

Merry Christmas from SPALEWARR and Minions.



Ray Nelson

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88



TIMBER!

Roscoe
OBER,
ALLES.

(Herewith Heartily Hoping Happy Holidays!)

Ah me! The other 38 pages whisked thru the typer in a jiff, yet this "Timber!" space yawns gaping, blank as my mind. And Tucker sez an editorial should be more than just telling what's in the rest of the ish, or what troubles you had stencilling it, or all the other standby topics of fanzine editorial-writers. Ah woe!

Mebbe I should denounce all the present theories on how to pick a convention site, and advance my own plan. It is merely an extension of the present system: i.e. the voting is by the delegates present at the previous con. However, the continent of North America is divided into five zones, as follows: (1) East Coast; (2) Canada; (3) South; (4) Great Lakes-Midwest; (5) West. The convention goes to each zone in rotation -- providing some fanclub in the appropriate zone cares to bid. If none bids, the con goes to the next zone, and the unprepared fan have to wait another five years, for their next chance to bid. Only bids from the appropriate zone are allowed, but since there may be several fanclubs in the zone, there is still a choice of site.

The factor determining the above division of the continent is that the great majority of fans (at least 75%) live in the eastern half of the U.S. The center of fan population, I found, is approximately Chicago. Under the above scheme, three of the five conventions would be reasonably near the large centers of fandom, yet the West and South could be sure of getting a nearby con at least once every five years.

Tsk, the end of another year. In the January WARP, you will find an explanation of how my prophecy for 1949 (WARP, Dec 48) came true. For 1950, I won't be cryptic.

Prediction: 1950 will see the launching of a commercially-sponsored "fanclub" by one of the big prozines.

1950 will see a widening split between selfstyled "serious fantasites" and the rest of fandom. The seceding group will do their best to forget that stf had its origins in the pulps.

There will be a growing clamor in fandom against reprint books and mags which clamp ever-tighter on the pocketbooks of those who try to maintain a fairly complete collection.

Most of the major promags will cost 35¢ by 1951.

Ziff-Davis will bring out a reprint mag.

Tsk, I have just finished conning a screed by a grammatical purist who insists that stfwriters cease devising names for e.t.'s which violate the rules of etymology, classical nomenclature, and no doubt a few other esoteric disciplines. I fear it will be difficult to reform the usage of science-fiction writers. I suggest, however, that those who are pained by this sort of thing begin by trying to eliminate that horrible barbarism, "science-fiction." It should, of course, be "scientific fiction" unless one forgets his principles and allows the neologism "scientifiction" -- which, however, would undoubtedly bring a shudder to the noble breast of Dr. Samuel Johnson. But why concentrate on interplanetary linguistic errors? How about forming a society to persuade people to cease using the erroneous

term "Indians" when they mean the aboriginal inhabitants of North America. And we could send a nasty note to Churchill, calling his attention to the fact that Latin has always been regarded as the proper vehicle for oratory which has any pretensions to dignity, and that "blood, sweat, and tears," is disgustingly Anglo-Saxon in derivation.

Wasn't it Lewis Carroll who queried which was to be master, the word or the person using it?

Let us now pause to shed a silent tear for poor old ASF, whose covers used to feature cities-of-the-future, hurtling spaceships, super-rayguns, and other beautiful objects. Campbell can't do it any more, of course. His readers might think his philosophical and technical journal was a mere stfzine.

Speaking of promags, England's "The Flying Legion" in the current FFM is rather appalling. Surely, even in 1919, readers could not take in their stride England's casual evaluation of the machine-gunning of natives as a mere unpleasant necessity in the march of progress, while a white man who is shot while desecrating the shrine of a non-Christian religion "died a hero's death."

SPACEWARP will be using less fiction in the future. The large proportion of same in this Christmas ish cuts our backlog down to a reasonable size. We will use a few stories, but only those of above-average quality, or exceptional in some other way. It would be nice, though, to find our mailbox full of articles written by you.....even if you are a newcomer to fandom. Slight caution: write about science-fiction, not about science -- unless you're an expert in some branch of science, and then only if you can make the subject-matter interesting to others. Few fans subscribe to fanzines for the sake of the science presented on their pages.

There are hundreds of subjects for articles: reviews of books or mags you've read, appraisals of your favorite or most-detested author; how you became interested in stf and why you stay in fandom; your meetings with other fans; your experiences in publishing a fanzine; information about the pros which isn't generally known; etc. ad infinitum.

For the record, and perchance you might be interested in subbing:

DAWN (bi-monthly, 15 pp legal, 10¢, 3/25¢) Oct 49. A letterzine published by Lester Fried, 2050 Midland, Louisville, Kentucky.

ETAOIN SHRDLU (frequency unknown, 26 pp letter, 5¢, 3/12¢ -- deflation, eh wot?) V1N1, Dec 49. A generalzine published by the Mid-Manhattan SFS. Stephen Taller, 40 W. 77 St., New York 24, N.Y.

FANTASY ANNUAL, 1948 (120 pp & litho covers, \$1.00) -- Indispensable to every serious fan. Lists and reviews all stf books and mags published during 1948, plus fan events, fans and fanzines, fan organizations, etc. It's worth the buck. Ackerman, Box 6151 L.A. 55, California.

LA PETITE (32 pp 3½ x 5½, quarterly, 25¢, 4/\$1.00) -- Poetry (non fantasy). Genevieve K. Stephens, 530 Moyer Ave., Alma, Michigan.

SPEARHEAD (52 pp, letter, 25¢) -- V1N4, Fall 49, Beautifully mimeo'd generalzine. Reminiscent of the defunct Dream Quest.

STF TRADER (10 pp, letter, bi-monthly, 5¢; NFFTrs, 3¢) Best place to find bargains in back issues. Jack Irwin, Box 3, Tyro, Kansas.

THE TALISMAN (23 pp, letter, 15¢, 7/\$1.00, frequency unknown) V1N1. A serious generalzine. Row W. Loan, Jr. Box 3224, Columbia Heights Station, Washington 10, D.C. (3)

ONE OF US MUST DIE

BY WARREN BALDWIN

Gay streamers of dawn decorated the eastern sky as the gyro-car of Roger Hagen turned smoothly into the Main Way. Bright rays of orange and blue splashed over the front of the vehicle, transforming the streamlined plastic surface into a fairyland of flashing light. Far ahead, against the burnished copper disc that was the rising sun, were silhouetted the myriad slim shapes of the forest of skyscrapers which was Greater New York. The last lone page of the calendar for 2100 had slipped into the past during the previous night, and the first day of the new year was greeting the Earth of the New Era dressed in its prettiest colors.

But for the glorious beauties of old Mother Nature's pyrotechnics glowing overhead and for the miracle which was awakening New York stretching its steel and plastic sinews in preparation for the work of the new year, Roger Hagen had no eyes. For he was riding fast on his way to murder.

Murder. Roger crammed the accelerator against the gyro's transparent floorboards and rolled the word over and over in his mind, relishing its taste. Murder. Yes, he was on his way to kill the rat who had stolen his wife, his beloved Margot. On his way to end the earthly existence of the man who had no suspicions of the fatal plans being made for him. No suspicion, for Roger Hagen and Don Strong were the best of friends.

Roger laughed aloud. It was insanely funny when you thought of it that way. He was Don Strong's best friend, the best friend of the man who had created that vast emptiness that chilled Roger's guts. Roger Hagen was going to kill his closest intimate, his former wife's husband, who did not dream of the writhing hate borne for him behind the treacherous mask of Roger's cheerful face. And funnier still, Roger reflected, he was going to get away with it. There could be no doubt about that.

Every morning for a year now, Roger had called at the residence of Mr. & Mrs. Don Strong to take the Mr. to his place of daily toil. Don was not wealthy enough to own a private gyro-car, and he welcomed the opportunity to escape the stifling interior of a 'copter bus and ride to work instead in the open-air freshness of Roger's gyro. And every day Roger had thought that that day would be the Day for Murder; and every evening after he had deposited Don Strong once more at the entrance of his apartment he had been disappointed. But he had forced his disillusion and impatience to be docile, for might not the next day be The Day? He regretted that he could never know exactly when the murder would be committed until the deed had been done, but that was unavoidable, for Strong's death was to be -- accidental.

The skyscraper dwelling of the Strong's focussed into view ahead. Roger removed his foot from the accelerator; the speed-indicator needle began to slip downward from the 90 mark. The spider-steel supports of the Way rushed past the sides of the gyro-car in a blur of speed, then, as the car began to slow, became separable by the eye into distinct units.

At the intersection of the Main Way with the branch arterial which led to the apartment building, now almost abreast of the car, Roger again slammed his foot upon the accelerator and twisted the control-stick forward and to the right. With a whine of power, the gyro-car swerved

4 onto the narrow span which dropped sickeningly into a banked spiral in toward the roof terminals. Ground level, a thousand feet below,

was hidden by the lacy network of lower-level Ways. After a last dizzying swoop the car charged between the terminal decelerators and was brought to a smooth halt by the powerful magnetic fields. Roger opened the door on the driver's side of the machine and stepped onto the passenger lift directly beside the rear wheel. He was gently lowered to the cafeteria section which occupied the entire floor just beneath the roof terminal. As he stepped from the lift, a woman's voice trilled out behind him:

"Roger? Roger! Here we are!"

Slowly, Roger turned. There she was, pushing her way toward him across the crowded cafeteria floor. By her side was Don. It was wonderful merely to see her face once more. Margot. Beautiful Margot. Margot, who had once been his wife. Margot whom he still loved.

She reached him, took his arm. She spoke in short gasps. She was out of breath after shoving through the milling throngs about them.

"Well, Roger, we--Don and I--were beginning to think you'd never get here. You're late."

We. Roger winced imperceptibly. She did not know how that simple word burned his very being. We. She and Don. Don, her husband now. Don, whom he, Roger, was going to kill -- accidentally -- and get away with it. He forced himself to smile at them.

"Yes, I know. Sorry. Dellie detained me for a bit this morning." Dellie--Delores--was Roger's second wife. But she would never fill that emptiness which had been left when he had lost Margot. "I got here as quickly as I could. Pushed my gyro to the limit all the way down." He spoke to Don without removing his eyes from Margot. She had never seemed so beautiful. Her shining blue eyes, her shimmering gold hair... "Ready to leave, Don?"

Margot said, "Oh. Well, you didn't have to hurry as much as all that. I guess we could have waited a while longer. Don isn't in that much of a hurry to get to work. And anyway, Roger, I really think you neglect Dellie a little too much."

It was just like her, thought Roger, always thinking of others. Never of herself. That had been one reason why he had loved her -- still loved her -- so much. When she loved someone, she gave her whole self, her whole being, to that person. But she hadn't loved him. She had thought so, at first, and they had been married. But when the infatuation had passed she had found it was not true love on her part, after all, and that it would never be. But for Roger, it had been -- and yet was. And then she had met Don. Don, so damnably handsome and so damnably perfect! And she had sued for a divorce, and Roger had given it to her, because he loved her too much to ask her to live with him if she did not want to. So she had married Don, and Roger, trying to fill that loneliness at her loss, had met and married Delores.

Don was speaking. "Yeah, we'd better shove off pretty quick. The head boss won't like it if I show up for work too late, and nowadays, with so damn' many people, there's always a dozen waiting to step into my place."

Margot released Roger's arm. She embraced Don and gave him a resounding buss on the lips. Roger watched, flashes of unreasoning jealousy beating inside of him, and dimming his



vision. "See you tonight, darling," she said softly to Don. "Be a good boy and keep your nose clean while you're at the office."

Don kissed her again. "You got nothing to worry about on that score, honey," he murmured. "You know I don't love anyone but you. Your ever-loving will be home right after work tonight, just like he is every night." Reluctantly, Don released her and stepped onto the lift, which remained where it had been when Roger stepped off it. "OK, Roger, let's go."

"Righto," Roger said, while he thought hatefully, maybe you won't be home tonight, 'ever-loving.' Maybe this will be the Day for Murder.

Roger climbed up beside Strong on the lift. As the degravatizers hoisted them upward, he called down to Margot, "Don't you worry, Margot. I'll get your husband back safe and unsexed by any of those office wenches he works with." He smiled at her to hide the thundering thoughts inside his head, thoughts which made him want to shout 'I'm going to kill your husband, Margot! I'm going to murder him, Margot! No one can take you away from me, Margot, and live!' She smiled in return and waved at them both until they rose up to the level of the terminal floor and she was severed from their line of vision.

Roger climbed into the driver's seat to the left, and Don clambered up next to him on the other side.

