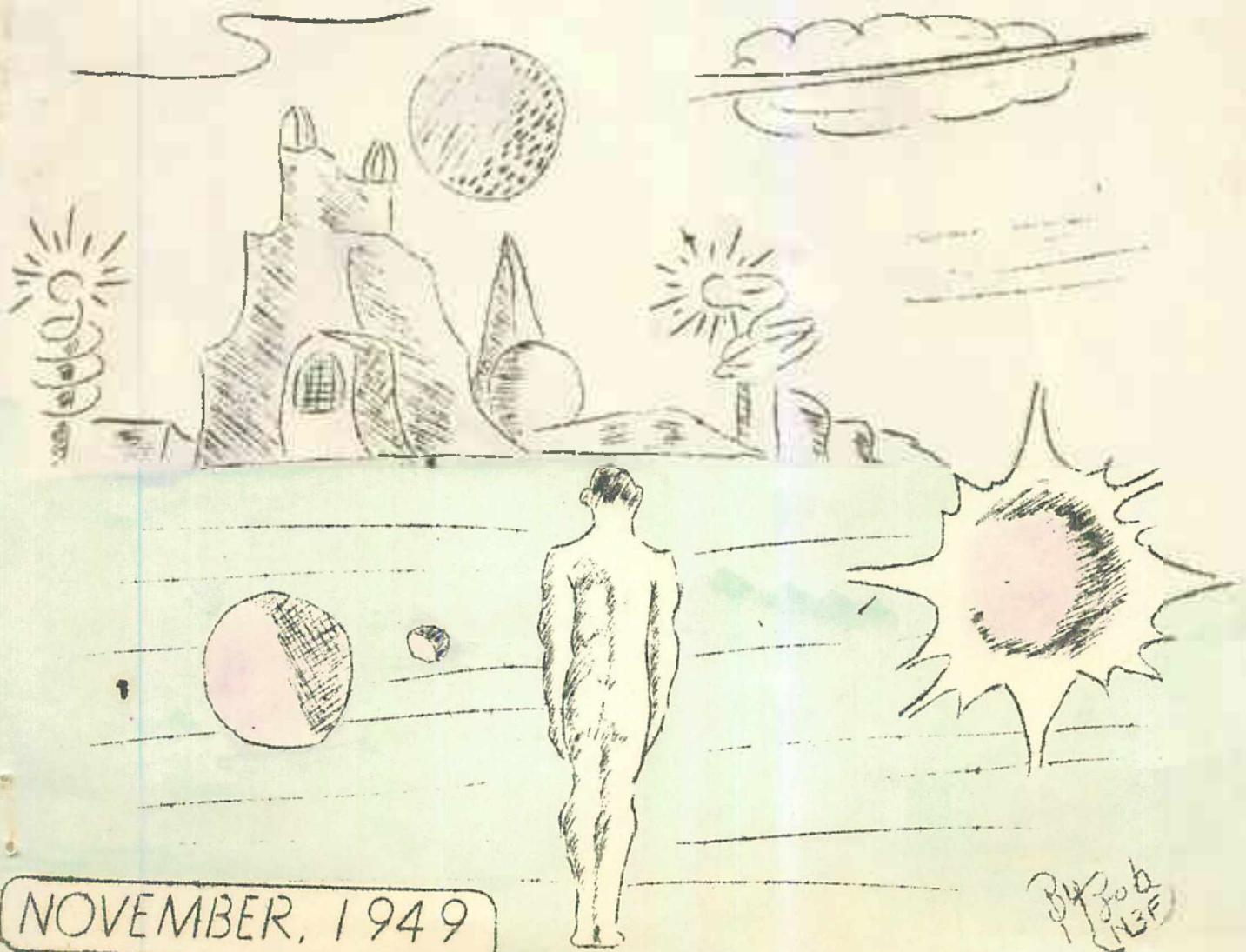


SPACEWARP

WITH UNIVERSE



NOVEMBER, 1949

By Bob
NEF

SPACELMARRP



UNIVERSITY WITH



NOVEMBER 1989



TIMBER!

(Ghastly Gabblings, Gleefully Garbled)



I trust most of you have already seen Rog Phillips' "Club House" in the December issue of AMAZING, listing the results of the "Best fanzine writing of 1948" contest. For the benefit of any who haven't read it, however, I report with pardonable pride that seven of the twelve prizes were awarded for items appearing in SPACEWARP.

Marion Zimmer took the \$50.00 first prize for "Outpost" in the December 1948 SPACEWARP.

I netted the \$25.00 second place award for "Mastermind", a Botts-story in TIMEWARP #1 (a SAPSzine).

The other winners:

- (3) James V. Taurasi for "Why FFM's Novels Are Cut" in FANTASY TIMES.
- (4) John Grossman for back cover, SCIENCE, FANTASY, AND SCIENCE FICTION, October 1948.
- (5) Redd Boggs and
- (6) Wilkie Conner, for their collaborative "Lovecraft: Hooray! Lovecraft: Phooey!" in the April 1948 SPACEWARP.
- (7) Bill Groover, for Chapter I of "The Great STF Broadcast" in SPACEWARP for January 1948.
- (8) Franklin M. Dietz, Jr., for "Robot Brain" in the Spring, 1948 S., F., & S.F.
- (9) William James, for "The Eyes of Roger Akner" in the October 1948 SPACEWARP.
- (10) Wrai Ballard, for "Perfection" in the June 1948 SPACEWARP.
- (11) Donn Brazier, for "A Man of Imagination" in the June 1948 SPACEWARP.
- (12) Thomas S. Gardner, for "1947 in Science Fiction" in FANTASY TIMES.

Here's hoping Rog's contest will inspire the above writers and others to turn out even better work for SPACEWARP to enter in future contests! By the way, thanks to those who sent me notes of congratulation, and I suggest that the real congratulations should go to Rog Phillips -- who is certainly doing more to encourage readers to become actifen than any other pro and/or fan I can think of.

Haw, one of those winners is going to need the prize money! Reference is made to the rash statement of one Redd Boggs in the December 1948 SPACEWARP, regarding Michigan-Minnesota football prowess and stea& dinners. There'll be a trio of hungry Misfits awaiting ya in Portland next Labor Day, Redd! Michigan 14, Minnesota 7. Haw!

Offhand, we suggest to New Orleans that a good way to get the next World STF Convention would be to put on a regional Dixicon over the 4th of July weekend, as a demonstration that they can handle a convention.

Michigan is likely to be among the bidders at Portland, and if so, we've already got such achievements as these on the MSFS record:

State convention, The Cadillaccon, Cadillac, Michigan, 29 August 1948.
Largest organized delegation at the Beercon, Milwaukee, Wisconsin, 6-7-8 September 1948.

Largest organized delegation at the Torcon, Toronto, Ontario, 3-4-5 July 1948.

State convention, the DeCon, Detroit, Michigan, 27-28-29 December 1948.

Largest organized delegation at the CanCon, London, Ontario, May 1949.

Largest organized delegation at the Cinvention, Cincinnati, Ohio, 3-4-5 September 1949.

How about it, New Orleans?

Oh, yes, by the way.....there was a slight mixup of pages on most copies of the last WARP. They're all there in most copies, though, I believe, and if you have a stapler handy you can correct the situation by reversing the second and third pink pages so they're stapled at the opposite edge. Is that quite clear? Hmamm. Apologies to L.T. George for leusing up his story. # Most of the letters received this month called this snafu to my attention. Observant cusses, ain'tcha?

Speaking of snafus, we've committed another. The author of "The Case of Frankenmuth" is not Don Connell, as the contents page sez, but Don McConnell. Shure an' begorrah, 'tis a fine howdy-do, isn't it now, whin a body goes around mutilating a' foine Irish name like that?

We took a week's vacation this month, enjoying idleness and Indian Summer on the shore of Little Traverse Bay, Petoskey, Michigan. As a result, the unanswered correspondence looms mountaineous. If that's any comfort to ye who anxiously await answers to important letters.

May Roscoe drool upon you all.....

r-trapp

IT'S COMING!

NEBULA!

