

SPACEWARP

Vol. XI No. 4

SAPS Mlg. 49

OCTOBER 1959

Issue 64

a Ghood SAP, Bruce Pelz by name, was sufficiently stirred by my confusion in issue-numbering to send me a list of SW's appearing during the early years of this decade. Thus, for the record (meaning so I can find it in my files the next time I need it)-- a Spacewarp Checklist:

Year	Jan	Feb	Mar	Apr	May	Jun	Jul	Aug	Sep	Oct	Nov	Dec
1947				1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9
1948	10	11	12	13	14	15	16	17	18	19	20	21
1949	22	23	24	25	26	27	28	29	30	31	32	33
1950	34	35	36	37	38	39	40	/41/	/42/			
1951	-43-									-44-		
1952	-45-									-46-		-47-
1953		/48/	-49-			-50-			-51-		/52/	-53-
1954			-54-			-55-			-56-			-57-
1955			-58-			-59-			-60-			-61-
1956			-62-									
1957												
1958												
1959							-63-			-64-		

NOTES: /O/ FAPA; - O- SAPS; unmarked issues were subzine.

With 24 stencils cut as this is written (26 Aug), the current issue has possibly grown as thick as it ever will; however, tho I have no time to stencil more here, I intend, when I depart for the Detention in a couple of days, to take along a supply of blank but willing stencils, in case opportunity arises in Detroit or elsewhere.

Nan Gerding is again providing the toil and trouble necessary to turn these stencils into paperwork; an assistance for which I am grudging with gratitude.

Experience

(From SPACWARP 54)

Tell me not in accents mournful
Fandom is a tub of tripe:
None but ex-fans are so scornful,
None so hate the beanie types.

Fandom's real, and fans are merry,
Egoboo they highly prize:
Criticism salutary
Brings on looks of hurt surprise.

Let us then be actifannish,
With a zine for every fan:
Subzine, oneshot, super-annish,
Leave us publish all we can.

Famous fanzines all remind us
We may make our mags so great
Neofen will imitate us
--Roscoe! what a ghastly fate!

SPACE MEN

(From TIMEWARP #1, SAPS 11g 6(?))

What are we searching for?
Perhaps a quicker way to die.
You'll find us with our clear-eyed gaze
Where flametrails streak the sky,
For in our blood there beats a drum
Of danger's deadly spark
That drives us ever to the cold
And airless, alien dark.

But who that lives could stand on Earth
And see the spacers soar
And disappear -- and turn his mind
To Earthbound tasks once more?
The rugged, raging rockets,
Firey-feathered, shining darts,
Slim arrows of the void -- they've thrown
Their noose around our hearts.

Death comes to us with sudden speed
And sweeps our ranks away;
"Be a spaceman," goes the song,
"Your hair will ne'er turn gray!"
Our graves are wrecks on ragged rocks
Or in some unknown sea,
But, though the men of space die young,
The men of space die free!

So lift your eyes as rockets rise
To pierce the clouded blue,
And pray that each slim shining ship
May arrow safely through;
And when you've reached a safe old age
And wrinkles line your face,
Tell of the men who laughed and died,
The men who travel space!

Character

(From SPACTWARP 54)

He's the spittin' image of a Big Name Science-Fiction Fan,
He views his broad horizons with a satisfied elan;
He thinks in concepts cosmic, using complex neural links,
Uninfluenced by engrams (At least, he thinks he thinks!)

He's conscious of the future, he's unshackled by the past,
He's certain our technology will never be outclassed
But has a prudent plan worked out, with hunting knives and horses
In case Atonigeddon throws him on his own resources.

He's adept at dialectic, and the aptly crushing phrase,
He is crammed with lore and scandal about fans and fannish ways,
He is shy in conversation, but in print he's blunt and bold,
He's a self-elected genius (P.S.: He's twelve years old).

MURDER WEARS A BEANIE

Chapter I

Had he but known, that fatal St. Stephen's Eve, that one of the group gathered in the paneled library of his ancestral Hall was about to die, Sir Claude would no doubt have instructed Coswallader, his faithful butler, to set out one less Nuclear Fizz. For Sir Claude hated to see good liquor go to waste, and glasses like guests seldom remained at Claude Hall for long without being drunk.

But no portent of tragedy forewarned the merry Yuletide group gathered in front of the great stone fireplace where the flames crackled merrily about an old copy of Dimensions. Firelight sparkled cheerfully on their beanie blades as they sang chorus after chorus of Good King Sauerkraut. It seemed the fannish thing to do.

A bit apart from the rest, Major Eney, ~~bottle-scarred battle-scarred~~ grizzled veteran of many a forgotten frontier war, sipped his Nuclear Fizz in the insurgent manner and gazed into the dancing fire as he wondered for the thousandth time how the Whangpoo Campaign would have ended if only he'd read the map correctly and attacked Hill 770 instead of the R&R Center...

And who would have guessed, watching Karen sway to the music and throatily murmur the chorus of Deck the Halls With Finlay Covers, that she was thinking how pleasant it would be to encircle EdCo's neck with her slim hands and gently but firmly rip his ears off one by one? Practical joker, was he? Slip a live crayfish down her back, would he? She'd show him...

"Cor, lads, that was a rum go!" shouted Sir Claude happily as the song ended. "Another round of Nuclear Fizzes, Coswallader, and then we'll jolly well have a few verses of I'm Dreaming of a White Spaceship."

Coswallader obediently passed among the caroling guests with a tray of drinks, sneering inwardly at Sir Claude as he did so. The guests might regard Sir Claude as a gentleman, but Coswallader never forgot that his employer was a mere repatriated colonial, and not even an Eton grad. Of course, since coming into his inheritance the fellow was doing his best to live down his disreputable origins, but still the injustice of it all rankled in Coswallader's soul. If the science of blood typing had only existed in 1772, his great-great-great-grandmother might have won that paternity suit against the 92d Earl of Hall, and he, Coswallader, might today be master of the Hall instead of its butler!

Of the whole group, EdCo was probably enjoying himself most. Profiting by the singers' concentration upon the mighty strains of Green Hills of Earth, EdCo was devoting his attention to LeeJay, who (having indulged too freely his addiction to pebse, an exotic but noxious beverage) was now sprawled only semi-conscious in one of the huge armchairs. EdCo unobtrusively knotted together LeeJay's shoelaces. It seemed the fannish thing to do.

Had any of the group glanced at the snow-dimmed window, they might have seen a face pressed momentarily to the pane. Indeed, Major Eney, happening to look up and glimpse the apparition, uttered something abrupt and vile in an obscure Oriental dialect and half-drew his .38 Rolling Block Special from its holster.

"What is it?" cried Karen.

"Nothing...nothing," muttered Eney, sinking back into his armchair once more. "For a moment I thought the Vengeance of Kirin had caught up to me again. But that's impossible, for it is fully half a century since our brave regiment made its gallant but hopeless stand against the fanatical Asahi warriors."

"Eney's starting another war story," Sir Claude hissed to EdCo. "Stop him quick, or he'll be talking the rest of the night!"

A lifetime of disreputably living by his wits had bred resourcefulness in EdCo. Grabbing a brimming glass from Coswallader's tray he thrust it into the Major's hand. Eney paused, looked down at the Nuclear Fizz, and then automatically began to sip it in the insurgent manner. Absorbed, his eyes lost their fanatical gleam and resumed their accustomed glaze, and quiet once again was restored to the gathering.

