

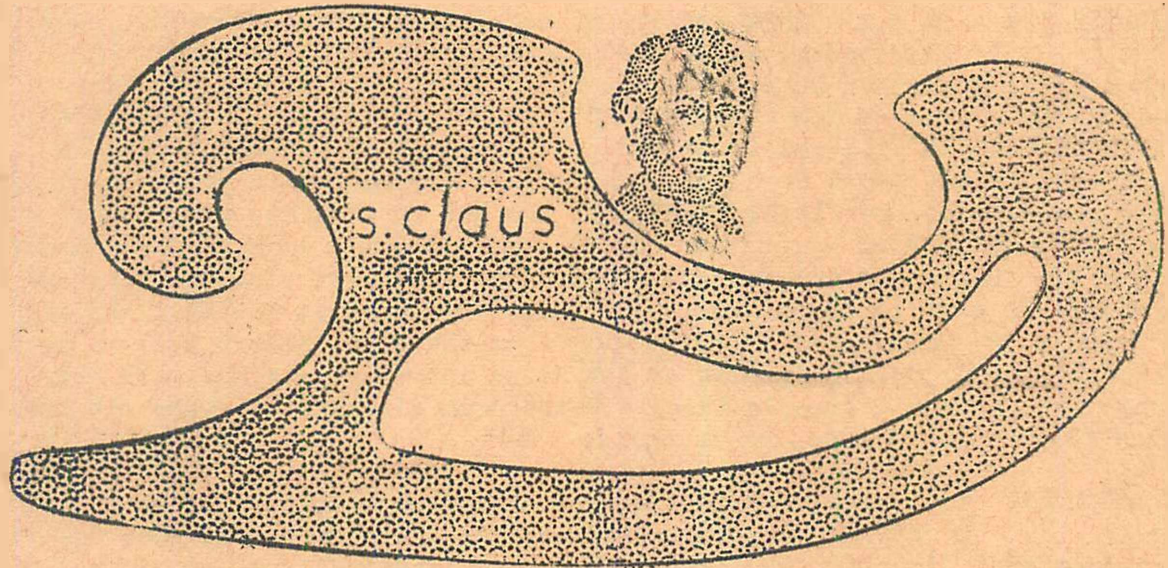
# SPACEWARP

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"Mary Todd warned me this would happen if I let that  
girl talk me into growing a beard..."

# THE GROPPES OF RAPP

or, Thru Darkest Mailing 64, pursued by Ku Klux Klan and CORE.

SPECTATOR 64: Bruce, you ought to put a tab or something on Spectator so that when it gets mixed up with the other zines it can be spotted easily. Wonder if the USPOD is considering suing us for blinding several of its most hawk-eyed inspectors? # Good grief, how dare you put your picture on SAPS 00 with a table full of stampcollecting paraphenalia beside you?

OUTSIDERS 5<sup>2</sup>: ~~of m,m~~ That cryptic message, Wrai, comes from the younger generation, who got at the typer while I was out in the kitchen opening another beer. Come to think of it, his writing is just as intelligible as what a few other neofen have published. # It's not that we're reluctant to fill you in on the juicy details of the N3F feuds, Wrai, except that if you won't even join, it becomes too much of a job. As an N3F member you would be receiving TIGHTBEAM, the N3F letterzine, every other month, with all sorts of dire accusations in it, and all you'd have to keep in mind is that our side's are true and our opponents' a pack of vicious lies, and you'd know as much as anyone about the feud. # Tuned in the BBC last night and heard a performance of Trial by Jury from the Royal Albert Hall in London. Unfortunately, around the middle of Act II an interfering signal all but drowned out G&S and I finally tuned elsewhere in disgust. # Come out from behind that K.L. Nangee, we recognize you!

SPELEOBEM 50: You think smog is bad, you should work in our office. There's a coffee-roasting factory across the street, and when the wind comes from that direction we first look around frantically to see if the wastebaskets are on fire or the insulation burning off the wiring, after which we start speculating on just what they're toasting over there. Usually we agree that it must be a couple of ancient corpses they didn't know how else to get rid of. # Haven't you heard about why Toskey's book isn't out? Seems the publisher wanted him to add a chapter on how to predict SAPS mailing sizes, and Tosk still hasn't got the answer figured out.

