

SPACEWARRP

73

Smelled
July on
FFM
[Signature]



"You know, maybe we should have unplugged the electric log tonight."

SPACEWARD, Vol. XIII, No. 1, Issue #73, produced at Apr 4, 4400 Sunrise, El Paso, Texas, in the foolish hope that it will be ready in time for the January 1967 SAPS bundle. Strange, deadlines never rushed up on me in this sneaky way before I got married...

Also, be in known that we don't have any corflu on hand. Nancy dropped the bottle, and it took me two hours to scrub away the blue stains and broken glass from the kitchen floor. Drat, there was another two years' supply left in the bottle, too. (It was a 1-oz bottle).

And, mumbling over that gripe, we embark upon

THE GRIPES OF RAPP

or, Thru Darkest Mailing 67 with Ready Tort and Poised Replevin (a la Moskwitz)

SPECTATOR 67: In spite of all competition, it seems safe to assume that SPECTATOR will easily take the honors for best artwork in this year's Egoboo Poll. I wonder what Kennedy and Alpaugh would say to THAT? / With the opulent treasury SAPS has nowadays, wouldn't it pay to have the OE establish a savings account in a local bank in which to keep the funds during his year of office? The interest would come to two or three bucks. On the other hand, might I suggest a poll of the membership, object: to authorize a one- or two-mailing moratorium on SAPS dues, thus bringing the treasury down to a more reasonable balance? After all, there's no logical reason why SAPS should maintain a \$100-plus reserve fund.

POT POURRI 19: That's a beautiful mimeo job on the cover, John; Eddie (if he was the cutter of the stencil) is indeed a master of the treacherous stylus and shading plate. / Your account of your introduction to Army life was hilarious. I wonder if there has been any change in the routine since your day? I know the US Army now goes to great trouble to make a pleasant impression on the new recruits (fearing, no doubt, that otherwise they'll dash off unpleasant notes to their Congressmen). It ain't like the old days... / I'm not sure whether the "Music From America" TV program you saw was intended as a satire or not; rest assured that it is not typical of this country's musical tastes. Reminds me of a program I saw a few weeks ago showing European artists at work. One, for instance, laid a large sheet of plywood on the ground, then walked up to it holding a bass viol. After a pause to commune with the muses or something, he grasped the viol firmly by the neck, swung it over his head, and smashed it down on the plywood. After which he nailed the fragments into place where they had fallen, signed his name to the whole mess, and shipped it off to America as a triumph of modern art. Another artist, a young woman whom I must confess was a displaced Yankee, created her masterpieces by nailing various bits of miscellaneous junk and plastic bags of paint to a panel, covering it all with a thin coat of plaster, then stood off a few yards and peppered the thing with a .22 rifle, meanwhile screaming hysterically about artistic inspiration and the ~~xxxx~~ violence of the creative impulse. Remember when fans used to be considered nuts?

SaFARI: Much thanks to you, Earl and Jim, for the lifesaving draughts of bheer at Seattle. By now you're probably buried deep beneath the workload of preliminary preparations for Chicom -- best of luck and wishes for a successful con.

ZEUTHEN AAGAARD: Gotta admit this made more interesting reading than most "test stencils" which turn up in SAPS bundles. Now how about making a complete zine of it?

POR QUE? #11: Did you import the pink paper from Florida, or were you able to find a source of supply in Seattle? / No, I don't think the Army DOES

know where Oro Grande is. For example, it's 30 miles north of the Texas border, but the PX barber shop charges the Texas state sales tax on haircuts! (But who's complaining? The Texas tax is 2¢, while at nearby White Sands, the New Mexico tax on haircuts is 9¢!)

FLABBERGASTING #20: Helen Hendrickson must be a female Ralph Rayburn Phillips.

