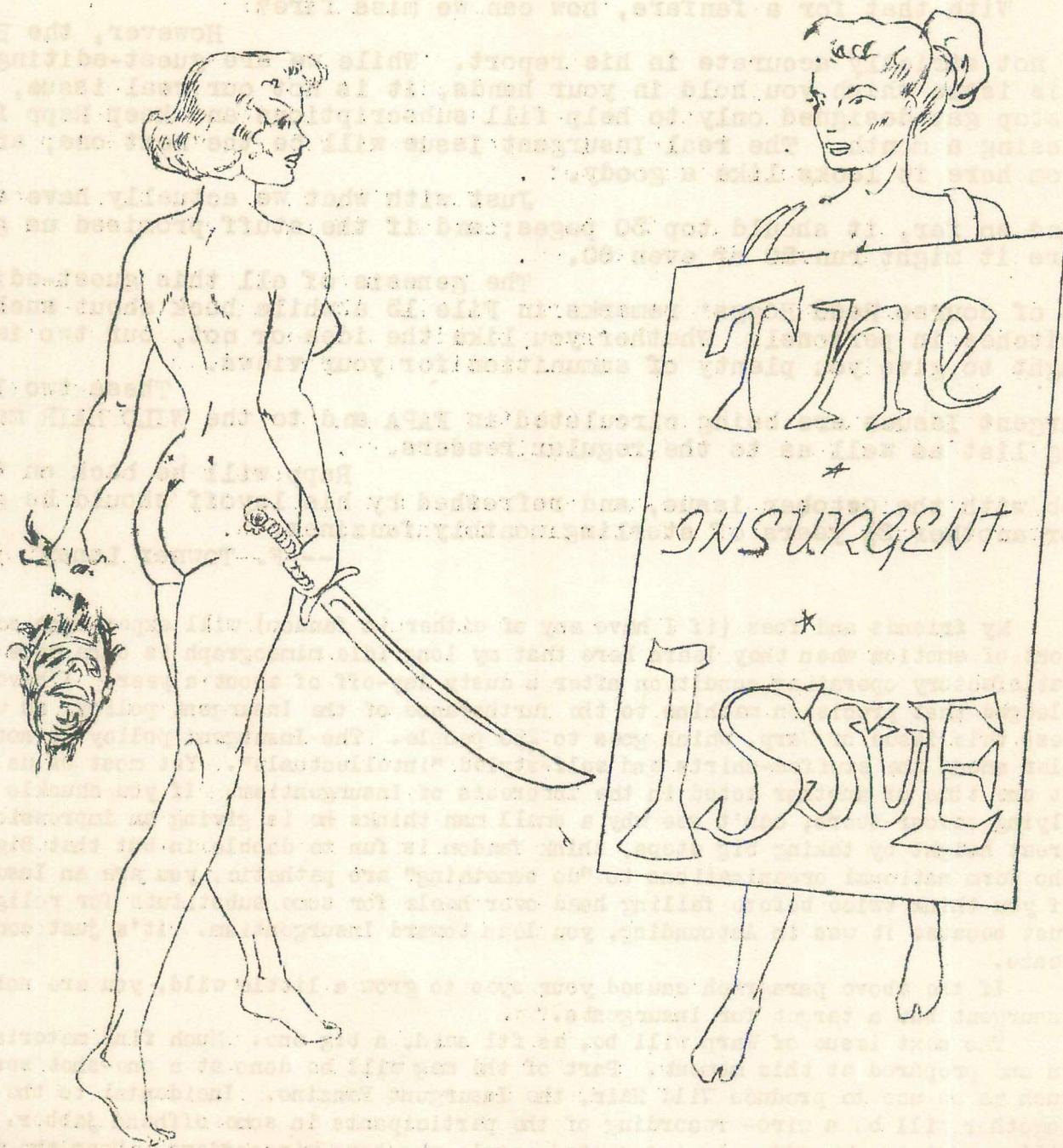


SPACE WAR

"These two hoodlums of the fanzine press, P. Towner and S. Charles Purbee, of Los Angeles and environs, have made arrangements to guest-edit a special August edition of Air Rapp's fanzine, SPACEMART. Rapp must not take a damn what happens to his pet."

--Bob Tricker, S. P. NEWS LETTER, 7/50



"Now he has only one head left"

"TIMBER!"

PLANGENT PROSE FOR PERSPICACEOUS PLANTIGRADES

"Those two hooligans of the fanzine press, F. Towner Laney and S. Charles Burbee, of Los Angeles and environs, have made arrangements to guest-edit a special August edition of Art Rapp's fanzine, SPACEWARP. Rapp must not care a damn what happens to his pet."

--Bob Tucker, S. F. NEWS LETTER, 7/50

With that for a fanfare, how can we miss fire?

However, the Boob is not strictly accurate in his report. While we are guest-editing this issue which you hold in your hands, it is not our real issue, but a stop gap designed only to help fill subscriptions and keep Rapp from missing a month. The real Insurgent Issue will be the next one, and from here it looks like a goody.

Just with what we actually have on hand so far, it should top 30 pages; and if the stuff promised us gets here it might run 50 or even 60.

The genesis of all this guest-editing is of course Redd Boggs' remarks in File 13 a while back about such switches in personel. Whether you like the idea or not, our two issues ought to give you plenty of ammunition for your views.

These two Insurgent Issues are being circulated in FAPA and to the WILD HAIR mailing list as well as to the regular readers.

Rapp will be back on the job with the October issue, and refreshed by his layoff should be good for another 2½ years of sterling monthly fanzines.

---F. Towner Laney

My friends and foes (if I have any of either in fandom) will experience some sort of emotion when they learn here that my long idle mimeograph is once more in satisfactory operating condition after a dusty lay-off of about a year. I have pledged that precision machine to the furtherance of the Insurgent policy, as witness this issue of Warp, which goes to 250 people. The Insurgent policy is not popular among the stuffed-shirts and self-styled "intellectuals". Yet most of us have at one time or another acted in the interests of Insurgentism. If you chuckle at flying saucer-seers, can't see why a small man thinks he is giving an impression of great height by taking big steps, think fandom is fun to dabble in but that Big Men who form national organizations to "do something" are pathetic, you are an Insurgent. If you think twice before falling head over heels for some substitute for religion just because it was in Astounding, you lean toward Insurgentism. It's just common sense.

