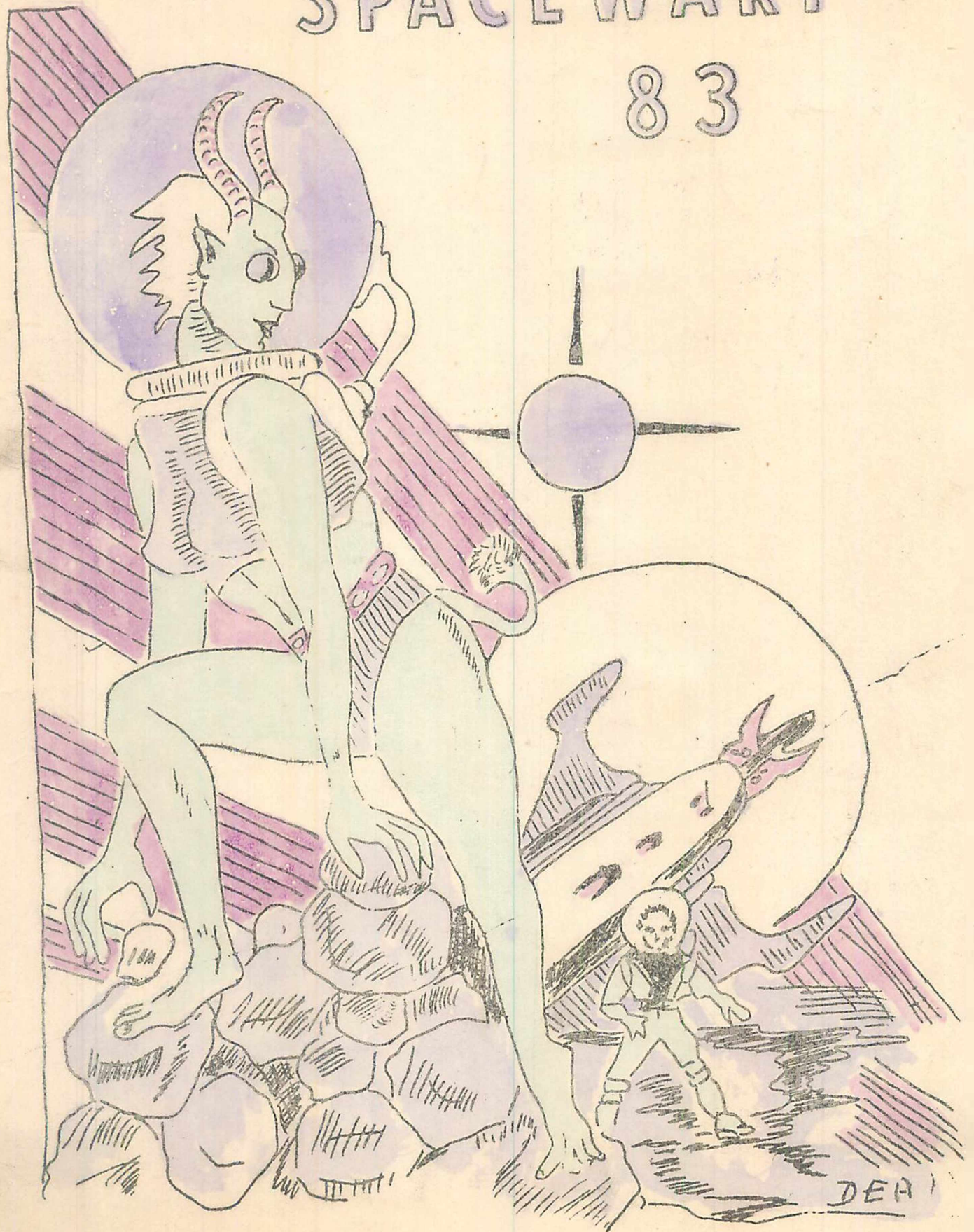


# SPACEWARP

83





# SPACEWARD

Vol XIII No. 5

SAPS Mlg. 78

January 1967

\* \* \* \* \*  
\* THE GRIPES OF RAPP \*  
\* \* \* \* \*

**STUMPING 18:** Seems like old times, having a WWW cover in the bundle again. But

Jim, do you think presentday SAPS is ready for WWW covers and other insidious mindrotting influences? Of course, if the planned covers for SW and EGNATZ turn out as planned, Nancy and I are responsible for unleashing another long-forgotten and even more mindrotting influence upon the innocent and impressionable neofen: Grab your beanies and head for the hills, men, the jelly-pan hektograph once again stalks the microcosm! (As a few greybeards may recall, one of the reasons for SAPS' founding back twenty years, was to provide an apa with a membership roll small enough to make the use of hekto practical, for neofen who were unable to afford mimeographs.) \* It's not the initial expense of offspring that is ruinous, Jim, it's the upkeep. As you are no doubt finding out by now.

**BACCHANALIA 2:** Mighu, the diggerfen are making up for lost time this mailing, aren't they? This is a beautiful job, John: did you try placing it on local newsstands for public sale?

**POP QUE? 31:** Here you are reviving old and long-suppressed practices, too, putting THINGS in your zine! Remember what your evil influence led to last time: white sand dribbling out of Nancy's zine all over fandom! I wonder what she meant yesterday when she asked me whether staples or rubber cement would be better to fasten down oysters with! \* I'm ashamed of you, Doreen, using obscene words like (you should pardon the expression) rhizomes, in front of us pure-minded SAPS.

**EXCELSIOR 8:** What's the cover, Arnie, a scene from a space-opera? \* On long auto trips we occasionally turn on the radio, just to drown out the kids' uproar, and that is about the only time we willingly listen to any current popular music. Usually after two or three minutes we decide even the noise the kids are making is preferable to the atrocities being perpetrated on the AM airwaves. After all, the kids are too young to know any better. Anyone who can play four guitar chords and who has sufficiently swollen adenoids is all set to become a deejay darling, it would seem. Ech. \* It's important for a boy to know how to cook, Arnie, when he grows up and gets married, who else does he expect to teach the art to his bride? I assure you that 9 out of 10 girls can't even follow the step-by-step illustrated directions on a frozen TV-dinner package, much less start with raw ingredients and turn them into a meal. It should be pointed out, however, that they are usually eager to learn, and with patience, perseverance, and a stout club (a Louisville Slugger bat is ideal) one may within only a few years turn them into quite competent cooks who can even be left alone in the kitchen for minutes at a stretch without worry that they will make any but minor blunders in the art of food preparation. \* I'll let you in on a little secret, Arnie: "Wild Colonial Boy" isn't a song, it's a picaresque novel, sort of an Aussie version of "Fanny Hill" if you know what I mean. Unfortunately, in light of Ginsburg's conviction for distributing the "Housewife's Handbook", there's no much chance that anyone will risk publishing "Wild Colonial Boy" in the U.S. Speech might be free around here,



but not THAT free. The book was originally written in 1865, by an elderly colonist (deported from England in 1835 -- as you perhaps know, Australia was sort of a British Devils' Island for awhile, replacing the American colonies in that function after we gained our independence and refused thereafter to accept any more convicts from the British prisons.) Feeling that the once-primitive settlement of Melbourne was becoming stuffy and sedate, the aged author set out to record what the long voyages from England and the civilization of the new continent were REALLY like. Although his grammar and spelling at times could stand improvement, he was apparently gifted with the two prime requisites for penning an immortal classic, namely a perpetually randy disposition and an eidetic memory. (His name, incidently, was B. Roland Toskeigh, which invites sly digs and SAPSish humor, from which I shall nobly refrain.)