WARP READERS: Has WARP been bothering you lately? Do you feel dull, logy, headachy, after reading an ish? Also sluggish, run-down and irritable? You do? Maybe it's not WARP that's bothering you, after all.

Or are you affected in the opposite manner? Do you want to run down through the streets screaming joyously, tearing out your hair by the handful and discarding your clothing? Yes? Ha, you and Ray Nelson!

Whichever it may be, there's good news for you tonight. Soon you will be able to feel this way not once, but twice each month! Glad?

The first (Jan. '50) ish of a new crud-sheet is due out for your enjoyment in mid-December of this year. Published by SPACEWARP SERVICES, it is a 12-page mimeod zine which is being incopted to and is designed solely for filling in the gaps between WARPS. Entitled NEBULA, it will be brought out in each mid-month. No. 1 will contain work by such noted fans as r-trapp (definitely), William James (we think), and G.K. Stephens(?). Ish No. 1 is free but to get it you will need a postcard. Just send your name and address to the editor: Warren Baldwin, 407 Philip Ave., Norfolk, Nebraska, and be assured of getting your copy. DO IT NOW! DO IT NOW! DO IT NOW!

"NINETEEN EIGHTY-FOUR"

BY GEORGE ORWELL

REVIEWED BY T. E. WATKINS

THIS BOOK is an imaginative novel of the future. It has been reviewed by some of the top magazines, including Harper's, Time, and The Saturday Review of Literature. It was selected by the Book-Of-The-Month Club for July. It is a best seller.

Orwell selects trends in our world today and promotes them into a fantastic civilization that will make some of our more radical science fiction fans gasp. The story has not been called science fiction by the book reviewers. They call it a satire. And there is a difference. The usual purpose of science fiction is to select some principle, either scientific or social, develop it and place it in some future time to show what effect it may have on civilization. The idea is to prophesy. In a satire the writer picks certain trends in society and exaggerates them out of their real proportion. The story may or may not be in the future. The purpose is to call attention to those trends in the present.

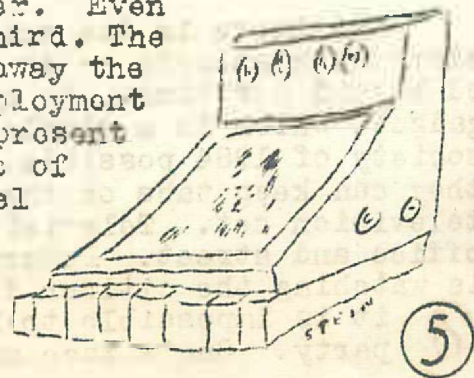
In "Nineteen Eighty-Four" Orwell treats all angles of society. There are so many phases to write about that most reviewers have picked only one or two of them.

There is the political and social phase. According to Orwell, by 1984 the nations of the world will have combined into three super states. Each super state is controlled by a single party which is totalitarian in design. The Eng-Soc party controls Oceania, the super state in which the story is laid. The party is an outgrowth of trends now discernible in Spain, Russia, English Socialism, general semantics, the Catholic Church and the American labor movement.

The party membership is about fifteen percent of the population. The balance of the people, or about eighty-five percent are called "Proles" and are the workers and soldiers. The Eng-Soc party is made up of two parts, an inner and outer circle. The inner circle of six million members are labor leaders, politicians, technicians, and secret police. The outer party, or about eighty-five percent of its membership, is made up of government workers, soldiers, more technicians and clerks. The party members are under strict supervision and observation every hour of the day and night. Everything they do is watched and analyzed and there are watchers who watch the watchers.

There is the economic phase. The three super states are continually at war. The states are designed so that they are intact economically and cannot defeat each other. Even two of them in combination cannot defeat the third. The purpose of this continual warfare is to shoot away the products of the machine. This solves the unemployment problem which mass production inflicts on our present governments. Perpetual warfare insures a state of perpetual crisis in which the party leaders feel more secure.

There is the historical phase. Winston Smith, hero of the story, is employed at the Ministry of Truth, a government bureau. His job is to change history to



fit the party purpose. Every item in every book, in every newspaper or that is printed anywhere is checked and rechecked. For example, if Big Brother, party head, predicts that the February output of shoes will be 6,000,000 pairs and it comes to pass that the February output is only 5,000,000 pairs, Smith drags out every newspaper in which Big Brother was quoted, causes a new paper to be printed with a corrected item that does not make Big Brother out a liar. In this fashion the Eng-Soc party has been made to invent the radio, steam boat, television and even the atomic bomb. This is the policy in Russia today -- the commies in their textbooks claim to have invented the telephone. The theory is: "Who controls the past controls the future; who controls the present controls the past."

There is the language phase. Orwell takes an entire supplement in the back of the book to explain the "Newspeak" language which is the official language of the party. If the reader is interested in semantics, he will be hypnotized. Briefly, the party is reducing the English language to the barest possible minimum and by force. It works two ways: not only are the number of words reduced, but the meaning of each word is defined into one meaning and one only. The purpose is controlled thought. The fewer words there are to think with, the less likely a person is to think treason against the party. Dangerous words, of course, are being eliminated from "Newspeak."

There is the sexual phase. Sex is against the law. Of course one may live with one's wife, and one is expected to have children, but one is not to enjoy it. It is a duty to the party only. All women party members belong to the Anti-Sex League. Romantic love is a thing of the past. In fact, any kind of love is a thing of the past -- this is a world of hate. Of course one is expected to love Big Brother. His picture glares at the citizens from every hallway, home, and street. The purpose of sex suppression is interesting in this age of increasing sex suppression. Sex is the most powerful force in the human being. It is a source of power. It is to tap this force and channel it into party work and unity that sex is suppressed in 1948.

There is the story. Winston Smith, an outer party worker in the Ministry of Truth, meets and falls in love with a member of the Anti-Sex League. This is against the law. They have a pitiful little affair in which they meet in out of the way places that they believe are not watched by the thought police. They haven't got a chance! The climax of the book concerns the conversion of Winston Smith by the thought police into an "honest man." Orwell pulls no punches. Winston Smith's torture by the thought police has been called the most powerful climax in modern literature. It leaves the reader hanging on the ropes.



And there is the science fiction phase. Orwell does not fill his story with gadgets -- in fact the technology of 1984 has little advanced beyond our time. He explains why this is true. But he does use a gadget, which is a simple extension of a modern invention, to make his society of 1984 possible. The thought police must have a means by which they can keep tabs on the party members night and day. It is a two-way television set. Television screens are placed in every room, hallway, office and street. Programs are constantly in progress. And someone is watching the citizen from each of these screens. In such a situation (6) it is impossible to have even a thought that is antagonistic to the party. One's face must be set in a certain way to give the ap-

pearance of inner calm. To appear distracted is to commit "face-crime" and to be picked up by the police who under torture will find out what is distracting one. Without this two-way television set, Orwell could not have his sex suppression, his party, or 1984.



No one is saying that "Nineteen Eighty-Four" is a work of science-fiction. But Orwell has used a science fiction writing technique to make his story logical. He picks a gadget that is a logical outcome of research in television and shows what effect it may have socially in some future time. This future is logical, absorbing, and wholly uninviting. May we observe what trends are apparent in our political and social life that might lead to such a future. And may we in detecting these trends do our utmost to curb their development.

And THAT is the message of "Nineteen Eighty-Four." Beware!

-- THE END --

THE CASE OF FRANKENMUTH

BY M.T. FRANKENMUTH
NO. 1

"Morbid, dear," cried Carlotta as she slinked her voluptuous figure into my room. "Stop your silly old typing and come out of here. A visitor is waiting for you in the parlor." She voluptuated out of the door knowing full well she had peeked my curiosity. ((And I do mean peeked. She was wearing a dress with a plunging neck-line...hip-length. M.T.F.#1))

Carlotta came to me equipped with all the regulation curves plus a wide and fancy set of accessories. We have been married for some four months and in that time I have shrunk to a mere 97-lb. weakling. But don't think it hasn't been worth it.