What I would like to know is, why is a top speed of, say, 130 mph considered an advantageous selling point in an automobile, when the top legal speed anywhere in the US is 70 mph? You don't need THAT much reserve speed for passing. Must be a status symbol or something. Like the auto compass I saw advertised once, with "an easy-reading dial that can be seen even in the glare of bright sunlight." Or don't the modern schools teach anyone how to determine North by the direction of the sun? / Whatdaya mean by telling me that repairing a mimeo-impression roller is impossible? You could have said "not worth the trouble and expense" or some such phrase. Now I'll have to find a way to repair mine, just to prove you wrong. / With oleo costing \$1¢ a pound, and butter 83¢, I would hardly call the price difference "negligible", Tsk.

PSILO #1: Wow, that's an offbeat style of Harness artwork on the cover; don't believe I've ever seen him use a lot of frilly lines like that before. A charming and educational zine, Jane. Taught me a number of things I hadn't known before, about goats.

THE ZED #797: A sparkling Con account, Karen. Congratulations on the new Gestetner, also. Are you going to use any of the other fifteen vibrant ink colors from now on?

FENDENIZEN #2: Glad you were able to have a page in the mailing, in spite of all the other demands on your time, Elinor. What's MY excuse?

RETRO #2: Now that you have a set of choppers, Buz, don't you think we ought to pass the word around that it's no longer safe for fuggheads to assume that your bark is worse than your bite?

CCON: Congratulations, Rich, on the first and so far only definitive Season report that I've seen in the fan press. I am croggled that you managed to note and/or remember so much detailed information about the formal program while at the same time circulating thru the unofficial activities. / Bertrand Russell remarks (in The Conquest of Happiness) that war and the general overdevelopment of the aggressive impulse is mostly a result of boredom. Tsk, if fandom ever takes over the world, there'll be no more wars (at least not nuclear ones). Just plonker assaults and lawsuits. A splendid issue, ol'Eney.

DIE STAATENGESCHICHTE WISSENSCHAFT UND ICH #3: Wouldn't the prime requisite for survival be the possession of a naturally high radiation-tolerance? If Atomigeddon is severe enough to cut world population down to a small group of survivors, it'll be radiation that does most of the job. Offhand I'd say that if there were as many as a million survivors in this country (and providing hostilities on a non-nuclear basis do not continue) there'd not be too much need for the rugged-life skills, because a tottering and makeshift, but adequate framework of civilization would still be maintained.

COLLECTOR #7: Come to think of it, if Rike's peace marchers had emulated the Doubkhors' technique, they'd have gotten lots more publicity! Fascinating tale of Murray Sinuk, Typical MSFS Member. I hope you sent Steve Metchette a copy of this issue, Howard. / Speaking of time flying, remember Ralph Fluette's daughter? I heard a couple years ago that she is now attending a university in Rio de Janeiro as an exchange student. / On an Armistice Day TV program the announcer described people like you and me as "graying and paunchy veterans of WW II." Sometimes I feel like it.

THE SPELEOBEM #13: Speaking of censorship, I think it was in SAPS some time that I mentioned an El Paso grand jury had indicted a flock of local magazine dealers and bookstore owners for publishing obscenity. (Tropic of Cancer, and the magazine Adam, if you are curious). Well, the cases finally came up for trial. The magazine dealers pleaded guilty and got off with suspended sentences upon promising to discontinue selling Adam. The bookstore owner pleaded not guilty (he's the one who was offering TCC). So the DA had to ask for a postponement because the minister who is the complainant, or chief witness, or whatever you call it, happens to be vacationing in Europe. My fine sense of legal ethics prompts me to observe that they should have subpoenaed him and made him cancel his vacation, since he started the whole mess. At any rate, the publicity was quite a booster of sales of TCC in El Paso, I understand. In my opinion the 3d book of the Gunner Asch trilogy was the best of all—the one in which most of the characters are serving on the Russian front, rather than in garrison. The fascinating thing here is the similarities and at the same time the contrasts to US Army life. I got the same feeling the other day from the chapter in Gibbons' Decline and Fall of the Roman Empire devoted to a description of the Roman legions. Incidentally, Gibbons' critique of the dangers inherent in allowing the military to influence the government seems quite applicable to events in many South American countries these days, and maybe even a warning to our own nation. You might tell Fred Galvin that one argument in favor of publishing material "good enough for professional publication" in SAPS rather than in a magazine is that despite SAPS publication you retain common law copyright, which would be lost to a magazine, in the absence of specific copy-righting of the piece.