But not for long. The face from the window appeared again as the door burst open, admitting a swirl of snow, a blast of icy wind, and the ever-exuberant Nanshare. "Whee!" she yelled, pegging a few well-aimed snowballs at the group. "The weather is fine outside, just like good old Pansy! C'mon, someone, let's wrestle!"

The guests looked at her coldly, all except Sir Claude, who'd caught a gob of slush square in the old kisser and was too busy wiping his monocle to be aware of anything else.

In the shadows beyond the fireplace, Coswallader leered in a most unbutlerlike manner. Here was a fine lively sprite of a woman, one to stir the blood in a man's veins! He reflected briefly that his great-great-great-grandmother must have been at least as lively, to get as far as she did with the unenterprising scions of the Hall family.

But it was LeeJay who responded instantly to Nanshare's challenge. "Sha goo' idea!" he exclaimed, his voice slurred from the insidious effects of the pebse he had consumed. He leaped toward her, but owing to EdCo's thoughtful attention to his shoelaces, succeeded only in falling flat on his face,

where he lay burping mildly.

"What's the matter with him?" asked Eney.

"He's a Fapan, you know," Karen explained. "As Grennel would say, he's merely setting a precedent -- the FAPAN precedent of drunks."

"Oh, I say, that was a jolly pun, Karen!" chortled Sir Claude. Shaking with laughter he screwed his monocle into place and leaned forward to peer more closely at the fallen DeeJay. "By Jove! Some bally blighter has knotted together the bleedin' laces of 'is ruddy shoes!"

Behind him, EdCo collapsed in helpless laughter at his own cleverness. It seemed the fannish thing to do.

"I'll fix that!" yelled Nanshare. "Like George Washington, I cannot fell a tie, but I'll do it with my little bitcher knife!" Drawing a razor-edged samuri sword from the folds of her dress, she leaped toward the prostrate figure on the floor.

And that's when the lights went out and a woman screamed.

Chapter II

"All right, let's take it again from the beginning," said Inspector Remus wearily. He turned to Karen, "Now when the lights went out, you say YOU were the one who screamed?"

"You bet your beanie I screamed," answered Karen.

"Aha! So you screamed! Why?"

"It had nothing to do with the murder, Inspector," Karen replied primly but evasively. Meanwhile she wondered which of the others had been such a cad as to take instant advantage of the darkness. She blushed at the recollection, but admitted that the cad had certainly known the fannish thing to do.

"This is getting us nowhere, Inspector," Major Eney interrupted. "We've told you again and again, Inspector, that the butler did it."

There was a muttered chorus of assent from the rest of the group.

"Ladies and gentlemen," replied Inspector Remus, "it was not by being an imbecile that I rose to head Scotland Yard's famous Department of Unthinkable Offenses. I am as aware as you that our butlers are an utterly depraved and criminal class who murder people right and left. Perish the thought that I should be so remiss in my upholding of the Queen's law ("Ghod help the Queen!" murmured Sir Claude reverently) as not to attempt to pin this dastardly crime upon Coswallader.

"But here we are confronted with a killer fiendish in his ingenuity. The ordinary investigator would arrest the butler for this murder and consider the case closed. However, I am convinced that such action is exactly what the real murderer anticipated.

He could not know that I, Inspector Remus, through my long years of training at Scotland Yard, my faithful attendance at Alfred Hitchcock movies, and my enthusiastic reading of the sexier passages in Mickey Spillane, have achieved such discernment that I would notice the one clue which utterly overthrows the theory that Coswallader committed this murder!"

"What? Wot? Whar? Where? Who? Wuh? Woo? Wow!" Such were some of the questions and exclamations which Inspector Remus' dramatic statement evoked.

"You will observe, mesdames and monsieurs," said Inspector Remus with a dramatic entrechat toward the corpse (Perhaps it should be explained that like all good detectives Inspector Remus had his little eccentricities -- in his case consisting of wearing nothing but black leotards and a plexiglass space helmet, and absently dancing Swan Lake as he talked. This, he was wont to assert, helped him to clarify his thoughts) "You will observe," he repeated, "that the butler could not be the murderer, mostly because the corpse happens to be the butler!"

There was a sudden intake of breath as the unassailable logic of the Inspector's deduction impressed the group. The silence was broken only by the crunching of Major Eney's glass as he methodically bit semicircles from its rim and spat them into the fire, his horror-filled eyes remaining fixed upon the enigmatic Oriental characters engraved on the hilt of the sword protruding from Coswallader's back.

"That seems to wind up the case," said Inspector Remus with a small pas de deux of satisfaction. "With luck, I'll get back to Scotland Yard in time to see this whole amazing crime dramatized on BBC-TV's Constable 714."

"Domm-da-dumm-dumm," murmured EdCo. It seemed the fannish thing to do.

"But Inspector," protested Nanshare, "Aren't you going to try to find the real murderer?"

"Of course not!" retorted Inspector Remus. "If I did that, don't you realize all you innocent bystanders would be killed one by one, just in time to prevent your giving me the vital clue? All except one of you are innocent-- er, of murder at any rate," he qualified hastily, "and the fundamental principle of British jurisprudence is that it's better to let the guilty go free than to punish the innocent. Strange that no other detective has thought of the principle's application to a situation like this. Well, pip pip, cheerio, and peace."

"Peace on you too, Inspector," replied LeeJay.

They gave Inspector Remus three cheers and a tiger as he left.

It seemed the fannish thing to do.

THE GRIPES OF RAPP

or, Good Ghod, Have We Outpaged FAPA Again?

Spectator 48: Awright, I'll play straightman: what is an E.O. T.O.S.? + If you insist on writing down rules of SAPS (it was much more interesting in the old days when they had to be intuited by the membership) you should at least record the Prime Directive, namely: The OE is Ghod (during his term of office, that is). + Well, offhand I'd say your first bundle as OE has broken at least three SAPS records: Size, Percent of Participation, and Individual SAPSzine Size. Any I've overlooked?

Go To Hell (Larry Stone): Trouble is, we sort of expect our chosen leaders (statesmen, generals, OEs and shop stewards, etc.) to be supermen, so every time they goof even as you or I might goof in the same situation, we get disgusted with them. Especially if they make a different decision than we imagine we would make if we were in their shoes. As I see it this puts them under a considerable handicap: would you like to have someone hanging over your shoulder continually telling you how to handle your job? I wouldn't: I prefer being told what is to be accomplished, then left alone to handle the details as I see fit. Which is perhaps why I've never yearned to be a politician.

Contro (Ted Pauls): Tsk, Ted, are you aware of the fate you are courting when you ask Nanshare to write you a letter? Have you ever received a Nanshare letter? They ordinarily run to six or eight singlespace pages, you know. And you promised to print 'em, too! I can see it now, you being ejected from SAPS by the inexorable OE because you've had to use all the time between mailings stencilling Nanshare's wordage, & thus failing to get in your own required activity!

Bronc (Eva Firestone): Ah yes, listening to music on Canadian stations is fine, but isn't it irritating when the announcers jabber away in Canadian? (Hmmm, I thot the above was humorous, but as I typed those words I suddenly recalled the many times, up North, I've tuned in a Canadian station, only to find it broadcasting a hysterical account, in Canadian, of a hockey game. (Canadian French, that is; I guess as far west as you are, the Canadian is a bit more understandable to Americans.) + Alaska conventions: "Yu-kon in '61!" Sure Larry, I know it's Canadian, not Alaskan, but it would be a finely-named site for a con, you gotta admit. + Enjoyable zine Eva, tho most of your remarks are not retort-provoking. I don't think most SAPS would object to your mentioning N3F: it's simply over-enthusiasm for it that they object to.

