

SPACEWARP 133

Quite logical is Little Willie:
The season has been damp and chilly;
Vast problems prompt response require
(Willie set the house on fire).

Little Willie is a critic
Of theory psychoanalytic;
In Oedipus he claims he sees
Mere sophistry of Sophocles.

Willie easily achieves
Immunity from petty thieves;
His automatic laser beam
Converts them instantly to steam.

Willie notes a vital schism--
Democracy vs. Populism,
And careful verbal judgement passes:
He calls the hoi polloi "Them Masses".

Little Willie's now deprived
Of all the wit on which he thrived;
His brain is warped, his mind is dim;
-- His PC is programming him!

When Will and Baby came inside
Everyone was horrified
(Which would not have surprised you,
maybe,
If you'd seen what he'd done to Baby).

Enlarging Little Willie's culture,
I pointed out to him a vulture;
Said Willie, "You must think I'm stupid;
That's just a North Dakota cupid!

Willie is not sympathetic
To folks with interests athletic:
On the Tree of Wisdom, go his
explanations,
"Sports" are only weird mutations.

Willie saw a pressing need
To save on cost of chickenfeed.
I think his scheme the question begs:
He's feeding them on scrambled eggs!

Says Willie, "A canary bird
Should, like a child, be seen, not
heard."

--Ours is more display than singer
Since Willie ran it thru the wringer.

Some TV aspects Willie vex:
Stupidity, gore, crime and sex.
What program most provokes these views?
(Need you have asked?)

--the evening news.

Just as Little Willie feared,
The neighborhood has disappeared.
(In case you wonder where it all went,
He's found the Universal Solvent).

Little Willie built a toy
Which he displays with pride and joy,
The first one of its kind I've seen:
A working-model guillotine...

A clever young fellow named Timothy,
Proficient at mime and at mimicry,
Performed such imitations
Of my speech and gyrations
That by now I'm unsure which is
him or me.

Little Willie oft deplores
Emphasis on I.Q. scores;
"They can't be valid," he declares,
"Else, why those moron millionaires?"

Little Willie gave a shrug
When asked, was he a "starship bug"?
"That's so far off it makes me sick--
For now, call me a Luna Tick."

SAPS 148 - JUL 84

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*          AAA          AAA          *
*         AAAAA         AAAAA        *
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T I M B E R !

Several mailings back the question was raised of the rationale behind the slightly different paper size used by Leigh Edmonds. I have at last found the detailed explanation I knew was lurking somewhere on my shelves, and shall now proceed to inflict it upon you.

First off, my source, which was originally written in German, claims A4 and the like are called "Din sizes" because they were developed by Deutsche Industrie Normen, which is apparently somewhat equivalent to our Bureau of Standards. (The author adds that in popular speech "Din" is said to stand for "Das ist Norm" -- "This is standardized").

Din sizes range from A0, the largest, to A10, and are determined by three criteria: (a) A0 is 1 square meter in area; (b) The ratio of length to width is $1.414 : 1$; (c) The short side of A0 equals the long side of A1, etc.

The result of all this as Fosk and Jim have probably already noticed, is that all paper sizes in the series are in the same

proportion of width to length, that is, a drawing made on one size of paper can be photographically enlarged or reduced and will exactly fit another size paper in the series.

And finally, using the "4" in A4 as an example, the size number is the exponent to which 2 must be raised to equal the number of sheets of a given size contained in one square meter. $2^4 = 16$ sheets of A4 paper to the square meter. (A0 = 118.9 x 84.1 cm).

Don't you wish you hadn't asked?

Here we are at the height of summer, tho spring has lingered late this year -- just this week I picked the last cherries off the tree next to the house. The sugar-snap trellises are sagging under the weight of the peapods: Yesterday I picked half a peck from just two of the five (Nancy already has a refrigerator half full of them.) The strawberries are done for the year, but the raspberries cover the edge of the woods -- I've picked them once but they need another picking or they'll be overripe and useless. (Unfortunately, a combination of work schedule and bad weather keeps me from getting to market with this bounty: what we don't use ourselves or give away will go to waste -- or feed the chickens or the birds. We've found that friends and relatives will sometimes accept our surplus, but they aren't about to come by and pick it themselves... Oh, yeah, also picked gooseberries yesterday. We have only two small bushes, but I got about a half-gallon of them. Another week or so and the blackberries should start ripening.

Meanwhile the uncultivated strip between the garden and the edge of the woods has six-foot wild daisies and other weeds, including the sumac which is never eradicated, only held in check by constant cutting.

When we get a reasonably cool day (i.e., less than 80° or so) I wade into that jungle with the scythe. Need you wonder why I'm finishing up this issue at the last minute?

Finally got the siding applied to the two porches, caulked and painted, which helps improve appearances around here, tho I still have a few lengths to apply to the side of the house itself -- unfortunately, twenty feet above the ground, and if you have ever tried to hold a strip of masonite weighing 50 lbs or so in position for nailing, meanwhile balancing at the top of a fully-extended extension ladder, you know why THAT project moves slowly.

The Bloomsburg Public Library held its annual surplus-&-donated book sale this weekend. I was there when the doors opened, of course, as were about two dozen other people. One thing that struck me was that not

a single one of the group was under the age of 30 -- in fact, most seemed to be in their 50's or 60's. This reinforces my theory that within a couple more decades the art of reading will become an esoteric accomplishment. Why, we may even live to see the comeback of the village scribe, available to translate print into sound and vice versa for citizens who have to deal with written instead of taped documents.

At any

rate, I emerged from the fray with the following armload:

5 issues of American Heritage, from 1963-64 (They had about 50

more, but my spare cash limited my desire to add to the collection. I've got a couple dozen issues already in the attic).

F&SF for March 84 (I didn't even know it was still being published)

Science, Folklore, And Philosophy Girvets, Geiger, Hantz & Morris
Harper & Row 1966.

Nightshades, the Paradoxical Plants, Heiser, 1969, W.H. Freeman Co.
Botany.

The Unwritten Song Vol. 1, Trask (Ed.) Macmillan, 1967. Anthology of
poetry & songs from pre-literate cultures.

Reincarnation: The Phoenix Fire Mystery, Head & Cranston (Ed.), 1977,

The Julian Press. (Nancy grabbed this, so I haven't even had a
chance to look at it yet).

Total cost: \$4.75. I intended to get back for a more leisurely search of the
tables and cartons, but there were too many other activities demanding my time. You
can't beat library surplus sales for used-book bargains...