If the above paragraph caused your eyes to grow a little wild, you are not an Insurgent but a target for Insurgents.

The next issue of Warp will be, as ftl said, a big one. Much fine material is in and prepared at this moment. Part of the mag will be done at a one-shot session such as we use to produce Wild Hair, the Insurgent Fanzine. Incidental to the get-together will be a wire-recording of the participants in some offhand jabber. We will send this recording to interested people who have wirecorders. Hear the voices of F. Towner Laney, Rick Snoary, William Rotsler, S. Charles Burbee, Gordon Dowey and maybe one or two others.

---S. Charles Burbee

1958

BY

RICK SNEARY

THREE DAY CON BAD... By the time you read this the New York Convention/Conference will be a bit of infamous fan history. Stanton and his friends are standing firm, despite the smoke rising from fans' heated collars across the country. Your regular editor, I, and Foo knows how many other key fans received a telegram about June 16, reading:

HYDRA ESFA MOSKOWITZ POSING AS PHONEY NYSF ASSOCIATION
PROMOTING RIVAL NEW YORK CONVENTION JULY FOUR WEEK END
SUGGEST BOYCOTT SEND PROTEST TO JAY STANTON 151 EIGHTH
AVENUE NEW YORK. WILL SYKORA

This is probably an attempt by Sykora to involve his old enemy in the coming feud, but it is possible that the ESFA has foolishly tried to work with them. It is an indication though of the seriousness of the affair.

I have talked with a number of fan leaders on both coasts and in the midwest, and they have indicated that they thought fandom should take action by banning Conventions in New York for a few years. Fandom must take action against this type of thing at once, or the result will be the break down of the Convention system. The only way to do this is to make an example of the first offenders. Fandom is growing larger every year; we must have some rules and order, or all will be confusion. I have told Stanton that I would fight any bid they make, as will other fans.

Unfortunately, Washington DC says they are not going to ask for the Convention next year, even though it was one fan's opinion that they should just as a service for fandom. I am willing to back almost anyone, even New Orleans.

It appears that the New Yorker's claim will be that it is not a fan convention, but one for the millions of readers---the poor readers that never get invited, and have never had a convention. Of course if a few real fans wander in they aren't to be blamed. They want to bring out all the non-fans and get them interested in this wonderful world of science-fiction.

And of what purpose is all this? Fans go to conventions to talk to fans. That is why I want to go, and that is what a lot of other fans have said. It isn't the authors or the talks or the auctions. It is the new and old fans I meet. But what is this? A lure to get more people interested in spending money on books and magazines. Pure hucksterism. It is either that or they believe it is a way of life and has a "cosmic" purpose. When someone does something, reason why, then see if it is good or not. These people (they aren't fans) are not interested in getting more active science-fiction fans, or they wouldn't do something in direct opposition to fandom. All they can be interested in is money and glory.

The latter is brought out in the plans for awarding "Hugo's". Mark my word, it will be just like the "Oscar's", a group patting itself on its own back. High-powered award ideas have been tried before, and fans ignored them. ((Not necessarily. Remember Walter J. Daugherty and his medals? Fans probably wouldn't have ignored them if Daugherty had actually awarded them as scheduled. ---ftl)) And how can the awards be representative without fan participation? And again I point

out, if they were interested in what fans as a whole thought, they wouldn't go around antagonising them.

Who wants a lot more semi-fans anyway? They are deadwood in everything they join.

---oo00oo---

...ONE DAY CONFERENCES GOOD. After over six months of planning and an estimated 1000 hours work, the Third Westercon came off June 18th with a bang. Sponsored by the OUTLANDER SOCIETY and held in Los Angeles, it drew a crowd of over 120 Southwest fans, despite a Shrine convention and a street car strike. And unlike so many fan affairs it started on time, ran without a hitch from 11:00 AM to 11:00 PM.

The Westercon boasted a number of firsts. We had the first chairwoman, Freddie Hershey (treasurer for both the OS and the LASFS). ((Are interlocking directorates legal under the anti-trust laws? --ftl)) We had what we think is the first hour and a half long round-table book review of the current sf books. And we had the honor of having for a short while the largest collection of Bonestell paintings in fandom. Through Dr. Richardson, we received at the very last day 15 paintings from that master of space-art. Some had never been published, due to editorial changes of mind. These paintings sold for almost as much as all other items in the three hour auction. The total return was \$279.60, and even after paying off our expenses and the fan-artist contest, we still had over \$200.00.

You would be surprised at the number of people that wanted to become Outlanders.

Our guest speakers included those old regulars van Vogt and Bradbury. van Vogt gave one of the best talks I have heard him make, and, as he said, for a change he talked about science fiction, and even more remarkable about his own stories. For example, I wonder how many of you have wondered about the meaning of the last word in The Weapon Shops--"sevagaram"--of which the aliens said Earthmen would rule. Van admitted he had had the word six months before he used it. He got it from a speech by Mahatma Ghandi, in which he said that the Hindus believe that the village is the center of the Universe. The Hindu word for village is sevagram.

Bradbury spoke of how only in science-fiction could you find fault with the world today (by depicting the future) without being called a radical. He then read a new short story of his, "The Pedestrian", a ghastly little piece of wonderful writing about the horror of a world of television watchers, and the last man that walked by night.

Dr. Richardson gave the longest talk. With the aid of a large number of slides, he took us on a trip out to the Moon and then around the system. The Outlanders are currently worshipping him as a result of his friendship. He got us the 15 Bonestells, brought his own slides and projector for the hour-long talk that held everyone spellbound, and then as a climax gave away five color slides of Bonestell paintings. He also told the Outlanders to come up to Mt. Wilson some weekend and he would show us around.

Besides these, we had authors Bryce Walton, Ross Rocklynne, E. Mayne Hull, B. Livingston, and sf fiction old-timer Bob Olson drop in during the day. In the fan line, beside the local celebrities, there was one fellow visiting here from Nebraska, and a delegation of three from the Golden Gate Futurian Society of San Francisco who asked for and received the bid for the next Westercon. They were also among the largest buyers at the auction.