Hagen pressed the stabilizer button on the dashboard in front of him. The opposed gyroscopes concealed in the rear of the car body started up with an almost silent hum of power. Ahead of them, a green "ready" light flashed. The gyro began to move. The magnetic decelerators were working in reverse now, propelling the machine toward the branch arterial, which led to the main Way. Acceleration pressed them back into the seat, and then they were moving along the banked curves toward the Way.

Once on the main Way, Roger speeded the car up to a constant 80. Once again the spider-steel supports melted into a transparent blur. Neither man spoke for several minutes. Roger, now that the Way had been reached and the operation of the gyro-car became almost automatic, sat looking neither to right nor left and let the thoughts which had been driven from him at sight of Margot return in all their intensity. Beside him, Don Strong rested back against the seat cushion, eyes partially covered by their lids, seemingly immersed in thought. Through the transparent tear-drop which was the car body they could see the spire of the Federated Earth Building which was on the other side of the city, seventy-five miles away.

The sun had now travelled several degrees toward the zenith, and upon the opaque glare of the morning sky, Roger imagined he could discern the soft and lovely features of Margot. No, he was thinking, there would never be another like Margot. At no other spot upon the planets was there a woman of her beauty, grace, and wholesomeness. Nowhere was there another who was capable of loving a man with such intensity. Or capable of being loved by a man with such intensity as Roger knew he still loved her.

Don stirred. His voice broke into Roger's reverie. "Margot was right about Dellie, you know."

Dellie? wondered Roger. Who was Dellie? Oh, yes. His present wife, the girl who had failed miserably to take the place of Margot.

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. About your neglecting

her."

"Oh, that."

"Yes."

"Well, I don't want to, Don. It's just that..."

Don's

voice was almost feminine in its softness as he said. "I know. I know what you're thinking. You don't have to say it in words. It's written all over you. You're still in love with Margot."

Yes, damn you! thought Roger. I still am. And you should know. You, of all people. You're the one who took her away from me. Aloud, he said. "No, no, of course not. It's only that...things at the office...you know what I mean."

Don shook his head. Almost as though in sympathy. "That's no good, Roger. I know better. You're still in love with her. And that's why you're neglecting Dellie. Tell me, why did you marry Margot in the first place if you knew you couldn't hold her?"



My, my, thought Roger. Isn't this just too big-hearted of you? Concerning myself about my marriage with Dellie! God, what a laugh! You! You, that took Margot away from me in the beginning! Damn you! You don't have to feel sorry for me. Better feel sorry for yourself. I've got plans for you. Deadly ones. If Margot can't be mine, why...."OK, So I still love Margot. I'm not holding our break-up against you, am I? My God, man, can't you imagine how I felt when she left me? I had to have someone to trust and turn to, someone to take her place. If you love her like I do, you'll know

what I'm talking about. It's not my fault if Dellie isn't as wonderful as Margot. Or her fault either. No other woman can match Margot."

The other was very sympathetic. "Yes, I guess I can see that much. Margot does--get into your blood, doesn't she? But dammit! You can't go on acting as you have been lately! Even Margot knows what the trouble is. The way you ignore Dellie, the way your eyes light up when you see Margot, the silly pretenses you drum up in order to get merely a look at her...even Margot couldn't be blind to that. This "forgive and forget" attitude of yours -- and offering me rides to work every day in your gyro-car when otherwise I'd have to start an hour earlier in the morning and ride on one of those jammed 'copter busses...It's all so damned obviously a front to see her. I know you wouldn't hurt Margot for the world, Roger, but going on like this, while it isn't exactly hurting her, isn't doing her any good either. Or you or Dellie or any of us, for that matter."

Roger made a wry face. "Hell," he mumbled. "I didn't think it was as apparent as all that. But I suppose you're right. I have been acting the fool lately." Inwardly Roger seethed. He thought, sure I've been acting the fool, but not as much the fool as you think. I have other reasons, too, for offering you rides to work every day. But you don't know that, do you Don? You don't know that gyro-car accidents kill more people than all other accident-causes combined, do you? No, of course not. You don't know that in giving you these lifts to work I'm trying to murder you, do you? No, you couldn't know that. "I'll try to stop it, Don. I honestly will. If it's really bothering Margot as you say. But--I hope you don't mind if I still give you a lift in the mornings like this. I wouldn't have to see Margot. She could go back to your apartment before I get there."

Don appeared to consider this. "Ummm, I guess that'd be all right. As you say, you wouldn't have to see Margot. And outside of this--trouble--you're still a right guy, Roger. I like you for yourself. And I'm glad you have nothing against me because of Margot."



A faint smile managed to make itself seen on Roger's lips. "Thanks, Don. Thanks a lot. You're an OK guy, yourself. I--I'm relieved because of this little talk. I guess it had to come, sooner or later." Yes, he thought, I knew it had to come. And I knew you wouldn't refuse me that one simple request. Because you sympathize with me. You know what it's like to be in love with Margot. But there's something else you don't know. You don't know that the longer I continue to give you a morning ride to work in my gyro-car, the more likely we are to have an accident. The Law of Averages says so. And I've checked and re-checked it with accurate calculations. Sooner or later we'll have an accident, an accident in which you will be killed. You damn fool! You don't think I'd give up Margot without a fight, do you? Oh, not a fight in the open. I could never get Margot back that way. But if she thinks you are killed in an accident, she won't hold it against me, and eventually I can win her back. But she will never find out that the accident has been anticipated--by me. "Well, here we are at United already."

The United Chemical Center loomed up before the car. That was where Don worked. Roger took his foot from the accelerator, and the car began to slow. The speed indicator dropped. 70, 60, 40. The intersection of the Main Way and the United arterial sped toward the car. Roger stepped upon the accelerator again and twisted the control-stick forward and to the right. The gyro-car swooped onto the twisting curve which spiralled into United Chemical. Below, the meshing network of the lower-level Ways reached upward toward them with expectant hands...

A gyro-car fresh from the United terminal accelerator fields plunged toward them. Obviously it was out of control. Probably the stabilizing gyroscopes had failed to function. That was, Roger knew, the main cause of gyro-car accidents.

They saw it crashing toward them. And then Roger realized that the accident which he had known would come had finally materialized; and now that it was come, a feeling of horror and paralysis flowed over him. For in the instant before the other car plunged into his own, smashing out his life in a bloody shattering of rended plastics, he recalled something which his hidden hatred for Don Strong had caused him to overlook. That by being in the same gyro-car with his intended victim he, too, stood an equal chance of being killed! A simple piece of logic. So simple that in his hate he had not thought of it. Roger screamed with laughter.

* * *

And all over the city the next day, the news of the hour was how Don Strong had escaped death in a collision involving a gyro-car driven by his late best friend, Roger Hagen. How Strong had smashed open the door on his side against terrific wind resistance and rolled to safety an instant before the ill-fated gyros had crashed and slid over the arterial's edge to smash into another Way two hundred feet below.

But no person save one ever knew of the small pile of accident statistics and calculations from a drawer of Don Strong's private desk which were burned the next day in an apartment in the city.

Don Strong sighed as he watched the flames. A great weight was gone from his shoulders.

THE END

How To Write AN ARTICLE

BY EDCO

Now in these days of fandom's "Golden Age", there are plenty of fanzines that can use well-written articles, or, if you prefer, there are fanzines that can use articles. Now naturally, to get the best effects and a better chance of getting your stuff (i.e., your name) in the bigger and better fanzines, you have to do a lot better job on your article than just sitting down with half an idea and batting it off. Or to just sit down and bat off something as you think it up (like this for instance.)

Now first, you have to know at least something about whatever you are going to write your article about. Then decide on the style of writing you'll use. Of course, this depends on (1) the type of article it is; (2) the ability you have; (3) (and most important) the articles you've read recently in fanzines.

There are any number of styles you can use for your article. One or two for each type of article. The more serious and informative kind is hardest to do. You not only have to use a scholarly and formal style, but you have to know what you are writing about and possibly even look up info and data. Then when looking over the recent articles of this kind you are liable to have trouble struggling around in the grammar and words those guys use in them. Since there are any number of article-writers like Darrell C. Richardson, Richard Witter, Sam Moskowitz and many others (hope those fellows read this and see the free egoboo I'm giving them!) writing for those zines in which serious articles are prevalent, you'd better not try to buck such competition!

Of course, you could start listening to the radio and hearing fantasy programs to write an article over. In this, you'd use a running, reporter-like style which gives out short reviews in a very condensed form, using little space for each and wasting no space with needless words. Who wants to do that? Especially when there are so many other things you could be doing instead of sitting around listening to a radio. Like reading current prozines, taking your girl out, cranking a mimeo, taking your girl to a show, answering long overdue correspondence, taking your girl dancing, and many other things. Anyway, you'd only forget what the programs were about before you had a chance to write down what happened on them.

So then you could look over any one of the many current feuds and battles raging through fandom and write a nice juicy article about one telling in a fast, hard-hitting, Walter Winchellish manner that all those other guys are wrong and this is the only way, see? Only you'd be so busy de-



fending yourself for the next two years, it wouldn't be worth it.

Now what do you do? There are a number of things and ways and styles you can use, but they are too hard to try. So fall back on one of the old standby types. The funny article! Oh, boy, this is easy, you think. "All I have to do is write an article over something in fandom and make a funny satire of it." So you think. First, consider just what hasn't been thoroughly gone over. Can't think of anything...uhh, uhn! Well, you could do a new one over something and give it a new twist, fresh handling and viewpoint. A refreshed type of humor.

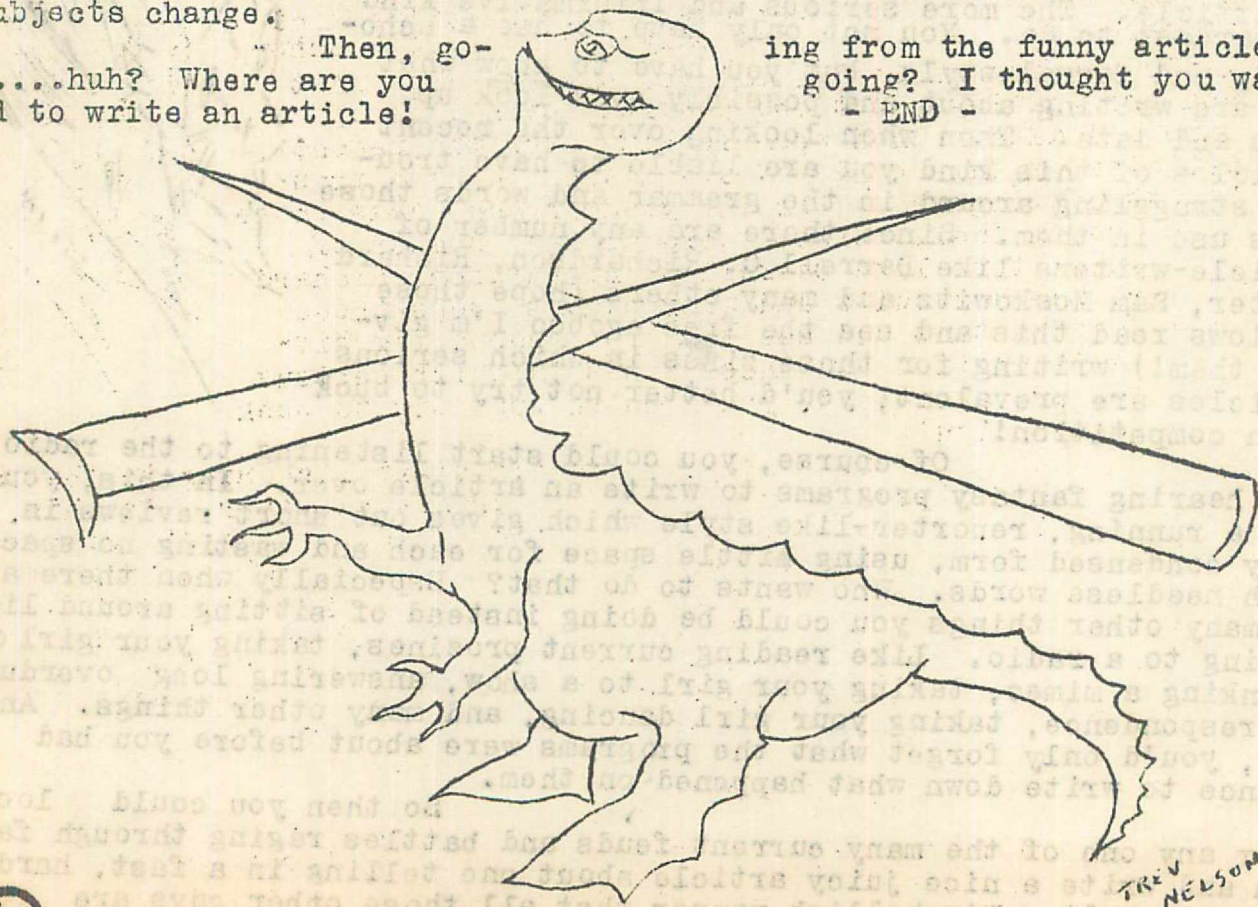
Sure, it sounds good.. But go ahead, go on and do it! First, think of what style you'll use. Straight, dead-pan and let it sneak up on the reader and play 'im? Or should it be hilariously funny? Slap stick. Or fill it with puns and things and lay it on with a heavy farcial hand. It is all according to what the article is over and how you feel about the subject, of course. People really lay it onto the Shaver stuff, for instance.

