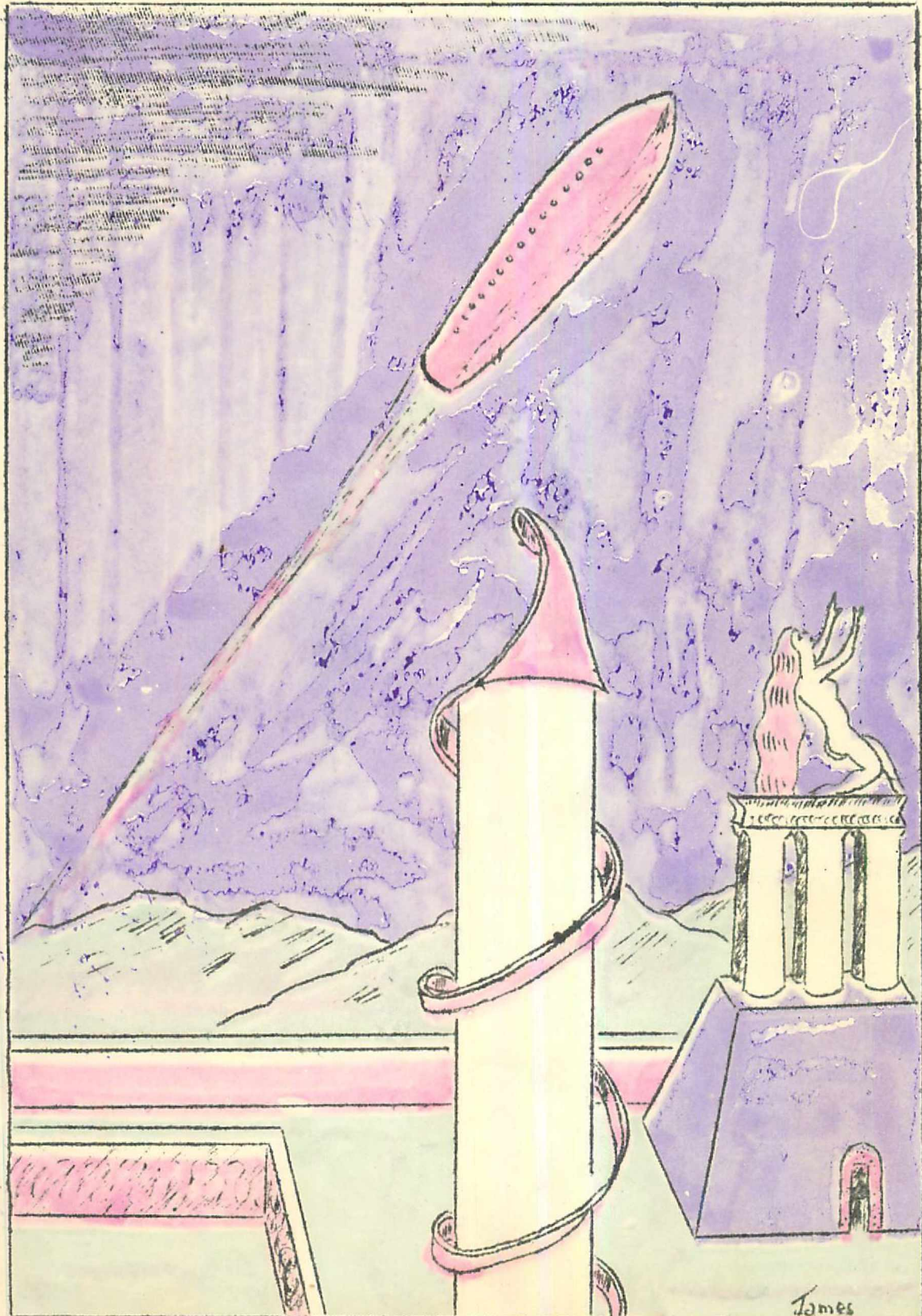


SPACEWARP

Vol. V - No. 4

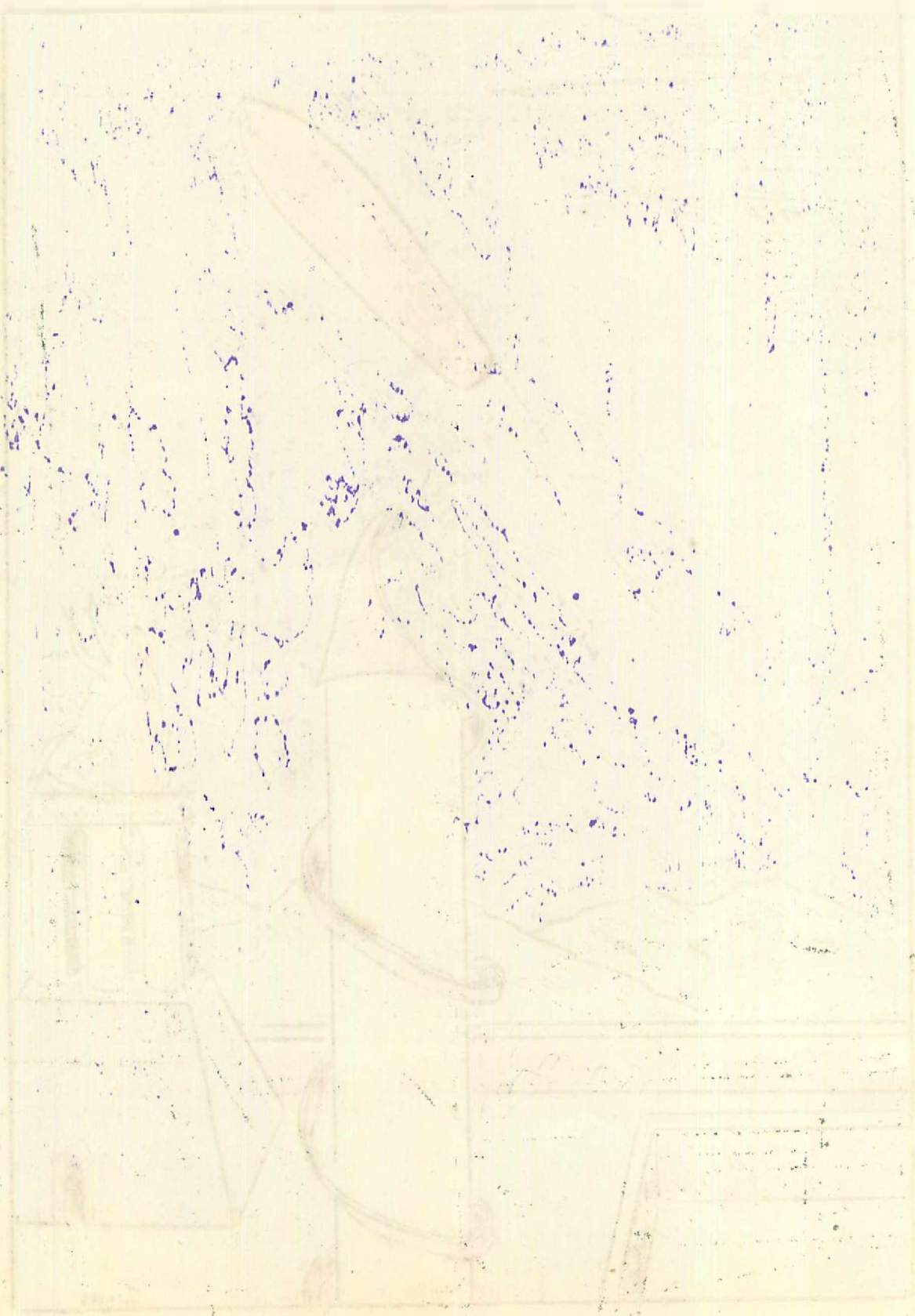
JULY 1949



James

1887
1888

1887





Timber!



Completely Casual, Crudely Curtailed Commentary

TIMBER this month is sacrificed in order to get Part Seven of the Broadcast into an ish planned without it. # The article on page 17 will be brought up to date next month, since ballots are still coming in. # Next WARP should be in your hands by 1 August. We're back on schedule.

r-trapp

stf stf stf stf stf stf stf stf stf stf
t **STF BROADCASTS AGAIN!** s
f t
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PART SEVEN

TWO FIGURES, sinister and furtive, skulked through the darkness bearing murder in what passed for their hearts. Kola and Vogar, the two Daaktan Thought-Men, crept closer to the house, ready to plunge inside. To plunge inside -- and kill!