---oooOooo---

THRILLS FROM DOWN UNDER. In the mail today came the first issue of THRILLS INCORPORATED, the new science-fiction magazine from Australia. It's a 52 page center-stapled booklet. Looks at first glance like a comic book, though on second look you note that the artwork is better, and there aren't the flashy colors except for the red title. The cover is of an open-cockpit rocket plane with the hero and heroine shooting at someone offstage left. The ship and background are blue. The work is good but color reproduction not so hot. Paper is a semi-slick ASF type, with trimmed edges and clear type similar to TWS.

It features only three stories: two shorts, "Asteroïd Adventures" by Wolfe Herscholt and "Castaway Planet" by E. V. Zinns; and a novelette, "Space Race" by Belli Luigi. Each story is illustrated by one unsigned drawing, and the novelette has a number of filler cuts.. General appearance of drawings and blurbs is strongly reminiscent of Planet Stories. Price down under is 9d.

If you'd like a copy, send me 25¢ (2962 Santa Ana Street, South Gate, Calif.) and I'll arrange it. The money will go into the Australian fund in this country to pay for NFFF memberships and subscriptions to our magazines. #2 may be out by now, as well. How about it, want a copy of the first science-fiction mag from Australia?

---oooOooo---

DESTINATION MOON. After six months or more of waiting, and a number of disappointments when sneak previews were shown without local fandom being informed, Forrest Ackerman finally heard of a final preview of the Fell/Heinlein film, DESTINATION MOON. As a result of hurried telephoning, about 40 of the LASFS members made it. And it was worth the wait. To say that it is what fans have always dreamt of is an understatement. As Heinlein himself points out in the July ASF, the science is as correct as it could be gotten. The story, as he says, lacks the usual type plot, but Heinlein makes it plenty exciting just the same. There are actually fewer women than in DESTINATION TOKYO. The actors play it serious and close to the chest. The version you may have heard on the June 24 Dimension X radio program was an insult to Heinlein if there ever was one.

It is impossible to say enough about the Bonestell painting. You know how photographic they can be? Well, just imagine a Bonestell 30 feet high, and you can get some idea what it was like. The actors were excellent, and used almost no make-up, as we saw them in person afterward, and they look the same.

The most important thing to my way of thinking was not that it is merely a good film. It is good propaganda. It not only explains in the simplest (but not insulting) terms how a rocket ship works, but why we must get one to the Moon as soon as possible. (And did it far better than the radio version.) With the cold war getting hotter, a base on the Moon is something anyone can understand.

And once to the moon, only man can keep us from the stars.

---oooOooo---

Next time: a report on what Dianetics is doing to the Pacific coast.

Every flying saucer is piloted by a potential Fan.

THE LANEY MEMOIRS. 130 pages of scandalous/constructive reminiscences of West Coast fandom and the LASFS. All about Ackerman. All about EE Evans. Burbee. Everybody. \$1.50 postpaid.

F.T.Laney, 816 Westboro Ave., Alhambra, California
(pd.adv.)

I AM A GREAT BIG MAN!

by F. TOWNER LANEY



In FAPA recently (FAPARADE Nos. 1 and 2) we were regaled by reading autobiographies of a number of the members. A fascinating bunch of stuff it was, and I read it with a slow and majestic shaking of the head. These guys talked as though they thought they were great big men.

Like Cyrus B. Condra, for example, who told us that he was or had been at various times an aircraft estimator, a surveyor, hatchery manager, printer and newsman, real estate broker, sheet metal worker, auto parts house manager, radio operator and mechanic (Armed Forces), tool designer, turkey grower, machinist, traveling salesman, construction worker, toolmaker, and a couple of other things.

It got me.

Why should Cyrus Banning Condra and the others be making noises as though they think they are great big men?

I really AM a g-r-r-reat, big man.

I am the greatest, the biggest, the most colossal, that anyone has ever heard of. I take great big steps, and I pound my heels when I walk. I open doors without knocking, and watch over peoples' shoulders when they are gambling. When people encounter a lesser Laney (and there are such, even though they fall far short of their illustrious model) they are prone to think of them and their attributes as godlike.

I am a great big man!

Why should I continue to hide my light beneath a bushel? Let me tell you about myself.

I HAVE BEEN A LODGE BROTHER OF NATIONAL REPUTE. MY FAME AS A PHILATELIST WAS AT ONE TIME INTERNATIONAL. I AM LISTED (OR WAS) BOTH IN WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA AND BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY (U.S. EDITION). I AM DESCENDED FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. I AM A GENEALOGIST. MY REPUTATION AS A DISCOGRAPHER, BIBLIOGRAPHER, MYTHOLOGIST, ANTHOLOGIST, AND PRO-AUTHOR IS, AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, WORLDWIDE. IN MY YOUNGER DAYS, WHEN I WAS A BOXER, I HAD SEVERAL GOOD BOUTS, INCLUDING ONE WITH THE THEN INTERCOLLEGIATE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE PACIFIC COAST. I HAVE BEEN EDITING MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, SOME OF INTERNATIONAL CIRCULATION, FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS. I AM AN EXPERT ON NAVAL AFFAIRS OF 20 YEARS' STANDING, AND MUCH OF MY STUFF ALONG THIS LINE HAS ENJOYED NATIONAL CIRCULATION. I HAVE BEEN A SPORTS COMMENTATOR FOR A METROPOLITAN DAILY. I AM A LINGUIST, TOO. I HAVE BEEN A PALEOBOTANIST. IN A LESS INTELLECTUAL WAY, I HAVE BEEN BOTH A CHAUFFEUR AND A TRAFFIC OFFICER. I HAVE BEEN THE MANAGER OF A SUCCESSFUL CARNIVAL. MY OWN LANDSCAPE GARDENING BUSINESS WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL FOR THREE YEARS UNTIL I LEFT IT TO GO INTO THE ARMY. I HAVE WORKED PROFESSIONALLY AS A PEDIATRIC NURSE. FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS I HAVE BEEN A LINOTYPER AND PRINTER AND IN FACT HAVE MY OWN PRINT SHOP. I HAVE BEEN THE CURATOR OF A STATE MUSEUM. I HAVE ALSO BEEN A COLLEGE SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR. DURING MY SEVEN PLUS YEARS WITH POTLATCH FORESTS, INC., OPERATORS OF THE LARGEST