The F&SF had an odd story, "In Excelsis" by Paul A. Carter, about the first
woman vice-president. (Immediately after his inauguration the new President launch-
es a pre

emptive nuclear strike). Since I read this on the day Mondale announced his
running mate, its timeliness couldn't be bettered, tho I hope its prophetic accuracy
can be.

The not-poetry on this issue's cover was not composed onstencil, unlike the
previous instance when I used this particular cop- out to avoid having to find (and
trace) some suitable artwork.

Which inspired me to look up "cop-out" in the dict-
ionary, with disappointing results, since Partridge says it is a variant of "cop it
hot": to be scolded, to get into trouble. Tho he adds that in the Boer War "cop out"
meant to die. "Cop out" in the sense of taking the path of least resistance must be
a recent development.

A short (181 pp.) but provocative book I'd recommend to any
reader of SW with an interest in art is Frederic Taubes' Abracadabera and Modern
Art (1963, Dodd, Mead), in which he sneers at practically all modern artists from
Manet to Klee, stating in detail his reasons for so doing, sometimes with wicked
sarcasm (as when he displays two of Franz Kline's paintings on a page with two
done by Congo, a chimpanzee at the London Zoo, or contrastts Hans Hartung's "cal-
ligraphic genius" with a sample of Chinese calligraphy which he presently reveals
spells out the message "How foolish can you get?" His tirade is about equally di-
vided between what he considers inept artists exploiting the gullible public, and
the polysyllabic nonsense written about them by critics who haven't the slightest
notion of what qualities are essential to great art. Fun.

This has been SPACEWARP 133, July 1984, from

ARTHUR H. RAPP
287 Grovania Drive
Bloomsburg, PA 17815

The Gripes of Rapp

Thru darkest Mlg. 147 with synchrotrons sinking and bevatrions bevvin...

SPECTATOR 147: Doublespacing the contents listing makes it easier to read, but will be impractical if more than 21 items have to be listed. (Of course, back in the 400-page bundle days the contents listing often ran over a page, even singlespaced).

A VIEW FROM THE GHOST OF

CHATTACON PAST ... CHATTACON 9 (Lynch):

Jeez, a welcome from the mayor! I recall that at the 6th Worldcon in Toronto (1948) the fans were delighted that by the second

day of the Con someone finally persuaded the hotel to announce the fact on its marquee. (The Worldcon got about a 6-inch writeup in the Sunday paper, under a head reading ZAP! ZAP! ATOMIC RAYS PASSE WITH FIENDS).

THE BELLIGERANT BELIEF, O' CO'SE! (Steel):

After pondering awhile over that first alternate-choice sentence on your cover

I decided there is no such thing as a "well-endowed check" -- obviously it is a misprint, an "e" in place of an "i" in the final word. I'm sure half the authors in the world will agree this is a better reading -- the male half, that is. ## It is probably only a few Phys Ed majors who drag down the reputation of the field, especially those who, in the news for some unrelated reason, are described as having attended such-and-such a college. I always translate that mentally into the probability that the person in question flunked out after one semester. (Actors are more prone than athletes to be described in that fashion.) Political Science majors always struck me as the ones who were trying to get thru college with minimum effort and no concern about remedying their areas of ignorance. ## The problem with activity credit is not deciding how much credit to give a publication, but whether or not to allow it any credit at all. Technically, it should be something published specifically for SAPS and without prior distribution: if that's the standard most SAPS want enforced I'll go along with it, tho personally I feel something like Nelson's booklet or Edmond's subzine is more an asset to the mailings than six pages turned out merely in order to comply with the letter of the rules. Perhaps there will be sufficient comment on the question in this (149th) mailing to guide me

in one direction or the other... ## Women's Lib: There was a great cartoon in the paper a couple weeks ago: One Supreme Court justice is asking another, "How did Justice O'Connor vote on that sex-discrimination case?" and his colleague replies, "I don't remember. We can ask her as soon as she gets back with the coffee." ## I don't think any home canning method (even with a pressure cooker) is really safe for meat, mainly because canning jars are more likely to be imperfectly sealed than tin cans. (Some commercial canneries will, for a fee of course, process and can small batches for individuals, according to what I've read, tho I never heard of any such operation around here). Pickling (like corned beef) or smoking are oldtime ways of preserving some meats, but no doubt freezing is the only reasonably safe home method. ## In 1947 I and an Army buddy hitehhiked around Michigan -- from Saginaw (my hometown) up to Mackinaw City and then down thru Cadillac to Grand Rapids (his hometown). Of course, hitchhiking was more reputable in those days than it is now. It was fun, tho somewhat lonely in what was, 57 years ago, the sparsely settled forest of the northern Lower Peninsula. (My sister moved to Petoskey in the '40's, in the fall: she still claims it wasn't until six months later that she learned the town had sidewalks. Back then, they just plowed a strip down the middle of the street for two lanes of traffic, and that served for pedestrians as well. ## Nostalgia...how about Lum and Abner; Fred Allen, Buck Rogers IN THE TWENTY-FIFTH CEN-TURY!, Walter Winchell and his "Good evening, Mr & Mrs America and all the ships at sea." Candy buttons on strips of paper; Mallo-Cups; Dish Night at the neighborhood movie; Spuds (cigarettes); Cellophane; Bakelite; Li'l Orphan Annie

mugs; Jack Armstrong secret decoder rings; tea dances; Liberty magazine (10¢ a copy, with each piece in it marked with the time required to read it); V for Victory (dah-dah-dah-DAH); blackout curtains; Loose Lips Sink Ships; ration books (red stamps for meat; blue stamps for sugar); zinc pennies; streamlining; The Little Theater Off Times Square; CARE packages; Log Cabin Syrup in the log-cabin shaped can; the Gold Dust Twins; Burma-Shave; 35-mile-per-hour speed limit. This could go on for pages... ## Water pipes: A few years back one of Nancy's sisters and her husband moved into an old farmhouse where the water was piped in from a spring half a mile uphill. The pipe just came out of the cellar wall and went thru the kitchen floor and had a faucet on top. Nancy's brother-in-law wanted to install a new sink but couldn't figure out how to turn off the water. If there was a shutoff on the line, no one knew where it was. We had a regular customer at market who was a retired plumber, and asked him about it, and he said there was a tool that clamps to a pipe and then cuts into it and shuts off the flow, information which we passed on to our relative, but he said he figured he could disconnect the pipe in the cellar and screw a new connection on the end before too much water came out. We made him promise that if he ever got around to actually trying that, he'd let us know so we could be there to see it. (Eventually he thought of going up to the spring and blocking the pipe there, except that when he tried it he found the intake box also held a yellowjacket nest. In the end, they moved out of the old farmhouse before he solved the problem, which I suppose is anticlimactic.)