Most of the above data comes from Appendix IV of Ginzburg's "Unhurried View of Erotica", incidently, along with much other fascinating lore about the suppressed history of international pornography. One thing Ginzburg does not mention, but which was told me by a prominent Aussiefan many years ago, is that strangely enough "Wild Colonial Boy" is the main reason for the notorious strictness of modern Down-Under censorship. As in most other countries, the standard for judging an allegedly pornographic work is whether its artistic value outweighs the so-called evils of its realism. And when such a case comes to trial in Australia, invariably the defense argues that "Wild Colonial Boy" has circulated in that country, unacknowledged but ubiquitous, for more than a century -- in one landmark decision during an unrelated case in 1936, a judge of the Territorial Court of Queensland ruled that a 16-year-old boy who had "never read" "Wild Colonial Boy" was "not a normal red-blooded Australian male" -- so how can the feeble imitation of its classic amatory adventures, presently on trial, be considered an offense to society? And the prosecution invariably counters with the argument that, assuredly, the work on trial is an inferior imitation, and moreover, has not even the justification of historical importance to sustain it, as does "Wild Colonial Boy", and therefore, has no redeeming merit in the eyes of the law. So far, the Court has always agreed with the prosecution. \* Whew! What a long-winded discussion to stem from a mere remark by you that you thought WCB was a song! But of course, there aren't many non-Aussiefen who know what it really is.

SAPSAFIELD 4: John, the best way I can think of to collect old SW's is to get hold of an old fannish list of names and addresses from the years you are interested in, and write to them asking if they happen to have any kicking around. The nearest-to-complete file I know of is my own, and I suspect that it lacks a couple of issues during the Korean-war years when I was sending my handwritten copy to whichever fan I could find willing to publish an issue. The last fairly complete run I know of being sold was Wrai's collection, at the Seattle Worldcon in 1961. (Come to think of it, Nan Gerding should have many issues, altho not the early gazine ones.) \* Pause for a long discussion with #1 son, whom I chided for getting at my roll of Scotch "Magic" Tape, about how magic is magic tape; will it do whatever you tell it to? "Within reason," I replied, feeling somewhat akin to a medieval theologian defending the ability of God to create a stone so heavy He couldn't lift it. \* Your "SAPS Purity Test" was brilliant, hilarious, and in the grand traditions of SAPSdom. -You, sir, have a Dirty Mind (the ultimate accolade of SAPS).

FLUG 3: Somehow this projects the image of a lively, active fangroup having a frabjous time. Oh to be in Chadstone, now that winter's here (mainly because you-all have summer these days, don't you. I'm a winter-hater.) At any rate, I enjoyed this zine; let's have more of the same, John. By the way, did YOU read "Wild Colonial Boy" by the age of 16?

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THE RIGHT TO BUY WOMEN IS DECADENT CAPITALISTIC NONSENSE - Mao Tse-Tung

MURIAS 3: Whatan appallingly realistic cover! \* The fans in the Fifties spent a good deal of time and mimeopriet, Jean, bemoaning the fact that they had missed the fabulous days and events of fandom in the Forties. \* Well, Jean, you asked for a hectozine from me; how does this cover grab you? (Really, you shouldn't use THAT sort of language in a SAPSzine!)

WINTER GAMES: For some subliminal reason your hopscotch layout bugs me. I haven't seen anyone play hopscotch (let alone participate) for maybe a quarter of a century, but it seems to me that in the U.S. version there are ten spaces rather than eight (the #10 space being a semicircular area at the top of the rectangular blocks) but I can't decide where the remaining extra block would fit in. Help, youngerSAPS?

THE CHARLOTTAN 10: I strung both Nancy's and my guitars with nylon strings last week, Len, which makes it easier on her fingers, and eliminates some of the clicking of pick-against-steel-string that marred my playing (that isn't all that mars it, of course). But ah, the ruinous expense of it all! On the other hand, I discovered an unexploited lode of music, namely the old 78rpm albums stacked up in the local Goodwill Industries store, and selling for 75¢ each. Of course, these old records have their drawbacks, such as the fact that some predate the era of the automatic record-changer, so that side 2 is on the back of side 1, and so on, and others must be played manually because of chips in the edge which make it necessary to lower the needle somewhat further toward the center than the automatic changer mechanism would. And naturally there is the thunderous crash with which these heavy, thick records slam down when released by the changer. But the solution to all that is simple enough -- put 'em on tape. Which I've been doing at a great rate, whenever the opportunity affords. Once taped, we pass the albums on to Nancy's mother, who I guess will soon be wondering where to store them all. But aside from being mono instead of stereo, the quality of the music is far superior to the run-of-the-mill presentday discs.

DINKY BIRD 9: My sense of wonder got a refreshing change from that moonscape of Copernicus from 8 miles up. Jeez, the Moon looks just like a circa-1950 Bonestell painting!

PLEASURE UNITS 16: Well, if anyone is real anxious to die so they can get into a fannish hall of fame, maybe we can accomodate them. After all, what fan with HoF ambitions doesn't have fannish enemies who would be overjoyed to see him entombed/shrined?

SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 3: Very fascinating reading, from both the stiffish and fannish angles. Thanx for including it in the bundle, John.

MISTILY MEANDERING 18: Fred, I would like to see the size of SAPS' membership raised, but I guess it'll be a couple years and a slump before this view regains a majority in the organization. I might even have to run Nancy for OE and have her increase the size of the membership by decree. But it seems too much trouble to go to at the moment... \* Milton F Stevens seems like one of the most promising newcomers to turn up in SAPSish pages for quite awhile. Hope the Navy lets him retain his enthusiasm until he can make it thru the w-l and into membership.

GOLIARD #40: As you may recall from your Washington days, tournaments are a Maryland institution (around Hagerstown, if I recall). They hang a ring on a string and have at it with chargers and lances. The society set<sup>h</sup>eld a foxhunt here a few weeks ago also, including the presence of an Episcopal bishop who led the assembled hunters and hounds in prayer before

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The chase began. As a disgusted letter-to-the-editor-writer put it a few days later, he prayed for everyone except the fox.

DEADWOOD SAP 8: Your cover shows sort of a picassoistic influence, Tosk. \* How could putting poisoned oatmeal in the attic fergawdsake (as Eney would say) get rid of moles? Either you've got awfully confused moles in Seattle, or an awfully confused architect. \* The other day I was taping some Sibelius, and remarked to Nancy that it was pretty esoteric stuff; -I guess you have to listen to it a couple dozen times before you start to appreciate it.- But I shortened the process considerably by noticing that I was playing the 33-1/3 record at 78 RPM.

THE DEATH OF SAPS: John, I think it will be simpler to let Tosk work out his own financial problems. But you have a clever (fiendishly clever, one might say) idea here.

YEZIDEE 17: That mermaid has a rather improbable anatomy, hasn't she? I'd like to see you draw her skeleton! \* Don't you think it's a bit risky to express a wish that someday you may have geese around? I mean, it amounts to an open invitation to some enterprising fan at the next Con to give you a goose...

SPELEOBEM 33: Do you require that the tunes in the FILESONG MANUAL be played on an Official Organ? \* Wasn't the 800-plus page SAPS mailing sent out in two jiffybags? Or was it two manila envelopes? Jeeze, I must be getting old when I can't recall essential facts like that! \* Not only do other fans remember Colin Glencannon, but back in 1949 someone (I think I know who, but not having the evidence at hand I won't mention names) sold a story to one of the minor pulps (FUTURE, or SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, or such) which consisted of a sentence-by-sentence paraphrase of a Glencannon story from the SATEVEPOST, with the poor old Inohlfie Castle metamorphosized into a spaceship, and so on. A member of FAPA spotted this and published the damning evidence in his FAPazine, parallel-column quotes from the two stories. Gosh, Bruce, you have the reference material at hand, YOU should know this stuff, instead of having to depend on my senile reminiscences! \* Speaking of Duggan's Dew of Kirkintilloch actually existing, I presume everyone is aware that the same is true of Kickapoo Joy Juice? (It's a sort of lemon-flavor carbonated soft drink, alas!)

MEST 21: Best wishes for success in your effort to sell to STAR TREK. You might do fandom a better service, tho, by performing the same service to TIME TUNNEL, which could sure use some imaginative variations on the basic plot. But TT is more or less a one-man script, isn't it?