And inside, pale with fear yet proudly arrogant as ever, the golden-skinned Priestess prepared to depart for the interplanetary thought-field and through it to the citadel of the Master, and possibly...to her doom.

She was giving last-minute instructions to a black-bearded giant who said little, but whose eyes watched the flow of her golden curves.

"And remember, Igor--" she started, and then broke off as the window shattered inward and two fanatical forms waving glittering knives burst toward her!

"Was this ist?" roared Igor, and tore into them.

Kola's knife was about to sink into the priestess' golden breast when suddenly the blade whirled across the room as Igor grabbed the Thought-Man by the shoulder, wrenched and heaved him aloft, and slammed him, screaming, to the floor. Something cracked sickeningly, and Kola's scream cut off abruptly.

Igor roared again, a sulphurous Teutonic oath that would have stunned a Roman legionnaire. The fanatic high-toned screamings of Vogar were quite drowned out. Vogar was attempting to plunge his knife into the Priestess, but she caught his wrist, and the two locked in struggle for the deadly blade.

Igor reached out a huge paw, caught Vogar by the neck, and pulled him away from the Priestess. He clasped his huge forearms around the Thought-Man's neck, jabbed a knotty knee in the small of his back, and pulled. With a horrible snapping of vertebrae, Vogar died like a rat in a bulldog's jaws. Igor grunted triumphantly, tossed the sickeningly limp body across the room, and swept the trembling Priestess into his arms.

"Ach, what fools, killink mine Priestess to try!" he rumbled, barely winded by the battle.

The Priestess shuddered in remembered terror, and buried her face in his beard. "Th-they were Daaktans!" she quavered, clinging to Igor as if seeking safety within the giant's arms from the evil forces threatening her.

"Vell, dey Daaktans iss no more," he growled, glancing contemptuously at the two corpses. (3)

"You mine Princess ist for always, und..."

"But Igor," she said, ducking back to look up into his blazing eyes. "It cannot be! You forget the Master may kill me and unthink you at any moment! Now I must hurry back to the Master, to plead with him for mercy, to ask him not to unthink you yet. Perhaps..."

But the great guffaws of Igor stopped her ruby lips half open as he roared with some secret amusement.

"Igor!" she snapped, some of her old imperious manner returning. "What's the matter with you? This is no laughing matter!"

"Ach, yes!" he roared. "Der Master can unthink and unthink, but me, he cannot hurt! Not anybody can me, der great Karl von Heine, unthink!"

* * *

JOHN UPPERBERTH stood before a shiny microphone, nervously running his finger around inside his collar and watching the engineers and program directors in the glass-walled control booth. At the other side of the studio stage, a mellow-voiced professional announcer was reading from a script:



"Ladies and gentlemen, from coast to coast, from ocean to ocean, under the co-sponsorship of the National Fantasy Fan Federation and of Frankly Incredible Tales of Science, we bring you the dawn of a new era!"

The velvet tones paused, while a harried-looking sound-effects man held a snarling blowtorch near the mike.

"Ladies and gentlemen -- the roar of rockets! -- bringing the dawn of a new age -- and bringing you this afternoon the most stupendous program ever presented. And now, to tell you in detail of this triumph of scientific achievement, this colossal advancement of the human race, I give you the editor of Frankly Incredible Tales of Science, Mr. John Upperberth!"

Wave on wave of applause roared from the vast studio audience as it greeted the famous editor.

"Ladies and gentlemen -- and fans -- it is with more pleasure than I can express that I bring you today the story of the last, greatest achievement of that immortal genius, the late Professor Karl von Heine. It is a fitting memorial to him that you shall forever honor him for this splended achievement. Over many months, he, the thousands of NFFF members throughout the world, and the staff of FITS together labored to perfect von Heine's last invention. On the very eve of success we, like all the world, were shocked by von Heine's untimely and tragic death, a death which left our project uncompleted. But as you all know, this morning saw the fruition of our labors, the launching into interplanetary space of the first successful man-carrying rocket. Since then, I am sure, you have all been anxiously awaiting further news of the historic flight. It is now my honor and my privilege to announce..."

CALLING TERRA...CALLING THE PLANET EARTH...CALLING THE WORLD
SOL THREE...

(Continued on page 23)

VICIOUS CIRCLE

by DAN MULCAHY



SPACEWARP, the Lurid Fanzine, has come up with one of its periodical kernels of wisdom, this time to the effect that fandom is decentralizing, its character (?) changing. In the words of the smokestack that walks like a man: "There seems to be less and less activity on a national scale, more and more on the local level." And for once Daniel J. Mulcahy is in agreement with what he reads in these unhallowed pages.

Sure enough, fandom is decentralizing. The last two attempts at a national organization -- Young Fandom and Science Fiction International -- flopped pretty miserably after a brief period of activity. The current attempt, Linda Bowles' American Science Fiction Association, may be more of a success, but I have my doubts. The truth is horridly simple.

Joe Phan has become isolationist.

To get ahead today, a club must adopt a name like the Lower Altoona Slightly Frenetic Society, or maybe North Farragut Fantasy Fans. It must elect to its executive position Homer Glunk, who once had a subscription to Cosmic Circle Commentator. It must rush right out and buy a mimeo and put out a sloppily-printed newsletter called maybe the Goshwowboyoboy Gazette, one half of whose pages are filled with ads inviting you and you to become auxiliary members for only one lousy buck, while the other half will consist of letters from Sam Moscowitz and Charles Edward Burbee regretting that they are too busy at the moment to dash off the requested twenty-page article. If a page or two is left over, the President's Message will place the Lower Altoona Slightly Frenetic Society (or maybe North Farragut Fantasy Fans) squarely on the side of right and justice, as opposed to the Ziff-Davis Publishing Company. Having made such a fine start, our embryo fanclub is all set to take its place in the TWS listing right between the Kimball Kinnison Fan Club and the Moscowitz for President Society.

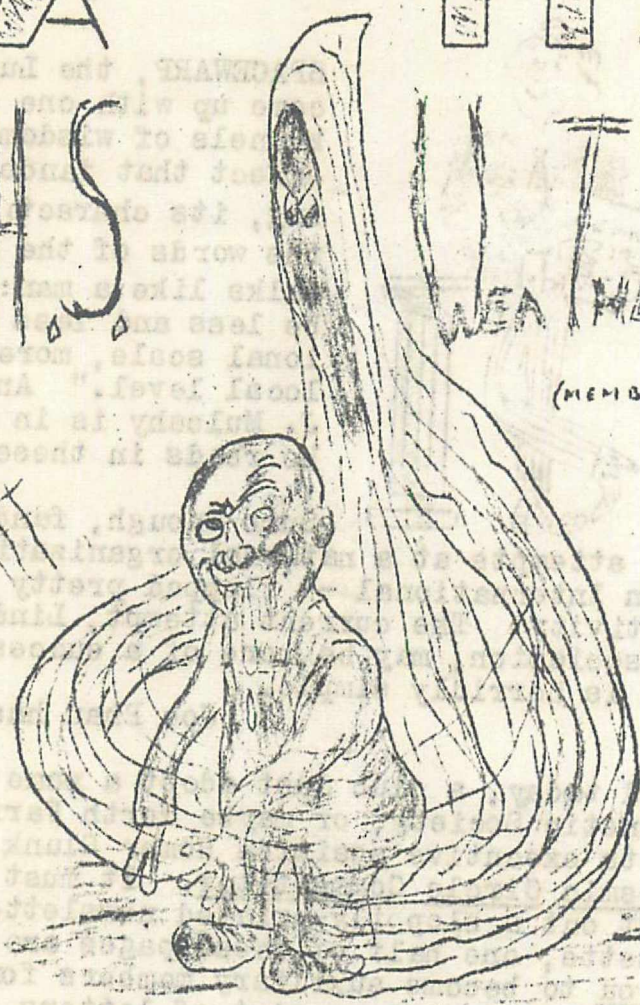
Why, I foresee a day when the National Fantasy Fan Federation will have gone wherever old fan clubs go to die, and the Fantasy Amateur Press Association will be as much a memory as the Science Fiction League; a day when there will be no national convention, but merely an endless procession of Beercons and Whitcons; a day when the Insurgent Element will have rejoined the LASFS from sheer boredom, or moved across the border en masse to set up the Baja California SFS. Fantasy Commentator will become the organ of the Greater Brooklyn Futurian Society, and Sam will perforce limit his history to the exploits of Messrs. Taurasi and Sykora.