PINE SAWMILL IN THE WORLD (AT LEWISTON, IDAHO), I WAS A NUMBER OF PRETTY EXCITING THINGS. I WAS A LUMBER GRADER FOR A WHILE, WORKING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN PINE ASSOCIATION. I WAS AN INDUSTRIAL CHEMIST. AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS I WAS DEPARTMENTAL EDUCATIONAL DIRECTOR. I AM THE AUTHOR OF A PUBLISHED MANUAL ON THE OPERATION OF THE BURROUGHS MOON-HOPKINS BILLING MACHINE AND ITS USE IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS. I WAS ALSO AN INDEPENDENT AUDITOR, AND AN ESTATE AGENT OR MANAGER. MY WORK AT C. D. LAMOREE'S SINCE 1943 HAS REQUIRED ME TO FUNCTION IN A VAST NUMBER of highly skilled capacities. AT VARIOUS TIMES I HAVE BEEN A MACHINIST, A JIG BUILDER, A DIE MAKER, A TOOL DESIGNER, AN INDUSTRIAL ELECTRICIAN, NIGHT FOREMAN, TOOL ROOM SUPERVISOR, ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF PLANT LAYOUT AND DESIGN, TIME STUDY MAN, and ESTIMATOR.

All right. I suppose you think I'm just bragging. You don't think I'd say all these nice things about myself unless I could prove them, do you?

I HAVE BEEN A LODGE BROTHER OF NATIONAL REPUTE. Well, in 1933 or thereabouts, I held an extremely unimportant national office in the Order of DeMolay, in connection with an attempt to found a DeMolay Collectors' Club. In addition to going through the chairs in my home chapter, I was a big wheel in regional and state conclaves; in fact captained the degree team which won the Idaho State Championship in 1935. My national repute as a lodge brother was enhanced by my being "tapped" for Kappa Delta Phi (National Greek letter honorary for education students) in 1935, with a consequent listing of my name (in 6 point type) in the fraternity's national magazine.

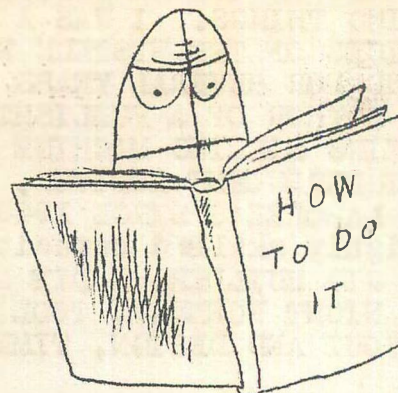
MY FAME AS A PHILATELIST WAS AT ONE TIME INTERNATIONAL. Yessir! All the years I was a member of the Society of Philatelic Americans (member number 4707) my name was spread annually all over the civilised globe in their directory. (Of course there were a couple of thousand other guys equally famous in that microcosmos!) In the same way, my fame was spread by Concordia, an international collectors' and correspondence club with headquarters in Berlin, to which I belonged until Hitler clamped down on it in 1934. Come to think of it, I've had half a dozen articles and news notes published under my name in Mekeel's Weekly Stamp News and other similar magazines. For a couple of years I was regional vice-president for IDAHO of the Society of Philatelic Americans, and in 1936 my display of early U.S. took third prize at the Spokane Philatelic Society's annual exhibition.

I AM LISTED (OR WAS) BOTH IN WHO'S WHO IN AMERICA AND IN BURKE'S LANDED GENTRY (U.S. EDITION). Well, after all, my old man was a full professor for many years. Guys like that rate Who's Who almost as a routine, and of course I am listed as his son. Burke's? Well, this thing merely lists all the descendents of British royalty and nobility who have come to the USA. It so happens that several of my lines have been worked out by genealogically minded members of my family. If there is anyone in the world, of primarily English ancestry, who is not eligible for Burke's, it indicates merely that his line has not been traced out and authenticated. Those old kings and nobles sowed their seed like a machine gun spewing bullets; almost all English people trace back into the Plantagenets sooner or later. I AM DESCENDED FROM WILLIAM THE CONQUEROR. So is nearly every other Englishman. But it makes me a Great Big Man, yowsuh!

IN THIS SAME CONNECTION OF COURSE I AM A GENEALOGIST. Heh. I took this zoology course, Heredity and Eugenics. As a class project I took all my mother's genealogical notes and drew a chart from them.

MY REPUTATION AS A DISCOGRAPHER, BIBLIOGRAPHER, MYTHOLOGIST, ANTHOLOGIST, AND PRO-AUTHOR (Gee, ain't

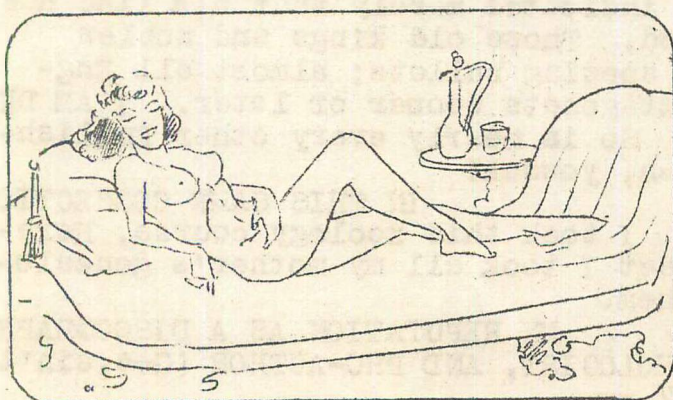
I versatile?) IS, AS YOU WOULD EXPECT, WORLDWIDE. Natch! Discograph-
 er? I sent a few additions and cor-
 rections to Orrin Blackstone, and so
 my name is listed as one of the col-
 laborators in INDEX TO JAZZ, Vol. 3.
 Bibliographer? Well, may fuggheaded-
 ness reign supreme always, I was the
 moving spirit in compiling a biblio-
 graphy of H. P. Lovecraft, which Bill
 Evans and I published in FAPA in 1943.
 Mythologist? Who compiled the Cthul-
 hu Mythology in BEYOND THE WALL OF
 SLEEP? Anthologist? Look in the pre-
 face to ADVENTURES IN TIME AND SPACE.