As I entered the parlor I interrupted two tightly knit figures who separated to catch their breath. Carlotta blew a fringe of black beard out of her face as she introduced us. "Morbid, darling, this is Professor Colt. He's a close relative of that famous Dr. Derringer, you know?"

Professor Colt unclasped his great hands from around the lissome waist of my wife and bowed so low his lush black beard swept the pretzel crumbs off the rug. When he spoke, his voice was so powerful it shattered the glass in a family picture on the mantel. Now, Uncle Freud is really cracked.

"Morbid, darling," he boomed. "er...I mean, Mr. Frankenmuth, I've been looking forward to meeting you ever since I first met your charming wife." He leered his snapping brown eyes in Carlotta's direction, and she leered right back in his facial foilage. They were the best leers of my wife.

The professor grinned, baring a set of incisors like a bull gorilla at a dum-dum session. He continued, "I have been looking for a man with courage; with imagination; with an indomitable will; with a beautiful wife; a man who never gives

up but will go on and on and on."

"You've come to the right guy," says I modest-like. "It's a real pleasure to meet somebody who recognizes what untapped depths I have that need plumbing."

Professor Cold opened his beard and orated on. "From my close friend, George O. Smith, I obtained plans for a matter transmitter. The idiot sent me copies of his stories and I had to strip them of all excess verbiage before I could uncover what was important, and what was mere pandering to the tastes of those (ugh!) science-fiction fans. The trials and blind pigs...er, alleys, I went through makes a story in itself. But it will have to wait until I write my biography. Since I am saving myself for my future, I have been searching for a partner to finish the tests on the Colt Universal Solid Sender, or CUES, as I call it."



The Professor paused to draw in a deep breath. The curly waves in his beard ripped in the intake of air. I could see Carlotta looking at my naked face hanging out of my collar and there was the faintest trace of disgust on her fine painted features. I knew in a blinding flash of intuition that I had to do something noble and daring in order to recapture her love. And also something that paid a damnsight more than I was now making, if I wanted to keep that golden lovelight in her eyes.

So, like an utter fool, I quickly said, with a feigned air of nonchalance, "Professor, I'm your man."

Carlotta went into laughing hysterics and it took five fingers of gin to sober her up.

The Professor switched his attention from Carlotta to the opened bottle. "There is no sense in letting this volatile liquid evaporate," he murmured, pouring out a cupful.

The remainder of the evening is just a blurred memory. Gin. Taxis. Gin. Carlotta sitting on my lap so as not to crowd the Professor.

Some more gin. Carlotta sitting on the Professor's lap so as not to crowd me.

A big room filled with shiny electrical equipment. The Professor weeping as he showed us stacks of hundred dollar bills...all with the same serial number. The Professor chortling to himself in a room filled with big scintillating piles of newly created silver dollars.

It was then that I should have suspected what was wrong, but the discovery that the gin was almost gone drove the thought out of my head. Deep purple clouds of gloom settled over the party.

The Professor stopped showing off his matter receiver and towed us into yet another room. There was another matter receiver, and the low table-like matter transmitter. He pointed triumphantly at it.

"We'll double the gin!" he cried as he pulled switches.

So, with the almost empty bottle in my hand, I climbed on the matter transmitter.



I thought for a moment that I was seeing double when I saw myself climb down from a table at the other end of the room. I decided I needed glasses and closed my eyes to rest them. In a sociable friendly way I started singing to myself, all about tea for two and gin for me. The Professor and Carlotta had sort of vanished. There was an awful caterwauling, and

when I looked to see who was interrupting my solo, there was two of me harmonizing on ALLL OF MEEEE, WHY NOT TAKE ALLLLL OF MEEEE.

I closed my eyes again, for a minute, to collect my wits. Then stepped carefully down from the table, picked my face up from the floor, and reasonably explained to the offending duo that unless they stopped looking like me and shut up, I would have to pummel them severely. Two ugly mouths opened in unison and jeered, "You and who else?"

"Me," said two new voices behind me.

I spun around. Yep. There I was again.

Twice.

When I realized there was five of me in that room, I knew that that was four too many. SOMETHING was WRONG.

I looked wildly around for help. The Professor had passed out in a chair with Carlotta slouched on his lap, her fingers entwined in his beard to keep from sliding to the floor. She, too, was just a big gin rummy. There was no help to be had from that direction so I turned and raced into the next room. I turned the key in the lock as four 97-pound bodies hit the other side. At least I was safe. Carlotta and the Professor would have to look after themselves. If they didn't move, and they were practically paralyzed from what I had seen of them, they might not even be noticed by the raging maniacs locked in with them.

From behind me rose that terrible familiar voice. "Look who's come to join my party? It's me again, hic...."

Hanging onto each other for mutual support was another four of me. I was rapidly getting a case of the screaming me-mes. Each clutched in a hot little hand an almost emptied gin bottle. I raised mine and emptied it in a final brave beau geste. I was ready for the men in little white coats to come for me with their butterfly nets.

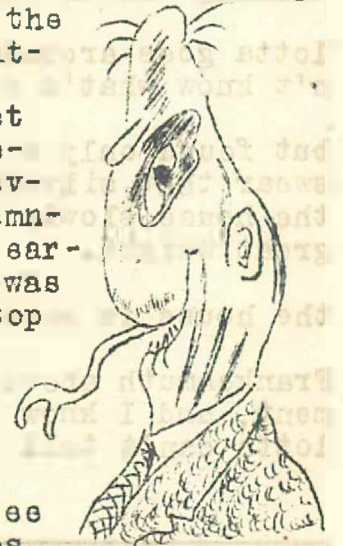
Somehow, that last drink seemed to affect me more than the dozen or so before it. The last I remember is the door being knocked from its hinges and every single one of me weaving around the room in the damndest free-for-all I ever saw. I landed under a table early in the fray and stopped there to see how the fight was progressing. Three Morbid T. Frankenmuths landed on top of the table and it collapsed in a heap of mes.

When I awakened, the early morning light was streaming in the window. I was home in bed, with a headache that seemed to split me in two. In fact, as I opened my eyes, it seemed to split me in nine. I was piled three deep in bed, and as I crawled out of the welter of arms and legs and torsos, I heard a deep groan from the other side of the bed. I stood up and peered over the mound of limp bodies. Carlotta, scratched and tattered, bruised and battered, was doing likewise from the other side. Hand in hand we crept out of the room and into the kitchen. I soaked my head under the tap while Carlotta put on the coffee pot. Then I told her to go soak her head while I tried to figure out what had happened.

Carlotta gave a shrill scream that lifted me out of my seat. She covered in the sink. "How do I know that you are Morbid? Maybe you are still back in there!" She pointed her straight aristocratic nose at the bedroom door.

As if at a signal, the bedroom door opened and eight of me stumbled into the kitchen.

"Who screamed....." "Carlotta, honey, what are you doing in the kitch-



en with this man?..."

"Ah, coffee..."

I had on my best pair of pyjamas, and my other pair had been split up between two of them. The rest were clad in a little of this and nothing of that.

Carlotta turned her back and screamed and screamed until her delicate larynx cracked. Then she dashed into the bathroom. I don't know why, as I'm not that repulsive even though multiplied.

The rest of us poured coffee and lounged around the kitchen while holding a council. Each of us wanted to be chairman and everybody talked at once. It was easy to figure out what had happened. The matter transmitter of Professor Colt's was a flop. It didn't transmit matter. It just duplicated it. And nine Morbid Frankenmuths were obviously too many for my apartment and Carlotta to handle.

The conference degenerated into a confusion of namecalling before we decided to choose different names when we went out into the world to earn a living. As the original Morbid T. Frankenmuth, they decided, over my protestations of one for all and all for one, that I could keep my own name and also keep Carlotta. They had other vistas in view. And I knew darn well just the views they had in mind.

Now Matthew, Mark, Luke and John are doing singing commercials for Bubble, The Soap With The Built-In-Bubble-Pipe.

Tom, Dick and Harry decided that writing was too much like work so they set out to become editors.

Carlotta goes around these days with a bewildered air, as though she doesn't know what's what.....or who's who.