And then, someday in the distant future, some benighted Manhattan fan will discover that there are others of his ilk as far away as Passaic. They will start an intensive correspondence, and presently organize a society called the International Scientific Association. And the whole mad cycle will have started once again. --END-- (B)

TEA TIME

AS A COUNTRY WEATHER BY

(MEMBER, N.F.F.F.)



Ray Nelson

LODGING in its socket, the bell seemed decayed when she pushed the button. Vera rapped.

"Yes, Miss. Were you wanting light house-keeping?" The sweet old woman straightened an apron, freshly pressed, around her dumpy figure.

Noting her unworldly naivete, Vera felt an irrational compulsion to slug the landlady with a gin bottle, but instead forced a smile, commercially Hollywood, a smile that a tooth-paste manufacturer would have cherished.

"I'd like a three-room apartment," she stated, with her bittersweet affectation. "I'm Vera Katz, formerly a child picture star and now at liberty."

"Oh!" the crone rambled on. "You were in a stageplay at--" She reddened with embarrassed confusion.

"The Playhouse, here in Wilmington." Furiously, Vera covered the break. "Was only a try-out. We closed in two nights, in New York. Those critics--"



"Yeh," the hag continued. "They're pretty hard on picture stars." She led Vera up the narrow stairs. "I'm the landlady, live here myself, and I can tell you we've the very things. It's merely fifty a month."

Vera scanned the apartment. Through a large window she could view a corner bar. How convenient! Anything would do for the nonce, while she looked the city over and saw what she could see. "I'll take it."

"I'm Mrs. Stein," the hag declared, as Vera started for the door. "If there's anythi--"

Vera screamed.

She couldn't help it. If she had seen the gruesome vision on a rainy night, she would have lost her reason.

Standing in the doorway, grinning like an idiot, with legs apart, head bent low and drooling, was Stanley.

"Purty lady . . . yuh so purty! Even purtier than Mummy."

"Wait outside, Stanley," said Mrs. Stein. "Aunt Nana will be with you in a minute." After the horrible brat had gone, Mrs. Stein whispered: "He's harmless, Miss Ketz; lives on the next floor with his father, George Danvers. Mother's been dead for five years. I warned her not to wear those spike heels, with her condition. She wouldn't listen. Headstrong, but she loved Stanley. Mr. Danvers works in chemicals for our big concern, DuPont." Her widened eyes filled with moisture. "Appreciates me lookin' out for the little tyke, God love him! Wish I had one o' me own."

Vera made payment for the room, took the key and receipt, and started for the corner bar. Going out the front door she almost collided with a well-dressed, middle-aged man just entering.

"Who are you?" asked Vera.

"George Danvers," grinned a line of false teeth. "I guess you'll be seeing a lot of me from now on."

George was right. A week later they were married.

There they lived in George's apartment. Vera and George -- and Stanley.

VERA was mother-like to Stanley. Yet she never noticed how he worshipped her kindnesses. Then, with the passing of a month, she couldn't bear the imbecillic child; especially when he brought home a half-dead bird, or a choice collection from the neighbors' trash bin, and put them on her furniture.

"I won't have it, Stanley! Take y'r junk out of here. And wash y'r face. I've told you time and again you look like those dirty dead-end kids."

Vera would make this more impressive with a hard smack on his little head.

Occasionally, she'd pause after chastising Stanley; she'd hesitate with fear and bewilderment. Stanley, after a severe beating, would look up with that punished cur expression, his eyes washed with tears, and murmur: "Mummy Vera yuh so purty . . . so purty! No mad at Stanley?"

Before she'd give in to his oft-repeated compliments, she would see a dark shadow standing behind him.

IT DIDN'T appear to be much, maybe a wisp of vapor wafted from the street, a mist eddied from the Delaware River, or a sudden foggy haze blown from the railroads; but the eerie shadow struck, within her, a responsive chill. Her finer senses told her: "It's there, it's waiting!"

* * *

"It's our third anniversary!" said George. His graying hair was now a solid white. "Something for you."

"Thank you, sweetheart," she said with practiced reception. She gazed at the diamonds and emeralds in her new dinner ring, and displayed her chiffon-velvet dress. Tiny brilliants also glittered from its shoulders.

The lamp stood near them, spoiling her pleasure.

How she would have loved to push Stanley's body through the window, down three stories to the street! It might do some good.

"Vera, baby!" George took her in his arms. (The dim-witted old fool). "I haven't done too badly. My stocks with Superior have hit the top. I'm worth forty thousand."

"Congratulations, George! Shows what a smart husband I have."

"No regrets?" he asked, his wrinkled face brushing hers.

"None at all," she lied, reflecting the lights with her new dinner ring.

"Want a new home? Our apartment must get mighty irksome."

"Honey," she cooed, "wouldn't we be foolish to throw away that money? I don't need a new home; all I want is you."

"Just as you say, Vera. We could send Stanley to a private school. I know of a good one..."

She wondered: Was he getting wise? Had that monster of a brat told him anything? Or it might be Mrs. Stein that nosy old bag, always snooping her way around, pretending to like Stanley. A private school? Never! Something else to eat into their assets. It would take forty thousand to pave her return to Broadway. Then she'd show those lousy critics what a screen star could do.

"George, Stanley and I couldn't do without one another. I need someone, while you're away, to fill my empty time." She hugged the darling idiot and caressed his egg-shaped head. And he drooled. Oh, God, how he drooled!

Despite her affected smile, she wanted -- right now the urge was almost irresistible -- to take Stanley's head and smash it against the heavy furniture. Mahogany, yet.

"Darling, you wouldn't take little Stanley from me, would you?"

* * *

REPEATED rappings sounded on the door. Stanley's shrieking was now much louder. Mrs. Stein opened the door, unbidden, and gave a moan of horror.

Stanley crouched in the corner of the room, with his loose sleeve mouth; his brow was creased and his eyes protruded. Standing over him was

Vera, a newhide cowboy belt in hand, which she shipped again and again across Stanley's bare shoulders. Livid welts smeared the boy's face, and a corner of his lip showed a bloody clot.

"For the love of God, Mrs. Danvers! Are you tryin' to kill the child?"

"Mind your business, you damned old hag. Get out of here!" Vera started for her with the belt, and Mrs. Stein scuttled from the room.

Vera threw the belt in a corner and hurriedly repaired her makeup. Mustn't allow George to find her in this temperamental mood. Bending under the kitchen tap, Stanley laved his wounds as would an animal.

Moving her gold-edged cup, Vera chose her most colorful purse, turning at the door with a parting message: "Stanley, Mummy Vera will bring you a nice present. Something nice and special."

It would be something extra special for Stanley. Something she could slip into his tea, his special treat. Hot tea for a ten-year-old! She had been lucky, at ten, to get enough to eat.

Skipping lightly down the stairs, she hurried to the pharmacy and asked the druggist for rat-bone. With this, and another treat from the candy store, she returned to the apartment.

Stanley had the silver and the dishes set upon the table -- always trying to get in her good graces. And this would be his last afternoon of simple, happy bliss -- but why did a constant shadow overhang him?

* * *

"He's bruised." George Danvers looked peculiarly at Vera. "Someone's beat him with a strap!"

"They surely have," said Vera. "I stopped them in time. Our little Stanley took a whipping." She hypnotically shook her head at the dunce, while he played with her gold-edged cup. "Weren't they nasty boys, dear?"

He'd caught her meaning. "Boys beat Stanley, an . . . Mummy Vera bought candy."

Her heart always jumped with fear that George would learn the truth.

The phone clamored.

"Yes? George Danvers . . . No, not now . . . Oh, all right." He hung up. "They want me back -- the reaction on that new phenolizing treatment doesn't seem to be proceeding as it should."

"Must Daddy leave his sweetums?" she cooed. This would really make things convenient!

"Yes, dear. I'll be back as soon as I can."

"Don't rush, sweetums. It isn't good for you. Oh, and . . . stop at the shoe-makers' and see if my pumps are ready. Will you?"

"Certainly, baby."

And he was gone.