ENZYME 4: Yeah, washing hekto jelly is a sloppy job, which is why the manufacturers tell you to just let it set a couple of days and the ink will sink to the bottom of the jelly layer. They've obviously never tried that themselves. Aside from turning the sink purple, the main feature of washing hekto jelly is that it demands a highly-developed clairvoyant perception of just how to adjust the water temperature so it will dissolve off the inky layer of jelly without washing away the rest. "I seem to have fallen into the washing machine," cried Tom with agitation.-

'What do you mean, what am I doing, you dope; I'm peeling onions," cried Tom.-

POT POURRI 9: I suppose the ghostly football pitch was left over from an exceptionally spirited game? # Speaking of sporting events, we had a Company party recently, featuring among other contests a chugalug competition. With no prior knowledge of the contestants' abilities I was able to predict at a glance how it would turn out, for all except one of the entrants had a slim, trim military physique. The exception, a member of our platoon, possessed an unmilitary but significant waistline bulge, about like half a watermelon: There were six contestants, and the contest was fiendishly organized on an elimination basis: two men were each given a liter of beer and on signal proceeded to drink it, the one finishing first going on to the next round. The amateurs gulped frantically but unsuccessfully (and weren't seen around for the remainder of the day), but our champion just tilted back his



head and poured the beer down his throat. It was a blazing hot day, and the party started at 8:00 a.m.; alas, I had to leave at noon because I was scheduled to take a test at 1300: the annual testing to determine who receives proficiency pay for the next year. So I started out with a firm resolve to go easy on the beer; after all, I was trying to keep half a hundred complicated electronic formulas and theorems clear in my mind. But from 8 to noon is a long time, and along about then I'd probably have defined capacitive reactance as reaching for another beer. However, three huge grilled steaks helped to restore my reasoning faculties, and I proceeded to take the exam with vigah, tho it sheemed to me they shure ashked shome shtupid queshtions thish year. Owell, along about October I'll learn how I scored. # When your predictions of doom overcome me, John, I take consolation in remembering what the first ammonite said to the second ammonite as they slithered around in the Mesozocic coze: "You, with all these rivers washing salt down into the sea, life on earth is bound to become extinct real soon now."

POT POURRI 30: By all means, more Coon stories, John. They are tops.

MISTILY MEANDERING 5: Lovely cover. ((Big crisis here: the Kook, grabbing for your fanzine, knocked the bottle of corflu off the desk to a shattering finish on the marble floor. Mother hauls the screaming barefoot curplit away while Daddy:polices up the broken glass, cutting his finger in the process, and then arduously scrubs away the blue stains with kleenex and lighter fluid. I guess we're lucky at that; we happen to have another bottle of corflu in our box of fansupplies -- and the splash of this broken one missed, by a couple of inches, an upholstered chair and a rug, hitting only the smooth marble from which it could be successfully eradicated. At any rate, I guess we can consider this apartment now officioally fannishly christened.)) And anything I could say further in comment on Mistily Meandering after that would be an anticlimax.

TOROIDAL TEST 1: Speaking of Pepsi-smuggling, I wonder if any SAPS are Coke bottle collectors? The bottoms of most Coke bottles are impressed with the locality of the bottling plant where they were first filled, you know, and in the course of being consumed and refilled they often manage to wander an amazing distance from home. (Milk bottles did the same, back in the days when a single standardized type of glass bottle was used all over the country.) # Well look, if you want a really neat way of having your fanzine paid for, you get a job with the FBI, or whatever its equivalent is in your country, and then you talk them into letting you infiltrate fandom so as to keep an eye on them. Only catch, I suppose, is that you'd be so busy making out reports that you wouldn't have time to publish your all-expenses-paid fanzine.

Since you are interested in poetry, I'll record the contents of a crumpled scrap of paper which I just confiscated from the Kook, who was attempting to eat it. Lord knows where he finds these things...

#### JURISPRUDENCE

Once there was a FAPAn, sercon as could be,  
Thought its Constitution, Supreme Authority,  
Wincd in stern revulsion at the ingenuity  
With which his fellow-members seized each ambiguity.