We visited the Professor's house but found only a hole going deep down into the earth. The neighbors swear that silver dollars started coming out of the attic windows, and the house slowly sank out of sight into the ground, as though under a great weight.

You can't believe these silly rumors, of course. Still the house is gone, and the Professor with it.

There is still one more Frankenmuth about whom we don't talk much. He lives in the next apartment, and I know he has a passkey to mine. And since he is me, and Carlotta can't tell us apart, I'm positive that

YNGVI IS A LOUSE !

-- THE END --

WANTED !

I will pay twenty cents (20¢) for a copy of

SPACEWARP - JANUARY, 1949

ED COX
4 Spring Street
Lubec, Maine



THE ROAD TO

STELLAR EMPIRE

BY CHARLES STUART

In science-fiction, Earth usually gains her interstellar empire through conquest. From star to star the Earthmen sweep, smashing the sentient races that bar their rise to power. The universal method of all conquerors is used: direct assault on the star system or planet by Earth's legions, the widespread use of atomic weapons to pulverize installations, destroy troop concentrations, and vaporize centralized areas. After such an attack, the star falls and the green banner of Earth unfurls over the enemy's strongholds. Another addition to the Terran Empire, by right of conquest.

This theory implies the following: (1) Earth has the advanced technology to construct, equip and implement atomic weapons, spaceships, supply sources and personnel necessary to wage an interstellar war; (2) Earth, and Earth alone, is the dominant warrior race in the sector of the galaxy near us.

The advocate of this method states: If there are other civilizations at the stage of technological progress necessary to wage war on such scale, why haven't they visited us first? The answer could be that there is no such race -- or that if there is one, it is on its way at this moment; all that remains is the time it takes them to clear the intervening star systems out of the way and reach us. The systems separating Earth and the conquerors will have to be subjugated; if not, then policed or blockaded to prevent guerilla activity behind the lines.

The direct method has thus been outlined. It takes toll of both the aggressor and the defender. The civilization capable of starting and maintaining such a vast war would have to be highly advanced, much further along the road than we. But the alternative method also gains an empire; in it, Earth does not attack, does not strike out, does not play the aggressor -- Earth itself is invaded and conquered!

The illustration of this is George O. Smith's "Pattern for Conquest." The Loard-Vogh are a dominant, aggressive race dedicated to war on a galactic scale. The direct method made Earth one of the objectives in their conquest of the stars. Earth fought back; drained the manpower of the Loard-Vogh; humiliated this superior foe by lashing out with courage and bringing to a standstill the alien armies; and then Earth surrendered. Her warships were recalled; the armies evacuated from the field; the military installations dismantled; the Loard-Vogh horde allowed to occupy the Solar System unopposed.

Being the loser, Earth received a harsh settlement. The System was incorporated into the Empire; the Earthmen became vassals. But the peace treaty was not as harsh as that imposed on other conquered systems. The Loard-Vogh realized that Earth had beaten their stupendous war-machine to a full stop; this tiny world around a small sun had lowered the prestige of the star-warriors considerably. If the war had continued, the Loard-Vogh would have won regardless; but each planet, continent, city and house would have been defended to the last. With such events, the insurgents within the Empire could fan revolutions; the Empire would face insurrection in every colony; the troops would have been spread out to patrol the revolting worlds until their numerical

advantage disappeared as the need for troops to crush rebellion increased over systems, and the Loard-Vogh's military thinned down to nearly a man per point of unrest. Earth would then have counterattacked; the war would have been lost.

All this was avoided by surrender; the Loard-Vogh made their new colony a world of serfs, not slaves. They relied upon the Earthmen; transformed a defeated army into a source of aid in ruling the Empire. They were soldiers, not administrators -- Earthmen were adaptive, warriors if need be, and governors, or aïds-de-camps, on occasion. In the colonies the Terrans were made interpreters, advisors to the military governor, liaison officers from the governor to the natives. They became the actual rulers, with the Loard-Vogh wielding the guns.

The warriors had united the galaxy by conquest, but the Earth had superseded them as rulers. Negotiations were carried on by Terran intermediaries; Terrans advised all colonial administration; Terrans re-organized the civil and military forces; Terrans were the executive of an Empire. The Loard-Vogh were the method of extending that Empire, at their expense, their lives.

Within the framework of empire, Earth built up an alliance of colonies, and waited behind the throne for the downfall of the warrior race. It would come through internal corruption, fostered and aided by Terran activity. Earth would inherit an empire, and the cost would be confined to a single short, furious war.

The newest addition to this theme is a variation. Asimov's "Mother Earth" is concerned with a blockaded Earth, cut off from the stars, confined to the Solar System. Earth gains empire by being isolated.

She is the prime mover in stellar expansion, but the colonies revolt. Can you imagine landing on a new world, with Earth a faint star in the distance, and returning? The colonials remembered crowded Earth, with its hovels and packed masses. Among the stars was room for every man and his dog -- space to expand, to live, to produce new ideas, new societies or governments, or produce new generations unbound from the seething planet around a distant star.

The colonies, the Outer Worlds, banned mass migration from Earth, adopting an arbitrary racist and genetic criterion, farming out 96% of the available land to 5% of the available population. The remainder scrambled about on puny, minute Earth.

reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-reward-r

REWARD, financial or otherwise, for any and all
INFORMATION leading to discovery of

WORKS OF HAL SHAPIRO

(other than those appearing in SPACEWARP, UNIVERSE, or MUTANT).

Necessary to complete my files, and for the Fun I love.

ALICE DOUGLAS
c/c Mrs. Edith Furesik
5037 Maplewood
Detroit 4, Michigan

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In their status as nations, these colonials gained power. Earth insisted upon her place in the sun, and the colonials simply put up a galactic "No Trespassing" sign around the Solar System and severed all connections between the parent world and the stars. Earth's living space expanded to a solar system, but she lacked the atomic technology to seize it, and was hampered at home by the restrictive social and political laws of that time. With problems facing them -- overpopulation, lack of progress in science, society and government, lack of technology and scarcity of raw materials -- Earth had to advance. Just had to change, or perish.

There you have Asimov's theme. The old ways were scrapped, and in a century the new Earth poured out of the bounded system and reconquered her colonies, grown weak by a hundred years of static existence. Earth had her revenge for the humiliations of years, smashed the superiority of her colonials and resumed her travels on the road to domination on a galactic scale.

The following schemes are recommended for gaining an empire: (1) Fight the conquerer until you are assured of a peace treaty between equals; infiltrate into the setup of his civilization; build up an alliance within the empire; and when the conquerer is weak, lash out! -- (2) Start the first wave of stellar exploration; establish your colonies; remain passive in the face of colonial revolt; and submit to colonial domination. Then, out of sheer necessity, in order to survive, build up your system to a point where you can again tread the road to stellar empire, unopposed.

Anybody got an ambitious warrior-race, or a bunch of restless colonies hanging out in space?

-- THE END --



It's still possible for you to join the

SPECTATOR AMATEUR PRESS SOCIETY

.....at the time the Fall mailing was sent out, there were two vacancies in fandom's apa-which-holds-nothing-sacred. Will YOU kick yourself from Maine to South Gate in years to come because you are stupid enuf to pass up this opportunity to join SAPS? Dues are only 35¢ per half-year, and requirements four pages for the same period. The Fall SAPS Mailing contained 134 pages!

You need not be an old, experienced, cynical fan to join SAPS! You need only a desire to turn out a fanzine, some nebulous scheme for accomplishing same, and an interest in stf. The crud with which you fill yer SAPSzine can't possibly be lousier than some which has already appeared in SAPS mailings -- but it's also difficult to top the good stories, articles, etc., which turn up in SAPS.

Write H.M. Spelman III, 75 Sparks St., Cambridge 38, Massachusetts. He's the SAPS Official Editor at the moment. If you're too late to get into the apa immediately, you can at least get a choice spot on the waiting list! Don't pass up this opportunity!

LEE BLATT
5734 WALNUT STREET
PHILADELPHIA 39, PA.