Flabbergasting (BRToskey, PhD): What make of stapler do you own (or borrow) capable of the spectacular feat of fastening 41 sheets of 20⁰⁰/₁₆ bond at a blow? The best I ever used (a Bostitch) would drive 'em thru 25 sheets or so, but not with enough force to crimp the ends tightly. You ever try crimping by hand, three staples on each of 125 copies of a fanmag? This was the principal limitation on SW's thickness in its subzine days. + I can (& come to think of it, have, even in SAPS) build computers that will write prose as intelligible as your quotes from Finnegans Wake. At least from a semantic rather than a literary viewpoint. + Tho I agree with you on the dropping of Sims and Wansborough, I disagree that GMCarr was not good SAPS material. Her only trouble was that she lost interest in SAPS (no doubt, like many another once-active member, because she developed a greater interest in FAPA instead). Bhyroscoe, I liked reading GMC's stuff, at least most of the time, and even when I didn't agree with her ideas. And on a number of occasions I did agree with her, rather than with the hordes of people who didn't. As I recall, she lowered the boom on the Beanie-Brigade Radicals long before the rest of us got disgusted enough with their anti-democratic (or as Rich might prefer to put it, anti-republican) fuggheadedness. I think GMC alienates a lot of people merely because she calmly assumes she knows better than they do -- but the interesting thing is that quite often she manages to justify her stand. Not completely, perhaps, but at least well enough to show that the debate has two sides.

This isn't an attack on you for criticizing GMCarr, Tosk, 'tis merely a reaction to the current belittling of her which is universal enough to have become a SAPS running-gag. It may not be as humorous to her as it is to us -- and that applies, I suppose, to the persons involved in some of our other running-gags as well. The difference is that in GMCarr's case some of the remarks by SAPS (not you, Tosk) would be hard to classify as friendly banter.

What, Tosk, you've never seen a bat close up? Haven't been to many fancons, have you? + Are you interpreting the requirements of SAPS activity to mean that a member must actually publish his own zine (or get someone else to reproduce it for him? Seems to me that a SAP could contribute as much to the Society by means of writing for other SAPS' zines, if for some reason he was unable to turn out one of his own, & I see no reason to discriminate against activity of that kind, so long as the quantity is sufficient. (As an example at various times while I was stationed overseas it would have been quite complicated for me to arrange to put a zine of my own in the mailing -- 'twas much simpler to send my stuff to other SAPS for inclusion in their publications.)

Speaking of desirable occupations for fen (we're on pp.22-23 of Flab by now, in case I lost you), isn't it rather strange that we have never acquired any of the Idle Rich in fandom? Surely some of the Idle Rich have fannish minds, and no doubt read stf as they loll on the Riviera or on their penthouse terrace and surely they'd be able to produce fanzines if they wanted

to. Perhaps the explanation is that the more you manage to substitute ingenuity for dough in fanac, the more fun you get out of it. + DDT gets into milk by being used to spray cattlebarns to kill flies. Offhand I'd say that DDT residue in milk products is quite a bit more likely to harm you than Strontium-90, except that the latter is a much more glamorous topic for alarmists to get excited over. + Aren't you being unreasonable in refusing to believe in psi powers unless they are demonstrated "beyond a reasonable doubt, in my presence and under my conditions"? What are your conditions? One simple check for the existence of a psi factor is calling symbols on ESP cards, or some similar test in which the percentage of correct "guesses" expected by chance are known, then using the actual score to determine the Chi-Square measure of significance. Either you have to concede that a significant score implies the existence of SOMETHING operating in these tests to change the laws of probability, or else you have to argue that the laws of probability are in error. + You can't have negative scores on the Pillar Poll: Nanshare doesn't believe in them. +

The Speleobem (Bruce Pelz): Tsk, setting your multilith or mimeo to give a wider margin on the staple side of the page is hardly trouble at all if you go about it efficiently. Simply set up for a wide left margin & run off your odd-numbered pages, then set for a wide right margin and finish the job. Only complication is the possibility of running the wrong pages back-to-back, but if you're careful to stack the half-completed ones in an orderly pile or row, this error probability is minimized. + From recent observation on this subject of popular music, I have come to the conclusion that no one actually listens to the stuff, they just use it as background noise because they can't stand silence. Like: one of the guys in my barracks has an utterly lo-fi radio he keeps tuned to one of those "top 25" type stations from the time he gets off duty until lights out (or later). Which is time enough for it to play each of the current favorites at least four times (in my opinion, once is too much for a number of them). Now, this radio is subject to a peculiar affliction, after it has been turned on for a couple of hours the tuning bandpass broadens so that in addition to the station selected, two or three others can be heard gabbling faintly in the background. At the same time it develops a sort of cyclic fluctuation in volume, with a period of half a second or so, and the net result is somewhat like the sound produced by an old-fashioned agitator-type washing machine: swish-slosh-swish-slosh, you know? Except the radio is irritating rather than soothing in its effect. The point is that five or six people will often sit within three feet of this thing, talking or playing cards or reading, and not even notice it consciously enough to lift a hand and switch it off. (I got fed up with walking over every evening and turning it off for them; now I walk to the PX and have a beer or three instead). + Poetry: Look for the pb edition of "Collected Lyrics of Edna St. Vincent Millay". She wasn't a particular favorite of mine until I ran across this book on the PX rack not long ago. Wonderful stuff, which you can read and enjoy without having to decipher it a la Finnegans Wake. + Enjoyed all of your zine, Bruce (& Dee, too)! 11

The Bullfrog Bugle (Lynn Hickman): Good gosh, Lynn, SAPS is the last place in the Galaxy to come looking for fans who were active prior to 1938! Or do you think the parents of some of the younger SAPS might qualify? + Glad to see your mc's, but none of them touch off any reply-urge here. Good zine.

Nematode (Bob Leman): Confidentially, Bob, "Gim Tree" is just Bjo's attempt to spell "geometry"; she wanted to put out a scientific SAPSzine, devoted to the ideal figures in space which she obviously has a talent for drawing, but unfortunately she never learned to spell. If you had Bjo's looks you wouldn't have to know how to spell, either. + Just in case Pelz doesn't comply with your request to define dactyls and anapests, I'll mention that obviously a dactyl is a small reptile, whereas an anapest is a dactyl that keeps bothering a girl named Anna. But how is this going to help SAPS write better poetry? + The first time I noticed regional accents was when, at the age of 10, I moved from Chicago to Michigan. I was flabbergasted to find that my new acquaintances spoke of my old home as "Shee-cah-go." I'm afraid that associating with Southerners and living in Texas has twisted my own speech, beclouding its Yankee purity so that, for example, I call a barrel a "barl", say "cain't" and "hellfah!" Brainwashing, that's what it is. + Recipes and instructions for making home brew appeared in Cavalier a couple months ago, perhaps you can find a copy in the 2d-hand mag stores. Around March or April, I think it was. + With you, too, sneering at ESP, I see that I am going to have to put an article on the subject into this issue.