Now before you get going, think of the competition, past and present, that you have to contend with, surpass and not plagiarize! For instance, there is the one and only Charles Burbee. Nobody can quite match his style so there's no worry there. Just as long as you haven't read an old "Shangri L'Affaires" lately, you won't need to worry about "unintentionally" imitating.....or then there's the likewise one-and-only Tucker, but he's been more or less out of circulation and you probably haven't read much of his stuff anyway. But you can't be sure you aren't in some way, using one of his types of humor. Careful now!

Then JoKe writes so many of those things you'd better be careful that you aren't in some way plagiarizing him. Y'see? I told you you got competition past and present. It's just lucky that the subjects change.

Then, go-
.....huh? Where are you
ed to write an article!

ing from the funny article to
going? I thought you want-
- END -



STARVATION

BY HERMAN STOWELL KING

"I'm hungry," Lem whined. "Please give me something to eat, Uncle Ray." He grovelled.

"No, Lem," Uncle Ray said. "Not yet. You've been a bad boy."

He started to close the cellar door, and Lem clutched his pants leg with bony fingers.

"But I'm starvin'," the boy shrieked. "Starvin'! Please, Uncle Ray, for heaven's sake give me something to eat...anything will do, even orange marmalade; but give me something..." His voice trailed off in strangled sobs. Uncle Ray pushed him away, and quickly closed the door behind him. There was the click of a key in the lock, and Lem was left alone once again in total darkness.

He dug his fingers into the cold earth of the cellar floor and whimpered. It had been so long since he'd eaten! So long! He would soon die if he didn't get a bite. Oh, why didn't Uncle Ray let him out? He sobbed and dug his fingers deeper into the earth, heedless of broken nails. He was oblivious to pain; to any pain except that of the burning, empty hunger that was consuming him like fire. It was getting so he couldn't even think well; if only he had some food, he could think. A growing boy must have nourishment, and he was only seventeen, and why did Uncle Ray treat him like this? These thoughts tossed about in his head, like straws on the waves of the Great Hunger that tortured him.

He must have food! There were no rats in the cellar, and an occasional spider offered little bulk.

"Food! Food!" He screamed and bit his tongue.

The blood in his mouth tasted hot and salty. He stopped screaming, and tried to think in the midst of his all-consuming hunger. He must have food! And there was only one way of getting it.

He lifted his arm; bit a chunk out of it. It was tough and raw, and the pain was great, but he couldn't stand the hunger any longer. He tore off another piece.

Uncle Ray stopped before the cellar door, holding a tray of beans and bread in his hand. He shouldn't feed the brat yet, but if he didn't, Lem might die. It was safer to feed him a little, to barely keep him alive.

Turning the key in the lock, Uncle Ray swung the door open. Lem didn't scuttle forth out of the darkness as usual. Something must be wrong. The squirt had probably fainted.

"Lem," Uncle Ray called softly. "I have some food for you. Some beans and bread, Lem. Come and get it."

There was only silence. Uncle Ray cursed irritably and fished in his pockets for a match.

"Of all the--" he growled, striking the match and holding it up to illumine the cellar.

There was nobody in the cellar. Lem was gone. You see, the poor boy had been starved!

- END -



FILE THIRTEEN

BY REDD

BOGGS

THE FANTASY BOYS OVER THE RHINE. This time let's open the secret file prominently labeled "Cinvention" and mull over a few notes. This column being primarily one wherein gripes and controversies are aired, the emphasis here will be on opinion, not fact.

Maybe I am one sourpuss among 500 slans, but I feel a strong need for an alka-seltzer every time I sit in a convention hall during the business session and listen to them split the convention profits. I was so busy being sick at the Cinvention that I don't recall the precise figures, but as I remember the 1949 convention made a profit in excess of \$800. A slice of this, somewhere around \$300, went to the Cincinnati Fantasy Group, sponsors of the con. Why?

I moan, admittedly the CFG must have worked themselves silly preparing for the con and running it. Expressions of appreciation are due Charles Tanner, Don Ford, and all the others who gave of their time and effort to put on the great show. But is the \$300 to repay them for this service beyond the call of duty, to compensate for sundry expenses, not mentioned in the financial report, that were paid from private pockets?

Maybe -- but if it is, some provision should have been made to assure that only those who donated time, energy and money to producing the Cinvention received slices of the \$300. The way it is, the money was given to the CFG, with some provision that it use the money to buy mimeograph equipment. This is a hell of a way to repay Tanner, Ford, and the rest.

What did the Philly and the Toronto groups do with the money they were given? Did Rothman, McKeown, Millard, Taylor, et al, get any of it directly? I doubt it. The spirit in which the money was given to the sponsoring groups seemed to be that the money was to assist fandom in these cities, not recompense the workers who produced the Philcon and the Torcon. This is a very idealistic concept, and it is time to look at this thing realistically.

I am in favor of repaying the sponsoring committee for a job well done. That's fair. But I am definitely opposed to enriching the club treasury just for the sake of "furthering fan activity in this city" or some such vague reason.

Study will show that a convention usually kills fandom in the host city, or at least deals it a deadly blow. Los Angeles hasn't recovered from the Pacificon; Philly and Toronto are nearly moribund, the only activity since the conventions in those cities being very sporadic and carried on by individual fans, not by the club as a whole. In view of this, one must cynically wonder what in hell the CFG will do with \$300 worth of mimeograph equipment.

Let's stop dumping good money down the drain, or more correctly, paying for a lost cause. Let's either repay the sponsoring committee of the Norwescon directly and personally, or let's forget their work entirely, and use the money for something more worthy.

CONVENTION TIDBITS. The biggest headache-producer of conventions is not overindulgence or talking to silly people. It is listening to speeches from the platform through a loudspeaker system that is either not working at all or booming away altogether too loudly. I am no electronics expert, but it seems to me that a p-a system ought to work better than those did in Toronto and Cincinnati. If they can't, why can't we get a smaller room and dispense with the loudspeaker entirely? I've attended many a class with more than 200 in attendance and the instructor didn't use a mike. I'm tired of straining my ears one moment and having them battered in by a booming sound the next. # Pointless remark of the entire convention was L. Jerome Stanton's reply to Milt Rothman's complaint about the "cheesecake" displayed by the Miss Science Fiction which the Hydra Club hoisted on the con. "The magazines use cheesecake," said Stanton wisely. Did he learn such deathless logic while working at ASF? # I was surprised to note that Ted Carnell had so slight a British accent. He sounded almost midwestern. # Did anyone remark to the effect that Vince Hamlin looked very much like his creation, Alley Oop? Or was it vice versa? # In illustrating the power of the reader in the editorial office, Arthur J. Burks told this story: a publisher was travelling on a train and, noticing a youngster reading a magazine his firm published, he asked his fellow passenger what he thought of the mag. "This story stinks," said the kid, referring to the yarn he was reading. When the publisher got back to New York he killed the whole series of which the story was a part. The series, said Burks, was one he had written and which had paid him cigaret money for years. If it was the Josh McNab series, I thank FooFoo for the critical youngster!

IN RE: THE STF WEIRDIST. I suppose the "Stf Weirdist's" letter in the October Spacewarp deserves some sort of reply. First of all, however, I wish to recommend that Mr. Weirdist have his bifocals adjusted, for I did not say that I "ken trace any letter." I said I would print the name of any anonymous letter writer if I could possibly find it out. And I said that about anonymous letters sent to me. I never said a mumbling word about letters sent to Art Rapp.

Possibly I could unmask the Stf Weirdist. I could unless the quoted letter that was allegedly written by me is actually spurious.



(I suspect that it is.) I have a file of carbon-copies for all letters that I send out, and a check through these should eventually unearth the one the Stf Weirdist claims to have received.

However, I haven't the time for a wild goose chase. There are several aspects of the letter as quoted which convince me that I wrote no such missive. First, I seldom -- very seldom -- begin a letter with the pronoun "I". The complimentary close is one I do not remember ever using. I never spell it "incidentally" -- and I don't spell "sires" and "preferably" that way, either. Of course, it is possible that I did write the letter, but I think it is more probable that the letter is either entirely a fabrication or at least a paraphrase.



I did plan a "fantasy chapbook" series almost two years ago. For the series I attempted to obtain rights to such stories as "Mogglesby" -- at last reprinted in Evon Fantasy Reader #11 -- and C. L. Moore's obscure "Werewoman", as well as several other hard-to-find items. However, if I recall correctly, I approached only two writers directly: Dr. David H. Keller and Seabury Quinn. Hi-ya, Doc?

In any case, I am surprised at the Stf Weirdist's attitude. For one thing, I cannot remember becoming "acid and acrimonious" when refused permission to reprint an author's works. As a matter of fact neither Keller nor Quinn refused permission! For another, I did not say anything in "Pity the Poor Pulpster!" in re fan reprints of professional stories. In my File 13 squib I referred only to hard-cover material, and the whole point of my argument was that many early fantasy works are ludicrously out of place in such widely-circulated reprints in this modern age. Fan publications generally don't circulate in a manner one could characterize as wide.

I still maintain that authors should be more careful to allow reprints only of quality material, worthy of hard covers. Despite the Stf Weirdist's plaint, I will continue to look with compassion on any author who doesn't control the rights to his early crud and must suffer the agony of seeing it anthologized in something like From Off This World.

I still say that any writer who controls book rights to his stories and releases them indiscriminately to any semi-pro book publisher who comes along should expect nothing but a polite sneer.

Perhaps the Stf Weirdist deserves nothing but a polite sneer?

BUYERS BEWARE! Stf Trader #6, recently received, contains a full page ad by one S. Aronson of Newcastle, Texas, in which this large-hearted worthy offers real, genuine "Stories by your favorite Authors from ASTOUNDING" at real astounding prices. Aronson offers you an unparalleled chance to obtain copies of rare old stories that appeared in ASF all of five or six months ago! He offers copies of such ancient yarns as "P-Plus," "Mother Earth," "Throwback," "Trojan Horse Laugh," etc., for only 10¢ or 15¢ each!

But the real bargain on the page is the offer of "In Hiding" at 75¢ and "Opening Doors" at only 50¢ -- or both of them together for \$1.00!

If there is really anyone who is willing to spend \$1.00 to obtain these two recent yarns, I stand ready to rip apart my copies of the magazines containing these stories to sell to this dewey-eyed person. You see, I know that I can replace the issues for 15¢ each.

