

I HAVE A HUNCH WHATEVER IT IS YOU HAVE IS CATCHING # AN URBANE SOPHISTICATED MALE
FAN CAN LIKE THE BEATLES VERY EASILY, ASSUMING HE'S QUEER # I DON'T RECALL EVER
SURGING IN FANDOM THE FIRST TIME # HER STUFF IS CONSIDERABLY SPICIER THAN LICK-
ENS OR SCOTT # IT SEEMS TO ME THAT A 'BOOKSTORE' IS JUST THE PLACE TO BUY THE
WORKS OF MISS CORELLI # YESTERDAY A CLASS WATCHED ME WALK UP AND DOWN FOR AN
HOUR, QUIETLY FUMING # I NOTICED A MARKED LACK OF PERCENT POETRY

SPACEWARD

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I WRITE NASTY, AND I HAVE FUN DOING IT # OFFSETS WILL BE FURNISHED TO SAPS
MEMBERS UPON REQUEST # RARE PERUVIAN WEEDS IS ONE OF OUR CATCHPHRASES # THAT
SEEMS TO BE A VERY GOOD IDEA, BUT OF COURSE IT WOULD NEVER WORK FOR ME # NOW I
CAN COMPROMISE THOSE IDEALS # HE'S OUT IN THE HALLWAY, SUCKING HIS REED # THE
WIFE, AT FORTY, STARTS TO WITHER # SHE CAME TO GET HER MONEY IN A BRAND-NEW LIN-
COLN # IF SYBIL CAN JUST KEEP WORKING A FEW MORE WEEKS WE'RE HAVING A GARAGE
BUILT # CHEERFULLY CHORTLING WHEN YOUR NAME APPEARED HIGH IN A CATEGORY # I BET-
TER ABSTAIN IN THIS CATEGORY # 'WELL,' THEY SAID, 'YOU COULD TRY -----'
AGAINST MY WILL, WOULD YOU LIKE ME TO LOAN YOU A COUPLE OF NAGGERS? # EVERY
ONCE IN A WHILE I GET A GRAPHIC EXAMPLE OF WHY WOMEN ARE CALLED 'BROADS' # PEOPLE
DON'T GET MARRIED JUST BECAUSE THEY WANT KIDS, YOU KNOW # I WAS SO FEEBLE I WAS
NOT SURE I COULD HAVE THE STRENGTH TO APPRECIATE DIAN AND KATYA AT THE SAME TIME.
IF ELECTED I WILL STAPLE YOUR PAGES TOGETHER # LOTS OF RELIEF AND A FAIR AM-
OUNT OF PLEASURE # THE AUDIENCE IS KINDLY REQUESTED TO REMAIN IN PLACE UNTIL ALL
THOSE IN ACADEMIC ATTITUDE HAVE LEFT THE PAVILLION # EUROPE SUFFERED A PRETTY
TREMENDOUS VINTAGE YEAR # I GET THIS GUILTY FEELING IN BANKS # WHAT KIND OF GRUNT
-BRAINED NONSENSE IS GOING ON WITH YOU CIVILIANS? # THE PLACE IS BUGGED? I NE-
VER DOUBTED IT # RUTH SYMPATHIZED, AND SAID SOMETHING TO THE EFFECT THAT RELIEF
WAS AT HAND # THE ARTIST PAINTS THE WORLD AS HE SEES IT. IF THESE ARTISTS ARE
SELLING IT CORRECTLY, AAAGH! # EITHER THERE IS A SQUIB IN THE PAPER ABOUT HOW THE
NICE TRUCK DRIVER CAME TO A STOP AND FLAGGED DOWN TRAFFIC, OR ELSE THERE IS A
SPLAT ON THE PAVEMENT # IT MANEUVERS LIKE A TURFENTINED JACKRABBIT # WHATEVER
HAPPENED TO THE SHEER BLINDING PLEASURE OF ACTUALLY HOLDING A GIRL CLOSE IN YOUR
ARMS? # THIS ISSUE IS ALTERNATE PAGES OF IVORY AND BITTERSWEET # WE'RE HAPPY
WITH OUR LITTLE ONES, THOUGH # BY THE WAY, MY FIG MISSES YOU # DEADLINES COME
SO OFTEN, AND I'M GOING TO BE SO BUSY # SILVERY RUBBERIZED PLASTIC FABRIC