The Bible Collector (Walter Coslet): Your suggestion to EdCo about Something For SAPS #2 is brilliant (tho it took me a couple minutes' pondering to figure out what you meant. + Checking variations in Biblical translations seems a bit pointless, unless, perhaps, you are writing your own Bible. + I doubt that your profits will be great enough to cause much concern, but technically, if you sell surplus SAPSazines (that is, left over from your term as OE) shouldn't the money go to the SAPS treasury? When I took over as OE from Hank Spelman he shipped all the surplus stock to me, and I managed to sell most of it for the benefit of the treasury. Come to think of it, I may still have some in storage at home, tho. If I ever do turn up such, which will of course be valuable collectors' items by now, SAPS will get the profits from any sales. + Glad to see you joining in the upsurge of SAPactivity, Cos, keep up the ghood work.

Report From the Forgotten Past (Jacobs, Briggs & Eney): Never know what is going to turn up in a SAPS bundle! Thanx for the egoboo, not to mention the many pleasant memories of long-forgotten SAPS bundles which I recalled while reading this.

The SAPS Index (Rich Eney): This is what I get for asking in the last SW for information about issues I published in '50-'53. (Incidentally, your index page for the 13th Mlg is misdated; jinx still haunting that particular bundle?) Trouble is, now the gap in

issue numbering is more confusing than ever: I seem to have three issues unaccounted-for back in those years somewhere, or should I say somewhen? As I recall, shortly after resuming regular publication at Ft Sam, I inquired of SAPS what my issue-count was, and Coswal and Ballard obliged with a list of dates and issue numbers. Which I still have no reason to doubt were correct. The most plausible theory I have at the moment is that back in '51 or '52 I published 3 issues of SW (by proxy) in FAPA. Help, anyone? + This Index is a magnificent job, Rich, I shudder at the thought of what you must have gone thru to make a coherent listing of the bundles. + Why don't some of you lucky people with accessible files of the old bundles do a bit of Pistol Pointing? + Ummm, another addenda to your listing: in the 16th Mlg, #283 was by Paul Cox, not EdCo, wasn't it? I'm not sure EdCo would be flattered to have this go unnoted.

Spy Ray of Saps (Rich Eney): Loved your paragraph in reply to Bumblebee. For that, Roscoe deducts 50% from your stay in Purgatory (a derocavelike place where there is nothing to read but TNFF, and you are condemned to publish a daily fanzine on a hekto, for the benefit of you who are not acquainted with the theology of Roscoism). While on the subject of Roscoism, I might point out that it is obviously superior to other fannish beliefs, because only Roscoism has its Evil Force (Oscar) to account for the fact that fans are not completely satisfied with their lot. Roscoism is thus patently more sophisticated and superior a theology than those of Ignats, Ghu, or Toskey (all of whom will no doubt now hastily add some form of Evil One to their own crude beliefs).

~~Winkle~~ (Oops!) Bronclette (Eva Firestone): What is this C.L. your topics go around in? Cadillac Limousine, Concealed Luggage? Cryptic Lisp? + Agree with you on the SURE-RITE stencils, they are the finest I've ever discovered. Unfortunately, the usurous stationary store in El Paso is now asking \$4.00 a quire for them! Which is why I leaped to salvage 13 ABDick US-160's from the wastebasket yesterday when someone cleaning out a storage cabinet flung them away. As you can plainly see on the title-page of these mc's, a couple of years of aging in the unghodly temperatures of this climate has dried them out enough to make them impossible for stylus-work, but they seem to be taking typing passably well. At least, if you're able to read this they are. I used SURE-RITE for part of the last SW (the math article and the Bottstory). They were \$3.60 per quire then, and worth it. + Joe Pylka's math problem is the same one we threshed out in SAPS a bundle or two back. Incidentally, he forgot to specify the length of the hole -- uh, on closer look I see he specifies the size of the sphere. Tsk, either he goofed or he's quite a mathematician; print his answer to the problem next issue, will ya?

=====

Often, Willie in a pique
Launches games of "hide-and-seek"
In which, until his rage subsides,
He grimly seeks his playmates' hides!

=====

The BEM And I (Bob Lichtman): Welcome to SAPS, Bob Lichtman!
And 'tis a fine-looking ditto
job you have done on your initial SAPS appearance, begorra.
+ Reread Max Shulman's "The Feather Merchants" the other day,
and was a bit disappointed, 'twasn't as good as I remembered
it. Of course, passing time has dated a lot of his WW II hu-
mor. And maybe the fact that I'm 15 years older than I was
the first time I read "The Feather Merchants" has its effect
also. He's still a fine humorist, nevertheless.

FAPA is just a bunch of fannish types trying to act middleaged

Pot Pourri (John Berry): Don't sacrifice your unwritten com-
ments on IHg 47 -- put 'em next is-
sue. After all, if Eney can print 'em 5 years late, you can
be forgiven a 3-month delay. + "The Hen and I" was superb.
+ So was "Soar But Satisfied" + Hmmm, come to think of it, tho
I enjoyed the entire zine, it's only what YOU write that I am
enthusiastic about. Solution: write more, JBI!

P*E*N*C*I*L P*O*I*N*T (A.Non): And I suspect this is Schaf-
fer's fault. Compare typog-
rafiy with that in Blabbercasting Tales, particularly the low-
ercase "a" with the light center.

OpC Style Sheet (Rich Eney): I suppose this is necessary in
the interests of uniformity,
Rich, but ghreat Roscoe, I should think it would slow up the
Second Foundation's work considerably! + Heh, you use quasi-
quotes in your style sheet, but fail to give rules for their
use! Luck with FancyII.

Outsiders (Wrai Ballard): Take Wrai's prediction of 856 pages,
add to it my prediction of 404 pp.,
divide by 2, and you'll find we average out to 630, which is
only 38 pages, or about 6% off. This proves that, in predic-
ting SAPS bundle sizes, two heads are better than none. + Now
let's not be careless about this investigation of new female
SAPS members. I'll agree that they should be investigated be-
fore presenting their qualifications to the OE, but you need
adequate background data before starting your investigation.
Purely in a spirit of public service, I think you ought to
let me interview them first, record their statistics and clas-
sify them as lepto-, platy-, or mesokurtic, determine their
Broadmindedness Quotient, and gather such other vital data
as may be of interest. + Hey, Wrai, your mention of Shaggy
Doggerel to Faren reminds me that in 1956 I sent you a poem
in which I'd cunningly versified the formulas applying to a
projectile with a parabolic trajectory. And you never used
it! Reason I mention it is that someone brought up a prob-
lem in ballistics while I was drinking beer at the PX the
other night, and I couldn't recall the formula needed to
solve it. + Fine zine, as always, Wrai. Happy harvest!

14

Willie wants to learn from me
To gain invisibility;
To his wild plan I give the bird
Since children should be seen, not heard!