FOT POURRI 46: Gosh, if I'd known you were going to vacation at the seaside, John, I'd have bothered, last spring, instead of tossing all these empty beer bottles in the trash, to have stuffed 'em with notes, walked a hundred yards across the street, and dropped them into Back Creek, which flows sluggishly into Chesapeake Bay, which opens out into the Atlantic, and in consequence, given favorable winds and tides, you might have dug my m's directly from the sand. \* Much as I hate to admit I'm wrong, even (or especially) when I AM wrong, I bow to your superior experience in the fingerprint-classification field. In fact, my theoretical acquaintance with the classification system you describe is what prompted me to describe the system as inadequate. (Since my experience with fingerprinting dates back to my MP days, in the early '50's, I've also forgotten most of the details). What I remembered, from a ten-article series in the FBI bulletins of the period, was that after the primary classification (or rather, the fractional classification as you explain it in PP), there were still an impracticably large number of prints in each classification in the FBI files, so they further subdivide them by counting the number of ridges between core and delta. And this involves so many cases where a subjective judgement has to be made, that it is more of an art than a science. I also,

for awhile, had a job which involved glancing at several thousand sets of fingerprints designed to be checked by the FBI, on every working day. This is what prompted my remark that few people taking prints are competent enough to take a useful set. (Back in my MP days, I took care of fingerprinting most of the prisoners in our guardhouse, so I am familiar with the pitfalls and problems involved in that part of the process). Aside from the occasional sets taken with stamp-pad ink or other unidentifiable methods (in the thousands referred to above), the chief (and much more common) fault (in perhaps as high as 10% of the cases) was overinking, so that differentiating arches from loops was guesswork, and any sort of ridge-count simply impossible. \* At any rate, the refutation of my argument made an absorbing article, John, and the rest of this issue was up to its usual sterling standard. Come to think of it, I don't believe I've ever been bored by a POT POURRI.

COLLECTOR: If the stencils are usable (they LOOK o.k.) I should have something to interest you in the April SW, Howard. In Saginaw last summer, I dug out of my aunt's garage the circa-1950 article by Ralph Fluette exposing Michifandom. I haven't yet gotten the nerve to re-read it, but wotthehell, I'll run it no matter what it says. Never throw away a cut stencil, as the trufannish motto goes.

THE WILD COLONIAL BOY o/w THE GRYPHON 35: Cor! This 'un has a hefty feel to it, like unto a mail-order catalog... And its many pages contain so much of interest and entertainment that I am almost at a loss for comment. \* Glancing at random thru its pages, I notice Bob Smith, ex-SAP, blubbering in his bheer about the good old days and mentioning that pioneer space-epic, ROCKETSHIP XM, which no trufan will ever forget because of its popcorn-ball meteors whipping past the spaceship with a WHOOSH! Last week, one of the movies on TF (the monster that devours my orifanag time) was a 1964 epic called ROBINSON CRUSOE ON MARS. I'm sure Bob will be delighted to hear that it featured popcorn-ball meteors whipping past the Lunar-orbiting spaceship with a WHOOSH! Some things are eternal in this changing world... \* Nova Espresso was hilarious; The Translation of St. Priapus was excellent, and all the rest of the vast amount of material herein was eminently readable and entertaining. This, I opine, was one of the top items in the mailing.

SNOCACOLPIF-OAMJO (to abbreviate your title, LeeJay): Well, the best way to make balloting more popular in the apas would be to offer prizes more substantial than egoboo to the winners. Offhand, I'd suggest a shapely femmefan as First Prize, with perhaps A Year's Free Duplicating of Your Zine by Redd Boggs as second prize. (If the first prize is won by a female, Wrai Ballard would be substituted for the shapely femmefan. He might not be very shapely, but he's got that In-Gortila Look). \* Speaking of Wrai, when do we get your next instalment of THE BALLARD CHRONICLES? "Existence is Sweet with Candy in the Kitchen" might be an inspiring title...

THE SMOKE OF THE KANGAROO 1: Smoked kangaroo is a gourmet delicacy. \* You mean, John, your copy of WILD COLONIAL BOY (the book) didn't survive the fire? Alas!

MASTROND 4: Dave, you slash the Ø in the title, but don't slash the O in the colophon. What is a poor iggurunt reader to believe? \* Oops, just noticed the SAPS portion of this is NIFLHEIM 17, so perhaps the question is irrelevant if not indeed irreverent. \* For a moment I had General Dynamics confused with Korzybski's creation, which made for incomprehension in reading your comments. On second thought, maybe judging from your remarks, that is close to the actual situation.

DOWN WITH CHALKER: An s-f writer who won't reveal his pen-name because he would dislike the notoriety it would give him among undergraduate college students" seems to have a pretty contemptuous attitude toward both science-fiction and undergraduate college students. Offhand, I'd say Bertrand Russell's attitude was more to be admired -- I think he has quite

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of notoriety both among undergraduates and elsewhere, but he doesn't do his  
stuffwriting under a pseudonym. Neither does Fred Hoyle, nor Isaac Asimov, come to  
think of it. Orwell, authors are a peculiar breed at best.

DINKY BIRD 20: Midget-pigeon Gidget-vision,  
Ruth (Midwestern) Berman,  
The gauntlet flings down  
Of a verse,

A challenge SAPS finds  
Irresistable:  
She gets back just deserts  
Or much worse.

(You ever try composing structured verse on a stencil-back with a magicmarker? Gha?)  
Somehow, Ruth, I have a feeling you made up this Double Dactyl thing out of whole  
cloth.

AUSTRALIAN SCIENCE FICTION REVIEW 3: Another impeccable example of Commonwealth  
erifanac ability. This provided an hour of  
absorbing reading, and a welcome change from the froth of the majority of SAPSazines.  
I wouldn't want to see a whole bundle filled with stuff as deep as this, but we do  
need a certain percentage of it to answer critics who say the bundles aren't worth  
reading.

TADAIMA 1: Don't you think one reason for the absence of a Shakespeare fandom is  
that his plays are pounded into the unwilling students as a prime ex-  
ample of Culture, thereby giving most of them a lifetime aversion to him? Of  
course, the many Little Theater groups who produce Will's plays might legitimately  
be classified as Shakespeare Fans. After all, what else would a Shakespeare fan-  
club do? They could hardly sit around discussing minor details of the writings, as  
the Sherlock Holmes fan do, since in Shakespeare's case this is a full-fledged pro-  
fession in academic institutions. And so is writing parodies of the plays: Grade  
B Hollywood scriptwriters are expert at that. You think up some fun things for a  
Shakespeare club to do, and I'll join your silly club, Don. \* Burbee's got it  
wrong: the thing that ruined fanzines as well as all other forms of ori fanac is  
The Box With The Big Glass Face. Why, right now I'm hurrying up these comments so  
that we can switch the thing on in time for the Joy Pyne program... \* Hmmm, so  
mlpas means a native method of digging up the dirt? Strange that it should refer  
to our organization when spelled backSAPSwards. \* Excellent zine, Don.

SAPRISE! 8: Keep up the pro sales, Dave; we glee at your attainment of the univer-  
sal ambition of trufen.

GOSLING 2: Absolute fear of offending when it comes to entertainment: Nancy and  
Steven are watching "Jack and the Beanstalk" as I write this. I de-  
cided not to bother watching it after reading Cynthia Lowry's column in the even-  
ing paper, which contained these memorable sentences: "The children's tale, set  
to music, has been rewritten to eliminate some of its more brutal aspects. Will B.  
Able, the tall actor who plays what originally was an ogre, has been transformed  
into what he describes as a "good but stupid giant." Able recalled that when the  
adapter, Jim Eiler, started his research his reaction to some of the story was "how  
horrible. However, his findings about ogres smelling the blood of an Englishman  
didn't compare with some versions of "Cinderella" he ran across -- the stepsisters  
cut off their toes to fit the glass slipper -- or Aladdin, which contained, Able  
said, "pages of sheer pornography." # Do you suppose Senator Dodd will be  
investigating fairy tales next? # I haven't been too much impressed with  
the color on several color TV sets I've seen, altho I must admit the com-  
mercials come over in gorgeous hues. But it seems as difficult to obtain  
a pleasing human skin color on a TV set as on a hektograph.