HOW TO SELF-PROMOTE YOUR BOOK (Nelson): This was highly entertaining as well as instructive, Ray. The advice sounds practical as well as being a fascinating insight into an esoteric subject for us non-author readers. May I ask how you went about publicizing THIS book?

YEZIDEE °O (Crayne): Does that cover drawing date from 1910, or is it a contemporary re-creation of the period style? ## Obviously it's something else entirely, but to me a dendrobium sounds as if it should be some sort of homecrafted instrument on which hillbillies play minor-key folksongs. ## You're right, the originator of the "Bacon wrote Shakespeare's plays" theory was Delia Bacon (1811-1859), who traveled to England with the backing of Ralph Waldo Emerson and got permission to open Shakespeare's tomb in search of proof, but changed her mind at the last minute. See pp.85-87 of The People's Almanac #1 for her biography and pp.384-389 in TPA #2 for details of other theories about the authorship of the plays and poems. ## Exotic drinks: "The Greeks and Romans usually mixed three parts of water with two of wine, and freely blended their wine with other products as well. The addition of ashes and lime neutralized excessive acid and assisted maturing. Porous wine-jars were lined with pitch for the flavour, just as modern Greeks still mix resin with their wine. Honey, the chief sweetener in the absence of sugar, was also added on occasion, and so were goat's milk, almonds, thyme, myrtle-berries, seawater and the dip of a red-hot iron." (Eros in Pompeii, p.58) Pets: We've now got a pair of week-old goslings, hatched by one of our broody hens from eggs I salvaged from the goose's nest after a predator of some kind got her and most of the eggs she was setting. We've got a problem: can't put them outside in a pen because of the cats, and they're rapidly outgrowing the lettuce box they are inhabiting on the porch. Guess I gotta build some kind of coop in the next couple of days. Meanwhile we have six more goose eggs being set by two hens, though we'll be analagued if any hatch, since they were kept in the refrigerator for about two weeks before being put under the hens, which is probably too long for them to be viable. We'll know about the time this SAPS mailing goes out... (Also Patches the calico cat is due to produce kittens pretty soon now; she's ambling around like a fur-covered balloon, purring continuously.)

SPAGHETTI #4 (N.Rapp): Boy, this is the thickest zine you've put out in the last decade or two. Whatever it is infecting all you worn-out jaded oldtime SAPS, it must be contagious...or was this all part of your plot to get Wral and Carol and Harry on the roster? ## What do the Italians call their astronauts? "Specimen". ## Besides daisies and dandelions, our raspberry bushes are

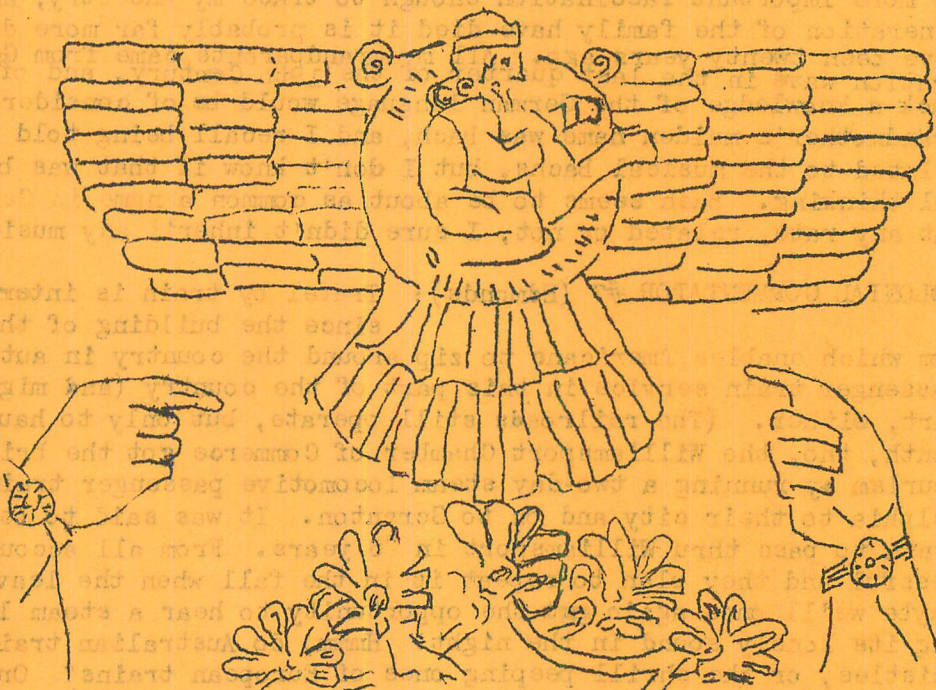
weeds. In fact, when we moved up here we brought some raspberry plants along, and I set them out near the wild ones, and they all died off. Didn't matter, tho: we've got more berries on the wild plants than we ever manage to pick before they spoil. In fact, I just picked about 5 qts this evening from the edges of the thicket, without getting in among the canes at all. (Raspberries sell at market for about \$1.35 a pint -- unfortunately, because of my work schedule and the rainy weather, we probably won't be able to get any in to market this year -- like the strawberries, of which I picked about 50 pints this year before the rain ended the season. We didn't get any of those to market either, just dined on strawberry shortcake until for once we had all we wanted, and gave some away to relatives, and turned the rest into jam. Which reminds me that the sugarsnap peas are ripening by the bushel (about a month later than most years -- it's been a weird spring -- and we already have a peek or so in the refrigerator. I've been busy putting siding on the front and side porches and the garden has hardly been weeded at all this year, but it seems to be doing fine anyway -- except that I have to hunt around in waist-high grass to find the vegetable beds (this is not exaggeration). ## School desks with inkwells: I remember filling them with ink: it used to come in quart bottles with a stopper that had two glass tubes thru it, and you put your thumb over the one tube to control the flow of ink out of the other. That was a more fun job to be picked for than cleaning the blackboards or taking the erasers outside and smacking them together.