Now for her big scene with Stanley. Those boys would catch the blame for this, she'd see. Mummy Vera would make him happy before he took his poison. In his tea, of course, in his tea. The little ape wouldn't know what had taken him. Stanley should have been a teetotaler. Get it? Tea-totaler. He'd get a drumstick from the



chicken, dumplings and gravy and his favorite dessert: a pineapple, topped with cream. Oh, yes, she'd have everything for it now. Oh, yes, she'd have the little darling cooking. Then she'd give him his poisoned tea. Oh my yes! Mummy Vera knew what was best for her darling little Stanley. But why could she see a luminescent mist?

"Nice food . . .

Mummy's so sweet!"

There, he was at it again. She frowned, dropped her napkin, and, obedient, Stanley leaped to her rescue.

The doorbell rang as she poured the powder in his tea.

"Thank you!" The Western Union boy gratefully tipped his cap, and she ripped the gossamer envelope.

GATES THEATER, NEW YORK. COME AT ONCE. SECOND LEAD IN 'VIRTUE'S AVOWAL'. TWO HUNDRED TO START. ANSWER IMMEDIATELY.

HAROLD L. BLOCK, PRODUCER

Two hundred! Returning to her dinner, Vera laughed aloud. Block would offer such a pittance; a fraction of the salary her engineered schemes would bring her.

Vera quenched her thirsty throat, patted Stanley's head and rambled on with her plans. At the pace he was going, and the way she had driven him, George wouldn't last too many years.

Stanley laughed.

"What are you giggling about?" she asked, amazed. Then she felt it: A sharp, searing pain rocketing over her entire body, enveloping her, biting into her innards.

Staggering to her feet, she glanced back at Stanley. He grinned and held her gold-edged cup. Her cup. With his child-like, idiotic fancy, he had exchanged them. Her gold-edged cup for his, filled with poison. "Bichloride of Mercury," she'd read on the bottle.

Crawling to the front room, where everything lay lambent in a semidarkness, she upheaved again and again. Fearful streaks of crimson and orange crossed her vision, yet she could see a chilling gray-mist heading over her.

Over the smoky body, she saw a handsome but vengeful face, which said, "You would kill my boy, wouldn't you?"

Vera felt the crushing jab of a narrow spike-heel in her ear. She screamed. Pain drove in like a monstrous battleship, bounding along on excruciating waves; tilting, from side to side, with its favored load of terror. Blood gushed from her nose, her mouth, her ears.

Giving a sigh of content, the smoke-like wraith faded over Vera's body and floated out the window.

Stealing over her, a torpid sensation dissolved the pain, leaving only peace and rest. Yet, in her dying ears, she heard Stanley:

"Do it again, Mummy Vera!" Stanley chortled and pleaded, skipping around the room in joyous excitement.

"Please, do it! Ho, ha...ha...ha! Mummy's so funny when she lays on the floor and kicks and wriggles! Oh, so funny....Please, Mummy Vera, won't you do it some more?"

- END -

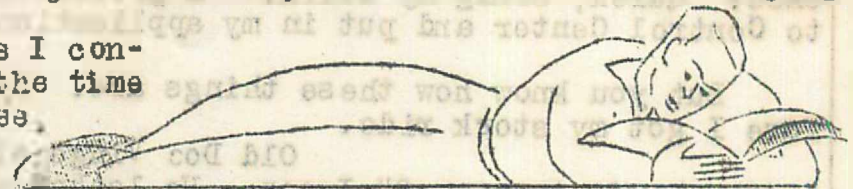
ball. "That isn't the way," said the coach. "Dive in and tackle the ball carrier."

"OK," I think, and shouting a war cry (YNGVI IS A LOUSE!) dive in with the rest. Rush around madly, trying to find the ball. Finally trip and bump my nose against it. "Aha..." sez I and twine around the ball carrier.

The coach comes up, and I await modestly. "Nice tackle" sez I, not so modestly.

"Yesssss..." Coach Ellingson agrees, "but it happened to be one of your own team-mates running back an interception." He went on further to state: "I think it would be best if you turn in your uniform, and concentrate on singing with the glee-club."

This I considered an insult, for at the time my voice was a weird, hoarse, two-toned affair, that thought nothing of jumping octaves several times per sentence.



Later I decided to learn the "manly art of self-defense" and worked out with the boxers. Within a short time I was willing to act on the request of the band director, and exchange the "art of self-defense" for the "art of self-preservation."

One more attempt was made at earning a letter. I went out for track. There one day, the coach (my bete noir) (don't know what that means, but it sounds learned) stepped out of ambush.

"Wrai," he said "Wrai, it seems to me that anyone who smokes a cigar while doing road-work is not taking his training rules seriously, so I'll have to remove you from the squad."

Thusly I earned my fame as an athlete.

From then on little happened, until one day when the course of my history was changed, when I innocently read THE CLUB HOUSE and sent for a couple fanzines. Fandom knows what happens when you slip that much. You get letters, and the dope on the NFFF from KayMar, and no longer is your life your own.

Since then I've lived a sort of fannish life: kept on reading all the fantasy I could find, corresponded to as many as I could, wrote fiction of a sort and sent it to 'zines that started with "S": SPACEWARP, SPEARHEAD, and SCYLLA. Early in 1948, Art Rapp turned the NFFF Manuscript Bureau over to me, and I've been managing it ever since.

Can't write much about my career in fandom, since said career is still ahead of me, so I won't close now, but just write.....

Continued, next episode in 5 years.

I WILL SWAP

(r-tRapp, 2120 Bay St., Saginaw, Mich)

STARTLING November 1940 (nbc) for a Fall 1944 ish in fair or better condtn.

FFM February 1946 for the June 1946 ish in good shape.

FFM April 1947 for any two WT's from 1946.

(12) ASF Jan, Apr, and Oct 1946, all 3 for the May & Sept 45 issues.

H. LONGHAMMER IN SPACE

by WILKIE CONNER (who else?)

FORWARD, VERY MUCH SO: You can't write stories about Chuthlu or Arkham or necronomicon without first getting a release. Being as how I ain't got it, I will write about H.P. Longhammer instead. For those lucky fans who don't know about H.P. Longhammer he was introduced to an unsuspecting world in SPACEWARP last summer. A large amount of said unsuspecting world now fills the various snakepits around the country. (Any resemblance between H.P. Longhammer's initials and what you think they resemble is purely a resemblance. If H.P. Longhammer resembles anyone living or dead, the guy should be ashamed to admit it.)

STORY, IT SAYS HERE. I was peacefully getting out my fanzine Longhammer's Hammerings when who should come bouncing in but my girl friend Betty. She was undressed, as usual, in shorts (very short) and bra (very!) and she looked like a Bergey covergirl, except there wasn't any BEM around. Not counting me.

Betty effectively defended herself from my greeting and picked up a page of my fanzine, as I picked myself up from midst the dusty stencils in the corner of the shack. (That sentence is poetic... "Midst the dusty stencils." --remind me to write a poem sometime, Rapp. W.C.) Maybe I shouldn't have tried to untie her bra.

"This stinks," she sneered.

"I thinned the ink with turpentine," I protested.

"Not the odore," she said snootily in that sweet way that only she can be snooty in (snooty, Rapp, not snotty. WC)

I removed my eyes from her br--er, that is, I looked into her beautiful blue orbs -- from a safe distance. Betty doesn't like for people to look too closely into her eyes ever since the night she dated a hypnotist and-- well, she doesn't.

"Please, honey, don't criticize the noble efforts of H. Longhammer so crudely! Who knows...perhaps my reader will appreciate my efforts!" ((He must have a circulation like WARP --ahr))

"Reader, focey! Just because someone in Hell's Canyon, Sobbovia, subscribes, is no reason to assume he reads the thing. Maybe they don't have modern plumbing in Hell's Canyon."

"They do too have modern plumbing in Hell's Canyon....besides, 20-lb mimeo paper isn't suitable."

"I will not lower myself by arguing with you," she said snottily, in that sweet way that only she can be snotty in. (Snotty, Rapp, not snooty. WC) "I came to bring an idea."

She paused to slap down my hands.

"What sort of thing would you call an idea?" I said sarcastically. I really dripped the sarcasm. Laid it on thick. Like Sam Morwin, Jr., when he rejects a Conner story or reviews one of Rapp's zines.



"Let us be the first to conquer space!" She throw that shattering sentence at me, and I was properly shattered. Like an outdated bomb exploding in some radioactive lagoon.

"If Einstein, Eisenhower, Truman, Landon and other great brains can't conquer space -- how can I, a mere genius, hope to?"