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I DROPPED OUT OF SCHOOL, REALIZING INTUITIVELY THAT I HAD A COSMIC MIND AND THAT
NOTHING COULD BE TAUGHT ME # YOU DON'T WANT TO PLAY TWO OR THREE NOTES FOREVER,
DO YOU? # I OFTEN ALLOW MYSELF TO GET INVOLVED # HIGH SCHOOL TEACHERS ARE A
LOT, THOUGH, WHICH EXPLAINS MUCH OF OUR WORLD # PRAY FOR DECENT POSTAL
SERVICE! # THE SPARE BEDROOM LOOKS LIKE A RUMMAGE SALE OR SOMETHING JUST AS BAD
I DON'T THINK THAT I NEED ROTSLER ART BADLY ENOUGH TO MOVE TO THE L.A. AREA
ANYBODY IN MY HOME, ESPECIALLY IF ARMEL, SHOULDN'T BE THERE IN THE FIRST PLACE
THERE ARE PLACES WHERE YOU GET SERVED BY GIRLS # EVERY TIME I LOOKED DOWN
THERE WERE THESE TWO LITTLE SHOE-BUTTON EYES STARING UP AT ME # TRY TO FIGURE
OUT WHAT SORT OF NICE THINGS CAN HAPPEN TO YOU IF YOUR PARTNER HAS A FIT # THERE
IS SOMETHING SINISTER ABOUT GUITARS # I THRILLED TO EACH IVAR JORGENSON SPEC-
TACULAR # A MAN WITH SUPERB INSTINCTIVE MOVEMENTS AND A COMPLETE DISREGARD FOR HIS
OWN SAFETY # THAT'S MY SON'S PET DUCK YOU'RE SITTING ON # GIANT 30-FOOT TALL
TEENAGERS TAKE OVER THE WORLD # BEAUTIFUL, BUT NOTORIOUSLY INVESTED WITH VERMIN
YOU SHOULD HANG YOUR HEAD # I COULD GO ON, BUT WHY BOTHER? # (75th Mlg quotes)

I hope Jack Harness learns something useful from his Scientological studies in England (if only how to make a living off the cultists in return for all the time and effort he has invested in study), but if one may judge the ultimate value of this form of mental discipline by its outstanding product, the "clear" who appeared on the Joe Fyne TV interview program a couple of Sundays ago, I am not particularly impressed. When asked a question, the "clear" tended to hem, haw and evade (no doubt making cortico-thalamic pauses like everything, meanwhile). Asked the reasonable question, "How does being a clear make you any better than the rest of humanity?" he replied to the effect that it enabled him to make decisions uninfluenced by personal factors, which is fair enough except that he seemed rather obviously to avoid any claim that these decisions would be superior to those of less enlightened individuals. And when confronted with the need for a decision (Fyne asked him what he would do if he found someone in the act of raping his sister), the clear dithered for awhile and never did come up with any decisive action he would consider appropriate. (He instead tried to avoid the question by stating that it was a hypothetical situation and difficult to assess unless it were occurring in reality). J

Anyone got a solution for THIS one?: As a trubheerfan I of course whenever I happen to think of it, add to my collection of bearbottle labels (a collection that goes back many years, including even Asahi and Kirin labels autographed and sent to me from Sapporo, Japan, by Ed Cox and C. Stewart Metchette when the 1st Cav Div was occupying more salubrious areas than the boondocks of Viet Nam). However, the National Brewing Company of Baltimore has foully sabotaged this harmless hobby: when I attempted to soak the label from one of their draft quart bottles I found to my horror that they are using waterproof glue! Surely there must be some means, some solvent, that will dissolve the glue without mucking up the label in the process. Suggestions, anySAP?

Reasoning that no fannish home should be without one, I bought Nancy an Ouija board. She's afraid to use it.

Due to circumstances somewhat beyond my control, the reconversion of SPACEWARP to a subzine (which, I promised in 1960, would occur in 1967) now seems to be postponed to 1968. You see, all along I've been planning to retire after twenty years of Army service, of which I currently have completed somewhat over 19. However, the Army has sneakily encouraged me to stay in a mite longer, mainly by promoting me to E-7 a couple months ago. If I serve two years in this grade, I retire in it; otherwise I revert to E-6 upon leaving active duty. The retirement pay differential amounts to about \$50 per month -- so wouldn't you?