VOICE FROM THE PAST #3 (Carr): Now there's a cover that displays violence in media! Fun, tho. ## Feline Update: The other day very pregnant Patches had a unique misadventure. She managed to sneak on to the screened-in front porch and was prowling around it in search of possible suitable spots to have her kittens. I turned my back on her for an instant and she vanished. Alerted by her complaining mew, I finally found her: she'd been invistigating one of the pair of concrete urns we have on the porch. These are about two feet tall and 18" in diameter, but the opening at the top is only 5" across. She'd fallen in, and was unable to get back out. Her head and shoulders came thru, but her swollen midsection was wedged fast. Gently pulling on her forelegs didn't help, and for awhile I thought she might have to have her litter in there before she'd fit thru the opening. But I laid the urn down on its side and after a good deal of scrabbling and squirming she finally got out and stalked off indignantly. I put her off the porch, figuring she could find a suitable spot underneath it, where the cats usually sleep. But that night she managed to get in again (probably when Mike came home), and next morning when I opened the front door I could hear her nonstop purr even before I stepped outside, where I found her behind a folding table that was leaning against the wall, with her new family consisting of four tiger-striped and one all-black kittens. I gave her some rags to lie on and she's apparently well-satisfied with the spot she picked. She didn't even object when I picked up the black kitten and took it into the house to show Nancy. Patches is the only cat I've ever seen who didn't make a fuss about having her newborn kittens handled by humans. (When her mother, Merowly, had her litter under the porch on a cold wet day last winter, I got the job of crawling under there to put them into a box so they could be moved on to the porch where they'd be sheltered from the weather. As fast as I'd put them into the box Merowly would haul them out and carry them back to the others. She accepted the move once it was accomplished, but meanwhile she obviously objected to humans interfering with her babies. Cats is fun...

TIT F'R TAT #2 (W.Austin): Gee, that's a gorgeous cover. Is it hand-colored, or some printing process that I don't recognize? ## Uh, you seem a bit confused on that "ancient wristwatch" matter. It wasn't the Etruscans -- they're the ones with the libation bowls -- but the Mesopotamians: Assyrians, Sumerians, Akkadians, Hittites, etc., who sport the enigmatic wrist decorations. I leafed thru the books that are at hand in an effort to find a suitable illustration, and the best available seems to be the photo on the next page, from p.129 of Edward Chiera's They Wrote on Clay, a detail of a relief portraying the god Ashur. (Unfortunately, this puzzle didn't occur to me long enough ago that I could check out the original sculptures in the British Museum or Baltimore's Walters Art Gallery, which would no doubt have answered my question immediately.) Incidentally, I recall that circular object you illustrate, from some von Daniken-type book. It was found in Italy, as I

goal, but the characters are not those of the Etruscan alphabet. Could it be the prototype of a Little Orphan Annie Decoder Ring? Incidentally, what is current theory on that Greek computer from Ankytheria? I seem to recall a brief mention of it not long back which implied that it was actually a computer, not just a sort of star-locator or dial-your-astrological-sign thing. ## Ah, that's a pertinent illio you have on p.6: "The OE enforces the minimum activity requirement."

One reason for complex bureaucracy showed up at the local township meetings not long ago. Someone was worried that a garbage transfer station might be established in this township and wanted the supervisors to pass a law against it (also adult bookstores). One of the supervisors pointed out that if you legislate against any legitimate business the people who want to establish it can go to court and get the law thrown out as illegal restraint of trade: what you do instead is to



set up a complicated, nitpicking, time-consuming procedure to obtain a zoning variance and make a variance necessary for any business or other activity that anyone happens not to favor. That way you can tie up the application for so long that the businessman will give up and look elsewhere for a site. Which seems to be the reason for many of the township ordinances, they're on the books just in case they're needed to harrass someone who thinks he can defy the township Establishment. (The current supervisors are efficient and impartial, except that when zoning violations come to their attention I notice a tendency for one of the supervisors to offer to contact and discuss the situation with a long-time resident, while in the case of a newcomer or a lower-class resident they'll quickly instruct the township solicitor to write a "cease and desist" letter. I object to this on theoretical grounds, but I'm not sure whether it isn't the most practical one available.

PENNEROSO #3 (Boggs). Some of those "interests" on the Fandom Computer Services list are as baffling to me as to you (tho perhaps they are explainable as categories of merchandise available via mail order). Presumably the speculative (in the mundane sense) fans who store their prozines in plastic bags to keep them lucratively intact would be prespects for specially-made bags (just as someone must buy those cardboard boxes most magazines offer at outrageous prices for the storage of their back issues). "Golden Age" is, I think, 1940's stf, and presumably was followed, a la Rome, by the "Silver Age" of the '50's. (An old time fan is one who remembers when a hero faced with the task of disabling a computer would climb to one of the catwalks behind the panel and short out the busbars. -- was that "With Folded Hands..." I'm thinking of?) I bet most neofen don't even know what a busbar is. ## I tried some "Light" beer the other day (Hamm's). It was so awful I immediately went to the grocery and bought a can of malt extract and some sugar, and our first batch of homebrew in years is presently aging in the cool cellar. We'll know, about the time this mailing goes out, whether I recalled Busby's formula correctly. In Baltimore, about ten years back, we went in for homebrew in a big way: at one time I had nearly 100 quarts mellowing in the utility room. (Incidentally, a utility room with twin laundry tubs is far more convenient as a workplace for beer bottling than a kitchen counter, I found already. Even with the 5-gallon batch I tried this time instead of the 10-gallon batches I used to make.

THE PUZZLE MONKEY #1 (Toskey): I seldom enter contests, except for now and then investing a 20¢ stamp in things like the Publishers Clearing House sweepstakes, etc., or dropping my name in the box for the drawings the local supermarkets hold for turkeys and stuff during the holiday season. I've never won anything... Good luck to you on your competitions, tho! ## I've never had time or more important fascination enough to trace my ancestry, and now that all the older generation of the family have died it is probably far more difficult than it would have been twenty years ago. All my grandparents came from Germany in the big immigration wave in the last quarter of the 19th Century, and of course from there on back a knowledge of the German language would be of considerable help. (My maternal grandmother's maiden name was Bach, and I recall being told as a child that we were related to the musical Bachs, but I don't know if that was based on fact or just wishful thinking. Bach seems to be about as common a name in Germany as Jones in the US. (At any rate, related or not, I sure didn't inherit any musical talent!)