"I'm not referring to you," Betty remarks. "I refer to Professor Ignu P. Ropeneck." (P.K., so I shoulda introduced a major character earlier. So I didn't know until now that he would be a major character. So he might not even be a major character. Not even a first lieutenant character. WC)

To get back to the story Corner -- so rudely interrupted, I inquired, "Just who is this major character -- now he's got me doing it!-- this Professor Ropeneck?"

"Not Nooseneck!" sez Betty. "Ropeneck."

"Ropeneck?" I sez, "That's Noose to me." "I'll go outside and bring him in," Betty tells me.

"You might as well," I acquiesced. When you're around Betty, acquiescing is all you can jolly well do. In print, that is. What you can do out of print would be another story -- and a lot more interesting one, at that!



Betty opened the door. A hungry looking man with his hands tied behind him came in. I liked him immediately. I knew why those hands were tied. After all, around a gal like Betty, wouldn't you?

"This is Professor Ropeneck," sez Betty. "No," sez the Prof. "Not Ropeneck. String-neck."

"Not Nooseneck?" I asks. "No," he sez. "Glad to hear it," I sez. "No Noose is good Noose."

"Who's this?" sez the Prof to Betty. "That's Longhammer," Betty tells him.

"Glad to make you," I said to the Prof.

"Likewise," sez he, shifting his gum from cheek to cheek. "What's new in the rocket racket," I inquired.

"It's in da bag," sez the Prof, pulling a paper sack out of his pocket. "Here's da whole t'ing in a nutshell."

And it was. A pecan shell, to be specific. Why anyone should build a rocket inside a pecan is beyond me, but you know these Professor guys. Some of them are sort of eccentric. This one was more than that. He was completely base.

"Dat," sez the professor, "is a overdrive, model M-1, series 1903, 1959A, gas-operated, air-cooled, clip-loading shoulder weapon. Oh, pardon me, it isn't either. I was thinking of the lecture I used to give during the war. I was a first lieutenant, you know."

"Weren't you a major, character?" "Nope, I wasn't a major, but I sure was a character."

"Does it work?" I wanted to know, pointing at the rocket.

"the hell should I know?" asked the Prof. "It ain't been tried yet. I was lookin' for a sucker -- that is, a sucker after knowledge, to try it."

"I know just the man," I said brightly, thinking of a certain atheistic Air Force scientist.

"Sheddap," sez Betty. "I know who's going to try it. YOU," she said, pointing her long, slender, well-muscled left breast at me. "My dear Horace will test the invention. If you survive, we'll all try it."

That's what I like about Betty. She is so direct.

Far, far below was the earth. The green, green earth. It was spinning dizzily on its axis. The axis was screaming slightly. Too many oil wells had drunk the thing dry. The green, green earth. Spinning.....spinning. After I watched it for a while I was sort of green myself.

Art Rapp's house came into view. It was easily recognized. There was a pile of P.A. cans on one side and Schlitz cans on the other. Rapp was sitting out in front, combing his beard and reading his vast collection of prozines -- secondarily to his vast collection of pipes. (Pooled ya! Ya thought I was gonna say beer crowns.)

I thought of many things as I soared starward for the first time...of the tremendous moment in history I was creating. Of Betty, and why she was so inquisitorial (whew!! WC) and yet so uxorious. Of the professor -- his brilliant mind and plebian phraseology. I thought of space, and time, and Lovecraft. That was a mistake. Luckily I'd kept the paper bag handy after watching the earth spinning.

Then the overdrive went into action and I felt a bit of giddiness. Then came merciful oblivion.

When I came to, there was utter blackness in the view screen. That is, until I opened the blinds. Speaking of blinds, did I ever tell ya about the blind cow that waded into the tar pit? Udder blackness.....

Anyway, with the blinds open I could see great suns and stars and moons. The darkness was splattered with great hunks of indescribable light. While I admired the beauty of the universe I cursed the phrenetic who caused me to leave my happy home and go a-spacing. I ain't no spacer. Rapp puts 'em in when he retypes my manuscript.

I finally decided to try for Mars. Mars was closest to me according to a dial the professor installed. I twirled the dial. It brought in one of Sinatra's recordings. Wrong dial. So I tried again. This time, Mars came in. Mars was a big, war-like...(oh hell, I been reading too much mythology for research on this epic) and I knew everything was O.K. (I'm getting sleepy. I just re-read that paragraph, and if it makes sense, I'll marry Astra Zimmer--even after the way she treated me in the December WARP. WC)

As I neared Mars, a strange thing happened. The door of the ex-lax chamber opened and the professor stepped out. Closely followed by Betty.

"What you been doing in the fuel bin?" I asked.

"Filthy minded!" Betty snapped. She must have read suspicion in my face. In fact, she must have read my mind.

"Just fueling around" explained the Professor.

"Say," I sez to the prof. "How do you turn this here now rocket-ship off?" That was necessary because Mars was lead ahead. I squinted out the porthole at the nose of the ship. There was a little lump of frozen mud stuck on it. I thought of Stephen Foster. Any minute now the cold, cold ground was gonna be in Mars.

There was a peculiar expression on the professor's countenance. It was a cross between bewilderment and stupidity. With a rapidity in the lead.

"Jeewillikers!" he exclaimed, complete with exclamation point. "I invented how to begin da f'ing, but I ain't yet figgered about how to stop it!"

Betty began to display her emotions. She displays everything else all the time so she might as well display her emotions once in a while. She kicked the professor three times in the lower end of the spine. All on one bounce. Then she began on me.

First she pulled my ears. Just call me "elephant ears" from now on. Then she...well, I ain't exactly an eunuch, but it ain't her fault....I managed to back away and slam the door of a supply room between us. I hid amongst the flying suits to escape the flying boots.

Meanwhile Mars was looming larger and larger in the view screen. (Maybe I shoulda sold this to PLANET?) Just as I stepped outside, Betty greeted me cheerily. What a left uppercut that gal has!

The Professor was coming around. We poured some water on him. He started to scream. He thought we were trying to make him drink it.

"Do something!" Betty commanded him. Not an unreasonable request, when you stop to consider it.

"Ya expect me ta t'ink of everyt'ing? Aint it enough I should invent d'ing and git it working, wit'out figgern howta stop it yet?"

I made a speech that even r-Rapp wouldn't print. Not even on a cover. Betty seconded my remarks. I'd never realized before how much her childhood years of driving a mule team in Death Valley had broadened her vocabulary. Her words were enough to make Les Croutch blush.

And Mars was now only a few hundred miles away!

We watched with bated breath while the professor figured. Man, how the papers flew! I picked one up. It read: "Paydirt in the 4th at Belmont..."

Then we arrived on Mars.

It was a bit of a mess.

Professor whatzianame, alas, isn't with us any longer. The shock of landing was too great for him. He didn't have the presence of mind that I did. Me, I saw what was going to happen and grabbed Betty and squeezed her as tight as I could. The shock shook us up quite a bit, but it didn't hurt. Betty, she was so damn mad at the terrific landing, she shot a withering glance at the side of our ship. It withered, and we crawled out.

A small, purple man was standing there, looking at us.

* * *

Mars has a high civilization. They were years ahead of us in space travel. They hadn't visited Earth because a copy of SPACEWARP had accidentally drifted there. Would you? But all that is another story. Remind me to tell it to you sometime. -- END --

GALLUPING THE GALAXY

r-TRAPP

Since you guys were nuts enuf to answer the poll printed in the MAYWARP, guess I gotta letcha in on the tabulations.

Firstly, the questions were not primarily designed for sampling the literary tastes of fandom. No, indeed. My interest was in determining how many replies I'd get to a casual request inserted in the editorial column. Since over 20% of the WARP readers responded, I think it proves something or other. Of 200 ballots sent out by Don Wilson for the last Dreamland Opinionator poll, 37 came back to him. So you WARP readers make nice docile guinea pigs for my psychological investigations.

Now leave us proceed to the questions. (Incidentally, if you ever take a poll, provide answer-sheets. That way you'll get the answers in a form that can be treated statistically. There were so many qualifications, amendments, and side comments to these answers that all I can do is present some general views and trends).....