Nandu (Nan Gerding): I know how you feel, about plunging into the familiar frenzy of full SAPS participation after long gafia, Nangee. Fun, isn't it? + Don't you think the vast number of denominations in Christianity is a ghastly testimonial to the fact that few Christians practice Christianity? "Judge not, lest ye be judged," said Christ, & a few centuries later everyone is saying, "you don't interpret the Bible exactly the same way I do, so you can't belong to my church; go off and start your own." Apparently the non-Christian religions are similarly split into little groups, each following its own path of belief; in politics (which psychologically seems to be identical to religion) the same is true. Thus I suppose asserting ones independence from the mass is a universal human trait, but if so, why do most of us have an intuition that it would be a sign of progress if we could eliminate these disagreements and have everyone thinking alike? + Did you see the movie "Martin Luther"? Now I was raised as a Lutheran (including a couple of years in Lutheran schools, it being one of the few Protestant denominations which maintains a parochial school system), and even tho this gave me a sympathetic attitude toward the viewpoint presented, I was a bit revolted by the notion, portrayed several times in the film, that a group of men could hold a meeting and decide what everyone is to believe, and what to disbelieve. (Most other religions use the same system, of course). It's the same reaction I feel when an atheist tells me "You must disbelieve!" -- nobody is going to force any idea on me; I'll listen to their arguments, and then make up my own mind. + Applause to you for your mild criticism of library classification systems. Unless I am in quest of some specific book I never bother with the card catalogs; if I knew what I was looking for in a library I wouldn't need the library. It's the knowledge and ideas you don't even know exist, which you stumble across by chance in a book selected at random, that make libraries fascinating. I look at the shelves, select books that look interesting to leaf thru (by intuition, or would you call it ESP Nangee?) -- they are not always the most attractively-bound or most conspicuous, either -- and if the book is worth a more detailed reading, I know it after glancing at a page or two. Often, reading book-reviews or SAPSazines, I note down the titles and authors of books that I think I'd like to read. Unfortunately, when I walk into a library I can never recall these, so I have to do my browsing by instinct. It works out fine. + I wonder if the World Calendar would be worth the bother of changing? And it would surely complicate life for the custodians of the many activities in modern civilization which would have to continue to operate on World Holidays, louse up their bookkeeping, I mean. Perhaps in earlier days when everything could shut down for a festival day, it would have been practical. Incidentally, it would handicap producers of last-minute SAPSazines, by making all the mailing deadlines fall on Sundays, with no mail delivery to get their zines to the OE! + Your query about constipated producers reminds me of the ad I saw in this morning's newspaper, for "Cow-nure, the miracle fertilizer." (Honest, I'm not making this up!) \$1.50 for a 60-lb sack, I think it was. The ad said, too, that it was moist, to aid in soil conditioning. Wonder if this is a product of contented cows?

I have a suggestion for future SAPS polls; perhaps it explains why you didn't get your vote in. I almost missed voting myself; I filled out the ballot, but didn't have a stamp or envelope handy, and nearly forgot about the unmailed ballot until just before the deadline. My suggestion, therefore, is either to provide a postcard ballot, or else to print the paper ballot in such a way that it can be folded and mailed without an envelope. + There was mention of something similar to your pre-Darwinian caste system in an article about Charles Lyell, the geologist, in the Aug Scientific American. Seems that in an effort to explain the geological and paleontological evidence that was being unearthed, theologians explained that there had been a series of Creations on Earth, each more advanced than prior ones, and each wiped out by a catastrophe in order to be replaced by a more advanced stage. Culminating, of course, in Man. + Maybe I'm a fakefan, but SA is the only publication I am so anxious not to miss that I subscribe to it. Marvelous stuff in it, every time. For example, Nangee, the July issue featured an article about an analogue computer recovered from a sunken Greek ship (from around 42 BC, if I recall correctly, and I'm too lazy to go look it up just now). Thing was full of wheels and gears like a clock, and apparently was used to calculate positions of the planets and such for astrological purposes. What has the archaeologists excited is that no one ever suspected before this that the ancient Greeks built machinery with gears and wheels and springs and such, their civilization was supposed to be so intellectual that they sneered at mere mechanical devices. + Somehow I can't get as enthusiastic over humanity-in-the-mass as you do. Most of them have potentials, yes, and mostly undeveloped, to become something worthy of being called human. But there are also vast numbers who are not, and never will be, anything more than clever animals who have been trained to say words and wear clothes and operate machinery. If it weren't for the social and legal restraints that keep them from doing as they wish, they'd revert to complete animality, and they'd be fairly unpleasant sorts of animal at that, more like slinking rats than noble wolves so to speak. They are the consumers of "bread and circuses" and TV and Confidential, and the injustice to humanity is not that they exist, but that so much of humanity's efforts must be diverted into placating them so they will tolerate the existence of knowledge and research and art, none of which they understand, and what they do not understand, they wish to destroy because it disturbs them.

Spacewarp (Art Rapp): Didn't Nangee turn out a wonderful mimeo job on this? I'm delighted. + Quoting from my old fanzines isn't mere egotism; they're the only old fanzines I have available, and besides, I hope it might stimulate some of the other SAPS into quoting from their past issues. You listening, Wrai, Nan, Lee, Karen, Rich, Ed, etc?

Little Willie, just for spite
Turned all the faucets on last night,
So I'm half drowned, and feeling ill
At thots of next month's water bill.

16

Sapling (Guy Terwilleger): Mighty impressive first appearance old chap; by the way, Welcome to SAPS, Guy Terwilleger! Your mailing comments were particularly fine, and I'm sure that as you read the replies to them in this bundle, you'll forget the slight discouragement you showed as you plodded thru the last few pages of the bundle. It's unfortunately true, with mailings as thick as they are nowadays, that after the first dozen comments or so the wells of inspiration seem to run dry. I guess the solution, if possible, is to comment until this happens, then put the bundle aside for a few days until you can resume the task with fresh enthusiasm -- except that way you risk the danger of putting it off until too late. + Yup, I agree that by the time a kid gets to school it is about six years too late to start teaching him attitudes; you can teach him facts, but the way he is going to evaluate and use those facts has already been pretty well predetermined before he ever gets to school age. There are plenty of 20- and 25-year-olds around now who have never had any discipline in their lives, and as a result react just like a six-year-old whenever they have to do anything they don't feel like doing, such as sticking to a job until it is finished. Sometimes I wonder if the country wouldn't be better off in the long run for another 1930's-style depression, so the next generation would be brought up to face reality instead of being insulated from it by overindulgent parents.

Gim Tree (Bjo): Wonderful stuff, this is the sort of publication one fishes from the bundle to display to people you're trying to talk onto the waiting list. Goodgood-good!

Blabbercasting Tales (Ray Schaffer): Another very excellent zine, with whose opinions I mostly agree. But how could the bricklayers manage to take a cut in pay, or even pass up the chance to demand an increase, when they already have their wages for three years ahead pledged in the form of payments on a new car, a new house, a new TV set, and a number of other things they had to get because everyone else was. Of course, the old car, house, etc., were still servicable, but why be a stupid clod and deny yourself less than the best, newest, most chrome-trimmed and gadget-studded goodies? Live it up; if some catastrophe cuts off your income (but catastrophes don't happen to us, they just happen to other people), you can always get help from the Government. Lovely zine, Ray.

Object 1959a (Karen Anderson): You have a Marrtian Mimeograf? A true faan! + Contents enjoyed thoroughly. Say, why don't you get Poul on the SAPS roster under the dual-membership clause; it should work for wives as well as husbands! See you at Detroit, I hope!

Zed (Karen Anderson): Musical fen should send you tapes to play on your recorder. Or perhaps you should, yourself, make a recorder recording. + After reading those in this issue, and recalling the others that have appeared in the mailings, I conclude that the outstanding virtue of vembletroons is the fascinating glimpses they give us of what each writer there-

of considers an insulting epithet to use as his opening line. Very pleasant reading, I say of all within this mag.