Pro-author? The Cthulhu mythology was professional wasn't it? So was
 an article on weird poetry (brrrr!) which I wrote for Lilith Lorraine
 to publish in THE RAVEN in 1943. I know for a solid fact that all this
 stuff went to Canada and England. But don't anyone remind me how minor
 and unimportant all this stuff was and is, because I AM A GREAT BIG MAN.

IN MY YOUNGER DAYS, WHEN I WAS A BOXER, I HAD SEVERAL GOOD BOUTS, IN-
 CLUDING ONE WITH THE THEN INTERCOLLEGIATE MIDDLEWEIGHT CHAMPION OF THE
 PACIFIC COAST. Ouch. Let's don't talk about this one. Y'see, my gymn
 class was working on boxing at a time when the University of Idaho box-
 ing team was having trouble with defense. They were giving their oppo-
 nents a good going over, but were using their heads for punching bags
 instead of strategy mapping. So one fine day, my gymn instructor, who
 was also the boxing coach, had the team work out with us. We were sup-
 posed to do our best to murder these guys, and they were instructed not
 to hit us back--just to duck, feint, weave, bob, block punches, and so
 on. Well, I drew the champ, one of the two best men on the team, be-
 cause he was just my weight. So we milled around, with me whirling my
 long skinny arms like crazy trying to tag him. I probably looked like
 a grasshopper trying to get out of a spider web. I was so ineffably
 lousy that he got pretty careless, and I patted him a lulu, right on
 the button. It was a good blow; I felt it clear up through my shoul-
 ders. Unfortunately for me, the conditioned reflexes of the trained
 boxer took over, the champ forgot for a moment that we were playing,
 and he practically knocked me through the side of the building. There
 is a hiatus in my memory (about five minutes long, they told me) betw
 een my popping the champ, which I remember clearly, and looking up
 goggily at the anxious face of the coach, who was trying to bring me
 to. F. Towner Laney, heavy-weight champeen of de world! Ugh.

I HAVE
 BEEN EDITING MAGAZINES AND NEWSPAPERS, SOME OF INTERNATIONAL CIRCULA-
 TION, FOR NEARLY 20 YEARS. I was editor of my high school newspaper
 in 1930-31. And of course there was ACOLYTE, various one-shots, and



the ubiquitous FAN-DANGO. Doesn't sound so big when you trace it down and get specific, does it?

I AM AN EXPERT ON NAVAL AFFAIRS OF 20 YEARS STANDING. MUCH OF MY STUFF HAS ENJOYED NATIONAL CIRCULATION. In the school year of 1928-29, I wrote a 59 page history of the U. S. Navy as a term paper for a high school history class. I just reread it, and it isn't too bad for a 15-year-old. And of course my remarks on navy stuff in Fan-Dango have had national circulation. They were in FAPA.

I HAVE BEEN A SPORTS COMMENTATOR FOR A METROPOLITAN DAILY. Well, in a small way. In 1935 I wrote an article on football at the University of Idaho, and the columnist to whom I sent it used it in lieu of his column one day. It was under my by-line, and appeared in the SPOKANE DAILY CHRONICLE.

I AM A LINGUIST, TOO. Shucks, yes. I took French and German in University and Latin in high school. I don't remember any of it, but I got good grades, which is all that matters. Besides, in addition to my native Anglo-American, I can express myself quite fluently in Anglo-Saxon.

I HAVE BEEN A PALEOBOTANIST. Well, I once or twice helped my old man dig fossil leaves for the University of Idaho.

IN A LESS INTELLECTUAL WAY, I HAVE BEEN BOTH A CHAUFFEUR AND A TRAFFIC OFFICER. In the school year of 1934-35, I worked as a cab driver in Moscow, Idaho. Of course it was only part time for a little new struggling company, and I furnished my own car on a share-the-profits basis, and it was for only a couple of months at most--but it makes me a chauffeur, even if I didn't have a driver's license at the time. TRAFFIC COP? Well at one of the football games I was put in charge of a detail of four other ROTC cadets to direct traffic at one of the intersections on the way to McLean Field, Idaho. I might not have had a warrant, but I was the boy with the whistle.

I HAVE BEEN THE MANAGER OF A SUCCESSFUL CARNIVAL. Oh yes, I was chairman of the committee which put on a carnival for Demolay in 1934. We netted nearly \$300.

MY OWN LANDSCAPE GARDENING BUSINESS WAS VERY SUCCESSFUL FOR THREE YEARS UNTIL I LEFT IT TO GO INTO THE ARMY. That sounds really BIG until I explain that I used to spend my summers taking care of people's lawns and weeding their flower beds. When I went to ROTC camp for six weeks in the summer of 1934 I had to let it slide.

I HAVE ALSO WORKED PROFESSIONALLY AS A PEDIATRIC NURSE. When I was a kid, I used to do occasional baby-sitting for at least three families I can remember, and probably others as well. Well?

FOR MORE THAN 20 YEARS I HAVE BEEN A LINOTYPER AND PRINTER AND IN FACT HAVE MY OWN PRINT SHOP. When I was a junior in high school, 1929-30, I started hanging around the Daily Star-Mirror in connection with getting out the school paper. I used to set type now and then on their spare linotype. In my garage workshop I have a 7x11 job press about 50 years old and two cabinets of type cases. I use it a couple of times a year.

I HAVE BEEN THE CURATOR OF A STATE MUSEUM. Yes, I have! In the summer of 1935, I got a job (through nepotism) under my old man in the University of Idaho Geology Department. My work consisted of dusting and rearranging the mineralogical and archaeological museum of the State Bureau of Mines and Geology.

I HAVE ALSO BEEN A COLLEGE SCIENCE INSTRUCTOR. When my old man went on his sabbatical leave in 1935, I graded all his correspondence courses for him in exchange

for the reader's fee.