COLONIAL COMMENTATOR #7 (Edmonds): Travel by train is interesting. Unfortunately, since the building of the Interstate highway system which enables Americans to zip around the country in autos, there is NO local passenger train service in this part of the country (and mighty little in any other part, either. (The railroads still operate, but only to haul freight). Just last month, tho, the Williamsport Chamber of Commerce got the bright idea of promoting tourism by running a two-day steam locomotive passenger train excursion from Philadelphia to their city and on to Scranton. It was said to be the first passenger train to pass thru Williamsport in 76 years. From all accounts it was wildly successful and they plan to repeat it in the fall when the leaves are in full color. Maybe we'll once again get the opportunity to hear a steam locomotive whistle wailing its lonely sound in the night! Hmmm, do Australian trains have deep-toned steam whistles, or the shrill peeping ones of European trains? Or, more likely, the ugly klaxon sound of diesel horns? It has been suggested that a high-speed (200 MPH) passenger train be built to run from Philadelphia thru Pittsburgh to Chicago, tho it would involve laying a complete new set of rails with more gradual curves, etc. It just occurred to me that what they ought to do is make it a monorail instead, cutting construction costs in half. Seattle has had a monorail urban rail line operating for a couple of decades now, successfully as far as I know. Must write the newspaper a letter pointing this out to them... ## According to a schedule of planned space shuttle launches I got (unsolicited) in the mail the other day, NASA will send Columbia up from 8-15 Aug 1985 and the payload will include AUSSAT-1, an Australian communications satellite. For such a momentous event, you really should have someone along to observe at close hand. Someone with a BA in history, perhaps...

THE FAN FROM THE TIME MACHINE (Briggs): Some of the first fanzines I received when I became an actifan in 1947 had full-color covers. They were done with either silkscreen or stencil and airbrush. I recall that every fanpublisher complained, in those days, about the incredible expense of having artwork multilithed for covers. ## I think what your article demonstrates is that, as you say, fandom is now entirely too large for "one family" feeling. I wonder if that isn't the reason for the unexpected enthusiasm with which the oldtime fans have shown for joining SAPS in the past year?

COLLECTOR (DeVore): School districts around here want lots more money because they say the high school population is declining and the primary grade population increasing so they gotta remodel all their school buildings. And they want to convert the "open space" buildings they put up when that was the latest educational fad, because by now even the school administrators admit it was a lousy idea to think classes could operate efficiently without walls between them. Overall school enrollment is declining, but you didn't expect that to result in lower costs, did you? ## Saw a notice yesterday about a Clarion workshop which mentioned Terry Carr and Vonda McIntyre. As you can see by SPECTATOR, Terry is on our waitlist; on impulse I dug out Who's Who in SAPS and confirmed my suspicion: Vonda was on the w-l for over a year during the era when the Busbys were OE. (Waitlists moved slowly in them days). When she was finally at the top she decided not to join, tho. Too bad: she was just

another Seattle fan in those days, but now she'd be a distinguished name on our alumni list. (Come to think of it, she wrote some stuff for Buz's Retrominget, I think.)
Has anyone in SAPS ever encountered a manual on typewriter repair? I have checked out several public libraries without success (they have books on piano rebuilding, watch repair, etc., but nothing on typers). We've got two IBM electrics upstairs, one with the E X P A N D control jammed in the expand position so it types everything like, that, with a space between each letter, and the other with something wrong with the pressure control so the keys don't hit hard enough to print. I've torn into them as far as I dared without knowing which screws just hold stuff in place and which are critical adjustments; all I need is some idea of the basic structure of the machine in order to get at where the troubles are. (Once, in Germany, I disassembled a Remington manual, unfastened the wrong screw, and all the keys fell out: it took me a week to put the thing back together...)

THE SIXTH QUARK #3 (Woosley): Periodic extinctions: maybe God's patience is limited and every 26,000,000 years or so he throws a tantrum, kicks his pile of building blocks, and has to start all over? ## Interaction between neurons and external magnetic fields: just the other day I read a passing-mention that existence of human sensitivity to the direction of Earth's magnetic field has been experimentally verified. (Unfortunately, I forget where I read it, and I've looked at a WILD variety of reading matter in recent days, all the way from FATE and ANALOG to nearly-intelligible metaphysical and philosophical books). But it suggests an idea: is there any correlation between shifts in the direction of Earth's magnetic field and the vast population migrations of human history? Maybe we're all hereditary lemmings. ## Thanx for the analysis of the Moon orbit question (which I didn't really expect anyone to take time to solve for me). As a hard-sf lover, what did you think of Grant D. Callin's "Saturn Alia" in the Jul 84 ANALOG? (If you've read the story you'll recognize why the prior sentence reminded me of it). ## Velikovski: Granting for the sake of argument that his cosmological theory has gaping holes to be patched before acceptance, what about his reorganization of Middle Eastern chronology? (Basically, his argument is that the Old Testament has all these accounts of battles between the Isrealites and their neighbors, but the archives of the alleged opponents never mention such wars. Then he postulates a 500-year misreading of the Egyptian dynastic record (upon which all the other mideast chronologies are hung), and proceeds to show that archives unearthed in Mesopotamia contain replies to the correspondence unearthed at Tell-el-Amarna in Egypt). Of course, it takes some specialized expertise to judge whether or not Velikovski's interpretations are correct; it would be interesting to know what the experts have decided.

SAPS PILLAR POLL RESULTS - 1984 (N.Rapp): Your method of ranking tie votes is not only weird, but definitely wrong according to the statistics text I showed you before you drew up this thing. (Obviously, the one known limit on the OE's power is in telling the Pillar Teller how to conduct the Pillar Poll.) ## 9 voters out of 19 members may seem low, but it's about average for past polls, such voting apparently being something every SAPS member intends to get around to RSN and thus misses the deadline. Owell, your efforts were appreciated nonetheless.

WORDS IN THE WIND #4 (Stull): How did the cheese turn out? Nancy makes cheese when a carton of milk goes sour (a seldom happening around here with 3 cats to help empty 'em) but hers doesn't get really firm (I'm not sure whether it's supposed to). More like a block of butter that has been left out of the refrigerator a couple hours in summertime. According to an analysis in the paper a week or so ago, Federal government policy is to support milk prices at a high level because it is considered essential to ensure availability of fresh milk in urban areas and letting the market demand determine the price might cause dairy farmers to cut back production. So the country over-produces, and most of it ends up as dry milk powder, butter and cheese in government storage, which is later given away to the poor or else sold to foreign countries. Current retail price of whole milk here is \$2.00 per gallon. ## Try the library section on antiques to find books picturing

Smiths' hallmarks; with the popularity of antique collecting these days, almost every public library has several volumes on the subject. ### One reason for post WW-III stories is that it's a convenient way to destroy current civilization so the author can reconstruct it to his liking; peaceful change may be just as effective but are probably viewed as unnecessarily complicated by a writer who is only interested in wiping out current culture as a means to an end. ### All thru fanpublishing history there has been an implicit (sometimes explicit) notion that someday all these mimeoed and dittoed and photocopied pages will become grist for the Ph.D. theses of some future researcher into the history of pop culture. As yet, academic research seems to be confined to the prozines, authors and publishers, but when they get around to investigating I'm sure researchers will be delighted at the copious documentation our activities have preserved. Of course, as you remark to Howard, those investigators won't be fans themselves: "It's basically a different orientation." ### Thanx for reporting the success of the popsicle-stick helicopters --- it makes worthwhile the effort to describe them without the aid of diagrams, which I wasn't sure was successful.