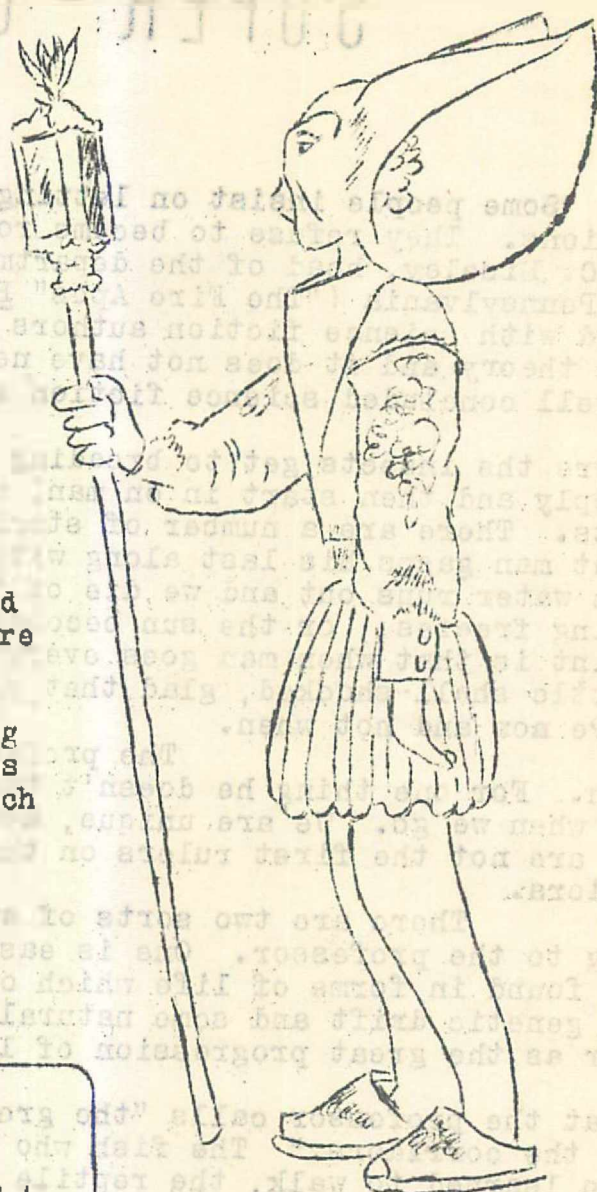
Unless the Shiras tales are excerpted and bound in red buckram, with goldleaf lettering on the spine, I won't pay \$1.00 for them before the year 1999 or later. In fact, I wouldn't pay \$1.00 for the complete issues containing these stories -- at least not till the issues are 10 or 15 years old, when they might be worth that much from Unger.

Mr. Aronson must have acquired a bunch of coverless aSFs which he could not get rid of otherwise, and thus tore them apart and excerpted a bunch of stories which he is offering at these astounding prices. Instead of getting 5¢ or 10¢ for each battered, coverless issue, he gets 15¢, 50¢ or 75¢ for each story it contains!

Such sterling service to fandom should not go unrewarded. What about it, fans? What do you suggest?

-- THE END --

TALE OF THE PURPLE PERCH



I thought I saw a Purple Perch perched in a willow tree
And at the time I deemed it a peculiar sight to see
Since this occurred a long and dusty distance from the sea.

The Perch was picking plums, such was my first impression
(And unripe ones at that, if you will pardon the digression)
"O Fuschia Fish," I greeted it, "I have a strange confession.

I've seen strange sights in distant lands, and stranger ones at sea
But nowhere is a queerer one stamped on my memory
Than glimpsing you, a Purple Perch, plum-picking in a tree."

Said he, "How rare that sight would be, if it should come to pass,
But, be that as it may, I fear you are a stupid ass --
A Perch, indeed! I'll have you know I am a Small-Mouth Bass."

-- r-trapp

SUPER - WHAT ?

BY T. E. WATKINS

Some people insist on letting fact and cold science rule their opinions. They refuse to become romantic. For example, Professor Loren C. Eiseley, head of the department of anthropology at the University of Pennsylvania ("The Fire Apes" Harper's Magazine, Sept 49) does not hold with science fiction authors on how man will meet his end. He has his theory and it does not have near the climax, the punch, the WHAM! of a well concluded science fiction story.

For example, there's the story where the insects get to breeding so fast that they eat up man's food supply and then start in on man, with the world finally inherited by the ants. There are a number of stories where our air supply gets so thin that man gasps his last along with the bears and the butterflies; or the water runs out and we die of thirst; or the sun goes out and everything freezes; or the sun becomes a nova and everything burns. The point is that when man goes everything goes, and you leave the story a little shell-shocked, glad that you're an American, glad that you're alive now and not when.

The professor has a much more unromantic end for man. For one thing he doesn't think we're going to take everything with us when we go. We are unique, and we are the "king of the hill" -- but we are not the first rulers on the earth and we will not be the last rulers.

There are two sorts of evolutionary movement to life, according to the professor. One is easy to understand. It is the variety to be found in forms of life which occupy the same environment. It is due to genetic drift and some natural selection. It has no importance as far as the great progression of life is concerned.

The real mystery is what the professor calls "the great symphonic movement through the world of the corridors." The fish who crawled out of the sea, the amphibian who learned to walk, the reptile who invented the egg, the saurian who learned to fly, and the creature who came out of the trees and on to the grassland and started to think; these are the ones who walked out of an old "corridor" in which their ancestors had lived for centuries, and into a new corridor where no one had walked before. Some have called it "mutation", because the lack of evidence on the transition species has always been a stumbling-block. We have found the bones of early man, for example, but no evidence of a species that might be a transition from a common ancestor with the other primates and early man.

These missing species are not just peculiar to man and his "missing link." In almost every species of life where there is a dramatic turning point the transition species is likely not to be found. There are a few examples, however, between reptiles and birds and reptiles and mammals. These fossils give evidence that changes from one corridor to another by a life form are made rapidly by small groups under extreme selective pressure and since there are few transition species there are few fossils.

The great law of corridor changing is that no life form can change its corridor if the new corridor is already occupied. That is, no species of life will challenge man in his thought corridor. If they try to make the change and we find it out, like as not we'll wipe them out before they get a chance to survive. We had to wait

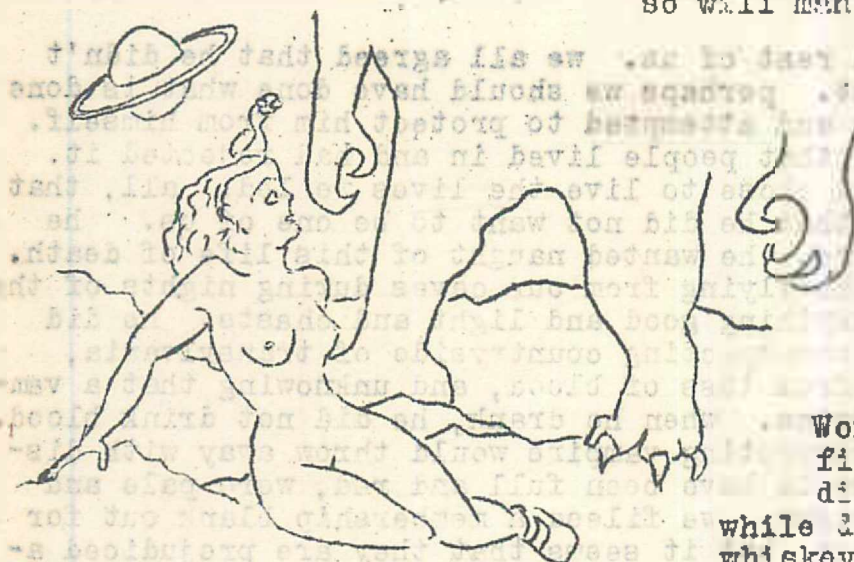
our chance before we became "king of the hill." For 100 million years while the giant reptiles chewed, clawed, sported, and roared, the mammals hid in bushes, out of the way. The brain, with which we now rule the hill, was hidden away in a small creature no larger than a rat. Now did this creature challenge the reptile-giants while they were in charge of the hill. After they were gone -- then he came down out of the trees, moved into the corridor and became a man.

And what does the professor think will happen to us? What happened to the reptiles? There have been many theories, but most of the smart money is now backing the idea that species like the individual, have a youth, a middle age, and an old age. The reptiles died of old age. And so will man. No one will come out of the trees or the air or the

ground or the sea to challenge us in our corridor. We will die out and leave an empty world and then some other life form will struggle across the great boundary and become "king of the hill."

Doesn't sound very exciting, does it? Won't make much of a science-fiction story. The last man dies of cancer, in a chair,

while drinking the last glass of whiskey, and while re-reading the



last copy of "Astounding", and he will have just swatted his last fly. He will probably do it without thinking -- just "SWAT" and that will be the end of him.

The fly, you know, has a lot of stuff. Not only can it beget other flies like all get out, it can walk upside down, fly forwards and backwards, and it is endowed with mental telepathy. I'm convinced of it. Look at a fly sometime and think, "I'm gonna swat you," and watch him get the hell out of there. You have to sneak up on 'em, you have to nail 'em without thinking.

The professor thinks the next king of the hill will be another mammal, perhaps the squirrel or some corridor-changing descendent. I'm betting on the fly because of that mental telepathy.

The great tragedy is that it will not come down to a titanic conflict between man and the fly for dominance in our world. The final battle, that last scene, where the hair stands on the head and the eyes pop, will not happen. The last man will swat his fly and die. And then, years afterward, the first super-fly will struggle across the boundary into a new corridor and occupy an empty throne. After that, for the next several million years, those who cannot fly backwards and forwards and telepath had better watch out.

-- END --

BACK WARPS DWINDLING

If you're planning on someday building up your file of back WARPs notice that my stock of two issues was exhausted during the past month. Moral, act now! 1948 Aug Nov @ 10¢ per copy.

1949 Dec; 1949 Feb Mar Apr May Jun Jul Nov @ 15¢ per copy. (17)

THE

BLOODLESS

BY HAL SHAPIRO

ONE

he was different from the rest of us. we all agreed that he didn't get his proper nourishment. perhaps we should have done what is done so often in human society and attempted to protect him from himself. but we had seen the world that people lived in and had rejected it. we had all rejected it and chose to live the lives we led. all, that is, except him. he said that he did not want to be one of us. he didn't want to be a vampire. he wanted naught of this life of death. the eternal existence...the flying from our caves during nights of the full moon...the fear of anything good and light and chaste. he did not fly with us over the unsuspecting countryside of transylvania, leaving his victims weak from loss of blood, and unknowing that a vampire had fed from their veins. when he drank, he did not drink blood. he sipped what any self-respecting vampire would throw away with disgust. his lips, which should have been full and red, were pale and wan from the alcoholic stigma. we filed a membership blank out for him in alcoholics anonymous, but it seems that they are prejudiced against anyone who is not human. i cannot help but wonder what will become of him. he cannot die, but neither can he live without drinking blood. not even the blood of the lower animals does he touch.

how long can he keep it up. all of the witches, and even beelzebub are losing their respect for us. if he were only one of us, they say, we would teach him to do wrong. but what we have hold no one is that he differs from us in other ways. the others do not as yet know, and i am debating the advisability of telling them. we must be in our coffins by sunrise, but he is free to roam as long as he wishes, as long as he keeps sunlight from his body.

he cannot change form, as we can, by merely willing himself to do so. he had to be thoroughly inebriated before he could so much as change to a cloud of vapor. he could not be frightened by wolfbane or a cross, nor could he be killed by driving a wooden stake through the region where his heart would have been. the only thing that could possibly kill him would be silver or a good look at ray nelson or a trev nelson drawing. stein would do in a pinch.

i had best draw this manuscript to a close. it is almost time for the sun to rise. in most stories i read, some one is murdered just as he is about to finish or reveal something. i am far too smart to let the sun catch me here in the open. before the sun comes up, then, i shall close. it is starting to peek over the horiz

THE CORPSE



BY CHARLES L. HAMES

Pale moonlight sifted through the open window and fell in ragged patterns across the open lid of the crude walnut coffin and the thin white face within. Outside a warm breeze whispered in the leaves of the twisted oaks and rustled the rotting old tar-paper of the shack. From the grove of cedars up by the cemetery the mournful chant of tree-toads echoed and re-echoed in the stillness of the summer night.

Alan Webber sat tense and alone in the dim room with the corpse. He wasn't exactly afraid. He had never been called a coward, yet there was an inexplicably queer feeling, a strange grimness, about sitting here in the somber shadows alone with the body. A feeling closely related to terror.

The others should be on their way back by now. It was already growing dark. For a moment Alan wished he hadn't elected himself to sit with the corpse while the others had gone to do their evening chores. He should have suggested that someone stay with him, but then that would be an admission of fear. He would rather sit here all night than have them suspect he was afraid.

When they came back he could boast about it. "I'll bet you were a little scared," they would say, and he would laugh and reply, "Don't talk foolish. I'm not afraid of anything. Your wild yarns about the old man didn't frighten me any."

And then they would tell it around town and the word would get to Millie Severs and then he would be in. She didn't want any coward for a husband.

Yet surely the others should be back. He sat there listening to his own heavy breathing and a little cold sweat started to trickle down his neck.

All those weird and strange tales the villagers told about the dead man seeped back into his brain, one by one. "He's a demon! No relatives! Won't talk to anyone! Why once Clay Madden came by his little shack and the old man was sitting out there in the graveyard a-talkin' to the dead! I tell you the man has uncanny powers! Why he even likes livin' there in the grove right by the dead. You wouldn't catch me--- I hear he's building his own coffin. Sleeps in it, too, instead of a bed---"

Now as Alan sat there watching the rapidly approaching darkness, uneasiness seeped over him. Maybe those tales had been true...maybe the old men... He was being ridiculous. Yet if they were... Sometimes perhaps it is wiser to admit fear. But the others would laugh. Especially Skud Darby who was also courting Miss Millie.