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RETRO 42: I list fannish organizations on forms as "social" or "hobby" clubs; which seems to be an adequate explanation -- particularly since I've also listed long-time fannish friends as character references at times, too. (For awhile, the Government security-clearance forms limited references to people living in the continental U.S.S.; after twenty years in the Army, you're apt to wind up not knowing a great many people except other Army types who are apt to be off in some remote part of the world. In fact, Wrai got interviewed by an investigator in connection with my Top Secret clearance a couple years back. Obviously Wrai and whatever other fans got questioned must have explained fandom satisfactorily in mundane terms, or I wouldn't be in my present assignment. # If you're going to make Gordon the SAPS Welcomittee, we might as well saddle him with a few other chores that have been waiting for volunteers (Gordon, shut up, Bus just volunteered y ou). For example, we need someone to persuade SAPSmembers to leave their mailings to other fen when they die. We could call it the Willcomittee. And Carol Murray unquestionably by now needs the assistance of SAPS in reducing the excess kitten population around her place. We could give Gordon a sack and a large rock and make him the Welcomittee. And we need someone to put up SAPS propoganda posters at Worldcons -- you know, a Wallocomittee. The possibilities seem fairly endless. We could even furnish him with a black suit to match the color of the vehicle and appoint him Official SAPS mourner at fannish funerals -- tho it would be an obstacle to the Wallocomittee if the undertaker used a hearse of a different color... # Someone in CAPA had a similar suggestion to yours in regard to getting waterproof-glued beer labels off the bottles: pulverise the glass with a hammer. There must be an easier way, tho.

OUTSIDERS 65: Jeez, Wrai, you keep getting yourself promoted and pretty soon you will be on the Apex Council, deciding which nubile maiden to transplant the gorilla's brain into, and like that. Tell me, are the scientists around your place usually mad? ## I remember when I was a kid, the way people would describe a woman who didn't know how to cook was, "She'd be helpless without her can opener." And I presume most housewives at the time felt a twinge of guilt when they opened a can of vegetables instead of a Mason jar they'd prepared themselves. # The typing test scoring rule was that you got penalized 5 words for every error on a 1-minute test, and 1 word on a 5-minute test. Back in the days when I was in practice and happened to have a compatible typer at hand, I used to bug my co-workers by dashing off one-minute test scores of 123 or thereabouts. I always explained that the reason I could type so fast was that I'd been trained as a machinegunner in basic training. Alas, us manual-typer experts are meeting stiff competition these days from young whippersnappers who have been trained to use electric typers, so mainly I avoid boasting of my typing speed, and instead concentrate on working algebra problems mentally and announcing the approximate results before the gals using the electric calculating machines get done. (Long ago someone taught me the useful fact that, in complicated problems, if you round off the quantities usually the induced inaccuracies cancel each other out, and you'll come up with a quick answer sufficiently accurate for all practical purposes.) # My main gripe against typers is those models with a "1" key in the top row. I don't use it, being too used to depending on the lowercase ell -- but it invariably causes me to misplace my fingers on the keyboard, producing lines of gibberish before I glance up from whatever I'm copying and notice it. Incidentally, very few typists in our office use erasers (I had to order some especially, the circular kind with the brush, with which I feel at home.) They use several new-fangled substitutes -- "Kor-Rek-Tape" which is a white paperlike self-adhesive tape about 1/4" wide -- you just slap a length of it over the error and type over the tape. Also a little card coated with a kind of white carbon. When you goof on a single letter, you stick the card between the ribbon and paper, hit the error again, and it deposits white pigment over the erroneous imprint. Also a sort of white marking pencil, or silky ~~oil~~ deal, which doesn't work too well (except for ~~the~~ ~~most~~ ~~indetectable~~ ~~job~~ ~~of~~ ~~all~~). I still think a skillfully applied eraser is the most indetectable job of all. There is, however, one innovation, tho, that I've encountered here for the



first time. It's called a "Hi-liter" and is a fairly fine-tipped felt-tip marker which deposits a transparent yellow over a line of print, which is much neater and easier than underlining or circling, or checkmarking, or any other traditional way of trying to draw attention to a certain portion of a printed text. # Kids learning to talk; Mike is at that stage now. He makes long, emphatic, declamatory speeches, punctuated with emphatic fist-waving and banging on the highchair tray or playpen bars, but unfortunately no one else understands his language. But he understands English fairly well (doesn't comply with orders, unless he feels like it, of course, but he understands them). You can tell him something like, "Go pick up the block under the playpen, and straighten out the rug while you're over there, and he'll do it. Unless, of course, you're trying to demonstrate his intelligence for the benefit of visiting friends or relatives...in that case he just stands there and drools.

ESDAYOS 3: Good grief, Ed, you mean there have been only two previous issues of Esdayos? They must've been good ones, because I figured you'd published at least a dozen. # Note to me; Ed has invaluable data on 3 years of FAPA bundle sizes in this zine, for when you get bitten by the statistical bug again. # A pleasant and nostalgia-inducing zine, Ed.

TRICON GOODY-BAG: Bundle-stuffing with a vengeance. How is Bruce going to bind this (especially the plastic bag)?

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I think I have now commented upon the entire mailing 77. If not, the oversight is due to Nancy, Steven and Mickeymouse endlessly shuffling the zines in the intervals between my putting of these stencils.  
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## Semi-Gala Reprint Section

Obviously, mo's alone make for a dullish SAPSzine (unless you're Buz or Wrai, but who, aside from Buz or Wrai, is?)

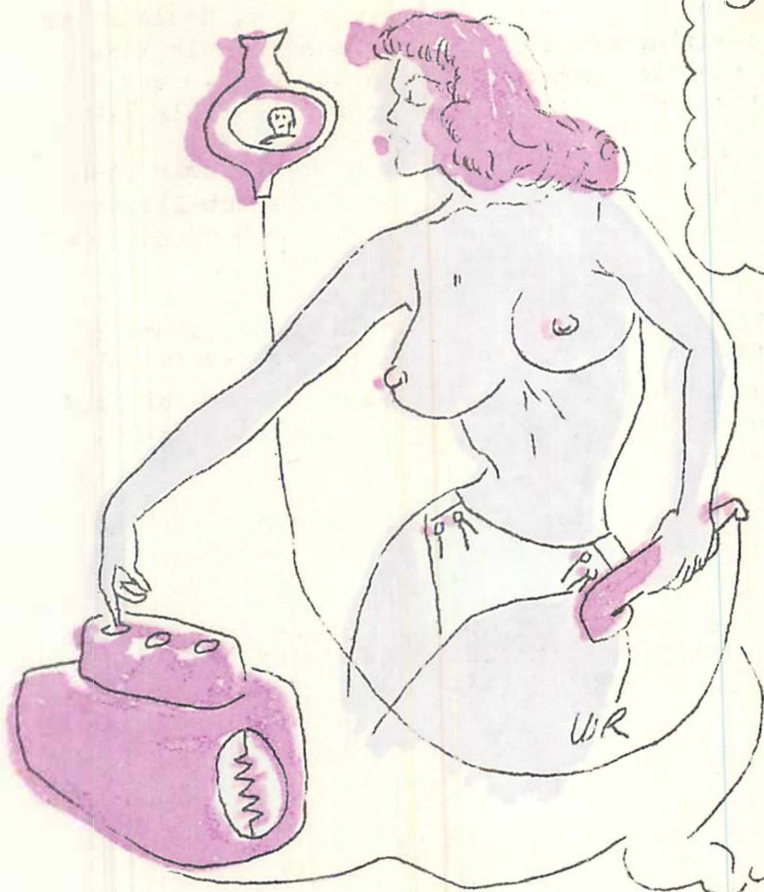
Consequently, we offer some odds and ends to take your mind off the depressing experience you've just been thru, reading 7-1/2 pages of uninterrupted r-trapp comment.

THE NIGHTMARE BEFORE CHRISTMAS needs some slight explanation. It was originally written for the December 1964 issue of 5x5, the Official Organ of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance. In the original ~~5x5~~ version it was a 16-page, quarter-page-size booklet with many more illustrations, and handcrafted touches such as a mock out out of yellow paper and glued on the page, and hand-colored illios.

We were going to reprint it more or less exactly, save for the changes necessary to adapt it to SAPS' identical-copies requirement (5x5 is mailed out first-class, so hand-coloring and such goes). However, an extensive search of our cluttered apartment disclosed that the folder containing the Dec 64 issue of 5x5 has been misfiled somewhere, and may not turn up for five or six years. So we had to reconstruct both lyrics and illios from memory.