You may have the notion that teenagers monopolize telephones. Obviously, if so, you have never witnessed trufen monopolizing telephones. Yesterday evening Jack Chalker gave us a call about 8:30 p.m. It was nearly 11:00 when we finally hung up. He pretty well convinced us we'd better get to the BSFS meetings, something we hadn't yet gotten around to doing. (Babysitter problems, mostly)

Due to slight technical difficulties, this issue of SPACEWARP will not contain what I had planned as its principal contribution to Serious Constructive SAPSdom: a continuation of the ActivityChart that Howard DeVore published back in Mlg 40 -- remember? (You old fogeys who are ancient enough to remember Mlg 40, that is) The obstacles are twofold: I thought I had all the necessary mailings on hand, but I find that 54 and 61 are missing (no doubt in my Aunt Rose's garage in Saginaw, a repository of fannish treasure second only to 4sJ's or Rick Sneary's in LA), and secondly, I have not yet managed to solve the technical problem of mimeoing a large chart, as this will almost certainly have to be (or at least, typed sideways on stencils, a procedure which I am familiar with, but which I have a horror of undertaking.) Next issue, if all goes well (and I find the missing mailings when we visit Saginaw in

August. Come to think of it, I've even got a 15-year old jellypan hectograph squirrelled away in there someplace, complete with 15-year-old hecto jelly. Hectofandom shall rise again!

I have been musing upon the significance of the shoulder patch of the US Army Intelligence Command (my current unit). It consists of a blue shield, upon which, in gold, is a sphinx and half a sunburst. (The sunburst is the symbol of the Army Intelligence and Security branch, in case you didn't know.) I don't know what the heraldic experts had in mind when they designed this patch, but to me it seems obvious that the sphinx symbolizes silence, and the sunburst intelligence. Motto: Keep Your Mouth Shut and Nobody Will Know You're a Halfwit. Actually, this is a pleasant and interesting assignment, which I got into by a complicated series of circumstances that you probably wouldn't believe if I related them. I guess I'm managing to hold my own among the trained and skilled professionals, though as I mentioned above, after six weeks here they gave me a promotion, something I hadn't gotten in the past ten years I spent in the Artillery (no slur on the cannoneers, this: promotions all over the Army were pretty scarce in the E-7 grades and up, from the end of the Korean War until the current fracas started hotting up). In fact, the Commendation Ribbon I got in the 558th Arty Bn (Cpl) probably was the deciding factor in earning me this latest boost -- there were three of us E-6's competing for one E-7 allocation, but the other two were sharp YOUNG soldiers, and I have long years of experience under my belt -- or rather, on my shirt pocket. As I remarked to EdCo, that's one reason why they gave us those ribbons full of battle stars in Korea: to impress promotion boards 5 years later.

I notice that Batman equipment is now being discounted at most stores; guess that has become a passing one. Steven, our older boy, was fascinated with the Batman program for a couple of weeks, but since then he couldn't care less. Currently his favorite fare is COMBAT or other WW-II vintage war pictures. Fortunately, he prefers going outside to play in the dirt over TV-watching of any kind.

Mickey Mouse, the younger boy, cannot yet creep or crawl, and usually refuses even to hold his own bottle. On the other hand, he can grab the bars of his playpen, pull himself to his feet, and then walk round and round it. Dr. Spock has nothing to say about such unorthodox development, so I have come to the conclusion that the kid is merely Some Kind of a Nut. He can't talk yet, although he manages to express his sentiments remarkably well with combinations of "Ma", "Bah", and squeals. Especially when, at 0530, he shouts "Ma-ma, bah-bah!" - it is unmistakably baby talk for "Mamma, I want a bottle!" When Steven is misbehaving, and being threatened with dire punishment, it is quite unnerving to note Mickey Mouse studying his older brother intently, apparently storing away in his memory data on just how far a kid can go before parents stop talking and start swatting.

Once upon a time I sent an article to the N3f manuscript bureau, on the topic of Departed Fans. As I recall, the suggestion I made therein was that at the conventions, a plaque should be displayed bearing the names of illustrious fans and those whose reputation in fandom outlives their person. Since that time we have, sadly enough, acquired such famous names as E.E. Smith and Roger P. Graham to add to such a memorial. I STILL think it is a good idea. Sure, it's imitative of mundane organizations, but don't you think it would be fitting to establish a Science Fiction Hall of Fame, with perhaps 10 names initially enshrined by vote of fandom, and a maximum of three added annually thereafter?