2 PAGES #103 (Briggs): It seems this got into SAPS thru a mixup; did one of your issues of ZAP disappear into some other apa? ### Big Business is taking over the seed companies, and it didn't take long for their marketing analysts to realize that hybrid seed has to be bought every season, while open-pollinated seed can be saved for next year's crop. So any of you gardeners who have favorite open-pollinated plants better start saving seed, because they're disappearing from the seed catalogs at a frantic pace. ### Southeast Asia used to be a food-exporting region, until a combination of war and ill-advised attempts by American agricultural experts to promote Western methods of agriculture caused their crop yields to plummet.

COSMIC DEBRIS 23 (Lynch): You mean computers don't solve EVERYTHING? Did your Tech Writing instructor get a chuckle out of your term paper difficulties, or did you keep a stiff upper lip and do no explaining at all? ### Congratulations on the fine academic record, anyway. ### I'm wondering about collecting your music on VCR tapes (which I think is what you're talking about) rather than on audio tape or records. Doesn't that make it difficult to play them as background while you do something else? Maybe you've developed an immunity to the compulsion to stare at the videoscreen all the while it's on...

SPACEWARP 132 (A.Rapp): Noted.

TYPING PRACTICE #0, Series B (Baugh): I'm stoutly resisting the temptation to ask you about that cryptic numbering system, but I don't know if I'll succeed. ### Your remark to Kristi Austin about Addis Abbaba surely qualifies as the most esoteric reference in the mailing. Kristi, don't feel one-upped: probably only about 10% of the membership know the reference here. Back in 1947 when SAPS was founded, Ron Maddox was the first OE. His stepfather landed a job in Heilie Selassie's cabinet, and after distributing the first SAPS mailing Ron departed for Ethiopia and, as far as I am aware, was never heard from again. (With sudden apprehension that I might be putting my foot in mouth, I just hauled out Who's Who In SAPS to check that. The entry for Maddox, I see, -- by Roger Bryant, the publisher -- is "Ml...Jl2(?)((Rapp's writing unclear))." Howcome I get blamed for everything? ### The PLASMA cover-art series started when I was stuck for a cover idea and solved it by folding a sheet of paper with carbonpaper inside and producing a drawing with bilateral symmetry (about 10 years back). The result resembled the shockwave pattern in a rocket engine exhaust so I titled it PLASMA 1. The subsequent titles mark occasions when I used the same technique, tho with different results. ### According to Peoples Almanac, p.954, the 15th edition of the Encyclopedia Britannica contains 42 million words...

Only as an esthetic product can the world be justified to all eternity --although our consciousness of our own significance does scarcely exceed the consciousness... a painted soldier might have of the battle in which he takes part. Thus our whole knowledge of art is at bottom illusory, seeing that as mere knowers we can never be fused with that essential spirit, at the same time creator and spectator, who has prepared the comedy of art for his own edification. --Friedrich Nietzsche, The Birth of Tragedy, Ch.V.

HEARD THERE BE SAPS (Lichtman): Just discovered I'd missed you in following down the list of zines in SENSITATOR, Bob. That's what you get for miniaturizing your publication. ## 4th paragraph of your biography, you call The Farm an "intentional" community. Is that a typo? If not, what does it mean? I'd be interested in hearing what types of activity the community was based on -- agriculture for home consumption, or for sale, arts & crafts, or what? ## How do you discover fandom? That's a question that ought to get a varied assortment of replies from all us fans in your audience. In my case it was, after four or five years of reading the promags, suddenly noticing (in STARTLING) that some guy named Ben Singer right in my own state of Michigan was publishing something called a fanzine, that you could get by sending him 10¢. So I did, and one thing led to another and here I sit with fanzines piled in a rampart all around me waiting to be consolidated into the 148th SAPS Mailing, and Singer has long ago dropped out of fandom. This proves that we are all helpless pawns in the hands of fate...I think. ## Keeping warm in cold weather: We got well into the winter I spent in Korea before the Army got around to replacing our summer-type sleeping bags with the down-filled winter ones. In the interim we learned to enfold our summer-type bags in a GI blanket or two, and then a rubberized poncho as an outer wrapping. It kept us warm when the temperatures went down to -20F or so, the only drawback being that the waterproof layers in the cocoon resulted in preventing evaporation of moisture so that you would wake up in the morning to find everything soaked with sweat. (Which reminds me of the Ethiopian Battalion that was fighting with the UN forces in Korea. They had a fantastic reputation for daring night patrols and according to GI tradition their favorite trick was to infiltrate a North Korean or Chinese bivouac area, find several soldiers sleeping in a group, and cut the throat of the one in the middle without disturbing the others. Their reasoning was that this would do more damage to enemy morale than killing the whole group, and I can well believe it.)

Backtracking to VOICE FROM THE PAST: I just realized that I'd not really commented on your zine before being sidetracked by the cat anecdotes, Gem... Discussions about the nature of God almost always wind up in a semantic morass, because either it's one faith-system against another, in which case there's no objective method for comparing the merits of the two belief-systems; or else it's faith v.s. logic, and those committed to faith deny that logical arguments are valid with respect to matters of faith. I think an argument can be conducted (without degenerating into name-calling or nonsense) on such questions as Does God exist? just as you can argue for or against reincarnation or UFO's or Velikovsky's cosmology, where there is a certain amount of evidence pro and con to be evaluated (of course, the difficulty is agreeing on how much weight to give specific portions of such evidence). But when you compare, say, the Nicean Creed with Arianism or Manicheanism, it's a matter of picking the theory that seems to you most in accord with reality, and if someone else finds a different theory more satisfactory there's really no way for one person to convert the other. It's like arguing about which of two paintings is more beautiful: a subject judgment that does not admit of persuasion. (For example, I find the "watchmaker" argument for the existence of God rather persuasive. If you see a watch you know it must have been made by a skilled watchmaker. Look at the Universe and you know it must have had an infinitely skilled Creator. But most contemporary philosophers dismiss this as futile reasoning which was seemingly reasonable only in the days when science thought it could learn all the secrets of the Universe if only enough facts were accumulated. Heisenberg showed that not ALL the facts can ever be learned; Goedel showed that in any logical system questions can be posed which are unanswerable within that system. So how can I still find the watchmaker argument convincing? By faith, I guess, and as I say, that's not subject to argument... On the other hand, I haven't the slightest interest in persuading anyone else to agree with my viewpoint. He's entitled to cherish whichever one HE finds convincing. ## The trouble with chickens is that their brains are practically all thalamus, very little cortex. As long as they stay calm they are reasonably intelligent, but it takes very little to send them into unreasoning hysterics. My hens are tame enough so that if they get out of the run I can open the gate and herd them back in, except that if one tries to take a shortcut and runs into the wire instead of the open gate it immediately goes into a squawking panic and I have to corner it and grab it to put it back inside.