B O O K B A R G A I N S

- THE AMULET OF TARV ----- Percy F. Kensott ----- \$ 1.25
A magic charm establishes communication 3,000
years back.
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Short fantasies ranging from hilarity to horror.
- THE GRIMOIRE ----- Ed. Montague Summers ----- \$ 3.00
Collection of rare weird tales.
- HERE TODAY ----- John Coates ----- \$ 2.12
A new novel involving experiences of time-travel.
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CONVERTING NON-FEN

BY

BILL VENABLE

MOST OF US have had occasions in our lifetimes of trying to spread the influence of stf among those we know who are not already stfen. And, I think I may safely say, most of us have failed. The purpose of this scholarly little article is to show all of you who have tried and failed the right way to handle things. To those of you who have tried and succeeded, however, I will address myself in a post-scriptum afterwards.

Ways of accomplishing this supposedly-difficult feat are numerous ad infinitum; they can be resolved, however, into a few general classes which are herewith presented. The first method is perhaps the easiest; it requires no brains, no brawn, just a little personality.

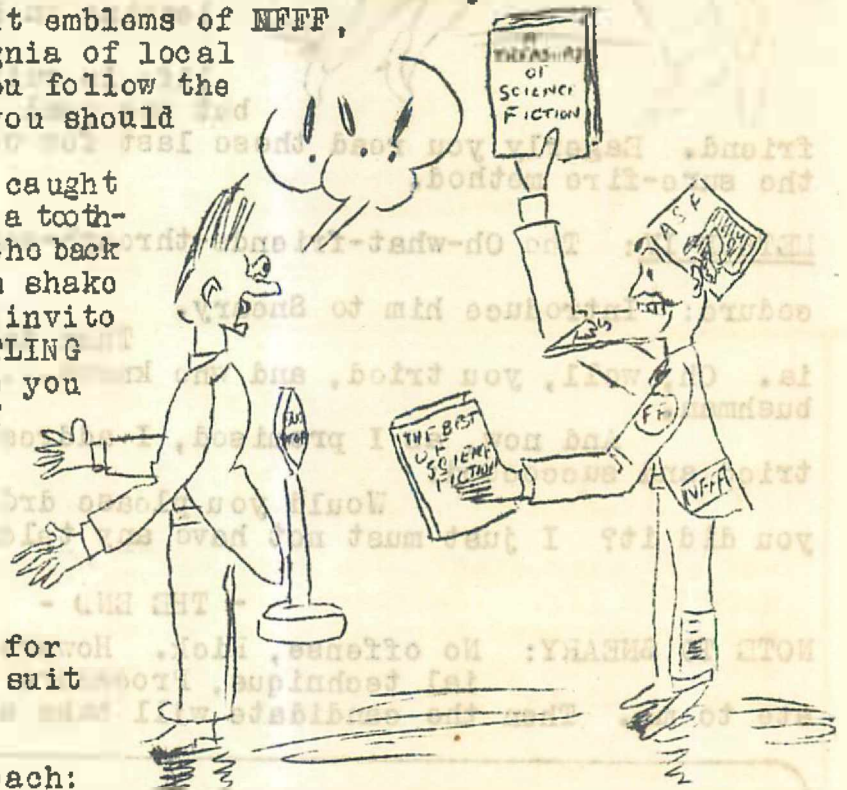
METHOD I: The sparkling-personality treatment. To use this method, you must be vivacious, sophisticated, and have perfect sang-froid. Every time you meet your intended victim, make sure he knows you are a fan. Have a copy of the Fanscient just sticking out of your breast pocket; carry Conklin's BEST OF SCIENCE-FICTION in one hand and A TREASURY OF SCIENCE-FICTION in the other. Hold a copy of STARTLING in your teeth astounding behind your ear. Have a litter from Sneary in the cuff of your trousers; wear some felt emblems of NFFF, SAPS, FF, FAPA, and the insignia of local fanclubs on your coat. If you follow the instructions to the letter, you should rouse his curiosity.

Having caught his eye, walk up to him with a tooth-paste-ad smile, clap him on the back with THE BEST OF S-F, let him shake hands with the TREASURY, and invite him to kiss the copy of STARTLING you hold in your teeth, while you recite a chapter of "World of A." After such a cordial treatment, he will either have you committed to an asylum, or else join the NFFF and then have you committed to an asylum.

So much for Method I.....if this doesn't suit you, you might try...

METHOD II: The subtle approach:

While the procedure of Method I was mostly open and above-board, the machinations of Method II are clever and secret; you have to work harder, too. The idea is to get your friend madly curious about stf without letting him in on any. Invite him to your home; before he comes, prepare the living room to entrap him; take all reading matter out of the room but s-f books. Stack the place with them; frame your best mag covers and plaster the walls with them; lay your whole stock of zines, pro & fan, on tables, chairs, piano, radio, anywhere! Such a procedure ought to draw his attention to science-fiction, if carried out properly. Remember, leave nothing around that does not pertain to stf; have the cigarettes embossed "BEM" or "MARS-WEED."



Then, the trap is set; when the Poor Fool comes in, talk with him for about 5 minutes, then cleverly contrive some excuse to leave for about 3 hours while your friend takes his ease in the prepared room and waits for you; go upstairs and run off your SAPSzine or something.

Time passes. When you return to the room you find that nature has taken its course. Your friend is gone, and so are all the books he could carry. This, however, is not half so disappointing as when you see them, two weeks later, in the window of a second-hand bookstore.

METHOD III: What many a man would not do otherwise, he will do for a woman (FEN: Do not try this on married men) so...carefully coach your best girl (if you don't have one, use your maiden aunt; she will do. Yes, very well.) to play up to him a little bit, just to rouse desire in him. BUT--her procedure must be as follows: Every time he comes to see her, she will insist on doing something that has to do with stf, so that in order to get in her good graces he will follow suit. After a month of this you can call her up to see how things are going. The conversion is complete.



Yes, he has made a baseball fan of her and she is glad you called because she wanted to say goodbye before leaving on her honeymoon with him.

Your life is ruined, your soul bitter. You've but one goal left in life: to convert that friend. Eagerly you read these last few words that toll of Method IV, the sure-fire method.

METHOD IV: The Oh-what-friends-through-science-fiction method.

Procedure: Introduce him to Sneary.

Then take the next plane to Australia. Oh, well, you tried, and who knows...someday you may convert a bushman.

And now, as I promised, I address myself to those who have tried and succeeded:

Would you please drop me a line and tell me how you did it? I just must not have any talent for that sort of thing.

- THE END -

NOTE TO SNEARY: No offense, Rick. However, you'll have to use a special technique, Procedure IV-a. Introduce the candidate to me. Then the candidate will take a plane to Australia.

No regional or local fanclub in your area? Sad, sad. But if you live outside Michigan, you can still become an Associate Member of fandom's greatest regional fanclub, the MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY! Associate memberships, just \$1.00 per year -- and you get 25 or so issues of the MSFS bulletin, THE MICHIFAN, during that time! # If you live in or near Michigan, though, become a full member, for just \$1.50 per year, and share in the fanclub that is making Michigan famous.....

MICHIGAN SCIENCE-FANTASY SOCIETY

got details
from stapp

16

STF BROADCASTS AGAIN!

PART NINE OF TEN PARTS

SYNOPSIS: The first rocket to Mars is to be a publicity stunt for Frank-ly Incredible Tales of Science, thus saving Editor Upperberth from being fired. Timid Assistant Editor Glover Mackintosh is to pilot the craft. The Priestess and Igor work to sabotage the ship. Von Heine is murdered. Vogar and Kola attempt to steal the corpse, but to their amazement no less than to that of von Heine's friends, the physicist's body vanishes from the morgue!

For his failure, Igor, only a thought-projection of The Master of Kartan, is liquidated, replaced as The Priestess' helper by a tall, black-bearded new Igor. The hidden von Heine spaceship is found by two fen. When Mackintosh panics at the thought of space travel, one of the fen hypnotizes him, convincing him he is a fearless space-pilot. Meanwhile a bubble-ship from a mysterious galactic empire drifts closer and closer to Earth.

Mackintosh takes off for Mars. The Master sabotages his controls so the ship cannot decelerate. Mackintosh comes out of his trance and stares in horror at the starry void.