S--- (Miriam & Terry Carr): The photo was much appreciated; you make a fine looking couple.
+ And also, you publish a fine SAPSzine; reading it is just like sitting comfortably back and listening to a conversation.
+ Only thing I can pick out to disagree with is your view of the U.ofB.C. blasphemy incident, Terry. I'll grant you that in theory the students should have complete freedom of speech, but, particularly in Canada where religious groups have a somewhat greater influence on government than here, how long would the University officials have kept their jobs if they just smiled tolerantly and said "boys will be boys"? As Guy said in Sapling, it's the people who run the schools, and certainly the students' journalistic training wouldn't be realistic if it didn't teach them that whoever foots the bill for a publication can't be ignored entirely. + Hope you keep up the high standards you have set thusfar, T&M.

SaFari (Earl Kemp): Mighty interesting zine, makes it sound like you-all have lots of fun. Keep up the good work, especially when you get to recording the events at Detroit this fall!

Substitute (Howard DeVore): Hey, why do you insult George by telling SAPS he has the ambition of a turtle? He must have changed a lot in the last few years if that is true. When I knew him he was always chockful of ambition. Never did anything toward achieving his ambitions, of course, but... + Tsk, your zine ends spang in the middle of a sentence, so now we have to wait three months to find out what happened at the carnival, unless you Tell All at the SAPScon in Detroit. Hope that, by the time you read this, you are able to put several pages of commentary into each mailing, BHH. After all, with the con over you should have plenty of time to spare for SAPS.

The Speleobem (Bruce Pelz): A sparkling account of an eventful weekend, ol bhoy. Liked it.

Rock. (Es Adams): A rollicking account if ever I heard one; sounds like a good way to start the summer.
+ You're offbase sneering at Eva Firestone, lad; if you have half as much energy, common sense, and intellectual curiosity by the time you reach Eva's age, you'll be lucky. + Your zine made pleasurable reading all the way thru.

The SatEveGhost (Robert Lee): Hey, your mc's are getting better all the time! + This anti-bat fixation in SAPS ignores the fact that they are useful little critters, gobbling mosquitoes and other irritating insects. There were several bat caves near San Antonio, and on summer evenings the bat flights almost blacked out the sky. And there was a noticable lack of mosquitoes and junebugs in that area. Of course, since a few rabid bats have been found, people are in favor of killing 'em all off. But I imagine there are more rabid dogs than bats. Rabid cats, too.

Flabbercon (BRToskey): An absorbing account, ole Phid, and makes Seattle fandom sound normal as all get out when a mere con can set them to snarling at one another thataway. Look at Toronto, for instance: 11 years since they held the World Con, and they still haven't recovered. + Veddy fascinating mag.

Maine-iac (EdCo): You're getting back into the swing of it, Edco, now all you need is to beef up the page-count a mite and this will be like old times. How about that second instalment of "I Remember Mamasan" you never got around to writing? + As I recall, you didn't get to Korea until after I left there, or am I thinking of Metchette? One of the great moments in fan-nish history occurred when Steve Metchette and Ed Cox met at Sapporo, Japan, tho the results were disappointing; I don't even recall seeing a oneshot!

TTT Revisited (Lee Jacobs): Meh, this reads like something out of a Tarausi time-capsule, but nevermind Lee, it was fun to read anyhow. I grudge at Toskey for denying you page-credit for this, tho; maybe you didn't actually compose it all yourself, but surely anyone who goes thru all the complex motions necessary to assemble a group of fen and then get them to actually stencil something instead of merely sitting around and talking about doing a oneshot, deserves at least stome credit!

BOG (Otto Pfeifer): Well, if you're going to gauge intelligence in inverse ratio to the number of traffic victims, where does that leave humanity? + Yes, isn't it lucky that Joan didn't title her zine Sound of Bugles? + Pause to walk down to the other end of the barracks and switch on the light; I was typing this in the twilight, and just realized that there was not much twilight left. Now I'm afraid to read back over the upper half of this stencil to see how many typos sneaked by in the dark. + The best Alaska joke I've heard so far is the one about the Texan who applied for Alaskan citizenship, and they told him there were three requirements: (1) Drink a pint of Alaskan whiskey, (2) Shoot a grizzly bear, and (3) Make love to an Eskimo squaw. So the Texan gulps down the pint of redeye, and then staggers out into the blizzard in search of a grizzly bear. Several hours later he returns, battered scratched and bruised. "O.K.," he says, "That's two tests passed. Now where's this Eskimo I'm supposed to shoot?"

Retro (FMBusby): Yup, the Russians have 175 divisions, and we have 14, so without atomic weapons we'd be somewhat in the position of pioneers facing the Indians without "equalizers". But Buz, maybe these anti-bomb chaps want to get in the Army! + The big handicap to Government economizers is that they're pretty well limited to either streamlining the operations of existing agencies, or to creating new agencies which will take over certain functions. But when it comes to abolishing any agency that is already in existence -- hah! There will be no great reduction in government expenditure until the day when, for instance, a new airport is planned for your city, and your voters turn thumbs down on asking for Federal funds to help pay for it. Not likely to happen. + Saddened by Benny's passing; he seemed more like a member of SAPS than some whose names are on the roster.

Poor Richard's Almanac (Rich Brown): Well you know, there's one advantage of R&R music that I haven't seen mentioned: after listening to R&R for an hour or so I can switch over to one of the "country music" stations and their stuff sounds FINE by comparison! Actually there are quite a few pleasant, melodious tunes produced by and for the hillbilly crowd, only their impact is lost because of the crud surrounding them, all with the same beat and chording. But you can't condemn the whole field on the basis of its worst examples, unless you also agree to loathe popular music on the basis of some of the horrible stuff perpetrated under that name. + Bumming cigarettes: Years back, you used to be able to spot men who'd been in the Depression-days CCC: they all kept their cigarettes in their shirt pocket, and instead of fishing out the pack, they'd just reach in and pull out one cigarette. + After working on it for awhile I convinced myself that your theorem is false; whether I can explain my reasoning is another question, but here goes:

First, let's start with an equilateral triangle \overline{ABC} . Now when we construct (oops, just noticed I'd misinterpreted your problem; I was constructing 60° triangles on the sides! Back to the old drawing board!) ...next day: well, I've worked out a couple of ingenious confirmations of the theorem for certain special cases, and believe I am approaching a general proof via several approaches. But I'll leave the details until later, mainly because I'm still using these dried-out stencils which are not suited to stylus work; look a few pages further along and you may find a discussion of your problem. + Speaking of female measurements, in a letter to Irene a few days ago I mentioned Eney's index of past SAPS mailings, including his footnote to "34,23,35-1/2". But, quoting from memory, I rendered the title as "34,27,35-1/2". Irene blew her top. I quote from the letter she immediately fired back at me: "If he listed that one-shot zine as "34,27,35-1/2", you have my permission to sue him and SAPS for defamation of character. My waistline has NEVER measured 27 inches in my entire life; as a matter of fact, at the time that zine was published, I am certain it was 23 inches (it is about 24 now - old age, I guess). For friendship's sake I feel you ought to at least mention the fact that it is a typographical error (AT LEAST!) in your next zine; I would appreciate it - and you can send Richard Eney a nice desert-type scorpion the next time you come across one if you like." Now it is obvious that this places me in a ghastly ethical dilemma. Should I go on letting her think Eney slandered her, or should I be noble and tell her the truth, that it was I who goofed, thus bringing down all the wrath of a female insulted upon my own defenseless head? What would YOU do?