SKIN GAME

(Continued from SPAGHETTI #4, Mlg 147)

"Do you really think we're safe here?" asked Mike Raub nervously, peering into the dark evening-shadowed corners of the deserted bookstore. "I know that young lady in the skimpy costume promised to guard the back door, and we've got the night watchman taking care of the front entrance, but still..."

"Of course we're safe," Dave Rike answered soothingly. "Look at all those racks of Harlequin Romances and Dell Westerns. Who would ever think of looking for stuff fans in a place like this?"

Raub relaxed a bit. "Say, Dave, it was darn nice of you to come up here to Seattle to guard us," he remarked.

"Only my TruSAPIan duty," murmured Rike modestly.

"Well, I've got a TruSAPIan appetite," grumbled Bill Austin. "We rushed over here in such a hurry we forgot to bring along anything to eat." He looked speculatively at Rike and absentmindedly licked his chops.

"Tosk," said Rike hastily, "Maybe you better ask the night watchman if he'll run over to the restaurant and get us some chow."

"Good idea," hissed Toskey, rising sinuously to his feet. "I could sure go for a hamster on rye. Bill, what would you like?"

"I'm so hungry I could eat a horse -- or maybe a small dinosaur," Austin replied. "But if those aren't available I'll settle for a mousse."

"I'll have a poorboy and a handful of ladyfingers," chimed in Raub. "But will the watchman agree to get the stuff for us?"

"He won't be overjoyed about it," Toskey said, "But I'll put the squeeze on him and I think he'll do it." Tosk glided toward the door, leaving the others to chatter nervously in the gloom.

"It must be troublesome to you, being Bill's invisible Siamese twin," Rike remarked to Raub, who sighed and then answered in tones indicating he'd explained many times before. "Not exactly troublesome, Dave, just complicated. Besides, I'm not always invisible. I fade in and out in inverse ratio to the Moon. At full Moon I'm completely invisible but at new Moon I'm as opaque as anyone else. Besides, invisibility has its compensations."

"What do you mean?"

"Well, for example, at the last DeepSouthCon hardly anyone noticed me the first couple of days, but on the evening of the Masquerade -- a full Moon night, by the way -- I took off all my clothes, swallowed two pounds of Spanish Moss, painted my entire body with vertical and horizontal stripes of gold paint, and won first prize at the Masquerade."

"I don't understand," responded Rike.

"I entered the competition as 'Only A Beard In A Gilded Cage'," Raub told him triumphantly.

"Truly fannish," admired Rike. "But tell me this: How do you manage to pursue a career in Connecticut while Bill lives here in Seattle?"

"Oh, you're thinking of ordinary Siamese twins," Mike replied. "Bill and I aren't connected in exactly that way. Most pairs of Siamese twins share a band of tissue or an organ. In our case, tho, the part we possess in common is our ego."



"That's right," chimed in Bill. "We have only one ego between us. Of course it's a remarkably developed one, but that's true of most fans. And we've worked out a system. Raub uses most of it during his working hours, but I get to monopolize it on evenings and holidays. We seldom run into any problems that way."

"Except that it sure complicates my sex life," murmured Mike.

Suddenly the conversation was interrupted by a tremendous crash and scream of terror from the back door of the bookstore. Rushing to the doorway, the startled stfen were just in time to glimpse a shape of ebony blackness vanishing down the alley. "I'm blind! I'm blind!" it wailed, caroming off trashcans and walls in its frantic flight.

"What was THAT?" gasped Bill.

"Someone who didn't realize I was protecting you guys," explained MUDGAL, gazing at the now-distant-blob of blackness. "I boobytrapped the back entrance with a bucket of mud balanced on top of the door. It's an old Michifan trick."

"And an amazingly effective one," commented Mike.

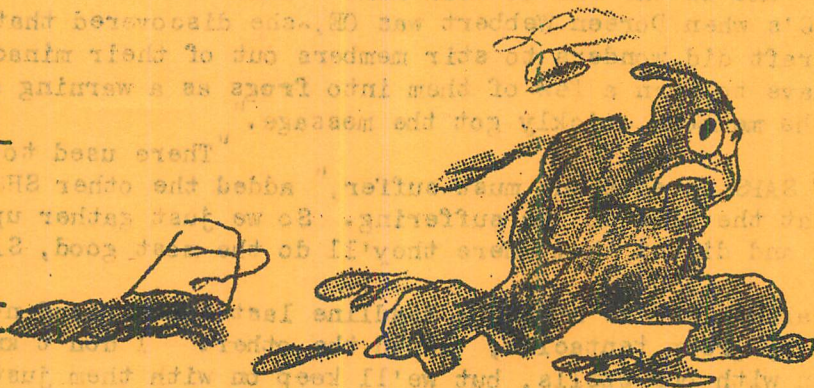
Well," admitted MUDGAL, "To be honest with you, this Seattle mud of yours doesn't come up to Michigan standards in richness and viscosity -- too much rainwater in it, I guess -- so I juiced it up with a bag of mimeodink. Whoever that was never knew what hit him; everything just went black."

"The immediate threat has been averted," hissed Toskey, who had glided up to the huddle of fen, "But this shows that our adversaries know we're here. I suggest we find another and safer hiding place."

"But where would we be safe?" wailed Mike.

"There's only one place," snapped MUDGAL into the sudden silence that followed Mike's question. "You're all coming with me to Berkeley, where Redd can protect you!"

It was a typical fan-nish afternoon at the park-like gardens of Redd's sumptuous domicile, set like an unsuspected emerald in the urban clutter of Berkeley. Little groups of elderfen strolled the flagstone pathways between lush lawns dotted with classical statues, the late afternoon sunbeams glinting alike on the marble beanieblades of the sculpture and the actual rotating props of the guests. While the elderfen earnestly discussed fandom's history, legends and prospects, other groups, these composed of younger fen, lolled on carved marble benches under the arbors while diaphanously-clad, voluptuous femmefen feed them grapes plucked from the vines overhead. (Except, in one dornier of the garden, MUDGAL and a few other liberated femmefen



had arranged to have muscular, bronzed malefence feed grapes to THEM).