(1) Ranking the prozines in order of preference. As was brought to my attention by several people, I forget Planet in listing the zines. Purely unintentional, I assure you. # One isolationist also included a vote for Different, which might be considered a stf prozine. # One of my purposes in asking this question was to see if Don Wilson was justified in leaving it off his poll last year on the grounds that aSF would win in a walk, anyway. Well, he was right. Of the ten fans answering this question, nine gave aSF top place. The tenth rated it second, with the Standard pubs top. # TWS and SS were second on most of the lists -- and in all ten listings, were never separated, which I think proves that they could just as well be one monthly zine, rather than two bi-monthlies. The same could be said in lesser degree of FFM and FN, although it does not show up decisively on this poll since several fan voted on only one of the pair.



As for last-placers, WT was named five times, Planet twice, FFM and AMZ once each. # SSS and AFR consistently hugged the middle of the list, apparently rousing neither enthusiasm nor revolution in the fannish breast.

(2) Liked and disliked authors, and outstanding story. "A couple" was very liberally interpreted by most answerers. Three named two favorite authors; from there the lists ranged all the way up to nine. Rather than rig up a complicated point system, I'll merely list the authors appearing more than once: Bradbury and Kuttner were on 5 lists; van Vogt and Hamilton on 4; EESmith on 3; and twice-mentioned were Fredric Brown, Hubbard, Heinlein, Sturgeon, and GOSmith. # In general, voters tended to pick their lists from a single mag: for example, those which concentrated on aSF voted for such writers as del Rey and Clement, rather than switch allegiance to the big names of Z-D or Standard. This suggests the interesting theory that fan would rather read an average writer in their favorite mag than a talented one in some other mag.

On dislikes, there was less tendency to turn the twosome into a crowd. In fact, some only voted for one, saying they couldn't think of any other writer they disliked. This seems to disprove the popular theory that fan are bloodthirsty. (17)

The choices were so scattered that only two names appear twice: Margaret St.Clair and EESmith. There are a couple of interesting features -- Shavor received one vote in the "best" category and one in the "worst" category. And one fan voted van Vogt both best and worst, saying that when he was good he was wonderful, but when he was bad he was lousy.

The "best story of all time" answers surprised me. The only story on which two fans agreed was Hamilton's "The Star Kings." The others mentioned were: The Null-A series; the Green Man series; So Shall Ye Reap; Alice in Wonderland; First Contact; Dwellers In The Mirage; Gray Lensman; The Ship of Ishtar; and Ark of Fire. (Which last would have been my own choice, also, if I'd answered the questions.)

(3) Artwork. This category, frankly, is a mess. So many of the answers were qualified that it's hard to draw any conclusion. About the best way to sum it up is to quote one fan's answer about which mag has the best cover art: "None consistently." All these mags drew votes: NSF, AMZ, AFR, FFM, FN, SS, WT. And don't ask me what happened to TWS and Planet.

On interiors, some fans voted for artists, some for mags. TWS and SS seemed to be the favorites, with Bok and Finlay mentioned most often by name. Since Bok and Finlay appear mostly in other mags, you can try drawing your own conclusions.

On covers, Finlay, and Jones win.

Worst artists: One vote apiece for St.John, Paul, and Lee Brown Coye.

From the wide divergence of opinion this question has revealed, I expect countless articles to be written on this topic. G'mon, sound off!

(4) Now we come to fandom. # Most of the answerers collect all prozines -- or at least, those they read. The average collection, according to this highly inadequate sampling, is around 600 mags. This is mostly accounted for by CosWal's whopping 1785-zine stack. Without him, the average drops to about 400.

The average book collector has 110 volumes, although several fans don't collect books at all because it costs too much. This seems to support Redd Bogg's contention that the outflux of hardcover stuff is too much of a good thing.

Four of the six replies to the question: "Do you save fanzines?" were affirmative. CosWal adds that he has a 20-foot stack of 'em. A truly horrible thought, is it not?

(5) Two fans answering the poll do not belong to the NFFF. Only one belongs to a regional fanclub -- mainly because of the scarcity of regional fanclubs. Three belong to local clubs; most of the others would like to, but are isolated.

Five repliers have met other fans, and none express violent repulsion. Comments ranged from "surprisingly human" to "Some seem like all-around good guys, but many are rather odd personalities; no two alike." Which seems to define Mr. Average Fan pretty well, at that.



Q U I E N
S A B E ?

Dear Art:

It was with considerable amazement that I read Boggs' admission that he is a rabid fan. The fashion in M&PA, of which Redd is one of the more outstanding members, is to deny that one has anything more than a mild interest in anything other than enjoy.

DAN MULCAHY

Dear Mr. Rapp,

I read Mr. Redd Boggs' letter in the current issue with considerable amusement and interest. I note that he hopes I will reply. But one cannot argue in these matters. De gustibus non disputandum is an established principle, and I know of no good reason to presume to take issue.

It seems clear to me that Redd Boggs is glad he does not have my taste, and in very large part I am glad that I do not have his. More than that one can hardly say, unless I were to add, as I have done before, that no one is required to buy Arkham House books, and that anyone who prefers his own taste is invited to put up his own money to publish what he likes.

Sincerely, AUGUST DERLETH

Dear Art:

I don't care much for fiction in fanzines, so haven't read that type stuff in your mag. Maybe I otta. File 13 is undoubtedly your best feature, with all due regard to the piles of stuff Boggsie writes.

Timber is, in common with all editorial material, of considerable interest to me, but in general, it doesn't seem to be as interesting to me as most anybody else's editorial ramblings. Guess you don't put enough of your personality in it.

What happened to your list of pen names? I could supply you with whole gobs of that info, but intend to put it in FANTASY FOUNTAIN in FAPA soon, so guess I won't bother with it here.

COSWAL

Dear Art:

First off, congrats on your town's success in the matter of obtaining drinkable water. LIFE gave the event quite a spread ... and it just occurs to me that if you did not read it in LIFE, very likely you didn't know Saginaw was sans aqua pura, subsisting as you do on more spirited liquids.

Concerning the May WARP, I say:

TIMBER: Meaty stuff, tho I fail to see how pickled beef relates to fannish topics. ((Oh, I was just chewing the fat, you might say.))

PROBLEM IN ORNITHOLOGY: The bird laid an egg.

BOOK REVIEW: Good teaser -- made me want to read "Sinister Barrier."

WHAT'LL I WRITE: Like Ed said, he got a page out of it -- and a clever page it was, too.

THE GLEEFUL CADAVER: Nest Nelsonnet (too bad it wasn't 14 lines -- would have made that comment more appropos)

NO INDICATION: It quit too quick.

(19)

FILE THIRTEEN: Interesting stuff. (Thank, Redd, for the kind comment concerning "archie." Such praise is indeed sweet.)

COVER: Nakedly speaking, you need a sequel to it showing the egg hatched....No doubt, it was an illustration for PROBLEM IN ORNITHOLOGY...

Re Clark Ashton Smith, I liked the one story I have read of his -- an Avon Fantasy Reader selection it was ... "The Flower Women". Did anybody else read and like that story -- or dislike it?

Fannishly,

BILL WARREN

'Lo chum,

This ain't Tucker speaking, but Edco. Anyhow, got the new WARP today with the medium luscious nude on the cover. Hope that sticky-paper held on all the copies you sent out!

Noticed in the recent FAPAmailing where somebody (Rothman?) took a lusty cut at the Forteanans too. When the correspondence between Russ Woodman (ardent Forteanist) and I was at its height, he had the Society flood my box with crud. I got a DOUBT full of flying saucer stuff plus application blank. Then I got two or three more blanks from Russ, plus more crud. It was mostly from Russ that the anti-scientist stuff came to my attention. Never that they were like that. Anyway, my opinions on the PS coincide with yours, Rothman's (if it were he) and most others.

On this mimeo-hekte thing: Why not do the hekto first, then cut the stencil from the hekto copy? Put toothpicks in the jelly in 2 places (or more) so the sheet won't pass them and your hekto will be identical (as possible). It wouldn't ruin the jelly plate since the toothpick holes would be on the outside margin of the pic and future pics. Then, as I said, make the stencil from the hekto. If it is feasible, that is. If the stencil can be aligned so that the mimeo copies can be sure of hitting the hekto sheets where you want them as they come thru the roller. (Does this make sense?) ((Yeah, but it sounds sort of complicated.))

Well, if Redd isn't sued by FPCI and/or Wells for his SKY HOOK blast, this might also give him a hot time! That SkHk blast tears me between two sides. Redd and Basil are, I believe, good friends of mine. Now what to do? I don't entirely agree with him (in FILE 13) but it makes no difference. I violently disagree with him in SKY HOOK tho. But I'll leave that now.