He got up from the straight-back chair and walked over to the window. The dead face stared up at him and he tore his eyes away. The grey flesh sickened him, the stiff white features sent tremors up his spine.

He cocked his ear for possible footsteps. They should be back. They'd had plenty of time. Why couldn't he hear them coming down the dirt road or in the moonlight pick out their dusky forms against the tall grass of the cemetery.....

He went nervously back to the chair in the corner of the shack. He wondered why, if the tales about the old man were really true, the villagers had all gotten together and agreed to sit up with the corpse and give it a decent funeral. It was all bosh. Those tales were just to talk about around the store or when visitors came.

Alan found himself staring at the form in the coffin. He wished there were some way to cover the face. It looked so white and waxy. Yet on the features -- there seemed to be a smirk. A knowing smirk, that soon they would come for him. The Dead! And no mortal could stop them.

Alan thought of the sheet they had wrapped the body in before placing it in the coffin. He knew that no one man could close the coffin lid. Something seemed to hold it fast as if in wait... Green lumber, no doubt, and the close humidity of the air. But the sheet. He could cover the form with that. He wouldn't have to view the loathsome face, then.

He stumbled across the room in the darkness and fumbled under the coffin for the long white cloth. He gathered it up quickly and spread it full length over the walnut box and the body. Then he went back to his chair and waited.....

The moon had shifted higher in the heavens and the night was alive with its light. Alan watched the grass flowing in the cemetery and heard the wind tear the tarpaper on a section of the shack. "Damn them," he thought. "Show up!"

He strained his eyes along the road and waited some more. "I'll count up to a hundred," he thought. "If they aren't here by then, I'm leaving. One...two...three...four..."

They wouldn't leave him here alone. Just for a gag, maybe. But that wasn't funny. "Damn them!"

A cricket rasped somewhere in the shadows. "I'll count again, slowly. I'll give them

every chance. One... two... three... Show up!
Damn them! Show up!"

He glanced back up the road. Dark forms were on it, walking slowly in the moonlight.

A feeling of gratitude and calmness came over him. He wouldn't mention it. He wouldn't tell them he had been frightened for a moment. They'd laugh and make too much of a joke about it. He'd face them calmly as if he had felt nothing.

They were coming down the road now. Several of them crossing the graveyard and headed toward the house.

Alan suddenly remembered the sheet. He'd take it off the coffin. They would suspect something if it was there when they came in. Suspect him of being afraid. Then they would laugh.

He tore the sheet off the corpse and dropped it under the walnut box. He went back to his chair and watched them through the window. They were drawing nearer.

Cold fear suddenly knotted in his heart. Those weren't the villagers coming toward the house. Someone else! Alan could make out their features in the moonlight. Grey features, pitted and dripping like death!

He could feel the clammy sweat bursting out on his forehead. He clinched his damp hands and listened. No sound but the wind outside. A chill slithered up his spine.

They were at the door! They had come for him! Death had come to take the corpse! He had had contact with them. They were opening the door slowly and without sound.

Alan sprang from the chair and crouched in the darkness of a corner. His heart pounded in mad terror. They were here!

They huddled about the coffin. Four dark forms in the pale moonlight, talking in whispers, whispers like the wind in the oaks, lisping, laughing in soft chuckles.

Terror boiled and fumed in Alan. He held his breath. He wet his dry lips with a sticky tongue. Then a shriek burst in his throat and he was screaming.

"Take him! Take him! TAKE HIM!"

He fell, quaking, face down on the rough floor sobbing, hard convulsive sobs.

"TAKE HIM!" he screeched.

When the villagers finally got back, something had taken them both.

- END -

NOT EVEN A G-STRING!

Did Ray Nelson go too far when he drew that full-page, full-color illustration for "What Far World" in Dark Wisdom and Other Tales by William James? Get this beautiful 50-page volume from r-trapp today, and see for yourself! Six enthralling stories, all illustrated in color! Only 40¢ per copy -- order yours today! A Misfit Publication.



THE PSYCHO LAB

& DICK AVERY

Psycho Lab, short maybe for Psychological Laboratory? Funk & Wagnalls says --

Psychological: "Of or pertaining to psychology, or to the mind and its phenomena." -- Laboratory: "A building or room fitted up for conducting scientific experiments, analysis or similar work." -- So Psycho Lab is evidently a room fitted up for the analysis of the phenomena of the mind? Tell you what, Rapp, make me your agent (at 15%) and I'll clean out that room and rent it out up here for a hundred and a quarter a month!

But let's get into it. What makes Avery tick? Robotics being out of the question (I can prove that) we must believe in the theory of random atoms, rejected by all self-respecting molecules, chancing together and organizing an 'entente cordiale' for the express purpose of kicking themselves into a place in the sun. This theory is provable in that ye scribe visited Ploesti a few times along in '44. Ask anyone who went through the flak at Ploesti the chances of not getting nicked. It's lower than Morgan Botts' "Probability .28". We must decide, therefore, that the Avery atoms forcefields effectively shielded themselves from those of the flak. 'Course, some people believe in luck --.

But that's in the past -- we must look ahead. And whata head the mirror throws back! Size seven hat it wears. Flighter of course -- only a gravel agitator would wear a Stetson! But we digress --.

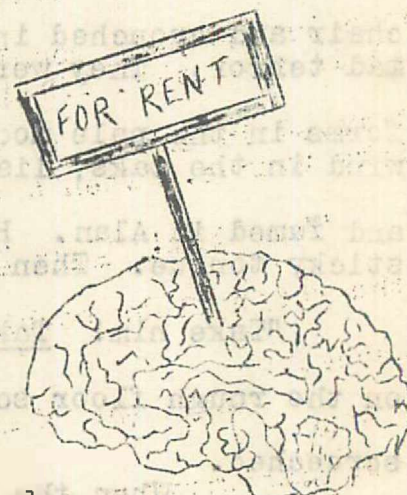
Have been reading the stuff fer years. Even when I was so short I had to clamber up the racks in Halstead's drugstore (plug) in order to reach the lurid things. Not much taller now. Which brings us to vital statistics. Born -- 28 Nov 1918. Died -- not quite. Married -- 1942. Still. Heir born -- 2 April 1944. Airborne (1st Combat Mission) 2 April 1944. Coincidence?

Have three so-called hobbies -- stf, balladry and ham radio. Stf -- I read them all. Unlike the majority of fen, I like a good fat-cat heroine in mine. Balladry -- mostly collector -- have recordings of authentic early American, English, Irish, Spanish and Creole ballads. Probably the only man in Alaska that knows four versions of "Barbry Allen." Not counting a certain "B" girl in the Aleutian Gardens. (no plug.)

Ham radio -- licensed as KL7TK. Rig consists of a BC-610 Xmtr, Sx-28 receiver, and a three element rotary beam antenna (home-made). Working the 10 meter band at the moment. Biggest disappointment so far is that I haven't been able to work W2ZGU (John W Campbell Jr.) Wonder if he ever fires up his rig?

Of course I could put an orange crate in one corner and rent it out furnished. Let me see -- 15% of \$200.00 is ah--um--ah--

How much



DEATH

Death is an ugly thing
Squatting at the end
Of my life.

The yellowed fangs
Of its greedy, slobbering mouth
Saw at my soul --
Eating, ever eating
At the carbon protoplasm
That is me.

The clammy tentacles
Of this octopus thing
Suck and choke;
And I am lost
In a cold caress.

-BY BILL WARREN

NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA

EGAD!
YOU HAVEN'T?

Written for your free first ish of NEBULA, that is. You haven't?

Well, tsk, tsk. Just take a look at what you're missing! In the first stupendous(?) ish we have:

- (1) A great new story by William James, titled "The Secret of the City." This is the best yet from this noted fan-author. Don't you want to find out what happens when a party of explorers discover a hidden city in the wilds of the Martian Desert?
- (2) A real stf yarn by Jim Craig entitled "Sheriff Daw and the Time Bandit." Wouldn't you like to know how this officer of peace traps the bandit who is able to move freely in time?
- (3) A provocative and interesting article by Arthur H. Rapp, that is called "Same Old Groove", and knocks the fen who murmur over the way the haggard artists for the prozines draw their stuff.
- (4) An informative and timely Book Review of the book "The Best Science-Fiction Stories: 1949" reviewed by Thomas H. Carter.
- (5) A beautiful cover which ILLUSTRATES THE LEAD STORY! James' new opus -- "The Secret of the City."

All the first ish costs you is a penny for the post card with which you send your name and address to the editor: Warren Baldwin, 307 Philip Avenue, Norfolk, Nebraska. DO IT NOW! DO IT NOW!

NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA NEBULA

LOST IN LOVECRAFT LAND

BY LYON DE COEUR

SIX THOUSAND aetheric feet above the limitless New England countryside the nightmarish mass of white cottony clouds enclosed my little helicopter, hovering around it like strange and hellish shapes from Beyond, laden with lore of the Deep Ones and their slimy, weedy caverns of tritonic magic beneath the tumid seas whence these burgeoning morbid clouds has risen.

Below me, I knew, the gigantic crags of the sea-coast climbed lofty and dangerous, clawing the cloud bellies like reaching fingers. These pinnacles I had glimpsed before the feathery, daemon clouds had engulfed me, but I knew this country not at all. A hell-spawned magnetic disturbance played uncannily with my 'copter's compass-needle, twisting it in dreadful patterns and frightful oscillations till I knew not in what direction lay my course to the pleasant city of Lubec, Maine, my avowed destination.

I decreased the "bite" of the rotor-blades, and descended gingerly through the cloudy heavens, lowering almost straight downward, hoping I could not strike one of those titanic towering crags hid in the thickening miasma. My heart leaped horribly as I saw the spectral shadow of a peak loom out of the mist. Then, fantastically, my helicopter scraped the crazy chimney of a strange antediluvian house, perched on the sinister cliff!

It was hellish! I landed my airship nearby, deciding to orient myself before wandering deeper into the mad, terrifying clouds. Somehow, I felt an awesome, daemonic shock as I crept toward that gray, antique cottage in the sky. Through rifts in the bizarre mist I saw the dank and inscrutable ocean surging against the loathsome rocks a dizzy space below, and to my right I glimpsed once the gambrel-roofs and archaic spires of a quaint but alien village. And baldly before me loomed the queer and lofty house, which I now approached, attempting to peer into one of its small-paned windows.

A window on the landward side of the appalling house was hellishly open. I stepped through it, into the detestable abode. It was daemonically empty. I unpocketed an electric torch and peered into the blasphemous shadows in the unplumbed corners of the frightful foom.

"Hey you!" shouted an unearthly voice, suddenly. "What are you doing in my house?" I cannot describe the ghastly sensations I felt as I heard that strange voice issue from the cleft, cracked lips of an abhorrent ancient who had awesomely appeared in the room. Stiffening my quaking knees I resolved to confront my loathsome host with as brave a show as possible, despite my shaken nerves.

"I -- I -- er -- just dropped in to -- heh heh -- er -- just to ask how far it is to Booblec -- er, Lubec Maine --"

The wizened old man was overflowing with primal and unknown evil. He did a sort of ominous, disquieting cakewalk on the peculiar floor. "You lie! How did you get atop this daemonic peak?" he shrieked hellishly.



With a certain ogygian movement, the terrible old man snatched up a queer, otherworldly baton, strikingly puzzling in its untraditional designs, and swung it nightmarishly. I ducked and spun clear around with a frantic eagerness to retreat from that ghoulish room. At balance again, I cast one quick glance over my shoulder, and my heartbeat rose to a maddened crescendo in the unnamable silence.

The abominable ancient was no longer in the room.

A horrible shudder racked through my five foot ten frame. The old man had inconceivably disappeared almost before my eyes. A repellant thought came to me. Had I, by monstrous chance, landed in that horror-infested region, that dismal, forbidden and forbidden section of Massachusetts which H.P. Lovecraft wrote about in his dark and suppressed chronicles? Was this doom-shadowed Innsmouth, or whisper-haunted Arkham, or mystery-shrouded Kingsport?

The cold sweat started on my scholarly forehead as I stepped through the hideous shadows toward the beckoning open window. Suddenly I felt the grip of iron-tight evil fingers on my elbow. I knew it was he before I heard that accursed voice. This time the tones were not insanely furious but were frigidly cold. "No--you--don't! You aren't leaving till you explain your presence in this house!"

I shivered as I looked into that gnarled face, nameless with its ancestral evil amid the amorphous, necrophagous shadows.