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Round-robin serials have been in decline of late, even in SAPS -- mainly because they get started in a burst of enthusiasm, and then every-one neglects to finish them. I know not when it will appear, but SAPS will, one of these days, view a COMPLETED round-robin serial, named

"The Great STF Holocaust" and starring the old favorite of round-robin serial readers in SAPS, John Upperberth, paunchy publisher of Frankly Incredible Tales of Science (or FITS, to fandom). The 11 enthralling installments of this serial were written for, and appeared in, 5x5, the official organ of the Carboniferous Amateur Press Alliance, from the inspired typers of Rick Sneary, Roy Tackett, Ed Cox, Len Moffatt, and myself. Len has sort of volunteered to produce the one-shot publication. (Well, actually he wanted permission from the rest of us to publish it for FAPA, but EdCo and I naturally insisted upon SAPS distribution as well). If you are curious about what happens when the Old Sage turns Worldcon arrangements over to a professional promoter, or what happens when the FBI cracks down on a security leak in supersecret PROJECT SHAFT, or how John Upperberth handles the problem of the 30-Foot Amazons -- well, you better help EdCo and me prod Len Moffatt into getting The Great STF Holocaust published. (I wonder, in what deadletter office reposes the half-completed manuscript of The Great STF Crisis, which was lost in the mails enroute from Bob Tucker to Bob Bloch a handful of years ago?)

I never lose anything trivial in the mail, but boy, I sure make up for it on the things I DO lose -- or rather, that the POD loses. The latest, following the catastrophe of losing the Crisis manuscript, was when I won first place in the NSF Short Story Contest, and my prizewinning story disappeared in the mail enroute to the publisher of the annual collection. I mean, good grief, it's fine to be proclaimed the winner and all that, but what the hell is the use of writing a story that no one but the judges ever got to read? (It was one of the two or three times in 25 years of writing that I neglected to keep a carbon of my manuscript. Go thou and do otherwise, remembering that Someone Else's Experience Is The Best Teacher.)

After reading and TViewing a considerable amount of debate on birth control and population planning, I'd like to advise Dick Eney and anyone else concerned with the problem that the first great misconception to be cleared up in the minds of the uninformed is that if these programs are ever implemented it will have to be by means of a Big Brother autocracy where a government permit is necessary before anyone is allowed to have children. Apparently many of the proponents of population planning either believe this themselves, or haven't given any thought to the countering of such an argument.

Admittedly, if things get to the point where population has to be drastically REDUCED, something like the above might become necessary (at least in the interests of preventing the excess members of the next generation from being born in the first place, rather than having them die of malnutrition afterward). But this is precisely why -- as the population planners should realize -- the population control schemes should be put into effect at least a quarter of a century BEFORE population reaches the crisis point. Because then, when you don't need to reduce the population, but merely to keep it from increasing, it is a simple matter of encouraging people to have no more than two children, which is a reasonable enough limitation. Because there will always be a certain number of people who never do have children, this would not only keep the population from growing, but in the long run would reduce it -- and without the necessity of any Eugenics Boards or other governmental busybodies to decide who should be allowed to have offspring and who is to be denied the privilege.

After all, anyone who intends to promote anything as emotionally-and-religiously controversial as population limitation had better be, first of all, an expert in mass psychology -- and while no expert I, it is obvious to me that the average citizen's first reaction to the idea of population planning is to visualize a eugenically-controlled society in which the elite are allowed to have lots of children, and the average guy is supposed to have none at all. In fact, the standard opening remark, when Q&A sessions on the subject begin, is "Nobody's going to tell ME whether I can have children or

not. and unfortunately the experts usually counter by quoting their statistics all over again to show that some sort of population control is an eventually necessity, rather than pointing out that they don't want to prevent the questioner from having children, they merely want to discourage him from having an excessive number of them.

(Is it necessary to point out that economic sanctions could perhaps be quite influential in this respect? Yet in the present Western world, most economic systems are geared in exactly the opposite direction. Perhaps not quite as obviously as the USSR where medals are given highly productive mothers, but we have income-tax exemptions, Aid to Dependent Children, and many other public assistance programs designed (from very worthy motives) to ease the economic impact of having and raising children.