Will Boggs end up like Wilson? Fans, just stay in fandom long enough and we'll see!

Abeaver,

ED COX

((Now we take up Ray Nelson's elongated epistle that we had to cut off in the middle last month)):

Speaking of amoralism, maybe us sexocrats and you Roscoists can get together. We have a wonderful motto, you know. "Do you want sexual pleasure? Join the sexocrats! We will reorganize society in such a way as to provide the maximum amount of sexual pleasure for every citizen!" Since a Roscoe, as any inhabitant of the underworld knows, is an automatic pistol, - we ought to get along just fine. WE provide the Cause; YOU provide the ways and means. (i.e. Roscoes.) The Revolution is upon us! VIVA LA ROSCOE!!

Bang! Bang! Bang! Fizzle.

Yerz, RAY NELSON

P.S. to James W. Boll.... Write a stf story around Toynbee? No sane stf writer would touch that Christian balderdash with a ten-foot pole. Shaverism and racial memory were about as far off the deep end as stf men care to go. NO NO NOT TOYNBEE, to put it simply.

((Sounds almost like Singer at times, doesn't he? Seems we had another letter around here somewhere...oh, yeh)):

Dear Art,

Maybe what you need to save your subscription rate is to cultivate a freak. Remember how out-of-state people used to think of the MSFS as "the club with Ben Singer in it?" If you can play this Roscoe thing in a smartoid way, maybe said beaver will replace Ben as the most popular monster in fandom.

Is there any female beavers in your sect? ((Well natch. What would sects be witout shemales? And don't answer: "The LASFS."))

Did Hal Shapiro write the STF BROAD this time? That "Look into my eyes" stuff sounds like Hal at that going away party for Ben Singer at which Ben did not go away, and you did not come.

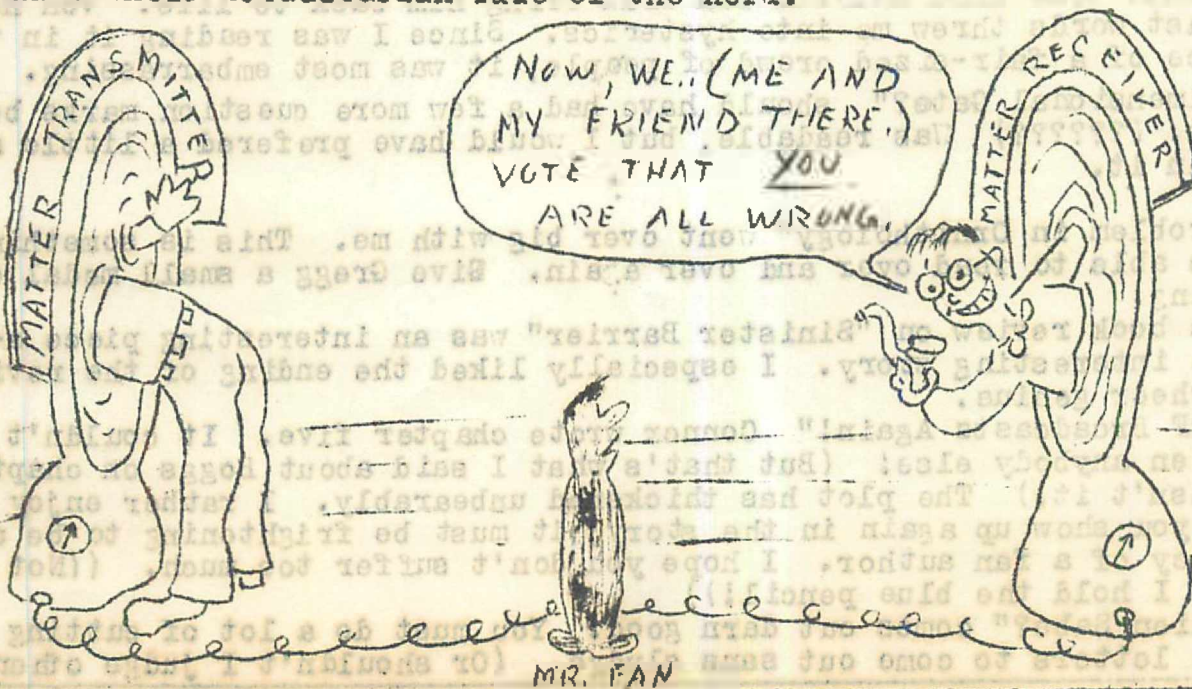
Speaking of stf broads, have you met Virginia Beebe? If so, is she married, and what are her statistics and measurements? How would you know? How would I know how you would know? ((We refuse to answer on the grounds that we might incriminate ourselves))

Ahh, "The Master." Give Stevie for me a big kiss.

Boggs rolls ponderously over the usual number of toes again. I can forgive that bastard everything but his lousy infalability.

Roscoism should go places. I don't know where, tho. Mira should be far enough.

Why don't you drop that editorial "we"? It sounds silly in a fanzine. I know that, barring beavers, muskrats, and split personalities, there is only (Thank "God") one of you. (Quotes are to show that I'm an atheist.) ((Since when? Seems you and Singer were fighting in UNIVERSE and MUTANT on atheism!)) It looks to me like a tangential semantic dodge for editors so that they can outnumber individual readers and perpetuate their totalitarian rule of the Herd.



"The Isher Explanation" 23 pages devoted to retelling the machinations of one of the corniest time-travel gimmicks I have ever forced myself to endure in order to get the good out of the other segments of a story. Is it the supreme implausibility of time travel that makes stf hacks turn to it again and again, or do they just run dry of ideas? Why don't they have a little respect for the dead and bury that concept?

In other words, "BAH!"

"ONE SHOT" Good. "SYMPTOMS" Good. "ELSIE" Piss poor.

"Quien Sabe?" Why don't you call this column WHAT THE "HELL" or some such thing. Not one fan in fifty, I'll bet, knows what "Quien Sabe?" means.

Yers, RAY NELSON

Dear Art:

The April-May covers were accurate to a gnat's eyelash as far as synchronizing the hectoing with the mimeoing. I don't know how you do it, but my method would be to mimeograph the cover first, ink in your colors on one of the mimeographed copies, and use that for your hectograph master. If you match your master sheet along two sides (a corner of your hecto tray, you have natural guides for laying your copy sheets down exactly. No doubt there are small details I have overlooked, but that is my guess as to how it's done.

Your May cover, incidently, checked hell out of my stepmother. That cover obviously has its points, but Art--Gee Whiz! Ya wanna get banned from the mails or sumpin'?

Outstanding pieces in the April ish were the two poems by Pvt. Scheaumburger. Yes, they were even better than the editorial (which is usually top on my list). You must get Joe to fill a whole issue with his poetry someday. "File Thirteen" lost favor with me after those three long pages of open letter. The last page was up to standard, but I wish Boggs would have used his open letter to Mr. Derlath as a separate article and sent it to some fanme that I don't get.

"Stf Broadcasts Again!" offered a number of chuckles. Was horrified to learn that Redd Boggs wrote Chapter 3 since I was positive he was the author of the second part. I hated to see von Heine depart from the living east, but I still hold a hope or two in my throbbing little heart that some kind hearted fan will bring him back to life. Von Heine's last words threw me into hysterics. Since I was reading it in the presence of a fair-sized crowd of people, it was most embarrassing.

"Dimensional Gate?" should have had a few more question marks behind it. (???????) Was readable, but I would have preferred a little more humor in it.

MAY:

"Problem in Ornithology" went over big with me. This is something I'll be able to read over and over again. Give Gregg a small medal or something.

The book review on "Sinister Barrier" was an interesting piece about an interesting story. I especially liked the ending of the review; 'twas sheer genius.

"STF Broadcasts Again!" Connor wrote chapter five. It couldn't have been anybody else! (But that's what I said about Boggs on chapter two, wasn't it.) The plot has thickened unbearably. I rather enjoy seeing you show up again in the story; it must be frightening to be at the mercy of a fan author. I hope you don't suffer too much. ((Not as long as I hold the blue pencil!))

"Quien Sabe?" comes out darn good. You must do a lot of cutting to get the letters to come out sans sludge. (Or shouldn't I judge others

by myself?) ((I do leave a lot out of most letters printed in QS? -- else this would be a letterzine, I'm afraid. My general policy is to leave in the parts which (a) will be of general interest, or (b) might touch off a nice vicious feud. So far, no one's offered to feud about the way I cut letters.))