"H-H-How'd you disappear like that?" I whispered into that unbelievable countenance.

The queer old man gave a sepulchral laugh. "Tulgey!" he wheezed in uncanny tones. "I merely disreft the inuxable queebus, straining the crediscence with a murgaric bralsfor, thus" -- his voice rose hideously -- "sledageating the dirensic on a stockinal, hemi-judaxial tornakik into a pansidian shogog--"

I tore from his appalling grasp, vaulted the window-sill, and sprinted to my helicopter. I am sure (though I did not turn to look) that that nameless horror ran at my flying heels. I zoomed away from that eldrich house and climbed into the lofty, terrible clouds. I did not descend again till my gas ran low, I landed my 'copter at Newport, Kentucky.

I have told my incredible, hellish tale only to the Newport police, and even those gentlemen of the law cursed me and detained me in their damp gaol for the night, vowing me witless or inebriated. One of the officers went so far as to point out, with much merriment, an item in the public prints which was datelined from a certain town in Massachusetts and read:

"One of this city's most colorful figures, Jeffrey Owens, returned home yesterday. Born here in 1882, Mr. Owens became internationally famous as a magician. His unique disappearing act was a staple of vaudeville during the early days of the century. He has now retired, and has taken up residence on his family estate, Ridge House, on the summit overlooking town..."

Yet, I know that my frightful experience was the result of unnamable phenomena, unrelated to prosaic and wholesome existence. The monstrous ancient on that cyclopean crag is an acolyte of Yog-Sothoth, who shall walk again, awaiting only a summons to disreft the inuxable queebus as foretold in the forbidden lore of Ludvig Prinn and the Comte d'Erlette.

For didn't I hear that distorted old man chant in his degraded parody of a human voice an invocation to Yog-Sothoth, that Lovecraftian horror? "...Strain the crediscence with a murgaric bralsfor....sledageate the dirensic on a stockinal, hemi-judaxial tornakik -- YOG-SOTHOTH, the three-lobed staring eye! A-a-a-gh!" --END--

WANTED

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STF 3 BROADCASTS AGAIN!

Tenth and (halleluja!) final part of 1949's greatest fanepic! Amen

"Nein," said Professor von Heine sorrowfully. "Der aliens on der Earth iss, ve know -- budt where dey iss hiding, dot iss anudder question."

"How about a radio broadcast appealing to them for help?" suggested Starr, frantically shredding a handkerchief.

"No good," Upperberth commented. "If they were anywhere near a radio they'd have learned of the alien bubble-ship, and would have come out into the open before this."

"QUIET!" shouted the Priestess. Sheer astonished silence dropped over the group in the cavernous Observatory dome. Everyone turned to look at the voluptuous representative of Jupiter's ancient empire. Her lustrous eyes stared straight in front of her, her curvaceous body was rigid with tension, her slim, crimson-nailed fingertips were pressed to her temples.

"Quick, catch her -- she's going to faint!" said Upperberth to von Heine.

But before the bearded scientist could move, the Priestess relaxed, blinked dazedly, and bestowed a dazzling smile upon her companions.

"The aliens are setting to work on the problem of the force-bolt," she announced. "One of them will be here in just a few minutes to check those calculations of yours, Professor von Heine."

Upperberth's jaw dropped, and Starr stared blankly. But comprehension swept over the black-whiskered puss of Karl von Heine.

"Telepathy!" he murmured.

The Priestess took out a compact and began repairing her lipstick.

"Of course," she said. "We of Kartan, even those of us who have not the Master's ability to create thought-projections, know much of the powers of the human mind."

Upperberth opened his mouth to say something, but was interrupted by the clatter of feet on the iron Observatory stairs. "Hya, Prof. Hya, Up-pie. Now, folks, just relax. Keep your girdles on. We aliens have things well under control."

Professor von Heine choked, sputtered, and grew red in the face. His beard rustled ominously as he glared at the newcomer. Finally he got his voice enough under control to shout:

"Gott im Himmel! YOU! You are an alien?"

"Well natch," said the newcomer, doffing his helicopter cap and bowing graciously to the ladies. "Whyja think I tagged around witcha so much fer, while you were building your rocketship, huh?"

He whistled appreciatively at the Priestess, winked at Starr, grabbed the sheaf of mathematics from Professor von Heine's limp hand, and flipped through the complex equations as he adjusted the telescope to locate Jupiter.



He was the "student" von Heine had been trying to instruct in the art of writing salable science-fiction.

* * *

"Cruddy rig," commented the alien, delicately moving the vernier traverse screw of the two-million-dollar telescope. "At least three micromicroseconds of backlash in these gears."

He shrugged. As he studied the heavens through the instrument, he continued to address a monologue over his shoulder to the stupefied members of the FITS staff surrounding him.

"You Solarians give me a pain. Unpredictable. I'll probably get demoted a grade for this mess. How was I to know that as soon as I take off for a few days' vacation, this nutty dame would slip a shiv into the Prof? No logic to it at all. And then your crude embalming methods that utterly destroy braincell potentials, so I couldn't even determine where von Heine hid his rocketship. Incidentally, Prof, I hear the crate finally took off?"

"Correct," answered the German physicist dazedly. "Glover Mackintosh iss piloting it, budt it iss falling toward Mars oudt of control."

He added. "Haff you der force-boldt found?"

"Natch," said the alien, abandoning the telescope to scribble intricate but unintelligible equations on a bit of paper. "Hadda check your trajectory figures, though. You humans just aren't reliable in situations like this."

He paused, flicked a glance through his mathematics again, and nodded in evident satisfaction.

"All set," he announced. "Now all of you shuddup a minute till I contact Headquarters and get things moving."

He reached up and shifted the propellor on his cap a bit. Something hummed up the scale of audibility and a single soundless bleep seemed to whisk through the brains of the watchers. The alien restored the propellor to its original position.

"And that is that!" he remarked smugly. "Incidentally, folks, I'm grateful to you for the tipoff on that force-bolt. The bubble-ship commander should have notified us before leaving. He'll be executed for neglect of duty, of course."

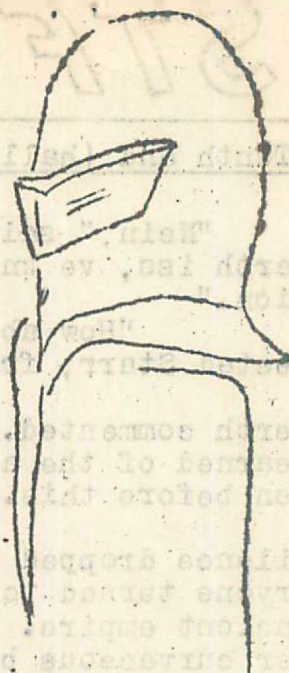
"Did you -- did you stop the bolt?" asked Starr breathlessly.

"Nope. Can't be done. Took the next best way out. Had Headquarters hook up a self-maintaining stasis between the bolt and the nearest planetary mass. Acts like a tractor-beam. Planet will deflect the bolt enough so that it'll miss Earth. Close shave, though."

"Wonderful!" said Upperberth, wiping his beaded brow in relief. "But now that you've disposed of the immediate menace to Earth, do you suppose...er, that is..."

"Mr. Upperberth wonders if you could suggest some way to rescue Glover Mackintosh," the Priestess supplied helpfully.

The alien sniffed contemptuously. "Heh, typical Solarian reaction. No logic. Nibble at the edges of a problem."



House on fire, you carry out an armful of furniture instead of grabbing a fire extinguisher. Dopes. Every last one of you."

"You mean--?"
said Starr incredulously, clutching his arm.

"Precisely," answered the Alien. "Why make two problems out of one? Hooked the force-bolt to Mars. Mars yanked out of its orbit. Nothing for rocketship to hit, no crash. Simple."

The Alien started down the stairs, then turned, peered up at the little group around the telescope and added, "We're leaving Earth, you know. Utterly unfit for galactic empire as yet. Just as I predicted when Galactic Center sent me here as an observer."

We'll board that runaway rocket of yours, Prof., and see that the controls are fixed so Mackintosh gets back o.k. Nice guy, Mackintosh. Taught me to play the bagpipes. Magnificent instrument. Nothing like it in the entire Galaxy."

With a cheery farewell wave, the helicopter-hatted, bespectacled alien clattered off, humming "Loch Lomond."

"Now I haff everything seen!" ejaculated Professor Karl von Heine.

"Oh no you haven't!" said Upperberth, waving Starr to follow him.

"Hey, where are you two going?" yelled the Priestess.

"To the FITS office!" called the chubby editor. "Something tells me our fanzine review column for next issue will have to be rewritten after that alien and his headquarters staff leave. Hah, no wonder they always thought it was so funny to call themselves 'slans' and 'star-begotten'!"

* * *



That just about winds things up, you know. Of course, just for the sake of completeness, we might add that Mackintosh's "eye witness" account of the first spaceflight saved FITS' circulation and Upperberth's job.

Mackintosh was quite proud of his article, even though he had to write the return-trip part from sheer imagination. You can't drink beer after beer without a bit of foggiess in the cerebral processes. In fact, keep it up long enuf and you pass out.

But Mackintosh doesn't worry too much about the gap in his memory. After all, he has Starr. And von Heine has the Priestess.

Upperberth?

He has FITS.

*-THIS IS THE END--

THE MONTH of October, 1949, saw the field of cosmogony take a long stride into the past. Dr. Gerard P. Kuiper, famous astronomer at the University of Chicago, made his announcement of a new theory of planetary origin before a gathering of more than five hundred scientists, students and professors.

Under Dr. Kuiper's theory, the attenuated dust and gases in space near the sun formed a rotating ring which eventually contracted to the shape of an extremely thin lens, or disc. This disc rotated in the plane of the present orbits of the planets and had a thickness of approximately one percent of its diameter. Its mass was about half that of the sun.

After a period of time, the lens-like formation reached its critical value of stable density in several places and divided into a number of swirling eddies, or "proto-planets." As the critical density was not the same for all portions of the disc, the planets formed by the condensation of the eddies were of dissimilar mass. Thus Earth and her sister worlds came into being.

The new theory is similar in all respects to that presented by the German scientist, Immanuel Kant, in 1775. The original Kant postulate tendered as its basic assumption the existence of a nebulous mass of rotating dust and gases in rotation. These clotting nodules grew slowly by accretion and eventually formed the planets and their satellites. The remaining portion of the nebula, comprising most of its mass, contracted to form the sun.

A few years later, in 1796, the prominence of the Kant theory was diminished by the appearance of a new suggestion by Pierre LaPlace. LaPlace's initial provision was a rotating nebula of very hot gases. As the gases cooled and shrank, the nebula rotated more rapidly in order to conserve its original angular momentum. In this manner, concentric rings of gas were peeled from the parent body. These rings cooled and condensed to form the planets. The greatest portion of the nebula remained to form the sun.

For over a century the theories of Kant and LaPlace remained the only conjectures to be made concerning planetary origin. Then, in 1900, Thomas C. Chamberlin and Forest R. Moulton proposed their famous Chamberlin-Moulton theory, which came to be known popularly as the "planetesimal hypothesis." It was a radical departure from previous theories, and presupposed the existence of the sun. A nearby star was envisioned as passing close by Sol, causing gigantic disturbances upon both bodies. Great amounts of gases were thrown out into space. After the two had once again separated, these gases cooled and condensed, forming a large number of planetesimals which slowly accreted to their masses until they finally became the planets we know. The process was assumed to have occurred simultaneously around each star.

Seventeen years later, Sir James H. Jeans and Harold Jeffreys brought forth their "tidal hypothesis," which was somewhat similar to the Chamberlin-Moulton theory. Here the intruding star blundered so close to the sun as to nearly collide with it, and the resulting solar tides threw out tremendous amounts of gases in the shape of a long, thin, tenuous

A RETURN TO THE OLD IDEAS

BY

WARNER

BALDWIN

streamer between the two stars. This filament rotated around the sun and condensed into planets, with the largest being in the center and the smallest at either end.

In 1930, a new theory featuring the properties of electromagnetism was propounded by Berlage. Under this proposal, practically any star could form planets through natural processes. It pointed out that electrically charged atoms and molecules shot out from the surface of the sun would tend to spiral in that body's extensive magnetic field. Un-

der proper conditions a series of concentric rings of gases might result, and condensation might then proceed along familiar lines.