Vogar and Kola try to murder Igor and the Priestess, but Igor kills them, then reveals to the Priestess that he is a reincarnation of von Heine, whose double-brain has taken over the Igor-body. Meanwhile, Upperberth's publicity scheme goes forward with a dramatic radio broadcast which is interrupted when the alien bubble-ship takes over the airwaves to announce their presence and order the heads of all nations to assemble for a conference. Von Heine and the Priestess show up at the broadcasting studio. The Master, driven insane by the revolt of his slaves, looses an energy-bolt to blow up Earth.

Mackintosh, still dazed from his hypnosis, convinces himself he is merely watching a Planetarium projection, and begins writing his "eye-witness" account for FITS, unaware that he is plunging to doom. Astronomers on Earth realize his peril, and inform Upperberth, who, with von Heine, Starr (his receptionist) and the Priestess, rushes to the Observatory.

The alien bubble-ship spots the approaching energy-bolt and flees the Solar System, fearing the destruction of Earth may cause Sol to go nova.

Now go on with the story.....

"PROFESSOR VON HEINE! You've got to do something!" wailed Starr. She, von Heine, Upperberth and the Priestess huddled on the observing platform of the giant telescope at the Observatory. Members of the astronomical staff scurried about the shadowy depths below them, feeding problems into electronic computers or comparing data in hushed and troubled tones.

"Patience, Fraulein Starr, patience," muttered the German scientist through his bushy beard, adjusting the ocular of the big refractor. "Ach, so close he iss to Mars already!"

"Can't you contact him by radio?" asked the Priestess. Upperberth shook his head dismally.

"No," he replied. "The electronic jet controls created so much interference that radio couldn't be used during blasting -- and since we didn't expect the jets to be turned off in space, we figured we'd save weight by not installing radio equipment."

"It was a terrible oversight," said von Heine. "Next time we know better."

"I don't care about next time!" screamed Starr, her mascara beginning to run. "Poor Mackie's out there all alone, and you've got to save him!" She began sobbing.

"My goodness," said Upperberth in astonishment. "I didn't know you cared so much about Mackintosh, Starr."

"N-n-neither d-did I -- until n-now!" retorted his receptionist tearfully.

An Observatory staff member clattered up the iron-grating stairs with a sheaf of papers. "Here are those trajectory calculations, Professor von Heine," he said.

The German flipped rapidly through the equations, then shook his head sadly. "It is as I feared," he announced to the anxious group. "Efen mit der rockets again going, his velocity is so great that he never der ship could stop before he der surface off Mars hits."

Starr burst into wild sobs and Upperberth patted her shoulder awkwardly, trying to comfort her.

"Mackintosh," said von Heine heavily, "is beyond human aid."

The Priestess suddenly jumped. "Professor von Heine!" she yelled. "The aliens!"

For a moment, the black-bearded giant gazed blankly at her. Then he galvanized into action. "Ach, vat fools we ist!" he roared, dashing for the stairway. "Der alien spaceship is der only possible chance, Mackintosh to rescue!"

At the foot of the stairs he clutched a startled astronomer and demanded the location of the nearest radio station.

"Right down that corridor, Professor," said the scientist. "We have a complete transmitting station here in connection with the Observatory."

THE RADIO ROOM, when von Heine burst in, was a scene of frantic but orderly activity. Engineers huddled over their control boards, fiddling with dials and scanning the cryptic messages of the lights and meters on the panels before them. The crackle of static sounded now and then above the hum of carrier waves amplified to capacity. In one corner a battery of teletypes chattered madly, now and then sounding a bell, at which a technician darted over to rip off a completed message.

"Quick! Der aliens I must contact!" yelled von Heine, grabbing the engineer in charge. "It is a matter of life and death!"

"I'm sorry, Professor," said the engineer. "That's impossible at the moment."

"Impossible? Impossible? Nutting impossible ist!" roared von Heine.

"Oh yeah?" retorted the engineer. "Well, the alien broadcast just cut off in mid-sentence, and we've tried every waveband in the spectrum since then without getting a peep from 'em."

"Hey! Listen to this!" interrupted the man at the teletype, waving a sheet of yellow flimsy. "Continental Defense Headquarters reports their radar net shows the alien ship headed for Gamma Orionis at terrific acceleration -- that's why the transmission cut off!"

"Der aliens -- dey half loft der Solar System?" asked von Heine slowly, his shoulders suddenly drooping.

"Looks like it," said the engineer.

called the teletype operator. "The Army radar is also picking up the Mackintosh space ship -- their plotting checks with our visual observations. But they are getting another pip from some unidentified object in space!"

"What?" said von Heine. He rushed to the teletype and watched the report leap word by word from beneath the clattering keys:



...TRAJECTORY INDICATES
OBJECT LAUNCHED FROM JUPITER WITH EARTH AS DESTINATION...OBJECT MOVING AT MODERATE BUT CONSTANTLY ACCELERATING VELOCITY...VISUAL OBSERVATION RESULTS NEGATIVE...DETERMINATION OF SIZE AND MASS THROUGH RADAR RESULTS NEGATIVE...OBJECT WILL REACH EARTH IN APPROXIMATELY THREE HOURS...ALL MILITARY AND NAVAL INSTALLATIONS WILL REMAIN ON EMERGENCY ALERT UNTIL FURTHER...

"Ach," said Professor von Heine, "Dis iss interesting -- but mit poor Mackintosh aboutt to crash on Mars, I can't concentrate on udder matters." Shaking his head sadly he went gloomily back to the anxious group around the big telescope.

"Did you contact the aliens, Prof?" asked the Priestess anxiously.

"Nein, liebchen," said von Heine sadly. "Dey der System haff left. It vas our last hope. Now all ve can do iss to vait..."

* * *

ABOARD the Mars-plunging rocketship, Glover Mackintosh, still believing himself in the Planetarium, watched the swelling disc of the Red Planet with interest.

"A vur-r-r-y realistic illusion," he muttered, opening another bottle of beer. "I diinna ken how these scientific laddies manage to accomplish it, but 'tis unco lifelike, noo."

He drained the bottle and returned to his typing of the "eye-witness account."

* * *

NOTHING TO DO but wait, von Heine had said -- but with a friend plunging to doom before their eyes, the group at the Observatory found the seconds agonizingly slow in passing. By some psychological quirk, they began chattering aimlessly of trivial subjects, by common accord skirting the topic foremost in their minds.

"You should have Berzee drive over here and paint the Observatory for FITS," said Starr to Upperberth. "Maybe it would get the fans off your neck for a week or two if you ran a cover like that."

"Don't be silly!" said Upperberth. "Please the fans and lose all the rest of our readers? --besides, Circulation would veto the idea before it started!"

"Tell me," said von Heine to the Priestess, "vat iss Mars like, anyway?"

Silence fell over the group. Mars reminded them of Mackintosh.

After a moment the Priestess answered, but in puzzled tones. "Mars? Why, I don't know, Prof. I've never been there."

Professor von Heine looked at her in amazement. "But--but--iss nott Mars der planet vere der Master liffs?"

"Thy no," answered the Priestess. "Kartan and Daakta are on Jupiter, the planet beyond Mars. I thought you knew that..."

"Gott im Himmel!" roared von Heine. "Choopiter! Mein Gott, vat idiots ve are! Now I see effrything!"

Everyone looked at the German physicist in blank amazement.

Crisply he described the echo the radar-net had picked up. The Priestess went pale as she listened. "A force-bolt!" she cried. "We have legends in Daakta of their power and irresistibility! It can destroy a planet!"

"No wonder the alien spaceship left so quickly!" commented Upperberth.

But von Heine was not listening. A light seemed to break over his hirsute countenance. "Der aliens -- dey saw der boldt coming vas -- und dey took off!" he muttered. "Dey didt nott eefen wait, der Earth to warn! Und dot means--"

It was Starr who anticipated even the Professor's high-powered reasoning.

"The men who stole your corpse!" she screamed, grabbing von Heine's sleeve. "They must be aliens, too -- and they're still on Earth!"

"Eggzaktly," said von Heine, gazing at her with admiration.