And here is where this novel shall end. I swear it!!

WALLY WEBER

((Cutting back to Ed Cox's letter -- boy, are we hashing this column up this month!)):

Gregg's Problem sounds as fishy as "The Aphrodite Project" to me. Not to mention the (good) ending being unlikely (so far that I am I'll have to see it first!), I've never heard of Sindman-Kramer. In all the AS I have, I've never seen the guy's name (altho he may have been earlier than my file covers) and in TFM (and I have all of them, plus the fact that I "know" them) I've never seen his name. In TWS and SS of which I have most, still no Kramer (or Sindman; I never can figure which is the real name in this alias biz! Thick, ain't I?) (Okay, so it's Kramer!) The only Kramer I've known in sfictiondom is Frank Kramer he of the awkward ink-pen, he of the horrible pen-scribbles in ASF (and other mags). ((Compare page 24 of the May ish with page 22 of the April ish; it may shed light on your problem.))

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN !

(Continued from Page 4)

The loud but incredibly clear tones of a golden, alien voice burst from every operating loudspeaker on Earth, completely engulfing all other programs on the airwaves. Most of the listeners to the Great STF Broadcast of John Upperberth and the NPTT thought the message was part of the program, perhaps a pickup from the Mars-rocket itself -- but in Washington, in London, in Moscow, in numerous Army and Navy labs, stations and radio posts, as well as in other nations, the radio monitors didn't just listen. Wire recorders were snapped on, radio direction finders began to twist their loop antennae, and the webwork of the continental radar defense system began a frenzied scanning of the sky.

...DO NOT BE ALARMED, SOL THREE...WE ARE HERE FOR PEACEFUL REASONS...THIS IS NOT AN ATTACK OF ANY SORT...WE ARE A RACE ALIEN TO YOUR SOLAR SYSTEM, AND WISH TO CONTACT YOU FOR THE MOST IMPORTANT EVENT IN THE HISTORY OF YOUR WORLD...



The beings in shining armor, whose bubble-ship was now hovering only a few thousand miles from Terra's surface, had no wish to become victims of some unsuspected defense weapon of a trigger-happy semibarbarian race. Better to risk throwing the whole emotional planet into panic than to be shot first and questioned later.

...WE WISH TO CONFER IMMEDIATELY WITH HEADS OF GOVERNMENT OF ALL NATIONS ON EARTH...WE LEAVE IT TO YOU TO SELECT THE SITE AND TO ARRANGE THIS MEETING...CONTACT US WHEN YOU ARE ASSEMBLED...USE ANY WAVELENGTH IN THE AUDIO BAND...

And so sent the voices from out of the night of space, turning the world into a semi-frightened camp of scampering ants. Not a government on Earth really believed the speakers. Obviously it was the ruse of an enemy country -- but their frantic cabinet meetings and military staff

conferences could provide no better alternative than to obey the commands, while keeping a sharp eye open for the attack which they felt sure was the real reason behind this fantastic tale of a galactic civilization.

* * *

THE BROADCASTING STUDIO, of course, was in chaos. Someone signaled Upperberth that he was off the air, and then switched on a loud-speaker in the studio so that the announcement from space could be heard there.

"What happened? Our broadcast..." gasped Starr, astounded by the frantic scurryings of the technicians in the control booth.

"Plenty!" choked Upperberth, speechless for once in his life. "This is the greatest thing...why, FITS can...the rocket will...but this is greater...poor von Heine, if he had only liv..." He paled.

Starr, following the direction of his bulging eyes, looked at the door of the studio. There, coming through the bustle and crowd, was a lovely, golden-clad woman, accompanied by a familiar towering figure with a lush black beard.

Upperberth found his voice at last, in a might shout.

"Great foaming Beer -- It's Professor von Heine!"

* * *

A FEW MINUTES before the space-broadcast began, the Master of Kartan crouched over the wide, glittering controlboard in his mighty Citadel far from Terra. He was frantically calling the Priestess. The outermost of his far-flung observation net had just reported the bubble-ship approaching Earth.

At last contact was made. "Priestess!" he roared.

Her golden face appeared on the screen, worried yet triumphant. "Yes...Master," she replied. Was that mockery in her tone? He couldn't tell.

"Why have you not come to the thought-field as I ordered?" he whipped out. "This delay is dangerous! Unforeseen events are threatening our whole strategic plan, and imperiling the very existence of Kartan! Come at once, and hurry!" his now harried voice rattled off.

"I am not coming," responded the Priestess' calm tones.

"Good. Hurry and...WHAT!" For the first time in untold eons, stark astonishment convulsed the Master's features. "Do you dare to defy me...ME, the Master of Kartan?"

"Yes!" she blazed with the full vitality of her being. "No longer shall I be but a clod under your overbearing dominance. What is Kartan, that I should defend it? A senile ruler and a horde of phantoms from his mad brain!"

Her voice dripped scorn. "And Daakta is the same....You and Daakta's ruler can match Thought-Men till the Citadel is dust, for all of me! I stay here on Earth, where the people are real. I stay here -- with Igor!"

His face livid, the Master rose before the screen. "Then you die! And I unthink Igor at this instant...unh...unh...IGOR!...WHAT HAS HAPPENED TO IGOR?" he screamed.

"Schwein-hund, I am no longer Igor," roared the black-bearded giant, stepping up to the vision-screen. "I am Professor von Heine, der greatest uff der

scientists -- for I haff two brains!
Venn der Priestess stabbed me, my body
died -- but my double mind took over
this Igor-body you provided.....and
now it is beyond your power to de-
stroy me!" He flexed mighty muscles
in vigorous triumph as his voice
roared at the cringing Master.

The Master slammed the visi-
screen off. He was shaking with
senile rage. "Then..." he gra-
ted, "...they shall ALL die! The
Polarians will never add the
Green Planet to their idiotic
democracy...and the Priestess
and von Heino shall not live to
defy me!"

He hurried to a huge
adjoining chamber, where titanic
apparatus lay under the dust of cen-
turies -- machinery whose science was
eons forgotten yet whose effects were
legendary in Kartan.

The Master brush-
ed cobwebs from huge control panels, set
certain levers in their slots, turned
creaking handwheels and adjusted vernier
knobs. And above him, on the surface of the
Kartan world, a mountain crumbled away to
reveal huge, glittering electrode-like struc-
tures.

Gibbering insanely, the Master
closed a switch. And then the sky reeled
crazily, and waves of sound followed shock-
waves; the gloomy land of Kartan was bathed in
light, brilliance blazing brighter than the eye could endure.

And a
ravensing bolt of pure energy twisted the very fabric of space itself
into a dimension-wrenching helix which slowly, then swiftly and more
swiftly, arrowed toward the unsuspecting Earth with its cargo of planet-
wide destruction.

Frothing and babbling, the Master of Kartan dropped
back into his mighty jewel-studded throne, glazing eyes fixed on the
telescreen that mirrored his dying triumph.

* * *

AND IN A small, rude spacecraft plunging ever nearer to the red-
brown disc of Mars, Glover Mackintosh, jarred from his hypnotic trance
by the blow on his head, stared unbelievably out the window of the
control room at the starry void surrounding the doomed and falling
rocket ship.

-- END OF PART SEVEN --

The author of this thrilling installment of "STF Broadcasts Again!"
will be revealed in the August issue of SPACEWARP. The preceding in-
stallment, which appeared in the January issue, was written by

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the unpredictable fanzine

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COVER by WILLIAM JAMES -- who also cut the title-block for the top of this page.

Interior art by William Rotsler & Radell Nelson

SPACEWARP is a monthly (and I do mean monthly!) amateur magazine, devoted to science-fiction and fantasy fandom. Anything else discussed herein is extraneous but apparently inevitable. SW is published by ARTHUR H. RAPP, 2120 Bay Street, Saginaw, Michigan. Why, he hasn't the faintest idea.

- Your subscription bumbles merrily along for a while yet.
- Yours expires with NEXT ish.
- Yours, with this WARP. Don't just stand there with your teeth in your mouth and your bare face hanging out! RENEW!
- We exchange. I am glad to see that the non-reciprocity of this category has withered.
- Sample copy, review copy, or just plain deadbeat. Or perchance your a contributor. (Wrong "your" I notice. What do you want: all this and correct grammar too?)

Write no for an NFFF membership application blank! U 2 can join!

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