Said he, "Are we to suffer Rule of Law, or Rule of Fan?"  
Proposed myriad amendments to plug the loopholes, then.  
And yet this selfsame FAPAn would give a sneering grin  
If asked how many angels could dance upon a pin.

He'd think himself a victim of a deal that was raw  
If called on to comply with the Selective Service law.  
'Tis only in the FAPA he wants arbitrary rule --  
Which proves: tho fools can legislate, no law can cure a fool.

Hmmm, I gather that the above was not written for THIS particular apa. Owell,  
it'll probably be appreciated more here than in CHURN anyhow.

MEANINGLESS SAPS POLL RESULTS: Aren't you fighting the problem a little bit,  
Norm? True the regular polls come up with some  
incomprehensible results, votes for people in categories where they've never  
produced anything during the past year. Still, isn't the basic reason for the  
Pillar Poll to show the members who have done the most for SAPS during the  
previous year that we appreciate their efforts? I think essentially this is  
accomplished, because we all have a pretty good idea of who those people are,  
and when we come to vote in the poll, we give them the points, even if we have  
to use points in an irrelevant category. # Maybe the poll could be simpli-  
fied -- give each voter 100 points, say, to distribute among the other mem-  
bers with the provision that he is only allowed to give one (other than him-  
self) zero points. No categories, just a vote for the Pillars of SAPS. #  
Your system of citing specific items means that the big one-shot productions  
aren't forgotten -- but it also overemphasizes them. The spectacular zines  
are ornaments of SAPS, but it is the steadily-appearing ones that are the  
pillars of the organization, the ones which give SAPS its distinctive flavor  
and reputation.

YEZIDEE 4: From the looks of this issue, you managed to tame your wayward  
duper very thoroughly. Beautiful artwork.

NIFLHEIM 4: Nicely stencilled cover, except for the shading of the girl's  
hair; perhaps the artist didn't realize that each stroke of his  
crosshatching would reproduce so distinctly -- if he had, he should have run  
the strokes in the direction of the strands of hair. As 'tis, I thought at  
first the gal was wearing some kind of hood, or scarf. # The only practical  
way to view a ring-size TV would be by having a projector incorporated in it  
to throw the picture on a large flat surface. So then I guess you'd have to  
tote your TV projection screen around with you, and wouldn't be much better  
off than with the current Japanese portables. Trouble with a portable TV in  
the first place is that you can seldom watch it while moving -- else all the  
new cars would come equipped with them -- unlike a radio which can blare into  
your ear while your attention is elsewhere. And once you've got where you're  
going, most likely there's a standard-size TV set there already, so why tote  
your own? Of course, I suppose there's always the nut market -- people who  
want to go places where there isn't any TV, and once they get there want to  
watch TV. But would that repay the engineering and development costs?

O, for the days of PLANET STORIES,  
O, for the sight of a Bergey BEM!  
O, for one of those hours of gladness  
Spent in the pages of FFM!  
O, to think of it, O, to dream of it  
Fills my heart with joy  
O, for the years when all we wanted  
Was a zine with the edges smooth,  
O, for the ghastly, gaudy pulpmags  
That we cringed as we bought in  
Our days of youth.

"Touche!" cried Tom incisively.



Since writing about miniature TV sets on the previous stencil (several days ago) it has occurred to me that a year or so back some company reported a new device for fighter pilots which as I recall used fiber optics to project the image from a tv tube on the lens of his goggles, or the retina of one eye, or some such outlandish spot, thus enabling him to watch the outside world and his instrument panel at the same time. This, of course, is the form that micro-sized TV would have to take, rather than as a ring. I and Bradbury can hardly wait for the day to come.

SPY RAY: Wasn't "Ontogeny recapitulates Phylogeny" the most misapplied theorem of the Evolutionary period? Haeckel formulated it as a description of the physical transformations undergone by the fertilized ovum as it turns into a fetus: I doubt that he ever intended it to imply that the psychological development, or the educational development, of a child reflected the lost prehistory of the human race, as many Evolutionists bent on turning Psychology or Education into "sciences" immediately claimed. In fact, if I remember my "Origin of Species" aright, Darwin emphasized that the embryonic retracing of history took place at a very early stage of its development, and long before birth it was as distinctively human (or otherwise) as its mother.