THE TATTERED DRAGONETTE: Now you know where all the stencils around here disappear to when I'm not looking!

OUTSIDERS #15: A bunch of gun bugs would be a clip of shooters, wouldn't it? Speaking of sunflowers, the thing about them that sticks in my memory is that when the Mormons came west it was in a two-part caravan, with most of the men blazing the trail and the womenfolk following the next summer. So the men took along a supply of sunflower seeds and scattered them along the trail. The second half of the caravan merely had to follow the yellow blossom road. Of course SAPS is a sewing circle. It has a thread of sanity, much fanciful embroidery, and the members keep giving each other the needle. One might even go so far as to call a few SAPS trimble-minded. Yeth? SAPS was a more powerful organization back in the good ole days, when an OE could transport a pair of brass knucks across half the continent by mere teleportation. SAPS being a rather dispersed organization, they'd probably have to be employed that way too, if the occasion ever arose. What we need, tho, is something more on the order of an Australian pointing Bone, which the OE could send to delinquent members to hex them into activity. How about it, Bob Smith?

FLABBERGON #5: A pleasant con account, Tosk. Incidentally, we noted, while looking at some slides of the Detention the other night, that you at Seattle and Doc Smith at Detroit sported the same unmistakable and memorable loud-patterned sportshirt. Wha' happen, he bet his shirt on a mathematical argument with you or something, or perhaps this is a secret uniform for Ph.D's?

WATLING STREET #10: Gorgeous cover, Bob. Really terrific.

THIS IS THE TRIAL: Okay, Owen, let's get that equipment rolling, now that you've tested it!

SAP FROM THE GUM TREE #1: The Doctor Doocittle books were mentioned by someone in SAPS a couple of years ago, Bob, and in the resulting commentary it turned out that quite a number of SAPS were familiar with them. El-inor Busby was one, and I was another; can't recall offhand who the other Doocittle fans were. Are you familiar with Arthur Ransome's childrens' books? You think you've got troubles because Nancy's IGNATZ sand gets all over your bed? Ha, last

week while I was absent overnight pulling Sgt of the Guard, she took advantage of the opportunity to have a midnight snack of crackers and cheese in bed. You ever try to sleep on cracker crumbs? / One point the prophets of atomic doom sort of gloss over when they predict how many people in a city will be killed by a single bomb, is that they're assuming the [blowing] thing is going to explode at the point of maximum effectiveness. That is difficult enough to achieve with a bomb dropped from a plane, let alone with an ICBM. I've no idea how accurate their guidance systems are these days, but I'd guess offhand that only by luck would an ICBM hit within a couple miles of the point of aim. Fallout would easily blanket the entire target area with that alone a miss, of course, but it would make a big difference in the blast effect. Come to think of it, the aggressor has quite a ticklish decision to make: fuse for an air burst that will give maximum blast and minimum fallout, or fuse for a ground burst which produces a much smaller area of blast destruction.

On your question of whether or not to admit a stranger into your fallout shelter, the more I think about it the more meaningless it becomes. For this reason: there are so few shelters that either people are going to be able to survive by improvising some other form of protective shelter, or else only a handful of humanity is going to be alive anyhow, civilization itself will perish, and decisions based on "civilized" and "human" standards of ethics are no longer applicable. Consequently, the best thing to do would be to advise the person knocking on your shelter door to get indoors (preferably on the center floor of a multi-story building) and stuff the cracks in windows and doors with rags before the radioactive fallout builds up too much. If it was just a matter of admitting an extra person, and providing you had the necessary food and water, you might be willing to do so, but how do you know what you'll find when you open that door -- perhaps an armed gang bent on tossing you and your family out of the shelter and taking over for themselves.

/ This was a fine zine, Bob; hope you'll be able to hit every mailing from here on.