"Your hospitality is indeed an example to all of fandom," Bill Austin told Redd Boggs.

"Don't be corny," husked Redd. "Almost all fandom is on your side: all the signs point that way," he indicated.

"But we can't run away from DeVore forever," Bill said. "Incidentally, who is that dhubby fellow sitting over there? The one in black. Somehow, he looks familiar."

"Oh, just some fan," said Redd airily. "I've seen that fellow somewhere," insisted Bill. Redd shrugged, biting a Ping Bar. "So many fans show up around here it's enough to make one's head spin," he remarked dizzily. "But I'll have MUDGAL chick him out, in the interests of security," he said guardedly.

inconspicuously to MUDGAL, who presently strolled over to him and the two engaged in a brief conversation. Redd and his group then resumed their peripatetic conversation, while MUDGAL approached the strange, dark fan...

"Eye of newt and toe of FAP,

"Finger of a newSAP,"

chanting the SHMOOS, stirring the bubbling cauldron with an old mimeocrank kept handy for the purpose.

"Fire burn and cauldron bubble:
Lazy SAPS get mucho trouble!"

"Gosh, you, er, people have quite an elaborate ritual to mark the approach of the deadline," commented Beanscoper Ray from his hearthside seat, the flickering illumination of the flames creating a truly fantastic effect on his garishly-multicolored countenance.

"It's traditional," one of the SHMOOS told him. "Back

in the '70's when Doreen Webbert was OE, she discovered that a judicious application of witchcraft did wonders to stir members out of their minac lethargy. Of course, she DID have to turn a few of them into frogs as a warning and example first, but the rest of the members quickly got the message."

"There used to be a saying that for the ego-boo of SAPS De-ship one must suffer," added the other SHMOOS. "But we figure it's better that the VP's do the suffering. So we just gather up whatever occult forces are handy and direct them where they'll do the most good, SAPSbundle-enhancementwise."

"I hear one member missed a deadline last quarter and now seems to be growing a set of warty green tentacles," added the other. "I don't know if there is really a connection with our spells, but we'll keep on with them just to be on the safe side."

"Well, I hope they work better for SAPS than the one you used on me," pouted Ray. "It was bad enough being coated with mimeocink, but having your spell turn it into irritable heetocink is worse yet."

"Sorry about that," replied the SHMOOS. "We haven't had to exercise mimeocink for years, and I guess I just grabbed the wrong grimore."



Cheer up -- if you scrub three times a day with Lava Soap it shouldn't take more than six months or so to get rid of. The important thing is to get this potion brewed and then for you to see that Howard drinks it."



"Gee, I feel like a heel, doublecrossing ole Oxheart this way: but then, I felt even more like a heel when MUDGAL sat down with me in Boggs' garden and explained how unfannish it was for me to be hunting those Seattle were-creatures just because DeVore wanted to make a profit for the NWFF. It was the first time in years I remembered the old, noble Michifan ideals I had when I was a neo."

"You can take the fan out of Michifandom, but you can't take Michifandom out of the fan," chorled the SHMOOS, ladling a few drops of the liquid from the cauldron onto a slab of Space Shuttle ablation shielding, where it seethed and bubbled as it quickly ate a hole thru the material.

"Just about ready," said the SHMOOS. Reaching into a cluttered cupboard he extracted a gleaming cylinder and showed it to Nelson, who gasped in awe.

"An authentic green-glass Mason jar with glass lid and wire hold-down," he exclaimed. "I didn't know any of those were still in existence!"

"Scarcer than hen's teeth," remarked the SHMOOS. "In fact, we used this one for years to store the supply of hen's teeth we keep for incantation purposes. But the welfare of fandom is more important, and this is essential for what you have to do. Now listen carefully...."

* * * * *

"It worked like a charm," Ray told the group of fans gathered around him in Boggs' garden. "Just as the SHMOOS predicted, when I showed DeVore that Mason jar of liquid and told him, truthfully, I'd gotten it from friends in the Appalachian hills, he never suspected it would be anything but moonshine."

"What WAS it?" gasped Raub.

"Well, since we couldn't find any authentic moonshine -- those damn Michael Jackson commercials have corrupted the drinking habits of the whole nation -- we had to use calvados instead. But if you've ever drunk that you know it's a pretty close substitute. And besides whatever the SHMOOS put into it, I topped it off with a hefty slug of the phlogiston I've been carrying around in my shoulder flask. I gave the rest of THAT to the SHMOOS in exchange for their help, incidentally -- they say phlogiston is almost as hard to find as hektoink these days. And then I dropped in that little pebble you provided, Redd."

"Something I got from a wartime buddy in Switzerland," yodeled Boggs. "It was left to him by his mother in Germany," he muttered, "who was a witch."

"At any rate," continued Ray, "When Howard took a gulp of the mixture I expected him at least to go into convulsions, but he just smiled happily while flame and smoke curled out of his ears, and said something about having not tasted such authentic mountain dew since he left the farm. Then he shuddered all over and started talking strangely."



"What did he say?" asked Toskey.

"Cogito, ergo flabellum." (That means, I think therefore I fan, explained Redd parenthetically). Then he began jabbering about logical positivism and categorical imperatives and a lot of stuff like that.

"Aha!"

cried Toskey. "Obviously that pebble Redd gave you was a bit of the Philosopher's Stone!"

"Whatever it was, it changed his whole attitude," Nelson replied. "He said brufannish camaraderie was more important than filthy lucre, sometimes at least, and knocked 10% off the prices of all the duplicating equipment in his stock. And then he said the NFFF ought to be a fan organization instead of a fur factory, and he would set out to reform it."

"That should keep him busy for awhile," said Austin.

"Yeah," Ray answered. "Last I heard he was appointing committees and department heads right and left."

"But now that the menace to our existence is ended, what are we going to do?" asked Toskey. "There must be some way we could employ our unique talents for some useful purpose."

"Gentlemen, I believe your problem is solved," chimed in MUDGAL, now back in her normal identity as Suzi Stefl. "I have just received this notice from the Peace Corps, which is looking for volunteers for a new group they're preparing for work in a foreign land."

"Where?" asked several of the were-creatures breathlessly.

"Where else?" cried MUDGAL triumphantly --
"TRANSYLVANIA!"

THE END