HIEROGLYPHIC 3: But Lenny, Paul Williams claims that those Monocle Publications are the utter end in humor. Do you really mean you screamed with laughter as you read that paragraph you quote from THE NEW YORK PEST? # Owell, maybe my tastes in humor just don't coincide with anyone else's (anyone's else?). For example, here I see you, like most of the rest of fandom, praising CATCH " " as a funny book. I not only found nothing funny in it, I found nothing at all resembling realism. (Of course, I spent WW II in the Infantry; maybe things were different in the Air Force). Let's put it this way: the characters didn't ring true because they were supposedly going thru WW II with attitudes that have developed in America only in the years since then. People were a hell of a lot more naive and less cynical in those days, believe it or not.

FLABBERGASTING "7: As an Associate Professor, are you forced to associate exclusively with Professors? Cheer up, things will be better when you become Full Professor, and can start drinking. # Oh come now, you mean Washington car license fees are based on the value of the car? Most states, they base them on weight, on the theory that a heavier car, I suppose, does more damage to the roads than a light one. # Better luck with the next girlfriend, ole buddy; you're fortunate at that, in discovering Karen wasn't the one before you got too far involved to back out.

STUMPING 5: Cover: A dagger against a flying eyeball? Should think a portable laser would be more efficient. (Lovely cover). # In the name of progress and all like that there, we're now armed with the 7.62 mm rifle in place of the ole .30 cal carbine. I don't know if this will make our firepower more effective or not, but since the M-14 rifle is only unnoticeably lighter than the M-1 rifle, it sure isn't very popular with the troops. (In an Artillery outfit, only the lowest-ranking privates and pfc's got stuck with toting around an M-1; all higher ranks had either carbines or .45's.) # Yeah, second-hand stores are treasure troves. In the Post thrift shop a couple weeks ago I picked up three linoleum blocks, an ink roller, a tube of block printing ink, and an instruction book on how to make block prints-- all for "5¢. (For another "5¢ I bought five books of piano sheet music -- Brahms, Mozart, and some lessons. Notwithstanding that we don't happen to own a piano at the moment, I figured it was too good a bargain to pass up).

See the happy fugghead  
He doesn't give a foo  
Sometimes I am a fugghead  
(But this is DNQ).

MEST #14: Best wishes for a happy future, Ted and Joyce -- and don't forget that fandom will still be here and waiting for you when you find time for it again.

POR QUE 18: Did Jim drive you over Scenic Drive while you were in El Paso? (With your tendency to take shortcuts down mountainsides, I'm sure he wouldn't trust you to drive it!) Beautiful, especially at night with the city lights stretched out far below.

RESIN 14: How about BLUEBOOK as a great pulp? I shudder every time I see it on the newsstand in its current incarnation: "Bluebook for Men".

PRMPPR: Noted.

THE DINKY BIRD Z: The reason Niflheim looks odd to me is that, somehow, it seems to need a vowel somewhere in the flh region. But then, I'm not steeped in Norse mythology. # "Who Goes Home" is magnificent; it would be cruel even to compare it to Stanberry's play in the previous mailing. Cruel...to Stanberry.

DIE WIS 9: I'm disillusioned: All Japanese dishes use monosodium glutamate? Good grief, what inscrutable Orientals these be. (Did I ever tell you about the time, shortly after monosodium glutamate came on the American market, that my brother-in-law and I in a spirit of scientific inquiry laced our beer with it to see if it would improve the flavor?) (It didn't). # Nancy is rather turned off on native Italian cooking since she learned that they consider the comb one of the edible parts of a chicken. Me, I can't see why not, unless, of course, it happens to be recognizable in the final product. # SPECIAL ON-THE-SPOT REPORT: As I was typing the above, Nancy brought out a special gourmet delicacy we'd gotten at the commissary yesterday: a wedge of bleu cheese. Once she unwrapped it, she was highly dubious about the whole thing, and so was I, but anything for the sake of science, so I spread some on a cracker and ate it. "How does it taste?" she asked. "Well," I said thoughtfully, "I'd say it tastes just about like moldy cheese." Wonder what we're going to do with the rest of the 1/4-lb wedge?