DURING MY SEVEN PLUS YEARS WITH POTLATCH FORESTS INC. (OPERATORS OF THE LARGEST PINE SAWMILL IN THE WORLD#, AT LEWISTON, IDAHO) I WAS A NUMBER OF PRETTY EXCITING THINGS. I WAS A LUMBER GRADER FOR A WHILE, WORKING UNDER THE AUSPICES OF THE WESTERN PINE ASSOCIATION. I WAS AN INDUSTRIAL CHEMIST. AND FOR SEVERAL YEARS I WAS DEPARTMENTAL EDUCATIONAL DIRECTOR. Actually, I was a clerk in the invoicing department. But when the WPA (Western Pine Association, in this case) gave a six week's course in lumber grading, I was one of the half-dozen office boys who took it. Why not? It was more fun than working, and it was on the company time. Every office worker is an industrial chemist in a modest way, that is, if he works for an industry. Sooner or later he will use ink eraser. Departmental educational director merely means that from late 1937 through October 1943 I had to break in all the new clerks in the department and teach them how to use the Burroughs Moon-Hopkins Billing Machine.

(That paragraph shows why most great big men are so doggone vague about their greatness and bigness. The irreverent person reading the above might think that I was just a dime-a-dozen white collar worker. Don't you make that mistake, because I AM A GREAT BIG MAN!)

I AM THE AUTHOR OF A PUBLISHED MANUAL ON THE OPERATION OF THE BURROUGHS MOON-HOPKINS BILLING MACHINE AND ITS USE IN THE LUMBER BUSINESS. I wrote this manual on the company time while I was working out my notice in 1943, and ran it off in an edition of 25 copies on the departmental ditto machine. When I revisited my old salt mine in the summer of 1949, I was extremely gratified to notice two copies of my old manual, sadly dog-eared, lying out in the open where they were still in daily use.

TWO OTHER OCCUPATIONS, OR RATHER PROFESSIONS, FROM MY NORTHERN IDAHO INCARNATION OUGHT TO BE MENTIONED. I WAS AN INDEPENDENT AUDITOR, AND AN ESTATE AGENT OR MANAGER. Well, y'see I had a Sunday date with this gal who worked in a newsstand. I dropped by the stand in mid-afternoon to make sure the date still stood and to find out for sure when she was closing up. It seems she had gotten her accounts for the day all balled up, so I stepped in for half an hour and straightened them out for her, finding the 25¢ she was afraid she was going to be stuck with. BUT THAT MAKES ME AN AUDITOR! Estate agent simply means that for a while Jackie's folks had this little four room house in Clarkston. When they moved away and rented it, I had to go down and pick up the \$20 rent once a month. Yippee!

MY WORK AT C. D. LAMOREE'S SINCE 1943 HAS REQUIRED ME TO FUNCTION IN A VAST NUMBER OF HIGHLY SKILLED CAPACITIES. AT VARIOUS TIMES I HAVE BEEN A MACHINIST, A JIG BUILDER, A DIE MAKER, A TOOL DESIGNER, AN INDUSTRIAL ELECTRICIAN, NIGHT FOREMAN, TOOL ROOM SUPERVISOR, ENGINEER IN CHARGE OF PLANT LAYOUT AND DESIGN, TIME STUDY MAN, AND ESTIMATOR. (Cyrus B. Condra, whose career this so closely parallels, will be interested to know that I have never faced off the bottoms of salt shakers. I'd use a sanding wheel; it's faster.)

Whew. Well, I do call myself a machinist. I'm not really deserving of that title by any means, but when I see the average run of fuggheads who call themselves machinists, I realise that I am entitled to lie a little too. I'm just an average good, backyard mechanic who can operate most machine shop equipment in most of its less tricky applications. I'm in charge of the punch presses for C. D., and have one man and two women working with me. If I wanted to be a fugghead and pull my seniority on Burbee I could be in charge of the lathes too, but he is twice as good a lathe man as I am; and besides, even if I were "in charge" of him, he and I would both go about our work exactly

the way we do anyway. The typical fugghead thinks "being in charge" of something or someone expands him into a great big man. Plenty of idiots become company men and fuggheads because they are told they have a lot of rank. They start wearing ties and white shirts to work, never realising that they don't get as little as 5¢ an hour more for being such big men, and never realising that their authority, when it comes to a clutch, is nil anyway. All most so-called jobs of authority mean is that their holder is entitled to get chewed out when something over which he has no control goes wrong.

My own "being in charge" of the punch presses merely means that I plan the work for all four of us, have charge of the orders, and keep track of the dies. I like it, because it enables me to pick and choose my own jobs to a certain extent and because having to keep presses set up for both the girls pretty much guarantees that I don't get stuck with any long and boring production runs.

Let's examine my bigness. MACHINIST. Already covered. JIG BUILDER. Sure, I've made some very simple jigs out of bakelite--ones with large tolerances and elementary layout problems. They only take me twice as long as they'd take a good man.

DIE MAKER. Our die maker says it takes a minimum of 12 years steady dies experience before a guy begins to know what he is doing. However, I do lots of simple die repair and overhaul jobs. And we have a set of universal washer dies, with knockout punches and bushings. Any lathe man can make punches and bushings for a new combination, and of course I've done that lots of times. The die work I do could be done by any die maker's apprentice's helper.

TOOL DESIGNER. Well, every time I take a new lathe bit and grind a contour on it, I'm designing and making a tool. For that matter, anything used in production is a "tool". If you spend 5 minutes making a special clamping fixture to direct an air jet into a die you are designing a "tool".

INDUSTRIAL ELECTRICIAN. I have installed 3 wire 220 volt motors. (Each wire was tagged so it was impossible to go astray, and of the three I installed only two ran backwards the first time I turned them on.) I also built a 220 volt material heating table with a battery of 12 infra-red heat lamps--built it complete from scratch. The wiring was easy for me, because an electrician drew me a diagram, and even I can follow a print. I still don't understand why it is wired like it is, but it works. And I'm proud of it.

NIGHT FOREMAN. Lots of the times we've worked overtime I've had the key, because I had the most seniority of anyone working that night. This merely means I was stuck with waiting until everyone was out, so I could make sure everything was turned off and then lock the door.