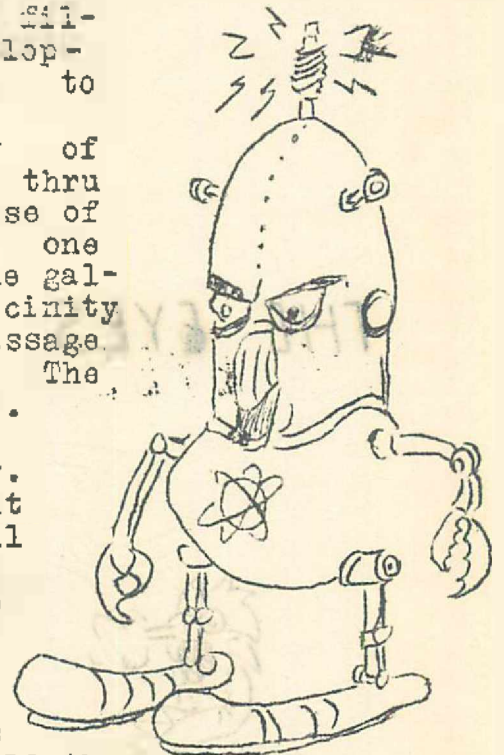
Lyttleton, in 1936, thought that if the sun had been originally a double star the disturbances which would have resulted from the capture of its companion by a third star might have left a thin filament of gases rotating around the sun. Developments from that point would have been similar to the Jeans-Jeffrey theory.

The Alfven theory of 1942 recognized the fact that the stars move thru space. It proposed that the sun, in the course of its celestial wanderings, had passed through one of the many gaseous nebulas which populate the galaxy. Nebular particles in the surrounding vicinity would be electrically charged by the sun's passage and would spiral inward to form rings of gas. The rings might later have condensed into planets.

Hoyle, in 1944, proffered a novel theory. He speculated that a star near the sun might have become a nova, throwing off a large shell of material. As is not uncommonly occurring, more material might have been ejected in one direction than in any other. As the nova sped away from the sun, propelled by the lop-sided explosion, a portion of the ejected shell may have been captured by the sun's gravitational field. Further development would then proceed according to the earlier Jeans-Jeffrey theory.

Only one year later, in 1945, von Weizsaecker introduced the theory which has now been succeeded by that of Dr. Kuiper. By an ingenious usage of rotating co-ordinate systems, von Weizsaecker calculated that vortices in a rotating planar nebula would be concentrated in areas spaced approximately in geometric progression from its center. With the sun at the center of such a nebula, the processes of accretion taking place along the intersecting borders of these vortical areas would result in planets and satellites having direct rotation and revolution, spaced in geometric progression from the sun.

And now, in 1950, after 195 years of the scientific method, we see that cosmogony has entered upon a return to the old ideas. The scientists of our era are looking back in their never-ending search for an answer to the age-old question: How did it all begin?



FANCY AND FACT

T. E. WATKINS



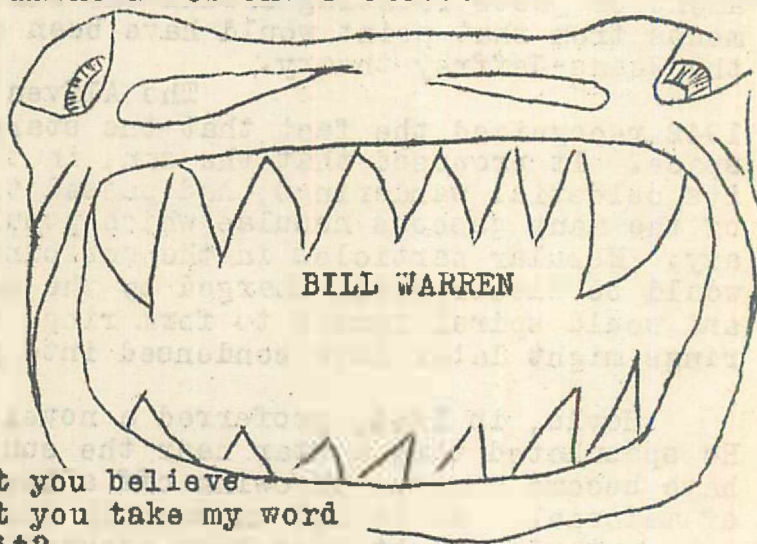
The white sun shines on the mountains of Mars,
The red dust clings in the valleys,
The great canals are deep in frost;
Why creep in debris cluttered alleys?

The face of Venus is hidden in mist,
Her beauty curs for unveiling,
Her secret she keeps with a light woman's heart
As we impatiently wait for the sailing.

Even the moon in his frozen-faced way,
His mouth a perpetual "oh,"
Peeks into windows and nudges at lovers
Safe from an iron shod toe.

And while we sit and dream of the stars
Our impotent hands in our pockets,
The Navy brass fiddles and tinkers away
With their mathematics and rockets!

THE EYES



Won't you believe
Won't you take my word
For it?
I know.

They watch my every move,
And lie in wait
For the time
That I shall be
Alone.

Why, oh, tell me
Why can't you see them, too?
Why can't you see
The eyes?

They are there --
Right there --
And they want me;
So please . . . please
Don't leave me
Alone . . .
Don't go!





Greetin's, Doc: Yeh. It's me. The boy who writes faithfully to the editor every time he gets a fanmag. Sometimes. # Cover -- confusing, cluttered and chaotic. Color clotted, contributed to convulsion. Timber--(alliteration abandoned); I note with small smirks and slight sneers (alliteration semi-reestablished) your tale of accomplishments of the MSFS, especially in re: the Cancon. "Largest organized delegation at the CanCon, etc." How right you are. Why not put it "ONLY organized delegation at the Cancon." Maybe all these miniature 'ventions (now known as minventions) will yet go down in history. Were YOU at the CanCon? # Enjoyed somewhat "The Case of Frankenmuth." Only wish MTF had employed more sex, or left it out entirely. The story started out real hot-like, leading me astray -- and possibly a lot of other warp-readers -- and then changed to an ordinary type of fanmag tale. False pretenses, I call it. More & more sex, I'm for. See my girl friend. Maybe I should write one myself. Have a dandy pseudonym all ready for the purpose. # Didn't read review of "1984" since I intend to get & read same. # "The Road To Stellar Empire" was written for the scholarly. I'm the unscholarly type (vary). However, I enjoyed it somewhat. I'll bet, tho, that there are other ways of conquering empires, and probably other ways were mentioned in sci stories. Don't ask me. I'm the unscholarly type. # Wish my gal friend loved me like miss Douglas loves Shapiro. When I show her (my gal friend, not miss D) my fanzine work, she turns green. Rough. Uses up all my liquor reviving her. Seldom revives, however. Strange. Maybe she'd better see a doctor. # Converting non-fen was fairly funny, but shucks, I expected more. Maybe Bill V is the unscholarly type, too. I couldn't have done any better myself. # Belated congratulations for yr coverage and prompt reporting of the Cinvention. Very well done. Especially enjoyed that little cartoon of the type who said he just "shook hands with Ray Palmer." # May Roscoe reward you as you deserve,

SAM MC COY

951 Harrison Avenue
London, Ontario

Dear rattRapp: Just received the November WARP. Perused its contents without drinking a quart. This issue is a little sub-standard. In fact the post office won't have it banned-ed. Boggs' statement that you mention in "Timber" activates my brain (the proto-plasm is limber). Seems he made the same boast in the year forty-eight and the self-same results flowed out of the gate. And in the coming year of fifty-one I hope to see a Michi-Ccn. # I've already sent for NEBULA by Spacewarp Services. I hope that it don't make me as nervous as I get when waiting for Rapps' zine. (He even wants me to publish a SAPSzine!) # I have read the book Nineteen Eighty-Four and consider it good from cover to core. Orwell's a pessimist, 'tis sad but true but he makes sense to fen like me and you. # "The Case of Frankenmuth" sounds oddly familiar. Is it possible it's based on something similar that was published in SPACEWARP or another such zine? That story, I know, I've already seen. It's good, it's true, reminds me of Connor. I hope I've insulted nobody's honor. # I read "Stellar Empire" but I won't brand it. To tell you the truth, I don't understand it. # And now what's this? Oh, golly, gee! It's an ad by a fool who wants something written by me! Why does she hanker after this terrible crud? She'd do better to stay home and play in the mud. Must be another of Ben Singers' jokes. Alice wouldn't pull such a horrible hoax. # "Converting Non-Fen" is a thankless task. Let's drop the subject. (33)

That's all I ask. # Part Nine of the "Stf Broad" is merely mediocre. I wonder, but won't guess who was the joker who wrote it for WARP for all name Fen to read. (Could it be Cox, or Smooty, or Smoot? # I never comment on the letters that others write. I could, you know, but I don't want to be trite. So I'll close now and tell you that your poetry is read by the mail clerk of this squadron before he goes to bed. He considers himself the postman to whom it's addressed. I hope that you now feel properly impressed. # G'night all, Don't yell or squall; My next letter Should be better.

Pfc HAL SHAPIRO 16293191 SCOTLAND V. Sq. APO 721
c/o P.M. Seattle, Wash.

Dear Art: Was very pleased with your Cincon issue -- your report made one feel as if one had been there..I still like the letters therein, and I must admit that Timber is always the first thing I look at...I'm one of those who is sometimes a little annoyed by the almost 'sexy' stuff that appears on occasion, but with Wally Weber, I guess that it takes all sorts to make a world, and I must say you keep it to a suitable minimum..... With that, will leave you...yours sincerely,

S. NORMAN ASHFIELD 27 Woodland Road, Thornton Heath
Surrey, England

Dear Art: Lessee. Timber was sparkling and brilliant, as usual. I had read, of course, that you'd won that wunnaful twenty-five bucks in cash, but doggone if it didn't plumb slip my mind to write and congratulate you on it. Since I hadn't ever gotten TIMEWARP, not being in SAPS, I hadn't before read the Bottstory, but I honestly think it should have gotten first place over the yarn that did, and which I had read in WARP already. I was piqued by Rog's statement that next year they are going to change the contest rules a bit. I'll wager that they are going to pick the suitable stories and pay for them at regular 2D rates. Whether they print them or not is anybody's buess. I was rather dissappointed in fandom that they didn't send in more entries. Rog sounded like he was too. Believe me, if I'd been a faned, I'd have sent some entries in. Even if they had to be my own! # The Book Review, for a pleasant change, was the best item in the mag. I've been hearing quite a bit about that book anyway, and so it was just in time to catch me when my interest was hot. And then it was longer than most reviews, too, which is another point in its favor. A good synopsis. # "The Case of Frankenmuth" was a clever little yarn, but I think it would have been even better if the writer had written it as a straightforward stf-yarn, instead of sticking in that stuff which definitely labels it as "only fan material." Put this in No. 3 place. # The current chapter of "STF Broadcasts Again!" copped second. # The two articles are tied for fourth, so you can see my definite preference for fiction. I about choked for laughing at that illo on p15. # Sincerely,

WARREN BALDWIN 407 Philip Ave.
Norfolk, Nebraska

Dear Art: Re the next con site, why when etc. Michigan seems to have a long list of things done but before we jump with glee let's look them over. # Since the Cadillaccon is the most impressive on the list I leave it to last and start tearing the rest apart. # Beercon -- No wonder you had the largest attendance there. There were very few fans in them parts to come. ((No fen in Chicago, Minneapolis, and surrounding territory?)) The same holds true of the Decon last December. It was held in Michigan so why shouldn't the Michigan fan top in attendance? ((Look that editorial over again -- I did

mention largest delegations in connection with the Decon.)) # Re t's large attendance at the Torcon, Concon, etc. So what?! If the fans in N.O. would have made there would have been another large delegation. ((If the N.O. fan aren't any more enterprising in putting on a con than they are in getting to fan events, a N.O. con would be a pretty slipshod affair, wouldn't it?)) Speaking of delegation let's see what the word means. Delegation -- a body of persons chosen to act for others. Did all the Michigan fans that didn't attend the Cincon want Portland as the next convention site??? ((Yes. The question was voted upon at a MSFS meeting prior to the convention. That is why the Michigan delegation at Cincy voted as a bloc.)) # In what city would the con be held? Detroit? ((Probably.)) How many fans there? ((At least 25 MSFS members. Offhand, I'd estimate 75 other fans, not MSFS members yet, but many of whom would join the MSFS if it were sponsoring a World STF Convention.)) New Orleans has over 30 in their fanclub. ((Tsk, 29 inactive members and Harry Moore, eh?)) Do you have to have a list of so-called things done to merit a convention? ((No, but it helps.)) I never heard of the Cincy bunch up to Torcon time. # From what I have heard the Michigan bunch is a rather young group. ((Average age of MSFS members is somewhere around 28 years. Exact statistics not available to me at the moment.)) It must be young to think up such childish things as Sexocracy and Roscoe. # I could mention a number of other things but I leave them till next time and voting time in Portland. # Fantasy yours,