I'm not saying these things should be eliminated -- once born, a child has a right to the best care that society can give him until he matures enough to assume responsibility for his own fate -- but surely there could and should be built into the legal and economic structure ways of penalizing irresponsible parents. Consider, for example, the problem of fathers who abandon their families. Surely there are technologically feasible means of tracing such men and compelling them to contribute to the support of their dependents. (I suspect that fingerprinting is inadequate to the vast population of today -- true, it serves admirably to verify that the person is or is not the one whose card is in the files -- but I also suspect that a fingerprint classification fed into the computer at the FBI files would turn out a couple hundred cards of people whose prints might match -- and only when the matter is serious enough to justify the time involved is it feasible to compare the unknown prints point by point with the 'possible' cards until a match is found.

(Fingerprinting is also as complicated an art as publishing a hekto fanzine: I would estimate that far less than 50% of the sets of prints routinely submitted to the FBI are clear enough for detailed classification, let alone identification with those in the files on the basis of the prints alone. (You suppose the card has spaces for date and place of birth, name and physical description just to be bureaucratic? I would say it is to narrow the number of possible matches down to a workable few.)

I'm sure John Berry will second my assertion that it is practically impossible to identify the maker of even a complete set of fingerprints (lifted from objects at the scene of a crime, that is, not carefully taken by an expert who usually makes two or three sets and then selects the clearest for submission to the identification agency). That is, the lifted prints are invaluable when you have your suspect, and you want to know whether the unknown print matches his or not. But to find a matching set in a file of several million -- ha!

Of course, there are other possible means of personal identification: that favorite of stfwriters: comparison of the pattern of the retina of your eye, for example. Currently someone is using a mass spectrometer to record what might be called the personal odor of individuals, which he says is never identical from one subject to another. There is also the device which analyzes the sound frequencies of the voice (which has already served as acceptable identification in court cases involving otherwise unidentified voices on the telephone). All of these methods share with fingerprinting the capability of giving, normally, a YES or NO to the question of whether the unidentified print matches or differs from the known print. What they lack (and which fingerprinting has, although to a degree far short of perfection) is a means of coding the patterns so that each is given a unique classification, by means of which a computer can select the most closely matching records in the file, even when the unknown pattern is not as clear or complete as is desired for one made for the purpose of filing it in the archives.

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Of course, this is what Bertillon was after in his original attempts to place identification on a scientific basis. He tried to find enough unchanging points of identification on the human head so that each individual would be uniquely described by his Bertillon measurements.

Of course, the Axis powers during WW II came up with the most consistent and non-ambiguous means of personnel identification. Tattooed armpits, anyone?

Well, here is page six of this sterling SAPSzine, and it only remains to finish up this stencil, then run it off (also IGNATZ, providing Nancy gets her six stencils out in time). This may entail quite unsuspected complications, since we have, at a quick estimate, just about enough mimeo paper on hand to do the job. And the mimeo hasn't been used in 3 1/2 years. That's what we get for waiting until the last possible moment to do our SAPSac ('tis the morning (or rather, afternoon, now) of July 4th. We figure our zines had better get in the mail to Wrai tomorrow, or else the procrastinating POD might not get them to Seattle before the deadline.)

The temperature around these parts has been up over 100° for the past three days; if it were not for the air-conditioning in this apartment, I'm quite sure I'd never have found the energy to stencil even these six pages. We drove up to Danville Saturday morning, and returned Sunday afternoon. It was roughly comparable to a trip thru an annealing oven.

Little Willie, feeling mean,
But insects in the Time Machine
And sent them to the past; they say
That's why the world is bugged today.

Little Willie, somewhat high,
Hung Sister on the line to dry
(No, not by the neck, you bums,
But Sister now has ten-inch thumbs).

Willie, having an off day
Played footsie with the KKK
(It made his Negro friends quite sore;
They called him 'rotten to the CORE')

Nothing like Little Willie verses to fill up space when other inspiration fails, is there?

Which just about concludes this issue of SPACEWARP, or, as Jackie Gleason used to say, and in view of the change in OEship:

A-Wrai we Go,.....!

Arthur H Repp
310 Four Seasons Court
Baltimore, Maryland 21206

(A typer with a defective 'two' key, and the US POD assigns this area a ZIPcode like that! I just proves that fandom and the POD are naturalborn antagonists).

Famous Fanzines All Remind Us
We Can Make Our Zines Sublime,
Yet somehow, what we tend to publish
Has more in common with the Slime.

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