
she'd lead the guys on,
and then make them sweat.

She was a vision of beauty,
a sight to behold;
and in her home town
she made the boys bold.

But Elsie's from Venus,
and it's sad but it's true
that we wouldn't like her --
she's shaped like a shmoo!

QUIEN
SABE ?

Dear Art:--

Next time you are at the newsstand, pick up a copy of DELL CROSSWORD PUZZLES. Yours truly sold them a mystery puzzler, "The Gentleman Robber," if it appears under the title I gave it.

BILL WARREN
314 W. Main St.
Sterling, Kansas

Dear Art:

I would have written sooner, but I thought I was going to be at the last MSFS meeting. After all, why waste a three-cent stamp when it is not necessary? However, last Saturday I carelessly neglected to put on my dark glasses before buying TWS, and the consequent Bergey Blindness prevented me from attending the meeting. So now I have to spend three cents anyway.

Ye gods, the AprWARP looks more like the SHAVER MYSTERY MAGAZINE (capitals are optional). Mind Over Matter was a silly item, and as for Dimensional Gate ????????, the question marks express my sentiments exactly. Unexplored Universes is a bit more to the point. WE WANT SCHAUMBURGER!!!

My finger is getting tired. Therefore, goodbye.

ARNIM SEIELSTAD
1500 Fairholme
Grosse Pointe 30, Michigan

Dear Art:

The May issue had more interesting material than usual. Problem In Ornithology (whatever that is) was cute and nicely done, and the book review was interesting. The "What'll I Write" article was more than the topic was worth.

No Indication was meaningless to me. I guess I just didn't get it.

Redd Boggs exaggerated a bit in his open letter, but the rest of the column was okay.

James Bell has a point there about nationalism. Some of this super-patriotism sickens me.

What's this? Another publication from Harmon? What ever happened to Asteroid X?

Yours,
EVAN H. APPELMAN
195 Laurel Avenue
Highland Park, Illinois

FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE DEPARTMENT

(Indoor Sport Division)

"...we all thank Mr. Derleth for giving us this opportunity to have these works in a form we can preserve for those cold, wet nights when a good fantasy makes the bed seem a more comfortable and homey place."

--editorial in FA, Nov 1942

Dear Art:

"The Gleeeful Cadaver" is not by me! You and your point headed beaver! ((Leave r-tRapp out of this, fatso! --Roscoe)) That poem is the work of one Richard F. Schwichtenberg, teacher of English at Cadillac High, Cadillac, Michigan. Said Schwichtenberg is one of Cadillac's most noted SFers. Second only to myself in sheer, awesome power; so you can realize what an awful thing this mistake is, particularly right before report cards.

As to your poll, here's my answers.

- (1) Prozines, from the top down. TWS, SS, sSF, Planet, SSS, Different, WT, FEM (with Bradbury), the rest about equal. I rarely ever buy those below here, so I don't feel up to rating them.
- (2) Any mag with Bradbury in it automatically gets top billing. Any mag with E.E.Smith, G.O.Smith, or others of their ilk automatically get bottom place. Ed Hamilton, Heinline, Hubbard, Fredric Brown, Hal Clement, Teddy Sturgeon, Lillith Loraine, Lewis Padgett, and others of their school of thought all mean "buy the mag" to this person.
- (3) I'll take the sSF covers myself. On covers I like Bonestell, Orban, Lawrence, etc. on down. When is someone going to wise up and put Paul back on covers where he belongs? I love his beautiful, streamlined ray mechs and solid blocks of shaded color. Lovely little toys.
- (4) Yep. I collect prozines. Just those I like, tho, with no thought of complete series and such. Got close to 200 mags. Got 18 fantasy books; 25 including my Bible, religious books, and esoteric poetry ((?)) If you've ever read Kenneth Patchen (The Shy Pornographer, --An Astonished Eye Looks Out of the Air) you will understand that question mark). I also save fanzines. It's the packrat in me.
- (5) I do not belong to the NFFF. ((You should. --Roscoe)) ((Yes.--r-tRapp)) I do belong to the MSFS. I do belong to the Universe Club of Cadillac, an anarchistic bunch if you've ever seen one. No officers, no dues, no set membership list -- just walk right in and there you are, a member. Needless to say, it makes for a large turnover in membership. Have I met fen? Oh, brother, have I met fen! Cadillac is packed with the things, and I've met nearly all the MSFS bunch to boot. What do I think of them? Well, because the fandom idea is centered around literature, and a somewhat out-of-this-world form of it to boot, all fen are highly literate. (i.e. They can read. The majority of them even wear shoes.) They are individualists, too. Hardly ever members of the gullible herd. Wonderful people. Some of them are a bit too much of deep-and-goer-offers. But for all that we could easily make anarchy work if most of the world were like fen. Race hatred? With them it is just an academic question. And even at that it is argued honestly and without the damned hypocrisy of the ordinary people, who are poisoned by Christianity. Even Christians are welcomed into fandom, even tho it is about 80% atheist. In an anarchy, tis said nothing would get done. Not if the anarchists were fen. They get things done alright. Piles of fanzines and even some paper-backed books have been turned out by fen. Peace? Fellowship? I've known fen to put up perfect strangers at their homes for the night, just because they were fellow fen. Fandom is a way of life, and the best way of life I've ever come across. Why, aside from a cockeyed set of "Thou shalt not get plastered off the club treasury" ethics, fandom doesn't have any morals. Yez, fandom is amoral and I like it that way. (If you don't believe it, look at a couple of fanzine covers, and read Redd Boggs and other members of his ilk.)..... Yorz, RAY NELSON, 433 E. Chapin, Cadillac, Mich. ((This goes on and on, dammit. If popular demand is great enuf, we'll print the rest next month.)) *and we's pretty sure it will be.* (21)

Volume V - Number 3
-- JUNE, 1949 --
(Issue Number 27)

S-P-A-C-E-W-A-R-P

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bers get 10 for \$1.



Timber!	r-trapp	3
An Introduction to Roscoism	ditto	2
STF Broadcasts Again!	(Part VI) we know	5
The Master	(Poem) Metchette	9
File Thirteen	Redd Boggs	10
The Weapon Shops of Isher: An Explanation	Metchette	14
One-Shot	(Poem) Bill Warren	16
Symptoms	Ed Cox	17
Quien Sabe?	(Lettercolumn) youse guys	20

COVER BY WILLIAM KROLL (stencilled by H. MILLER)
Interior artwork by Nelson, Rotsler, etc.

- You'll get one or more WARPS yet before your sub expires.
- But you won't! Remember the July WARP comes out in just two weeks, so better get the renewal to me pronto!
- For doing you the favor of running your lousy crud in this ish, we are inflicting upon you the penalty of having to accept a free copy.
- We exchange, I think. But it's amazing how few fanmags show up in my mailbox for all the WARPS that go out under this heading.
- Hah, you big wheel you! You must review fanmags somewhere to deserve this free copy.

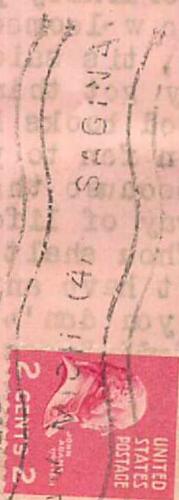
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designed to enlighten, instruct,
amuse, infuriate, impoverish, and
otherwise wreak great changes upon
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