TOOL ROOM SUPERVISOR. The nearest thing to a tool room we have is the rows and rows of shelves containing our 900 or 1000 dies. I have to keep them in order and number the new dies. It is highly skilled intellectual work, because it requires keeping five simple numerical series straight. I don't misnumber more than four or five dies a year.

PLANT LAYOUT AND DESIGN. I picked out my own bench and put my tool box on the corner I wanted it on. Big. BIG. BIG !

TIME STUDY AND ESTIMATOR. If the foreman asks me how long a job should take, I'll guess with him. Why not? Lot easier to shoot the bull than work. If he wants to talk about speeding up some job, I'll gladly spend hours discussing it--on the com-

(Cont. on page 13)

KONNER'S KORNER

WILKIE CONNER

In a nice, scholarly, English-gentlemanly way, Captain Kenneth Slater has just recently balled me out via air mail from the Continent. (Or maybe he's in England.) The rousing of the good Captain's ire was brought on by my outburst in this column anent prices of second-hand publications. I had received a list of books Captain Slater offered for sale. There were several divisions on the list, including magazines, pocket-books, and books. In a list of "reprints", he offered several Thorne Smith titles at \$1 each or 90¢ if you were a member of the NFFF. Since these titles were available on the newsstands at 25¢, I assumed that these were the ones the captain offered for sale. I quote directly from my column in the March WARP: "Capt. K. F. Slater is offering for sale reprint copies--presumably paper backed--of Thorne Smith's THE PASSIONATE WITCH, THE BISHOP'S JAEGER, etc., for \$1.00, to N3fers, 90¢."

Read that again. I said PRESUMABLY. Yet Slater said I was causing damage to his reputation as a fair trader by telling the readers of this column he was profiteering. No such damage was intended. If Ken had read what I wrote, he wouldn't have been offended. I merely mentioned exactly what his listing said--reprints. I then merely stated that I PRESUMED they were paper backs. A natural assumption, since any newsstand in the USA has these reprints in pocket books at 25¢.

Nor did he like the following: "Very likely someone sold the captain these books, or traded them to him, for a value of about 50¢." Slater said that was insinuating he was a fool; that he was well aware of book values in the USA and he would never give more than face value for a book, unless it was very rare.

Well, I don't doubt that the captain does keep a well-trained finger on the pulse of the literary world both in the USA and abroad. But he doesn't know American super-salesmen. No Englishman can grasp the power that Americans possess when it involves a fast buck. If they could, Great Britain wouldn't be floundering on the verge of bankruptcy--a condition brought about largely by an unwillingness to work and produce. Competition in England is regarded as not quite gentlemanly. It is certainly quite possible that Slater has overpaid for items secured in America. I don't say he has. It is equally possible he has bought everything at a fair price. I hope no damnyankee hoss trader has done took him in.

Back to the subject. The reprints Captain Slater offers are hardbacked books. They are worth a buck to the collector. ((Except you can buy nearly any hard-cover Thorne Smith book used here in LA for not to exceed 50¢ each. --FTLaney, troublemaker.)) They aren't available from American bookstores, as far as I know, for a buck. If you just read a book once and toss it aside or give it to the kids to destroy, as I do, it would be foolish to pay anyone a dollar for anything you could get in a more or less equivalent form for 25¢.

One thing, though, about buying from Captain Slater. According to a letter I received two or three days ago, along with a sample copy of his fine little 'zine, OPERATION FANTAST, the profits from his trading make it possible for Englishmen to enjoy American magazines and join the NFFF.

I hereby publicly apologise for anything I have caused to be printed that was damaging to

the Captain's reputation as a trader. On the contrary, I'd like to state that the Captain is a square shooter, who wouldn't knowingly take anyone for a ride. You can buy hard-backed books from him at a definite saving, because books can be printed in England cheaper than in America. He has several American representatives who carry a complete line of his wares in stock and therefore you don't have to wait weeks for slow boat mail in order to get your purchases. I hope I have extricated myself from being a foul fiend in the Captain's eyes, and that he will see fit to write to me again sometime--in a more friendly mood.

---ooo0ooo---

Thanks to all you guys who have mailed me sample copies of your fanzines lately. The fact that my space is limited prevents my reviewing them, and the fact that my pocket book is empty prevents my subscribing. But anything you care to send will be appreciated. And perhaps in the next column I can review yours.

---ooo0ooo---

Looking around the newstand yesterday, I saw the following all displayed at one time: Astounding, Science and Fantasy, Startling, Other Worlds, Future, Amazing, Fantastic, The Merwin annuals and quarterly, Weird Tales, Fantasy Fiction, and possibly one or two more. Sure is a far cry from just a year or so ago when it took a half hour's walk to uncover just one little stf magazine. Yep, the boom is on!

It would certainly be a nice thing if this stf boom could continue. But it won't. It is too much of a good thing. However, with Norman A Daniels, Walt Sheldon, and others changing from the other types of pulps to stf, and with more new writers coming in, the quality of stf will remain high. Though it makes it harder for hacks like me to break in.

As yet, no prozine has appeared on the market to fill the gap left yawning by the demise, lo these many moons ago, of Unknown Worlds. Surely, someplace there lurks a power that will start a 'zine for light, whimsical fantasy. How nice it would be, to read some fresh, sparkling humor in fantasy once more! ((Try MASQUE, THE GAUDY FANZINE--75¢ per year from Willie Rotsler, Rte #1, Box 638, Camarillo, California.))

---ooo0ooo---

All fen should take time out to re-read T. E. Watkin's column in the May WARP, especially if they aspire to write. There's real meat for the embryo writer in this one.

---ooo0ooo---

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: Bergey now has two contracts. One with Columbia pubs and another with Better Pubs. Finlay should hire EKB's agent.

You play jai alai, Boogie?

I AM A GREAT BIG MAN (Cont. from page 11)

pany time.

SO AS YOU CAN PLAINLY SEE, I AM A GREAT BIG MAN.

FOR ITS

OWN PROTECTION, SOCIETY MAY HAVE TO INSTITUTIONALISE ME--BECAUSE I AM SUCH A GREAT BIG MAN. And because these great vital truths upon which depend the orderly progress of the world cannot be mentioned too often, I feel it is my duty to repeat....

I AM A GREAT BIG MAN!