Lyrics by Art Rapp. Illios by William Kotsler and Nancy J Rapp (you need to ask which is which?). Since the original was written in Vicenza, Italy, the directions to Len Maffatt's house hardly fit Baltimore. And it should be explained that spouses of CAPA members are automatically members of that apa, and are known collectively as "spice", whence the dwellings of the members inevitably became "hise". Most of the rest, I think, you can fathom for yourself, if you've either been in a fandom awhile, or have diligently consulted FANCYCLOPEDIA 11.

# The Nightmare Before Christmas



'Twas the Night Before  
Christmas, and all thru  
the hicc,  
Not a creature was stir-  
ring, not even the spice;  
The stencils were hung by  
the mimeo with wishes  
We'd find time to run them  
after doing the dishes;  
The trufen were snoring  
all snug in their homes  
While visions of Rotsler-  
gals danced thru their  
domes...



I in my beanie and Maw in her shoes  
Had just settled our nerves with a couple of brews  
When out on the lawn there arose such a racket  
I thought for a moment it must be Roy Tackett.

I ran to the window and stuck out my head --  
Then opened the sash and bloodily said:  
"By the Teeth of the Beaver! It's ten after three -- and

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THE RIGHT TO HAVE QUIET IS THE RIGHT TO BE FREE!

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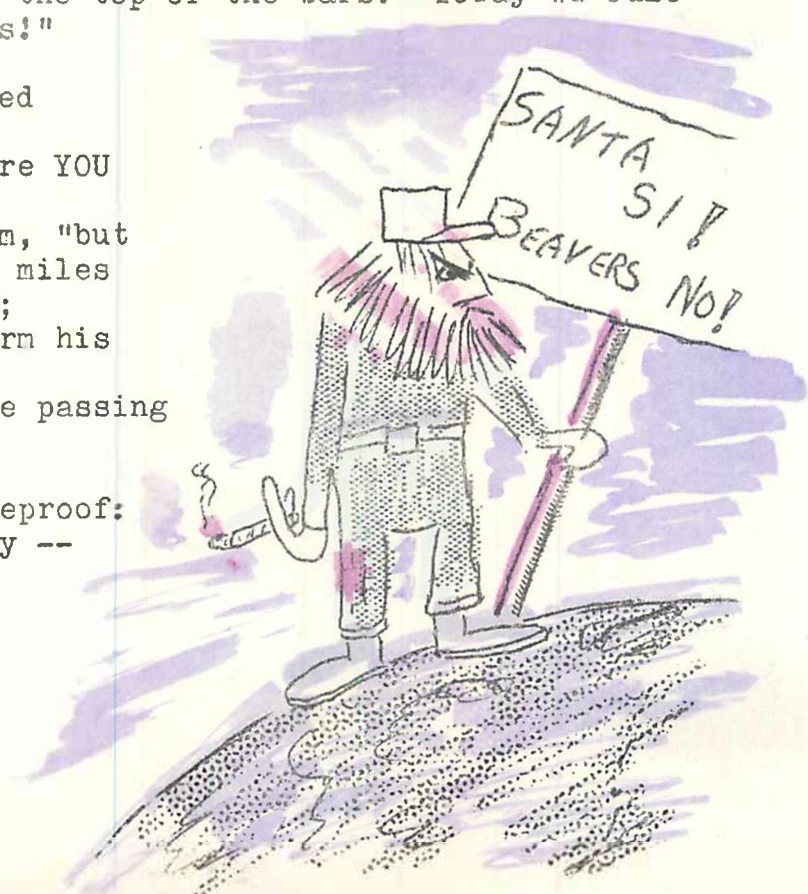


The moon, at the tip of its tower of cans, cast a Schlitz-tinted glow  
 on us cynical fens,  
 When what should appear to our pulpzine-strained eyes but a miniature  
 space-capsule, pulled by eight mice!  
 And it carried a Beaver so fannish and jolly, I knew in an instant  
 'twas ROSCOE by golly!

Like a crudsheet caught in a tornado they came, and he fannched and  
 he croggled and called them by name:  
 "On, Alma! On, Kaymar! On, Stan! and on, Racy! On, Howard! On,  
 Janie! On, J. Arthur Hazy!  
 To the height of the wall! To the top of the bars! Today we rule  
 fandom -- tomorrow, the stars!"

He sprang to the roof and peeked  
 over the soffit  
 And plaintively asked, "Say, are YOU  
 named Len Moffatt?"  
 "Goofs are fannish," I told him, "but  
 yours is terrific: Go 5,000 miles  
 and turn left at the Pacific;  
 You're in time to help housewarm his  
 Bell Gardens manor --  
 But be careful of ack-ack while passing  
 Havana!"

I furthermore added, in mild reproof:  
 "I don't care who you are, Fatty --  
 Get those mice off my roof!"



He climbed on the chimney and came  
down the flue  
And stood on my rug shedding soot  
-- wouldn't you?  
His eyes were all starry, his ears,  
how obscene!  
His tail was as flat as a neofan-  
zine;  
His two front teeth glistened  
like leaves in the rain,  
And his paws were all purple  
with hekto-ink stain.

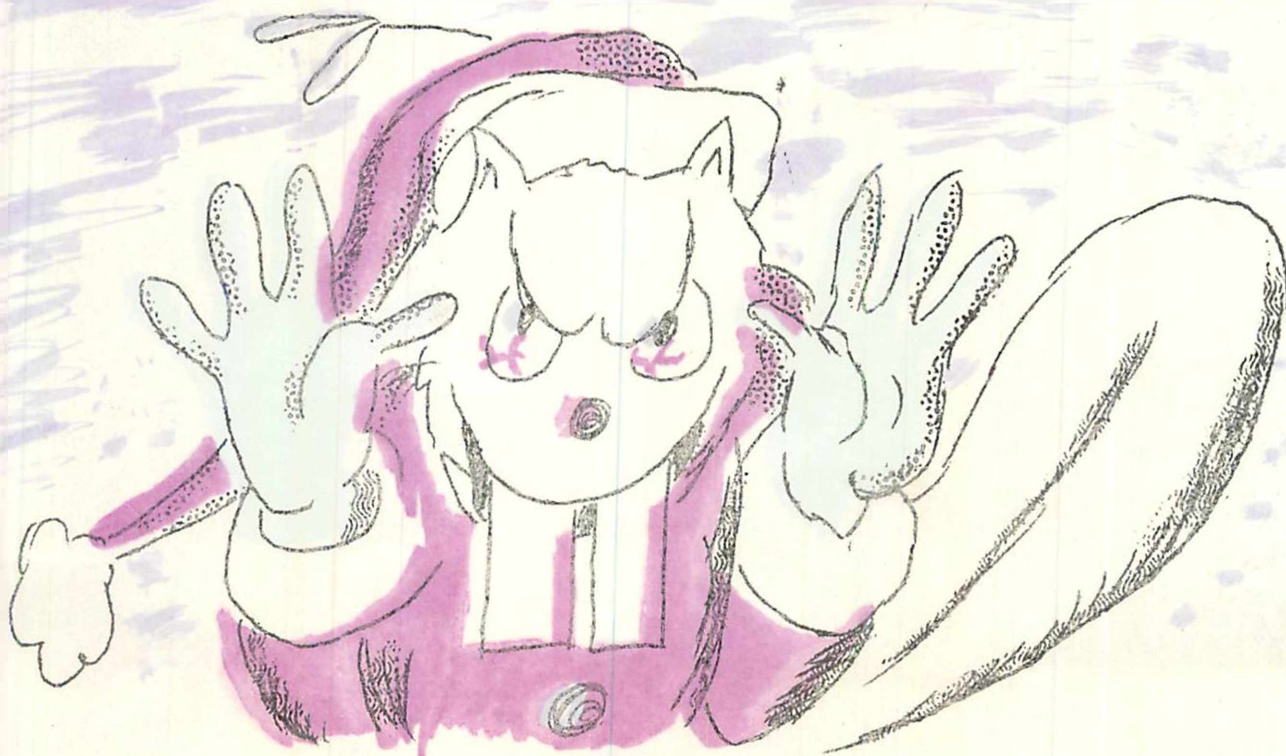
His beanie was whirling; his  
droopstem was vile!  
He looked like a cross between Ack  
and Dave Kyle.  
He explained as he reached in his  
sack for a box,  
"Here are ten topless wait-  
resses, just for Ed Cox;  
And to make really sure that his  
Christmas is merry,  
A sword and a shield I'll present  
to Rick Sneary..."