WARHOON #13: It is probably true that SAPS serves as a training ground for FAPA, but this is not necessarily a disadvantage to SAPS. It's true, also, that there's a terrific turnover in the SAPS membership in the course of a couple of years. We could no doubt stop this by discarding the current activity requirements in favor of more lenient ones, similar to those of FAPA. But why? It is undeniable that there are some lovely items to be found in FAPA bundles and never seen elsewhere, but the same can be said of SAPS. Making SAPS into an imitation FAPA still wouldn't get us the Surbees and Hoffmans and Danners and Warners -- so how would we gain? Under the present setup, SAPS is, I believe, equal if not superior to FAPA in average quality. What has FAPA got to match **OUTSIDERS**, or **WHO KILLED S-F?** or, for instance, **WARHOON?** You might just as easily twist your thesis to advocate FAPA changing to SAPS-type requirements so as to attract the producers of such choice items.

If there is any qualitative difference between the two apas, a debatable question in itself, it is this: SAPS attracts the relative newcomer to fandom, the person ablaze with enthusiasm and ambition, who views the stringent activity requirements of SAPS not as an oppression, but as a challenge. Consequently, the activity per member is roughly twice as great in SAPS as in FAPA. Now I'll admit that twice as much crud is a dubious blessing -- but on the other hand, most fans are as talented and competent at fanpublishing when they first enter fandom as they ever will become. (So cite me exceptions; I can always counter with Higgs, Taurasi, and Moskowitz). The result is, SAPS gets the benefit of the new talent and fresh enthusiasm -- it is when this youthful (in spirit, anyway) glow dies away, and the fan has settled into a routine, that he begins to find the requirements of SAPS too strenuous to his taste, and switches over to the more lenient embrace of FAPA.

Don't forget, too, that for every FAPA member who remains silent for a year and then bursts forth with a glorious FAPazine, there are other FAPA members who remain silent for a year and then burst forth with the minimum required pages of ~~and~~ banal crud to salvage their membership for another year.

If the fans who dropped SAPS in favor of FAPA were as active there as they are

in SAPS, and FAPA began coming out with a series of 1000-page bundles, THEN I'd begin to share your worry about the prestige and successful future of SAPS. But under the present circumstances, I'm sure that if there's any worrying to be done, it is the FAPA members who should be doing it.

The Harp That Once cried "Walt sure puts more effort into his fanfiction than any other fanfiction writer I know of, for instance, usually to start a story with no idea of what is going to happen beyond the first couple of paragraphs. The plot either develops as I go along, or the paragraph goes into the wastebasket. (I usually go thru a couple of rough drafts, but the emendations in these are mostly in matters of spelling and punctuation, or substitution of a more sparkling word or phrase, not changes in the plot itself.) My method seems to work for me, tho' the only I need is a good inspirational opening line. Something like, "Stop it" cried that Ballard, blushing furiously. Anyone have any inspirational opening lines kicking around?

Handwritten note: *Very good*

WARHOON #13: Like Atlas Shrugged, Stranger in a Strange Land struck me as a novel requiring more than the usual "suspension of disbelief" while reading in order to make it seem plausible, and produced a profound lack of conviction afterward that it could be even remotely probable. Blish was very helpful in pinpointing many of the fallacies and omissions which I would not otherwise have consciously noticed. One he missed which did strike me, was the top-secret report to the World Secretary after Smith's military career, pointing out his possession of valuable talents for psionic warfare, but concluding that they could not be put to practical use and that therefore he should be discharged. Surely the one thing the military authorities would NOT do would be to turn such an individual loose for some alert enemy to get hold of and exploit. If completely baffled, they'd have at least tugged the problem up the chain of command until the World Secretary himself was forced to make the decision (and accept the responsibility if it happened to be the wrong one.) Surely even GMC must agree that Rixx Welch has done more to harm the conservative cause than even McCarthy. Those whom McCarthy alienated were repelled by him personally, rather than by the cause which he advocated; they viewed him as exploiting anti-Communism for his personal ends. Welch manages to befoul the entire philosophy of conservatism, the political counterpart. I should think, of our well-remembered friend Degler.