"But then," broke in Upperberth, "there's a chance they can save Mackintosh, don't you think, Prof?"

"Nein," said von Heine thoughtfully. "Idt iss nott Mackintosh I vas thinking uff. If ve can dese aliens contagt, und if dey believe us ven ve tell dem uff der energy boldt, und if dey haff der zooger-science uff a galactic civilization....nein, dey vill nott haff time to bother mit Mackintosh.....buat perhaps dey can save der Earth!"

"But Professor," said Starr doubtfully. "How are we going to locate these hidden aliens in time?"

HOK&OK descended over the little group, as Professor Karl von Heine, the greatest of the scientists, shook his head to indicate that he did not know.

-(END OF PT. 9)-

COLLECTING FANMAGS ?

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QUIEN
SABE?

Dear Art: Read my first Spacewarp the other day and in spite of a slight sensation of having come in in the middle think it's about the best fanzine I've seen yet. So in a momentary aberration of benevolence I write to tell you. (Yes I say the same, sometimes, to other fanzine editors, but only when I want something.) # Of course if the poetry were to be left out I could

not care less, and the illustrations leave me agog with indifference. I never cared much for that way of wasting valuable space anyway but I admit some fan seem to like them. "Symptoms" was just alien corn and the Weapon Shop explanation unnecessary for the intelligentsia, and who cares about the morons? # I seem to have found it easier to say what I didn't like about the ish, and you should take that as a compliment. But though 'tis easier to knock perhaps I should press on. Well, your "Timber" and Roscoism (a notable tour de force) amused me enormously. # Have we, incidentally, your permission to quote from time to time? With suitable acknowledgment, of course. /Yes./ # Would like to have seen the rest of that serial. I liked that instalment anyway. Genius has been at work. "File 13" is fine -- excellent indeed. All the odds and ends are very good. Tell me, can you keep up this standard indefinitely? I shall be vory interested to find out. Anyway, I wish you the best of luck and thank you for one of the most interesting and amusing half-hours I can remember spending in S-F.

Yours sincerely,

WALTER A. WILLIS, 170 Upper Newtownwards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Dear Rapp: I think I'm human as anyone and dislike being termed a "gullible person." Therefore I wish to state publicly WHY I apparently merited that description from the Pong of Bloomington. # When I received word of his "death" I was of two minds. Was it a hoax or was it the truth? It was 50-50. I've been around fandom long enough to know of two previous "kickings of the bucket" that proved to be highly leaky. IF this was another of those, then it would be wise, I thought, to just ignore the whole affair. But suppose, just suppose, it WAS the truth? Falsely though the circular printed by Rapp and authored, we know now, by Singer, appeared to be, there was a bare possibility that it was true. # What to do? Well, I finally decided, better to take a chance and be counted among the bitten than to ignore the whole thing and later on be sorry I hadn't offered my condolences. For if it HAD happened as it was supposed to and I didn't write then I'd always kick myself. # Personally, I can laugh at biting on a hoax. It's an elaborate practical joke of which I was the goat. But, personally, I do think it very poor taste to make a joke of something so fundamentally sacred. What is going to happen is that someday some fan IS going to die, and nobody will believe it and the relatives and close friends who know the truth are going to be very hurt over the apparent shallowness of his other friends and acquaintances for not sending cards of sympathy. # So, Bob Tucker, I am happy to be one of the gullible. Better that than to have done nothing and found the small lone chance had occurred and you were really dead and I hadn't done anything. # As for Singer -- what else can you expect of a mental moron who takes delight in the inane pastime of dropping firecrackers from hotel windows, sending paper airplanes floating off over the heads of pedestrians, and yet cannot catch the point of a joke as simple as the alum one?

LES CROUTCH

Box 121, Parry Sound, Ontario, Canada.

Dear Arthur: Many thanks for the many Warps which have been arriving, and I've enjoyed 'em muchly. Unfortunately, I have missed some of the early "STF Broadcasts Again!" but have picked up the

story pretty well since. # At long last, O./peration/F./antast/ No. 2 (New Series) is on the way to USA fen (screaming, they swoon!). Printers delays, and things. Result, September issue going out in October. Ha, well better late than never -- or so I think. Others may disagree, and just say "better never...period." # If you can find the space, you might make a mention of, consequent on the dollar/sterling exchange rate, there are an awful lot of British books now, that are awful cheap -- and Operation Fantast can supply 'em! Phil J..Rasch of Los Angeles is the man. Full address, you say? 715 West 112th St., Los Angeles 44 Calif. To give you an example, that little book which was reviewed in Startling, Nov issue, BLEEDING FROM THE ROMAN, can be any USA fan's for a mere 1.50 bucks, including postage. And it is a bang up full size novel! # Just tell the boys, and if there is anything they wanna know about in the British book line, they can write me, and I will quote 'em facts, figures, and prices. # To move on...ROSCOE! (on whom be peace) ...I would like to reprint THE SACRED WRITINGS in Op.Fantast, in order that fen (or fans) in this unenlightened country may be brought forth from the darkness, and percieve the only true Ghod of fandom, in all his glorious beauty. Please? Pretty please? /Yes./ /Gad, all we need now is a request from Australia, and there'll be a string of Roscoistic missions girdling the globe! Did you see what I did up there? It shows how much we need His benevolent smile this side of the briny. I typed the unspeakably lewd and indecent name of His Opponent! # Purely by the way, lets start a drive to have all fanzines dated from ROSCOE, this year being ROSCOE 1, starting from June 1, the day His prophets first brought His light to the darkling haunts of fandom. # By the way, pal, note address as we are today, all the Slaters, Joyce (mc wife) Diana (mc dog) and me (the ole dog, etc., et al.)

Capt. K.F. SLATER,

H.Q., 13 Gp. R.P.C., B.A.O.R., 23, c/o G.P.O., England.

Doarap, 'Tis the day before payday, and all is quite. Wonderful start for a piece of poetry, but I'm not in the mood. Wandered back from the mail room a while ago with the OctWarp clutched tightly in my fist, and spent the past unnumbered hours poring over its enlightening pages. Read with interest the Idyll by Avery which you so lovingly published just for me, and was inspired to dash off an answer that should be in this envelope somewhere. /See POSTWARP VIN1/ There should also be the only pic I took of the Misfits that came out. Had a lot of fun at my party, bursting open the bedroom door, and snapping r-tRapp and others in compromising positions, but some low cur exposed that roll of film to the sun. # The Rumor, if I do say so myself (and I do say so myself) was a damn good story. # If you fail at the Oregon "OreCon" to drag back the Michicon in Fifty-wahn, may I suggest "A glass of brew in fifty-two?" I believe that I am one of the chief perpetrators of the "MSFS can drink 'em all under the tables" theory of fanlife. I apologize. And I would like to state here and now that I am not a true fan. Altho I thank ghod for many things I DO NOT LIKE BEER! # Why not collect all the Andrews-Nelson-Sex-and-others letters and publish them as you did the works of William James. The latter, I may add, was one of the best collections I have ever seen. It is THE best collection of fanwork. /40¢ per copy, from me,--AHR/ # Would belatedly like to tell Redd Boggs (or whoever the hell it was in the SopWarp) that I was in Texas, and would rather be there in the summer than Wyoming in the winter. # Might as well get in on this Sex talk myself, as I was told I am on the board of directors of the Peace Party, the Sexocrats. If Ralph Fluette, the originator, will allow it, wish that it could be announced to all and sundry that the war cry of Sexocracy is "Somper Sexualiz, Always Sex." Will not tell what our seal is, for then Warp would surely be banned from the mails. # By the sexy left hind-paw of Roscoe, HAL SHAPIRO (present address unknown).