Then he leaped to the roof, to his mice called an order,  
And away they all streaked, hell-bent for the border,  
And I heard him exclaim as he cut from the scene:

---

"GO HANG FROM THE CEILING AND DRIP SLIMY GREEN!"

---



THE GREAT TRAIN OF THOUGHT ROBBERY

or  
'FINNEGAN'S WAKE' FOR TINY TOTS

by Ray Nelson



Sometimes, at about three o'clock in the morning, I awake with a start and break out in a cold sweat at the sinister thought that hovers over me. If you have ever awakened at three in the morning, you know just how I feel. Suicide seems like the only practical course of action, except that your sluggish brain can't think of any way of doing it without getting out of bed.

Anyway, at that time, as I lie there the awful thought comes over me that fandom is haunted! Grim spectres of long-dead fantasy hacks cast dark shadows over the pages of every fanzine.

Since, however, I have recently become a damned atheist, (and no two ways about it) I can't accept the idea of spirits of any sort, -- not even at three in the morning.

So, I am faced with an even worse idea. Fandom is where they put people who think they are famous fantasy hacks, somewhat like the place they put people who think they are Napoleon.

Hollow voices in my memory hiss that, "Art Rapp's Morgan Botts stories are in the tradition of Kuttner's Gallagher tales, or William James is a poor man's Merritt or a Lovecraft without the morbidity" or even that "Ray Nelson writes just like a drunken and oversexed Bradbury." I've never asked the other fellows if they really think they ARE the guys they write like. I guess I'm just afraid of what they'll answer.



JOE PHAN



But I know this much (and I don't care what anybody sez, either.) (So there!) I AM NOT RAY BRADBURY!!!

Proof? My Ghod, you gotta have proof? Lemmie think. Don't push me. At three in the morning a fellow's wits aren't -- AH! I have it! Bradbury hates kids. I love them. "HoHoHo. Merry Christmas kiddies!" is my motto.

Anyway, I USED to love kids, before the (GROAN) Great Recording Session. My father was borrowing a tape recorder



from a local electrical supply store, supposedly to try it out. The dealer figured that my father would keep the thing around so long (putting off and putting off returning it) that my father would be ashamed not to buy it. This fiendish plan might have worked, too, if it hadn't been for The Great Recording Session.

I thought it would be fun to record the answers of the little kiddies in our neighborhood (between four and seven years old) to questions regarding the basic things of like, like religion, ethics, and Science Fiction. I gathered about six of them around the recorder and started the tape off with a friendly little remark intended to

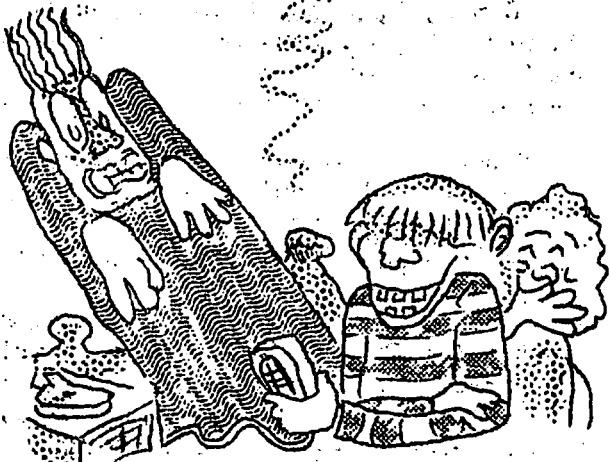
set them at their ease. "How is your mother?" was the question.

The little boy to whom the question was addressed smiled innocently and remarked, "My mother is a bastard."

"Now is that any way to—" I gasped, as a little girl piped up, "My mother is a whore."

I clawed desperately for the "off" button as the whole group joined in, each screaming a more violent epithet than the last in one vast, utterly chaotic chorus. Finally I managed to shut off both the machine and the children, but not before the kiddies had bellowed a few that would make Conner blush.

"Play it back," said one of the boys, "I want to hear it." "Yes," yelled all the children, to the tune of "Johnny's Got A Girl Friend", "Play it back! Play it back! Play it back!"

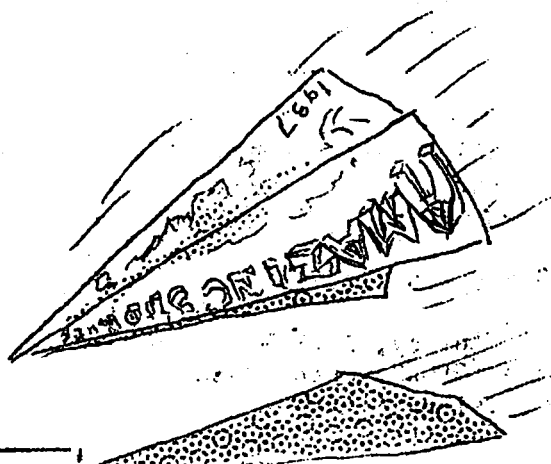


This wasn't going quite according to plan, but I braced up, erased the smut parade, and started over. This time I plunged right in, recklessly risking all on the first toss of the dice.

"What's the difference between right and wrong?" I asked, hand poised above the "off" button.

"Well," said one of the girls, "what's right is not wrong and," she paused, thoughtfully tore a few more pages from my only 1937 Amazing Stories, then burst out brightly with "what's wrong is not right!"

I relaxed, folded my hands, and thought, "Ah, now they are talking printably."



But a five year old looked up from the corner where he was playfully smashing my priceless jazz records, and bellowed, "Bad is going around all bare naked! Then everybody can see your --- and your --- and your ---!"

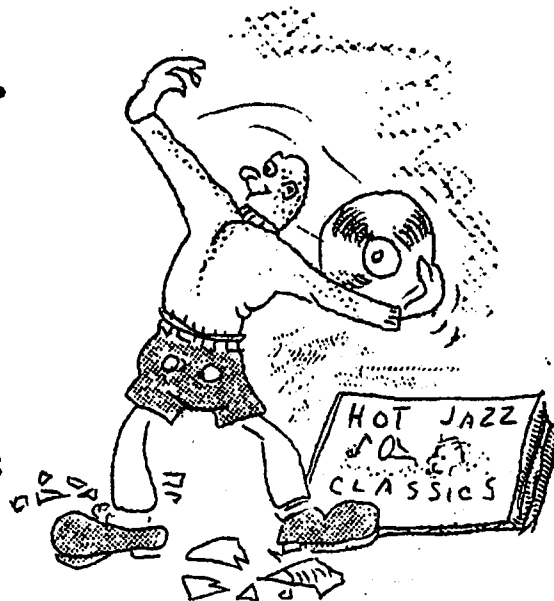
Again I clawed for the "off" button as another little girl burst in, "Bad is running away from home."

I stopped hunting for the button then. I could always erase it all later, and it looked like something might develop.

"I ran away once," said the boy who was wiping his nose on my-sleeve.

"Where did you go?" I asked helpfully.

"I went in my pants," lisped the cherub.



My fist came down like a pile-driver on the off button, but instead of turning off, the damned machine began to record and play at the same time. First it would play an echo of what I had just said, then an echo of itself playing an echo of what I had just said, then an echo of an echo of an echo...etc..., plunging towards infinite incomprehensibility at almost infinite speed.

With superhuman strength born of desperation, I picked up the whole six, pitched them out the front door and slammed, locked, and wedged it shut behind them.