RESINE #8: It's news to me that there ARE any meteorologists at Ft Bliss predicting weather for rocket firings. Not for ours, anyhow, since the Cpl is supposed to be an all-weather tactical weapon, and our shoots are scheduled, sometimes, weeks in advance. I remember shoots in rain, snow, dust storms, and fog. Of course, met data is used in computing aiming data, so maybe we do have an expert on weather somewhere in the higher echelons. While I was in Korea the 2d Inf Div organized a bagpipe band. This caused a minor diplomatic crisis when the tartans arrived from the British suppliers and someone discovered that they were the plaid authorized only for the Queen's something-or-other regiment. I believe the Commanding General finally had to write to the regimental commander and get his permission to use them; which, of course, was granted in the interests of allied friendship and what not. The pipers were less of a problem: they merely borrowed a bandmaster from the British forces in Korea, who gave a one-week course in piping to the members of the division band. If that was not sufficient, no one except a Scotsman could tell the difference.

SCORE #4: Glad to see you still in there commenting, Coswal.

WAFAGE #5: The best thing to do when drafted, old chap -- as soon as you get assigned signed to an outfit for basic training -- is to brag loudly about your skill with a typer and mimeo. It'll keep you behind a desk on many a cold wet day when the rest of the outfit is out plodding thru the mud or cleaning cosmoline off weapons. You'd still have plenty of work and headaches, but of a more tolerable sort than the average GI has to contend with. Besides, working in any head quarters, you get first crack at volunteering for any really good deal that turns up.

TOLETAN #4: Hope you're able to tell us, this mailing, that you did become one of the final group selected for the trip to Europe, Bruce. It sounds like a great opportunity.

DREAM JUICE: Entertaining, ole Leejay, but somehow just misses being in a class with preceding installments of the Ballard Chronicles. Keep up the saga, though -- this was well worth the effort.

And that is the bottom of the pile of SAPSazines. Apologies to any I may have missed; with two of us writing me's on the same zines at the same time, the mailing doesn't stay in precise order, the way I used to keep it in my ~~hahahahaha~~ single day.

PIPE SMOKE

A LAMENT FOR BRUCE: Sorry, old OE, but no longer can you boast of belonging to all the fannish apas. In fact, the sixth mailing of CAPA was distributed on New Year's Day (well, actually on the 1st of January, the USPO not being very cooperative about keeping their postoffices open on holidays).

CAPA is the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, with monthly mailings, a membership of five (or nine, depending on whether you count wives), and a nostalgic devotion to Fifth Fandom. I'd mention some of the goodies that have appeared in its bundles, but I don't want to turn you non-members green with envy. For drooling purposes, tho, you might plead to see their CAPA file next time you're visiting Rick Sneary, Roy Tackett, Ed Cox, Len Moffatt, or me.

THE USUAL APOLOGIES: If the size and legibility of this issue of SW are far below the standards of recent years, excuse it plizz. We ran into an acute paper shortage as the deadline loomed, and I was forced into the desperate expedient of running the inside pages on typewriter paper. However, this short-term ghastliness may have beneficial results in the long run, for it impelled us to obtain a catalog of mimeo supplies from Wral Ballard, so we can order from the Master Company by mail, instead of depending on the fantastically expensive and ill-stocked local stationery stores. Why, we're even thinking of becoming one of those legendary types who buy their paper ten reams at a time!

HOLIDAY BITS: After all, since this issue DOES have a Christmas cover, maybe it is not too late to tell about our decorations. I guess it has been a couple-three years since ex-SAP Megan Sturek briefed this organization on New Mexico's holiday lanterns, luminarias, so I'd better repeat the story.

It seems that the early Spanish settlers used to celebrate Christmas Eve by building small piles of pinon logs on their rooftops and setting them afire (being adobe, the buildings themselves were in no danger of catching fire). These were supposed to symbolize the fires of the "shepherds keeping watch by night". Later, when civilization came via the Santa Fe trail, the New Mexicans began substituting lanterns made of wrapping paper for the pinon-wood fires, using a candle as the source of light.