FANZINE SCOPE

F
TOWNER
LANEY

With this issue, Fanzine Scope changes into a review column of contemporary fanzines. It will appear every month, except when I miss the deadline, and will mention and attempt to evaluate every fanzine which I receive. My chief aim will be to entertain myself and you by dissecting a lot of stuff that badly needs it; I don't expect to have any effect on the quality of the fanzine field, but I will try to say something constructive about each item reviewed.

There will be four ratings used. EXCEPTIONAL will mean just that, and will be ~~xxx~~ awarded very infrequently. INTERMEDIATE will indicate a recommended fanzine which is generally readable but which you could live without if you had to. ALSO RECEIVED will include in addition to single-sheeters and ads fanzines which I cannot conscientiously recommend either favorably or disparagingly. NOT RECOMMENDED will mean a real stinkeroo.

Since I feel that many of the very best fanzines are to be found in FAPA, I'm going to review every FAPA mag. If the SAPS want their stuff reviewed here they have ^{only} to send me an extra mailing; I'd like to give them the same treatment as FAPA.

If you want your fanzine reviewed, send it to me. I subscribe to scarcely any fanzines. I can enter into no correspondence, but I promise a prompt review of every item I receive. My address: 816 Westboro Ave., Alhambra, California.

Now to the present crop.

---ooOoo---

EXCEPTIONAL. Fantasy Advertiser, 1745 Kenneth Road, Glendale 1, Cal. 15¢ each; 6 for 75¢. Vol. 4, No. 2. May 1950. FA this time contains its usual run of reasonably readable articles on various phases of stfantasy, but as usual its chief merit is its unique status as a clearing house for those wishing to sell, buy, or trade stf stuff. With a circulation well over a thousand, FA is the medium through which collectors can get together. Frankly I don't see how anyone even remotely interested in our microcosmos can be without the Advertiser. As long as it maintains its present size (32 pp), neatness (photolith), and regular publication (bi-monthly); it is almost an automatic EXCEPTIONAL.

---ooOoo---

INTERMEDIATE. Etaoin Shrdlu, Stephen Taller, 40 West 77th St., Apt. 2F, NYC 24. 10¢ each; 3 for 25¢. Vol. 1, No. 5, Summer 1950. This is a moderately passable general-type mimeographed fanzine. Much of the material is definitely sub-par; notably an attempt at satire which failed to jell ("Space Opera & Such" by Stanley Nathanson), and a couple of typically lousy stories. Of more interest is a well-done and interesting interview with Sam Merwin, and the editorial portions. The boys seem to be gone on dianetics, but I'm in no position to get smart about that when I reflect that I once billed myself as a "sincere Acolyte of HPLovecraft"! Etaoin Shrdlu is a magazine badly in need of a couple of solid article writers, so it could quit using fiction. Here's your chance, folks. Best bet, it seems to me, would be to send Taller a good solid article debunking dianetics. The resulting controversy ought just about make this fanzine.

ALSO RECEIVED. The Outlander, Freddie Hershey, 6335 King Ave., Bell, California. #5. 15¢ straight (coins only). This is the club publication of The Outlanders, the spondoring body of the LASFS. Like most such publications it apparently suffers from having too much stuff included not because it was worth a whoop but because one of the members wrote it. Appearance of this 29 page issue is tops; I wish the material matched it.

Ten pages are taken up by "Filings from the Chain", excerpts from a perpetual chain letter which circulates among the Outlanders. This feature is too utterly esoteric for the most part. It could be a wonderful item, but only if cut by at least 50% and heavily edited so as either to leave out altogether or explain the dozens and dozens of allusions and stuff lost on the non-Outlander. As it stands, the grain is too deeply buried in the chaff, I got a full-blown belly laugh out of Sneary's poker-faced suggestion that all fans wear uniforms, and shook my head a little at how honored Mrs. Hershey feels at having her house filled with fans all the time. Most of the rest of it was lost on me.

Pederson and Moffatt are represented by a pair of items I found unreadable (though legible), and there is a poem by Dorothea Faulkner fully as bad as the ones I used to use in Acolyte.

Biggest item in the issue is Freddie Hershey's account of her service with the Red Cross entertaining the psycho-ward boys in a veteran's hospital. Maybe she's a bit too self-conscious of how much Good she is Doing, but doggone it, she is doing a worthwhile thing here, and I found her account of it quite readable. I have finally conquered my urge to say that the only way she can stand the LASFS is to spend the rest of her time with the boys in the psychoward, some of whom are so bad as to make even the LASFS seem normal, so to show the extent of my conquest over this evil thought I won't mention it at all.

I almost gave THE OUTLANDER an INTERMEDIATE rating. It has bulk, legibility, and a refreshing lack of preoccupation with that hackneyed subject, stf. If the incomprehensibilities were cut out of it, and the issue otherwise tightened a bit, it would be right in there. As it is, it misses INTERMEDIATE by a blonde hair.

---oo0oo---

ALSO RECEIVED. Micron. Jack Riggs, 1620 Chestnut St., Berkeley 2, Cal. FAPA only. This is a breezy 7-pager which would be INTERMEDIATE if longer. Riggs tees off amusingly on all sorts of things, including himself. High point in the issue is Riggs' delightful comparison of stf and westerns, topped off with a glorious diagramatic sketch of the compleat cowboy. A good mag by a good man.

---oo0oo---

ALSO RECEIVED. Fanobrel. Al Toth, 1110 Gillespie Ave., Portage, Pa. FAPA and SAPS only. Another one which would be intermediate if not so short. Seven pages of light-hearted yet solid stuff by Toth and Rapp. Toth has a peculiar, semi-literate rambling style which I suspect is semi-literate by design. It rocks along nicely, a sort of babble broken by frequent snappers. Fanobrel takes a devastating look-see at the current crop of stfzines, quotes various fascinating stuff from here and there, takes certain radio commentators for a royal ride, and all in all is the kind of column that would shine like a searchlight in any general fanzine.

---oo0oo---

By bulk, those last two items represent approximately 5% of the last FAPA mailing. There are four such mailings per year. Are you missing them? Details from H. Warner, Jr. 303 Bryan Place, Hagerstown, Maryland.

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