LES FRIED

2050 Midland
Louisville, Kentucky

Dear Art: Congratulations on the number of prizes that Spacewarp won in the "Club House" contest. I have not read "Mastermind" but your other Botts-stories are tops in fan fiction. Marion Zimmer had a real prize winner in "Outpost." I was also glad to see that Fantasy Times and S., F., & B.F. won prizes as I enjoy these fanzines very much. It looks as if these were the only fanzines that sent entries. # The next best thing in the November Warp is that poem on the back to convert mailmen into fans. I have been watching Skinny Hixson, my mail carrier, to see if there are any signs of budding fandom. Beyond a vacant look in the back of the eyes, which is normal for Hixson, I haven't detected any. However, I have hopes that some mailman somewhere will read and bite. It would be fun to have another mail carrier fan to correspond with. # Again congratulations on Spacewarp's many prizes. You ought to put back that line that I can't find on the November Warp -- "Fandom's Top Monthly." It is interesting to note the number of adds requesting back issues of Spacewarp. I got 'em, but they're not for sale. # Yours truly,

TOM E. WATKINS

1605 Wood Avenue
Kansas City 2, Kansas

Dear Art: Check you to 3 decimals on your decision to concentrate on non-fiction in WARP ((from now on --ahr)). Most fan-written stf takes up so much room, anyhow, that there's always the danger of overloading one's fanzine with stories. I sure as heck hope, tho, that your new editorial policy won't mean the elimination of humor yarns, for which WARP has acquired a measure of fame. # Shucks, Art, for years and years people have been prophesying (?) prophesizing (?) predicting that the heyday of fanzines would soon be over, or that Papa would swallow up all the subzine publishers or suchstuff...I betcha a tall beer (payable at South Gate in '58) that the next decade will see not fewer regularly published subzines, but more ones and better.

(35)

JOE KENNEDY

84 Baker Avenue
Dover, New Jersey

H P LONG HAMMER AND THE FRIVOLOUS WITCH

A Science-Fantasy Bolly Achor

Witches, they say, are old and cronish, with long, clawlike fingers and evil, toothless mouthes. They are clothed in ancient and filthy rags, and stink to high heaven because they never heard of Lifebuoy.

But this one was different. She wore a two-piece bathing suit, although you had to look close to see both pieces, mebbe even feel for 'em. She had all the right things in just the right amounts in exactly the correct places. In short, brother, she was stacked -- but def! I was gazing at her intently (well, not exactly her intently...) when my girl friend, Betty, threw the full weight of her 100 pounds of blonde lovliness behind her dainty fist, which connected on the extreme end of my delicately formed nose, just beyend the third hump. An atom bomb couldn't stir up more beach sand than I did, bouncing on my shoulder blades.

"I'll learn you to go around leering at witches like that bit -- er, witch," she said, kicking me in the...er, kicking me. I sat up and gazed fondly into her eyes that wore noctilucent with anger. And when Betty's eyes have that particular noctiluconco, brother, it's a signal noctiluceny time getting ready to duck!

"I was merely admiring her..."

"I know what you were admiring, you worthless heel!" Betty gritted -- must have been the sand on the beach -- "And it seems to me she should have the denency to cover them up a little more." She said that without considering the little covering she habitually uses for them, or even it -- if the purists in our audience don't mind.

At that instant our conversation was interrupted, but not rudely. The object of our conversation came over and said, "Pardon me, but I couldn't help overhearing the little talk you were having. In fact, had I been in China I couldn't have helped overhearing it."

"Do sit down," Betty said in that tone of voice that meant "Beat it to hell out of here." But the witch paid no attention to the tone. Tone-deaf, maybe. She sat down. Betty shot a trenchant glance at me. I started looking for a nice safe trench. Ignoring Betty's glance, which would have shriveled a cactus needle, I picked up the last LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS and pretended to read it. (This was my file copy. The other copy was by thon gathering dust or something in the little house out back of where my subscriber lives.)

"I heard you call me a witch," the girl said. Her voice was soft, with a musical quality that is easy on the ears but hard to put on paper, except with a tape-recorder. You know what I mean -- or if you don't, you're too young to be reading this.

"So what?"

BY WILKIE CONNER

"I wondered how you knew?"

"Knew what?"

"That I am a witch!"

Now Betty is a dyed-in-the-wool, 100% skeptic of anything she can not hear, see, touch or hit. She didn't go to college for nothing. In fact, I think it set her old man back about five grand, not counting the ab-- er, that is, extra-curricular expenses. She raised one eye and said sort of sneeringly, peering out from under it, "So you claim, sister. But prove it!"

"I can't -- not in public. It would get into the papers, and witchcraft can't stand publicity. But if you and your gentleman friend would be my guests, I could be very convincing."

"But I can't go anywhere," Betty objected. "I haven't a thing to wear." Which isn't far from truth, considering her usual costume.

"Don't worry," said the witch. She flicked her fingers and Betty was clothed in the finest evening gown anyone ever saw. I almost dropped dead with surprise. And I've been reading TWS and Spaceways long enough not to be surprised at anything, except maybe Ray Nelson and George Andrews.

"Some form of hypnotism," sez Betty without batting a false eyelash.

"We shall see," said the witch cryptically. "If you accept my invitation."

Betty reached down, grabbed one of my ears, and hauled me to my feet. She almost unrolled it, she pulled so hard. I put LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS back in my pocket. (I was fully clothed, even on the beach. The water was too wet to swim in today, anyhow.)

"We'll go," Betty said.

"Fine!" said the witch. "We're here!"

And so we were. In the middle of the biggest garden you ever dreamed of. And it was filled with every kind of flower that ever existed. Like a setting for a Paramount musical starring Betty Grable. Or is it Warner Bros. she works for? I don't remember much about movies on account of I always go with Betty, and who looks at Betty on the screen with Betty in the next seat?

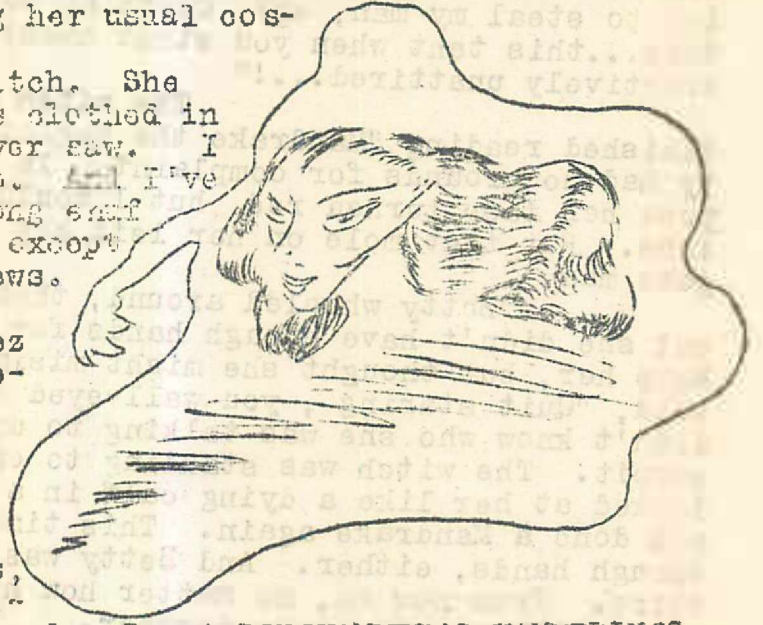
In the middle of this garden, to get on with the story (Rapp sez when I write a story I should write a story, and when I write an article I should write an article, and not try to crossbreed 'em.), entirely circled with some funny-looking trees, was the witch's lair. It was a dinky little palace, made of a cheap grade of platinum and with only a hundred or so rooms.

"Where are we?" I asked.

"Venus," our hostess answered.

For once Betty was speechless. In fact, she was still lost in the charm of her dress. So much so that she hadn't noticed that the witch clothed her, and remained undressed, practically, herself. Smart witch, that witch.

"Bull manure," I said. "This can't be Venus. I've read Conner's Venus Lady and this doesn't resemble Venus in



the least."

"Conner had never been to Venus when he wrote that story."

"Has he since?"

"Oh yes, many times." There was a twinkle in her eye which was easily understandable. I made a mental note to write Conner a scorching letter. After all, he's supposed to be a respectable married man, complete with a wife and two kids. At home, that is.

Betty found her voice. She stood between me and the witch. "You sneaking snake in the grass! You two-breasted witch in no clothing! Trying to steal my man, eh? Clothing me in this...this tent when you strut about attractively unattired...!"



The witch gestured hypnotically (I have just finished reading "Mandrake the Magician" in the Sunday paper.) and Betty had no grounds for complaint. In fact, she had no clothes. I suppose her face turned red, but I wouldn't know. I wasn't looking at her face. But that mole on her left hip sure shows up awful plain when she gets mad.

Betty wheeled around, then noticed her lack of raiment, found out she didn't have enough hands for a complete cover job. I started to help her, but thought she might misinterpret my motives. Anyway, she said, "Quit staring, you wall-eyed clown, and get me some clothes." I didn't know who she was talking to until she kicked me under the left armpit. The witch was standing to one side, looking slightly amused. I looked at her like a dying calf in a cyclone and she felt sorry for me and done a Mandrake again. This time I was embarrassed. I didn't have enough hands, either. And Betty was strutting around in my pants and shirt. From now on, no matter how hot it gets, never again do I go anywhere without wearing underwear.

Well, the witch surely didn't like my looks, so she gestured again and I found myself wearing Betty's evening gown. For the first time in my life I felt as silly as I always look. What made it so bad, Betty almost died laughing at me. I'd try to take a step and the tail of the damn thing would trip me. And I'd swear and sweat and cuss, and finally got so tangled up I didn't know whether I was coming or going.

"Goddammit," I swore, "I wish I was twenty feet tall!" And I hardly said the words, until I wished I hadn't. I was twenty feet tall, and the evening gown didn't fit me any more. For the first time in my life I felt superior to Betty. I took a giant step and rammed into the palace wall. Betty lammed me in the shin with her fist and almost broke my leg.

"Watch where you're going, you big lum-mox!" she screamed, "or I'll climb up there and mash your teeth in!"

Then things began happening too fast to note. First I was large, then I was small. Then Betty was large and small. Then I was naked and clothed...then Betty was the same. It was too unbelievable even for the dopes who read this magazine. Life during the next fifteen minutes was a crazy kaleidoscope of unreality. To top the whole thing off, beautiful maidens in Finlay bubbles came floating out of a marble fountain

*VENUS LADY, by Wilkie Conner, Longhammer's Hammerings, Vol. IV #5. Positively will not appear in any anthology. Unless one of the publishers goes crazy. WC

in the center of the garden. And somewhere a muted orchestra played Strauss waltzes. One by one, the Finlay girls disappeared in the lake. It was wet water, too. I found out when I dived in. But I didn't find the girls.

I never thought I'd see Betty plead with anyone. I never thought I'd see the day she'd lose an argument. Especially with another woman. But when the BEM in the purple eyes and pink panties came out of the pool and began to rhumba, she turned to the witch and said, "Please, you've proved your point. May we go now?"

We were both normally clothed, thank Roscoe, and were somewhere near correct size.

"Just as you say," smiled the witch.

Whizz, joombah! We were back on the beach. Betty looked at me and I looked at her. Things looked just as they did when we left. The same crowd, the same breakers, the same gay umbrellas. It was hard to believe that we'd had a hectic voyage to Venus.

"Never again will I call a witch a witch," Betty swore solemnly and I shook hands with her on that.

Behind us there was a soft chuckle. I looked around and saw a haggard looking old dame with wizened features and clawlike hands...

... THE END

THREE SISTERS HAVE I.....

GENEVIEVE K. STEPHENS

Three sisters have I on this morn,
But none as fair as the youngest born.

White of skin, blue of eye--
A young prince stopped as he rode by.

"Tarry awhile!" say the sisters three
Hiding the youngest up in a tree.

But he rode on, the royal son,
Seeking only the youngest one.

Three sisters have I, dark of face,
Ugly still in the finest lace.

With blacker hearts upon this morn
They have done to death the youngest born.

With silken scarf they twined her throat
And weighted her down in the castle moat.

And none to witness the sisters three,
For all have gone to a revelry.

.....

Deep in the castle moat I lie
With none to weep for me;
I will rise up in the dark o' moon
And strangle my sisters three.

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Merry Christmas !

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