In its present form, the luminaria consists of a paper bag (the kind sold in supermarkets as "sandwich bags") with the rim folded over a couple of times to stiffen it and keep it from shutting. You drop a double handful of sand into the bottom to weight it down, and then place a lighted vigil candle on the sand. These luminarias are lined up a foot or two apart along the edges of walks, on windowsills, and so on. In daylight they don't look like much, but after dark they have a bright yet soft glow that is amazingly pretty.

Nancy and I set out 20 luminarias on Christmas Eve -- the number limited by the fact that we couldn't get any more candles: luminarias are becoming quite a popular decoration around El Paso. They drew quite a bit of admiring comment from other residents of these apartments, as well as a rush by

neighboring camera bugs to set up tripods for time exposures. One of our neighboring couples had spent Christmas in Albuquerque, which is THE city in which to see luminarias by the thousands. When they got back and we compared our impressions of delight with our modest display and their tales of what they'd seen, we decided to repeat the spectacle for New Year's Eve. By this time the stores had replenished their stocks of vigil candles, so we cooperated in setting out 40-odd luminarias in the courtyard between our apartments in order to welcome the New Year.

We can hardly wait for the opportunity to introduce this Southwestern custom to the natives of Michigan and/or Pennsylvania in coming years. It seems the fan-nish thing to do. Only one drawback strikes me; as I recall it, in those parts of the country, unlike El Paso, grocery stores and such places don't normally stock vigil candles, do they?

THE IDIOT BOX of ours which went kaput shortly before Christmas is now back in operation, thanks to our friendly neighborhood TV serviceman, two resistors and a capacitor, and a \$14 repair bill. I must admit that 9/10 of the programming seems hardly worth the trouble. In fact, the best viewing seems to be the old movies. Perhaps because, while aimed for no higher an IQ level than the current programs, they weren't made in such haste, and so that fact isn't quite as obvious. (Wups, Nancy just turned it on, and it's now presenting Bob Bloch's "The Waxworks" behind my back -- and, alas, since this zine MUST go into the mail tomorrow, I can't stop stencilling even long enough to find out if Bloch is brilliant. Six stencils to run off yet -- after I finish this one -- and two zines to collate, staple, and wrap for mailing, and it's getting late in the evening and I have to get up at 0530. Ah, the woes of being a fan.)

WARNING: Profit by my example and never try using Burgundy as a mixer for rum. It makes a shmoooooth drink, but WOW, whatta morning after.

PROJECT: Nancy presented me with a couple of hard metal file boxes to hold my collection of Kodachrome slides. Now I am confronted with some 1800 slides needing sorting and indexing, and then I'll be able to find the one I want when I want it. Since they range from Korea, 1950 to Seattle, 1961, the task is a formidable one. Sometime when I get all caught up on stencilling and mimeeing I'll have to tackle it.

STORK DERBY: I'm pretty sure it wasn't told me as a DNQ, so it seems safe to apprise all their SAPSish friends that EdCo and Anne Cox are anticipating the arrival of their first neofan in six months or so. Maybe some experienced fan should take pity on us neos at this game and devote a few fanzine pages to a step-by-step explanation of diaper-folding. Earl?

THE FUTURE as always is somewhat uncertain. I'd originally expected to ship out of here (probably to Europe) this spring. However the extension of enlistments during the Berlin crisis operated in my case to make it May before I'm eligible for overseas again. By that time Nancy will be close enough to the maternity ward to probably keep me around here a couple months longer. Hmmm, maybe we will have time to use up ten reams of mimeo paper before we have to move!

Of course, there is another side to the question: originally I was rather eager to return to Europe -- but that same Berlin crisis caused a change in policy: they're no longer allowing dependants to accompany GI's sent to Europe. Which causes a considerable change in my attitude toward taking such a trip.

Owell, c'est la cold-guarre.

Here's wishing all the best to you
Throughout the year of 'sixty-two...

see ya next mailing.