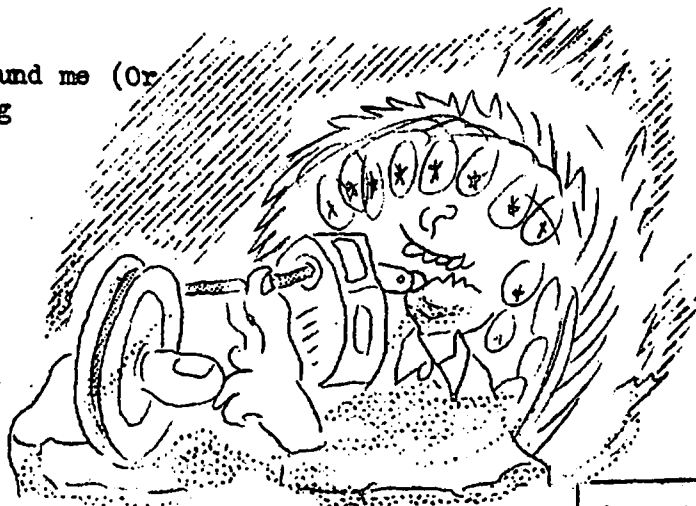
When I returned to the machine it was playing a macabre symphony in which a slamming door figured prominently as a rhythm instrument -- with a beat that grew ever more

complex. I tore the plug from the socket and snatched the tape from the machine, then, with a nasty smile, touched a match to the tape.

It was fireproof.

When my parents came home they found me (Or so they say, as I can't remember a thing about it) slowly feeding the tape into the pencil sharpener with my hands and turning the sharpener handle with my teeth.

My father claims that the machine couldn't have done what I said it did because it ran all right for him when he later tested it, and besides, with the same head used for both recording and playing, such an effect





is impossible. I don't care about that anymore. I just don't care! Now that the brats have stopped yelling under my window at the crack of dawn every morning, "Get up and play the machine for us. Get up and play the machine for us." (to the tune of "Johnny's Got A Girl Friend") as they did every morning for a month after "The Great Recording Session," I'd just like to forget the whole thing.

Anyway, I'm not Bradbury. Bradbury would have murdered the little monsters. I love the dirty, undersize, ugly, stinking, stupid gutter rats too much for that.

"HoHoHo Merry Christmas kiddies somewhere far away from here." is my motto now.

Besides, I might be able to make some dough off the little kids' prattle. It sure is fantasy, and it certainly is original. So original that it doesn't make sense.

I could write it up and crack the pros with it. You don't have to be good to crack the pros, -- just original. You can be the world's greatest writer, but unless the world's greatest writer that you are is yourself, you are doomed forever to write for free.



On the other hand, if you are original, even if nobody can stand to read you, some pro will take you in...

On the condition that you are not TOO original...

Ahh, yes. Don't think I haven't learned anything from talking to communists, lovers of Ghod and country, idealists, and other homosexuals. If I make statements broad enough and absurd enough, nobody can argue with me because they can't understand me but don't want to admit it.

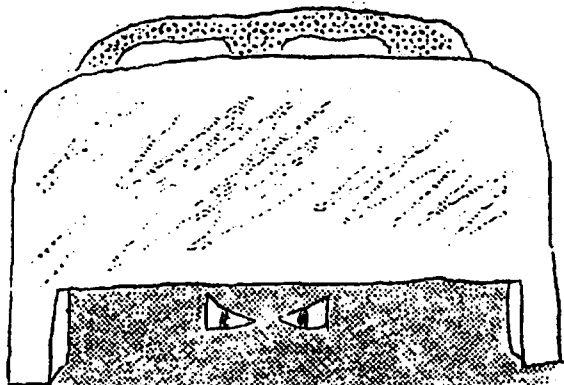
Anyway, what I mean, or think I mean (about being TOO original, you know) is that you have to bend your originality to fit the prozine's editorial policy. (i.e., the warp and woof, particularly warp, of the editor's mond. Even tho an editor's woof is worse than his bite, that isn't saying much, as most editors wear false teeth.)



Yes, bend your originality to fit the editorial policy.

(Paid adv. Originality Benders  $\frac{1}{2}$  off. Only \$2.98 while they last. Send to Henry Hasse, Ghodonlyknowswhere, Calif. Buy three and get FREE, one exhibition surber.)

For instance, if you want to write for Campbell, put a few letters after your name and hang around laboratories listening to the scientists blag. Memorize some of the blab, and after you have your original story written, inject the bits of scientiblither at regular intervals and construct a vault in your outhouse to keep the profits.



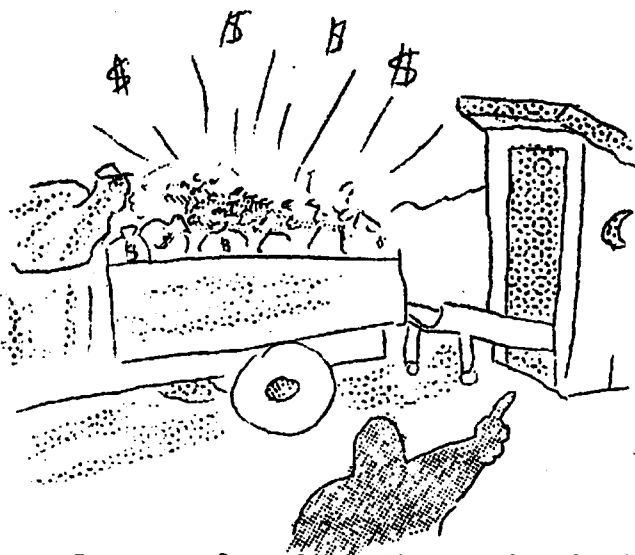
rising from the subterranean depths beneath your bed. For art, you must suffer!

Now let's see, for Page you need... hmmm. It's hard to think of things at three in the morning.

But wait...It isn't three in the morning any more. It's dawn, and greyish-yellow light is pouring in my window.

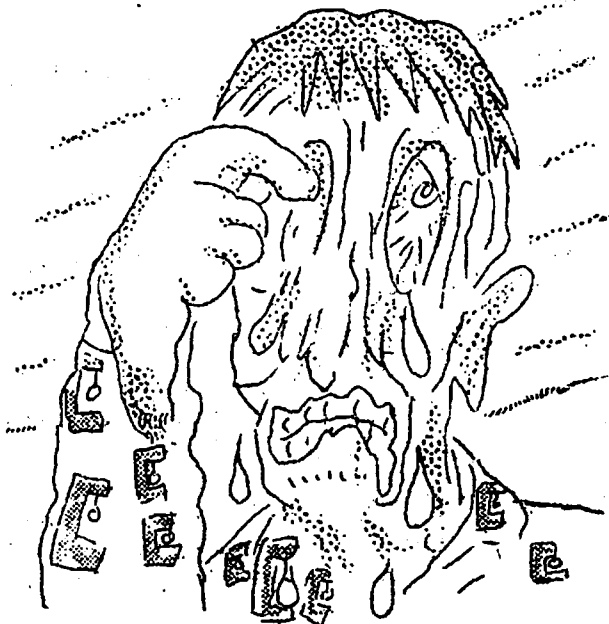
There are footsteps under my window and now (OH NO!) young voices screaming "Get up and play the machine for us! (to the tune of 'Johnny's Got A Girl-Friend'.)"

FEELTHY RICH?



Some people make nasty cracks about George O. Smith, but I say just this; the only thing wrong with G. O. Smith is J. W. Campbell.

But then, if your typically fanish appearance keeps you from being trusted in laboratories, you can always go down in the cellar, or better yet, into the nearest culvert -- and write cave stories for Palmer. If you have no cellar, and culverts are too damp for you, you'll just have to make-do under your bed. Never you mind what your friends say when they hear a weird, unearthly typing sound



Do you remember what fandom was like when all of us were twelve years younger? A lot of us had just returned to the States after militaristic exile in one part or another of the world, and tall tales of combat in Korea or occupation life in Europe were exchanged in fanzines and elsewhere. Ed Cox was back in the States after serving in Korea and Japan; Claude Hall had just completed a tour in Germany, and Art Rapp, who had been to both places at one time or another, felt the urge to needle them a bit. The result appeared in HODGE-PODGE #7, March 1954, one of the leading subzines of the era, published by Sweet Unspoiled Miss Nanshare up in the wilds of Danville, Pennsylvania...