Dear Art, I was quite interested and disgusted by the letter from "Stif Weirdest". It would seem that he is a pro and slightly peeved at being bothered by fen who like his stuff well enough to want to sweat over a mimeograph printing it for fan edification. So he writes this anonymous epistle to you to run in your mag. Well, I'm not saying one way or t'other whether I sympathize with him, or would, were I in his place...But! It appears to me that he took a pretty base way to show how he feels. After all, if he didn't want to hand out the rights to his story for nothing, he had only to write the briefest of letters of refusal (even a post-card) to Boggs saying that (in words of one caliber or another) it was not his inclination to do so, and probably he wouldn't have been bothered again. But to be so crass as to write an anonymous letter to a noted editor who is highly regarded in the minds of those in the very class of people (fen) he takes opportunity to run down (indeed, even the ed -- ahr-- is to be considered one of that class) merely so he can with safety to himself get off his chest a few nasty remarks which cast aspersions upon people whom he may not even know, just because they happen to belong to a class of beings he purportedly detests...well, it is pretty low-down. I hope Boggs can trace that letter. I'd like to see him put this character's name in "File 13." I think I'd better get off this subject. I'll feel better. # This sex controversy is getting to be something of a farce. It provided a modicum of amusement when the fen were merely jibing at one another because this one happened to be prudish enough to object to a little sex in WARP, or that one was frank enough to admit that he would like to see a little more sex in the mag; but when the fen start getting down to technical discussions and arguments about it, thinking that they really can solve the problem, that's --or--overdoing it a bit, old chap. Listen Art, as long as you've got two subscribers who can write you'll get enough controversy on the topic to keep QS? filled until either WARP or the complainants expire. So what say we admit that the argument can never be settled to the satisfaction of all parties, bury the typer, and dispense with it? Who knows -- it may even come to the stage where you start losing subbers. EEEK! # Ray Nelson's "Cinevent" rather tickled me. Singer again. Better watch it or you'll have another feud on your hands over religion. Religion and sex -- two subjects better for an ed to shy from. By the way, I'm one of the 38.4%. Let Ray harp on that. # That hoax sort of backfired. Too bad. Nasty break for Tucker. He sounds sort of bitter. Hope he doesn't get soured on fandom. # Nuclear Fizz...HMMMM.

Sincerely,

WARREN BALDWIN

407 Philip Avenue, Norfolk, Nebraska.

Dear Art: The October Warp wasn't really bad, but it was only about half as good as the last two or three issues. L.T. George's "The Rumor" would have been improved by omitting the chapter headings entirely. They not only chopped the story up in too small hunks, but sounded pretentious. Considerable trimming of much of the text would have sharpened the yarn, too. There was too much extraneous material. Taken paragraph by paragraph, however, "The Rumor" presented quite a bit of competent writing. The author seemed to have the mood of the thing well in hand, and really "lived" the story. # My god, you say in your last letter that my missive arrived in time to get "partly" into Q-S. Why did you say "partly"? Gad, you quoted almost all of it, even some of it I didn't intend to be quoted. I guess it didn't make much difference, though. Hah, you even quoted some postscripts I wrote in ink! # In re Ray Nelson's letter, wherein he asks "what other things?" in reply to Fried's statement that sex takes one's mind off other things, I think Ray is perhaps righter than he knows. How much political and similar ego-boosting activity -- including fandom -- is in reality merely sublimated sex drive? Vast amounts,

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surely. # I've prepared a brief reply to the "Stf Weirdist", which'll be in the next File 13. # In re "Timbor!" I have all Warps except the Jan 1949 issue. Gad, how will I ever get a copy? And I have material in it, too. It is times like this that I wish the kigmys had arrived from Australia.

Sincerely,

REDD BOGGS, 2215 Benjamin St., NE,

Minneapolis 18, Minnesota.

Dear Art: Oh joy, joy, joy, joy!!! I have attended the first meeting of a new fan club here in Seattle. Being way over on the anti-social side of the more-or-less-human race, I had been doubtful as to how I would manage it. I was shocked with joy to find just how easy it was to slide into a conversation with people I had never actually met before! In fact, the main problem seems to be to not converse long enough to escape and go home. # And Art, I actually met, saw, heard, touched, and skronned JACK SPEER!!! He even personally showed me his decimal system for cataloging stf! How far can democracy go? # Of course I had been to stf club meetings before -- we had one on the campus last year -- but I had known most of the members previously. I still can't get over how perfect strangers can get to talking right off like old friends. But enough of this slobbering; let's get on to the October Warp, a subject you are probably more interested in. # The cover the best drawn since June, and the coloring makes it the best-- period. Of course you realize that I'm an expert on artwork; I've been an inspector of lavatory walls for years now. # "Timber" was sparkling as usual. Someday you must write an entire 24-paged editorial on Ben Singer and get it out of your system. # Your mention of complete files of Spacewarps set me to counting my batch. Yup, there was thirty-one of them, but I'm afraid they wouldn't sell for much at a convention. It seems that I have a habit of dragging the collection along with me whenever I move. Also, I reread a story or two in them once in a while. As a result, some of the issues are a little battered -- especially those that came out when you were losing a battle with your stapler. # "A Cyclops and a Merman" would have made good filler for a Ziff-Davis pulp, but what's it doing in Spacewarp? Do what you want with sex, but ban this sort of stuff, please! # "The Rumor," on the other hand, was darn good reading. Written like a professional, George, written like a professional. Too bad the editor loused it up; or was it the publisher who tried to sabotage the story? Rapp, you really must be having a tough time keeping the zine down to 26 pages if you have to leave out part of a story to do it! # The poetry I hated, of course, with the exception of "Arctic Idyll" with the unexpected punch line, of course. The Big Ben drawing was worth a good laugh as was the authentic portrait of Ye Editor. "Symbiotica" was more 2-D filler, but a little more like I want to read. # "Quien Sabe?" is getting bigger and bloodier. What have we here, a letterzine? About 1/4 of the zine was letters, you know. [Yeah, I know.] But I have no other comments to make, though I might say you should give Warren Baldwin some sort of prize for an original beginning. # Good old Rapp; even has a poem for the postmen. Gee whiz, don't ya think they suffer enough already? # Ghaaaaaaaaaaaaaa,

WALLY WEBER, Room 823, Rainier Hall, University of Washington, Seattle 5, Washington.

Dear Art: The rain outside, the mail man and my eyes finally woke me up to the fact that the latest Warp had arrived. First a few million lines on conventions and such. # At Cincy only one thing disappointed me and that was the site for the 1950 convention. I wouldn't go so far as to say that Portland wasn't a fair site, but there was another site that would have been much more fairer.

As I see it the only reason Portland got the next site was because the West has had so few conventions in past years. This is only too true since everybody at the con hollered, "The West has never had a con." The fact that I want to bring out is that while the West has never had a con, all of the conventions have been in the northern states while the South has never had a convention. At the con I voted for New Orleans and I found out later that I was one of eight who had enough sense to realize that the South should get a Con. Many who voted for Portland must now realize that its a long trip even by plane. I wonder how many eastern fans will make it. I expect to be there but are all eastern fans sure that they can make it, these same fans who voted for Portland before looking at a map??? The point is, when you vote for the 1951 Con let's make it NEW ORLEANS. I'm sure Harry Moore and his bunch will put on a swell convention... # I don't know if anyone has mentioned how a bunch of us fans visited Darrell Richardson's house Friday night before the Con. There was nine of us all together in one car. Included in the group were Russ Watkins, Ed Cox, Harry Moore, Paul Juineau, Goswal and a few guys I couldn't remember. I'm not sure but I think Hank Spolman and Dave Thomas were in the bunch. There were five in back and four in front. How Harry Moore was able to drive, I don't know but we finally arrived after keeping low so the ticket taker at the bridge wouldn't notice how many were in the car. At Richardson's house nothing unusual happened except to me. I was talking to a gentleman (it says here). For nearly ten minutes we talked of many things when I asked if 4B had arrived yet. At once the fellow I had been speaking to announced to my startled ears that he was 4L. Boy did I feel like three cents. # See you in Portland,

LES FRIED,

2050 Midland, Louisville 4, Kentucky.

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O postman, o postman, alas and alack
Unheeding ye tote this around in
your pack
With prose and with poetry alike un-
impressed
As long as the zine is correctly ad-
dressed.

I wonder, o postman, when day's work
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and talk?
Raise tropical fish? Go out for a
walk?

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For then YOU would be publishing a
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