#### LINES TO SEND TO YOUR FAVORITE SUBZINE PUBLISHER

I'll read your silly fanzine  
If you send it to me free;  
Sometimes I'll even write you  
A savage LoC;  
But when you send me checkmarks  
Bleating, "Sub or get no more"  
It causes me to realize  
Your fanzine is a bore.

#### MORAL:

Among fen the usual course is  
Not to look into the mouths of gift horses,  
And even moreso in your case, my friend,  
Whose horse is mainly the other end.

SON OF SAPROLLER #70: What kind of drink did you say that was she drove you to?

SLUG 5: Wally, if you get the TAFF nomination, do you suppose we could work out some sort of deal whereby you STAY in England and they send Ethel Lindsay back to the U.S.? After all, ask not what your country can do for you... # Hey, you don't get away with promising to publish Blotto Otto stories in SLUG, Wally. You do that and I'll send you more Grim Fairy Tales. So watch it, boy. (I gotta get in practice on Grim Fairy Tales; our Kook is almost at the stage where he'll be expecting me to tell him some. So far



we're only at the nursery rhyme stage, tho I am building him up for fannish things by occasionally ringing in such Carroll goodies as 'Twinkle twinkle little bat and 'Twas Brillig...

It is now the 3<sup>d</sup> of ~~October~~ oops, September already, and since I'll be out in the field the rest of the month, it is vital that these stencils get into the mail to Bruce tomorrow morning. Which is why Nancy has just spent a frantic hour dashing off the 3<sup>2</sup> more she needed to meet her quota. But for some strange reason she used only part of the TomSwifties I supplied her, neglecting such goodies as:

"That's my mother from Germany" muttered Tom.

"I haven't enough flowers to complete this garland," said Tom lackadaisically.

"I know what you're thinking," sighed Tom. ((Psi, you dopes!))

And to go on to the next craze: Why are elephants afraid of mice?

A: The mice have whips.

Q. How do you tell two elephants apart?

A. The white ones are taller than the black ones.

Q. Why should elephants join a union?

A. So they won't have to work for peanuts.

Hmmm, on the whole I think maybe I prefer Tom Swifties...

Sorry I didn't get all of the mailing commented upon this time -- it has been rarely of late that I've even attempted complete mailing comments, come to think of it. Among the zines I didn't get to this time were a couple of outstandingly fine ones, too. Owell, cherchez le Sap.

Since I don't produce much crifanac lately, what do I do with my time, you ask? Damfino. Some of it is spent on the essential mechanics of existence -- such as bending over the engine of our decrepit 7-year-old Chevy trying to keep it in halfway working order. (Just replaced the distributor cap, rotor, coil, and all sparkplugs, in order to cure it's last siege of balkiness. All it needs now is an oil change, a valve job, a new gasket to cure the oil leak it has had for the past year or so, a lot of touchup painting where the rust is beginning to show, and a replacement for the missing bumper guard. Outside of that, it is in pretty good shape, and has just turned 70,000 miles). It would help a lot if I knew more about auto mechanics, as 'tis, the darn contraption keeps developing troubles that I have never had to deal with before, instead of repeating the familiar ones that I know how to deal with the SECOND time they happen.

Another handicap to fanac is that we can't get with the stencils and typer until after Steven has gone to bed, since it is impossible to keep his paws out of such fascinating activities. Oh, we can keep him away, all right, by tossing him behind bars -- in his playpen, that is -- but only at the cost of having him scream bloody murder at this insult to his fannish desires, and it's hard enough to think coherently while composing onstencil anyhow, without a high-decibel wail resounding in one's ears.

Fall is starting to arrive in this country -- being only 50 miles or so south of the Alps, we don't have quite the tropical climate that one usually associates with Italy. It is roughly equivalent to Michigan, except that the summer is quite a bit wetter, and the winter, too, has more rain and less snow than the Great Lakes region. It has the great advantage, in the summertime, that you can go a few miles up into the mountains and find cool breezes, even in the midst of a heatwave.