Fendenizen (Elinor Busby): No, I don't recognize your cover, but it probably is just chuckfull of Freudian symbolism. It looks like that kind of a cover. + Tsk, your mailing comments are delightful reading, but I can't think of anything to chime in with. + Condolences to you and Buz on the loss of his father, which I suppose is a trite way to express it, but what more can anyone say to news like that? + on to Fleishman's comments: "If God didn't mean for us to travel to the planets, He wouldn't have put them where we could see them." + Poetry is excellent, EliBee. Fine zine.

Creed (Wally Weber): Don't be silly, JD is the fanzine that gurgles! + Editorializing excellent. "The Narrow Escape" should be worth an "A" in any seventh-grade composition class. Ech! The Blotto Otto story was more like it. (Fiction, the kind SAPS like, that is).

Ignatz (Nanshare): From the way your covers have been looking lately, I think maybe you are reading too many horror comics. + If you're hard up for funds, why don't you try blackmailing a few of your correspondents, like Wrai and Al? They would be only too glad to pay to keep you from quoting some of their remarks in Ignatz, I should think. + Wish you had had a normalsize zine in the bundle, Nanshare, we missed you.

Coaster (Larry Stone): Well now, I don't see why Canadians should feel kindly toward ol' Uncle Mao Tse Tung (or whatever his name is) any more than Americans -- if I recall correctly there was at least a battalion of Canadian troops over in Korea getting shot at by the People's Volunteers, too. + Enjoyed your mc's, you have a fine informal style of chattering. Good zine.

Sapstype (Racy Higgs): Glad to see you trying your hand at mailing comments at long last, Ray. Keep up the good work. + Yeah, a career in the Army interferes with being actifannish quite a bit more than most other jobs would, but you can't have everything perfect. And I can't think of any other work that would be as interesting as the line I'm in. I can think of a goodly number of jobs that would be easier, but an easier job isn't necessarily more appealing than a hard one, even to a naturally lazy cuss like me. Most of the experiences I remember fondly, and wouldn't have missed for the world, are ones during which I was loudly griping and groaning about my unfortunate lot. Besides, I'll retire at 42; how long do the rest of you SAPS figure on working?

And now, oh glorious fact, I've at last reached the end of Bundle 48, and am free! Free, that is, to hunt for something to fill the rest of this zine.

The ryne in Spyne falls mynely in the plyne, wot?

Little Willie, with a smirk,
Put the neighbors' kids to work:
You should see the little scamp
Boss his concentration camp!

A meticulous maid of Miami
Twice a day scrubbed her teeth with Bon Ami,
And after each meal full
Buffed them with steel wool
Finished off with a wipe with a chamois.

What ever happened to the Crusade to Clean Up Fandm?

Stf moview are just a bunch of middle-aged types trying to act.

SIGNIFICANCE

Of all the articles which have been prompted by my slight knowledge of mathematics, there is only one which has prompted requests, years later, for the information it contained. This stimulates me to restate and amplify a bit the information in that long-out-of-print SPACEWRP #59, SAPS Mlg. 32, June, 1955.

Essentially, what I was discussing was the measurement of significance of ESP test scores, a measure better known to statisticians as "Chi-Square". But don't let the technicalities of the statisticians scare you away, it's really quite simple.

The problem is this: Suppose you are giving your ESP a workout by trying to guess the color of each card in a deck. It doesn't take much knowledge of probability theory to decide that, since you have a fifty-fifty chance of getting the right answer by chance (or shall we say guesswork?), you can expect that with no psi ability at all you should still come up with 26 correct calls out of 52 cards.

So you make the test, and come up with, say, 28 correct. Does this prove you have wild wild talents, or merely that you should hurry and organize a poker game while your luck is running good? The Chi-Square test for significance of statistical variations provides the answer, although, as you may deduce from its name, the statisticians (a symbol-oriented crew, even symbol-minded, some might say) clutter the process up with a lot of greek-letter mathematical signs. In my explanation of it I went, mainly because this typer doesn't have a greek keyboard.

Let's call the score you expect by chance: E
And the score you actually make: A
And the significance score: S

Then, the formula goes like this...

$$S = \frac{2(A-E)^2}{E}$$

With the results I mentioned a paragraph or so back, E=26
A=28, and the formula becomes

$$S = \frac{2(28-26)^2}{26} = \frac{2(2)^2}{26} = \frac{8}{26} = 0.308$$

This is much too low to be particularly significant, so you are safe in assuming it was just a fluke of luck that gave you two more correct answers than you expected. But then suppose you keep on with your experiment until you have gone thru the pack ten times, and you average 28 correct calls per run. Then E=260, A=260, and

$$S = \frac{2(260-260)^2}{260} = \frac{2(20)^2}{260} = \frac{800}{260} = 3.08$$

This indicates better than 10-to-1 odds that some factor other than chance was operating. It might have been psi; it might have been subliminal perception of some clue to the color of the cards -- it's up to you to refine your experimental procedures to determine just WHAT upset the probabilities.

In short, you will get a large "significance score" either by an extremely high score on a few runs, or by scores that are consistently a few points above expectation on a large number of runs. The reason for this latter fact is that, "in the long run" your good scores should, by the laws of probability, be cancelled out by your less-than-average scores. If they aren't, something is operating to upset the probabilities.

Here, very roughly, are the odds against it being mere chance to make a given significance score:

0	-	50-50	, no indication of anything but chance.
1	-	3:1	odds against this.
1.6	-	5:1	" " " "
2.7	-	10:1	" " " "
4	-	20:1	" " " "
5	-	50:1	" " " "
7	-	100:1	" " " "
11	-	1,000:1	" " " "
13	-	10,000:1	" " " "

And for the benefit of Toskey and others who sneer at evidence of psi, I might add that the article referred to at the beginning of this piece chronicled how Nangee had gone thru 471 runs of the deck, and made 13,264 correct calls, compared to an expectation of 12,246. I invite you to substitute these figures in the significance formula and confirm that her score was a flabbergasting 169.

Now which are you going to deny, Tosk: ESP or the laws of probability?

MEMORIES

Once you were my sunshine, lighting day and cheering night,
You shed a golden glamour over everything in sight,
But now you are no longer mine and all the world is gray,
There is no beauty in my sight, now that you've gone away.

Whenever you came in a room it was like throwing wide
The eastern window blinds to let the morning sun inside,
But now all rooms are shadow-filled and in the gloom I say,
There is no beauty in my sight, now that you've gone away.

A painting or a poem, or a simple window-view
Became a thing of loveliness when I shared it with you,
But now I am indifferent to treasures on display,
There is no beauty in my sight, now that you've gone away.

I look into the years ahead and cannot dare to hope,
There ever will occur the end of gloom in which I grope,
For only you can turn my clouded darkness into day,
There is no beauty in my sight now that you've gone away.

...JUST A GODDAM T*A*X - D*E*D*U*C*T*I*B*L*E HOBBY

This is a belated preliminary report on a matter which, if all goes well, you have probably heard about prior to receiving this SAPS bundle.

Desperate for reading matter during the pre-dawn hours of a night as Battalion CQ, I idly leafed thru the uninteresting pages of the August 59 issue of VFW Magazine, which was mostly filled with exhortations to the members of the VFW to attend their 60th National Convention in Los Angeles. And then a three-paragraph box on page 30 caught my beady eye:

TAX DEDUCTIONS FOR
CONVENTION DELEGATES

Delegates attending conventions of veterans and other non-taxable organizations may deduct unreimbursed expenses from their taxable income. Revenue Ruling 58-240, issued by the Internal Revenue Service, specifies that such unreimbursed expenses constitute "contributions" within the meaning of code Sec. 170 of IRC 1954 and also RR 56-508.