## THE BEST BEERS OF OUR LIVES

Characters: CLAUDIUS (a clean-cut American fighting man, newly returned from foreign shores)  
EDCO (A member of the misplaced generation)

Scene: A bar (where else?)

CLAUDIUS: (Rushes into the room and pounds on the bar, which EDCO is tending)  
A drink! A drink! A drink!

EDCO: (Sourly) Wassamatter, you got hiccups or something?

CLAUDIUS: Shoot the suds to me, bud; I'm parched as a New Mexico desert.

EDCO: (Suspiciously) You a miner?

CLAUDIUS: No, a soldier.

EDCO: (brightening) Ah so! Ohio, Jessan, number huckin' what Division, you speak?

CLAUDIUS: Nichts verstein.

EDCO: (gloomily) Aw, I thought maybe you was in th' war. Did I ever tell you about th' time we relieved Bayonet up on Hill 6377? Well, new-----

CLAUDIUS: (interrupting) The beer! The beer!

EDCO: Oh yeh. Here, have one on the house, Jack. What yuh? Dogface?

CLAUDIUS: I am assigned to the Medical Corps.

EDCO: Pillroller, huh? I remember the time I fell offen a six-by near Pohang-De and th' medics sez my arm is busted. They gimme a APC pill. They starts to leave an' I sez, Hey, is that all the treatment I get fer a busted arm?

So the aidman looks at the meatwagon jockey disgusted-like, an then sez to me, OK, if you want the full treatment, and he gives me two more APC's and a Purple Heart.

CLAUDIUS: Our First Sergeant was in Korea--

EDCO: I ever ketch that topkick of mine, I'll part his scrawny skull with a baseball bat. Can you imagine, he'd make us crawl out under mortar fire to police the gawdam area. What hurt is, I was a corporal. Other outfits, they just made the privates and PFC's police up, but not in ours. Leusy, stripehappy-----

CLAUDIUS: Steady boy, steady! Better have a drink before you blow a gasket.

EDCO: (drawing one) Don't mind if I do. Don't mind if I do. Say, what kind of ship you go to Germany on?

CLAUDIUS: A victory ship. Boy, what a rough trip! Waves come way up on B-deck!

EDCO: You shoulda seen the one I come back across the Pacific on. It was typhoon season, see. We was stuck way down on E-deck and we thought every wave was comin' right through the plates. There was this battalion of Marines topside, see, and all of 'em hanging over the rail half dead before we even got out of sight of Honshu. Well, she got to rolling so they had to change course and head her into the wind, and then we started pitching instead of rolling. Had to close everything topside because the Pacific was coming right down the hatches, and there we wuz, tying ourselves to the bunk rails with our life jackets to keep from being pitched out into the aisle, when in comes this second john and sez, "I need four volunteers to replace seasick KP's--you, you, you, and you!" So I hadda work my tail off in the mess alla way to

Frisco just because I had a stronger stomach than the Marines.

CLAUDIUS: I got drafted in '63---

EDCO: Drafted? Hell, I was RA all the way. Signed up to see the world, and they sure showed it to me. Thunderbird, First Cav, Ozark, I been in 'em all.

CLAUDIUS: Well, I gotta get back to camp before "lights out". Sure enjoyed talking to you and hearing about how well you liked the Army.

EDCO: (in a rage): Liked the Army? Liked the Army? Hell, I never wanna hear of the goddam Army again! Didn't waste enough time fighting that fool war in those stinkin' rice paddies, without having you slick-chinned recruits coming in here every night and jabbering Army, Army, Army? Gid oudda here!

(Claudius leaves. EDCO begins polishing the bar-top. After a moment he begins humming to himself: the tune is "So Long, It's Been Good To Know You.")

\*\*\*CURTAIN\*\*\*

-----  
As long as I've got the HODGE-PODGE file out, I might as well reprint something else from it -- I'm having a terrible time making the material come out even with the stencils, which is why this issue goes on and on...

December 1953:

This is from the 4th issue,

## Science for the

## Home Experimenter

A serious and constructive publication like Hodge-Podge demands serious and constructive articles for its serious and constructive readers. This is the holiday season, too, when all the little geniuses who normally are occupied with reading the latest Galaxy under cover of their fourth-grade geographies are released upon an unsuspecting and defenseless world to make life hell for their families and pets.

Something must be done about this obnoxious situation. Unfortunately the laws against infanticide are a bit severe. However, in a spirit of helpfulness I have assembled a few serious, constructive projects with which you stfen can divert your tiny pointed brains until school starts next January and your parents gratefully boot you out the door.

### Water is incompressible.

Surely every upright, 10<sup>th</sup> NSF fan will agree with that statement of scientific fact. Probably your teacher has taken great pains to beat that fact into your skull. There is only one fascinating sidelight to the matter: that statement isn't true.

Actually, the density of water increases approximately 1 per cent per mile of depth. In other words, if you will borrow daddy's ~~rowboat~~ (pardon, I mean rowboat) (stiffish influence, no doubt) and go out to sea until the water is 11,500 feet deep, and then lower 11,500 feet of pipe into the water vertically, and plug the ends, when you pulled it up again and brought it into shore you would have 11,615 feet of water in the pipe. I am sure you can think of all sorts of jolly uses for 11,615 feet of water in an 11,500-foot pipe, can't you?

## Building a nuclear-powered space ship.

This a scientific way to spend a rainy evening. We will skip the mundane details of building a hull, airlocks, etc. I am sure you can get any necessary information out of any old GOSmith novel in TWS. After all, as aSF keeps informing us, the power plant is the main problem.

Why this should be a problem baffles me. You know, of course, that chemical fuels are impractical because you have to lift so much fuel and it doesn't burn long enough. However, we will use a much simpler scheme. Simply finish off the stern of your space ship with a flat plate of metal. The head of a steel beer barrel will do nicely, and you'll have ever so much fun drinking the beer.

The principle of our engine depends upon Newton's law of action and reaction. You realize, of course, that any radioactive substance is constantly shooting off gammas and alphas and stuff. Naturally, this means that there is a reaction which tends to push the radioactive substance away. Of course, normally it doesn't move because of air resistance and friction, but don't be silly, there isn't any air resistance or friction in space. So if you will just sneak into the nearest AEC laboratory and bug out with a pound or so of radium or plutonium when the gate-keeper's back is turned, all you have to do is paint the stern of your ship with it and you're all set to zip around space like Captain Future (or Captain Vidio, if you're a new fan). And if anyone should ask you how your engine can work in space, "What would it push against?" you can silence them once and for all by replying, "It would push against the ship, naturally."

(To put your space ship into operation, once you have it painted, simply take it out into space where the air resistance and the pull of Earth's gravity are negligible. You'll find that it works like a charm out there. If it doesn't, let me know and I'll make a public apology to you in the next issue of Hodge-Podge.)

## Vibration and Resonance.

Our last experiment involves finding the particular frequency at which resonant vibrations are produced in an object. The materials needed are a set of crystal stemware (the more delicate the better) and a violin. You can probably find the glassware in your own kitchen, if Mother doesn't catch you. The violin? Well, this time of year there are lots of blind musicians playing on street corners. If you can't get a violin away from a blind man, you lack the resourcefulness and ingenuity expected of all serious, constructive fans.

Now that you have your violin and glasses, set the glasses in a row, stand off a few feet, and play gradually shriller and shriller notes on the violin. As you hit the resonant frequency of each glass it will shiver and dance, and eventually splinter into thousands of pieces. You will find both your family and your neighbors highly interested in this esoteric scientific quest, particularly if you have to search quite a while for the proper note to shatter the glasses.

No true stfan can fail to be enthused over such scientific pastimes as this, but in case you aren't -- well, there's always Amazing.

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This has been a For-Once-Let's-Do-More-Than-Minac Issue of SPACEWARP, the zine which will, Roscoe willing, be as large or larger for the April mailing, for reasons best known to myself but perhaps suspected by a few other people.

Published on the HEAISM Mimeo of the Barracks-Bag Press, by Arthur H Rapp,  
310<sup>2</sup> Four Seasons Court, Baltimore, Maryland 21222 (A typer with a defective  
two' key and the PO gives us a ZIP code like THAT: Ghaaaaa) 19