This would permit delegates attending the Veterans of Foreign Wars 60th National Convention in Los Angeles, Calif., Aug. 30-Sept. 4, to deduct such expenses from their 1959 income tax returns.

A 1957 ruling applied to "uncompensated officers performing official duties"; the new ruling extends the privilege to delegates -- but not to visitors and guests.

Well now! What has a VFW Convention got that a World Stf Con hasn't, except maybe dignity? Practically, and no doubt also legally, the World Con is a non-profit organization (as the saying goes, it wasn't planned that way, but that's how it is). It has uncompensated officers performing official duties -- but the catch is that we in fandom have cunningly arranged to have the Con come to the officers rather than vice versa.

But of course! What the World Con lacks is delegates! And what is a delegate? Why, someone chosen by a local organization or branch thereof, to speak and vote in the name of said local group at a higher-echelon meeting. Now for all practical purposes, we do have such representatives; they are particularly in evidence when it comes time to choose the next con site.

Thus, it seems to me that the World Con can render a financial boon upon some of the people who attend it in future, if they adopt by-laws providing (1) That a member or members from a local organization, and who have been designated by that local organization to represent it and to speak and/or vote for it at the World Con, be recognized as "delegates"; and (2) That these delegates be allowed to cast proxy votes for the World Con members, not present at the World Con, who have so authorized them as delegates.

Among the advantages of such a system would be that those fans who join the World Con, but who cannot personally attend for personal or financial reasons, would still be able to vote via their elected delegates. This would, in turn stimulate fan in distant parts of the country to join the World Con organization, particularly if their home city is competing to win next year's site.

And that, I believe, has merit of itself, in addition to the possibility of tax deduction. Whether, indeed, a World Con delegate would fall into the tax-deductible category is a matter he and the Internal Revenue Service would have to thresh out for themselves. But surely it would not hurt the World Con organization to set up the possibility.

This is being written on 19 August, a couple of weeks before the Con. At Detroit, I intend to toss this idea into the smoke-filled rooms, and if no cogent legal reasons against it come to light prior to then, to submit it in the form of a proposed by-law at the business session.

Who knows, it may save some attendee at next year's con enough dough so that he'll gratefully buy me a beer.

Tax-deductible, that is.

Horizons

Golden galleons gliding
Outbound for Peru,
 Silver rockets dwindling
 In the heavens blue,
All in search of treasure
--Some will not return,
 Still the youthful dreamers
 Watch them sail, and yearn.

What lies in the distance?
What beyond the sky?
 Somewhere, life is different;
 Where? and How? and Why?
Never mind the danger,
Unknown perils to fear,
 We must find the answers
 Someplace else than here.

Boys stood on the quayside
Looking out to sea,
 Dreaming of the Indies
 They would someday see;
It will not be long now,
Boys will stand on Mars,
 Dreaming of adventure,
 Looking at the stars.

WHOSOSCELES? ISOSCELES!

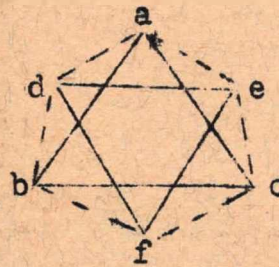
OR, there are more angles to a triangle than you maybe dreamed of

Now Ted Johnstone in PRA points out that if you take any triangle, construct $30^\circ-120^\circ-30^\circ$ triangles on each of its sides with the 120° angle opposite the given side, then connect the three vertices, you get an equilateral triangle. Or do you?

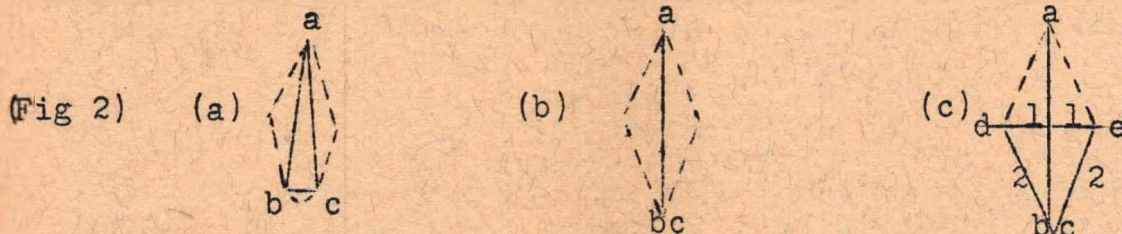
I realize that a straightforward geometrical problem of this type really ought to be dealt with in the Euclidean manner, with only a straightedge and compasses, but in the interests of simplicity, I'm going to use arithmetical reasoning in spots; the same results could be obtained geometrically, but not so briefly or simply.

First, let's start with an equilateral triangle as the given triangle (abc, Fig 1). Adding interior angles at any vertice of the resulting figure, after constructing the 30-120-30 triangles on each side, shows that we end up with a regular hexagon, and from that it is easy to show that the derived triangle (def) is an equilateral triangle.

(Fig. 1)



Now let's take (abe) of Fig. 1 and decrease the interior angle at a while increasing those at b and c, or to put the same thing in another form, hold sides ab and ac constant as side bc decreases. We get a triangle that looks like this (Fig. 2a):



And carrying the process a bit further, we get Fig. 2b. Now suppose we call the altitude of this "triangle" $2\sqrt{5}$, then each side of the constructed triangles will be 2, and the distance from center of side of the original triangle to vertex of the constructed triangle will be 1. And as Fig 2c shows, we have derived triangle def in which each side is 2, and therefore it is equilateral.

So far so good, but now let us take the equilateral triangle abc of Fig. 1 and change its shape another way, namely by holding bc constant as ab and ac decrease in length. Like Fig 2 for the

THE CRITICS

(From SPACEMARP 15)

Tell me not in metre mournful Bergey's just a brillish BEM;
When you scream in accents scornful you're as bad as Jack the Clem
Why not praise each putrid pronag, giving to each dog his day--
Cast your bread upon the waters: it will drift ashore, they say.

Deathless gems of science-fiction often sprout from brains of hacks
But you amputate ambition by your clever carping cracks
Con the crud without complaining; even gods have earthen feet
And the mediocre makes you more appreciate the sweet.

What tho Shaver makes you shudder; what tho Binder makes you boil
--Just consider what those tales took in temper, time and toil!
Can you call for prose that soars aloft like eyrie-seeking bird
When "Hank Hack" has to sell his stuff for half-a-cent a word?

Even authors have to eat sometimes (or so the rumor goes)
And every writer tries to make a living from his prose,
So even though he is aware each tale is not a honey,
He beats his typer night and day -- because he needs the money!

Letter From Lunar Station

by RUF BOWDOLL (Redd Boggs)
from SPACEMARP 9

Had I an ear for melody
I should have heard
in this keen silence
overtones of ageless sound...
the music of the spheres.

But endlessly I hear a song
of Earth only, of spring winds
and billowing wheatfields under the sun
and the evening call of one robin
in the darkling meadow

and I hear
the song of a girl walking
on a green summer street

(this theme is loudest
and constantly recurring,
whirling out of the hurdy-gurdy
of my soul
like an air from Il Trovatore
or the garish Midway of a ragshow)

Not the soprano of her throat,
but the white melody of her body
freely striding
and the caroling chiffon music
of her summer dress
blown distractingly,

all liltng together the fragile leitmotif
of my heart's grand opera
of Earth.

