

SPACE WARP

BY

PROXY

SAPS 18

FROM KOREA

Kapyong, S. Korea
10 November 1951

The awesome (note, Mister Printer: "awesome not "awful") 17th Mlg arrove at this outpost of western civilization on 9 November, having been mailed 30 October which is not at all bad considering that my address had changed so that the bundle needed directory service at APO 613 and forwarding to APO 248 to reach me.

FIRST IMPRESSIONS

This is being written in spite of distractions, though not the kind you imagine. The principal one at the moment is a large bowl of popcorn banging away on the oil-drum stove. Directly under the sagging canvas cot upon which I sit scribbling in pen-and-ink is a box containing FIVE-COUNT 'EM-FIVE precious cans of Budweiser, and I have just polished off a canteen cup of Nescafe, burning my fingers on the gawdam handle in the process, and munching a few hot roast chesnuts. (Our CP happens to be currently dispersed in a chesnut grove). Tonight we got Indian Summer weather and a full moon, and according to the Stars & Stripes there is 14 inches of snow in Saginaw, Michigan.

These, they tell me, are the horrors of war.

Speaking of horrors, there is one: Among the mags distributed to us courtesy of the U.S. Army is usually Amz.

Where was I? Oh, yes, the 17th SAPS Mlg. I spent all yesterday evening perusing same, a procedure facilitated by having to pull CQ in the CG's office with nothing to do but sit there and read.

Either distance makes the heart grow fonder or I am suffering illusions, but this Mlg seems the best I've read, bar none. Practically every legible item was fascinating; even those I couldn't read looked as if they might be interesting if decipherable.

Detailed comments elsewhere, I hope.

Dashed lines indicate the end of one evening's scribbles. Forgot to date the other instalments, but the whole commentary occupies the period between 10 and 30 November.

SPECTATOR

In general, I note approvingly that we're up to strength and have one of those fapish things, a waiting list. Also that the preceding quarter's financial transactions ended up with a net decline of 6%.

Hey hey, just realized that, sitting here saying nice things about SAPS is the prexy of FAPA. What ghastly heresy. Fans spinning in their graves like demented mimeo rollers and all that sort of thing.

Although a comparison of the rosters of SAPS 17 and FAPA 57 reveals twenty-one people holding dual memberships, a hasty check of the contents listings in the same ~~two~~ OO's reveals only two zines which are in both. See what forcefully-expressed public opinion can accomplish? And one of those was Lee Jacob's declaration of independence, which affected both organizations. Tsk, Mart, You're bucking a trend.

"He buckled on his trend and galloped madly off in all directions."

NOTE TO MR. ENEY

Much as we appreciate your efforts to extend the territorial boundaries of our noble state, we must ask that you retract the statement, after Rich Elsberry's name on the waiting list, that Minneapolis is a city in Michigan. I realize, contrary to the opinions expressed by a certain fannish citizen thereof, Minneapolis is an obscure village of whos whereabouts the majority of U.S. citizenry is not only vague, but doesn't even give a damn, but we refuse to give the place house room in our fair state. It can't even scrape up a good football team! And the winter there is too icy!

SPECTATOR (CONT'D):

One of Mr. Eney's rules, echoed by Mr. Coslet(t), also intrigues me: "Items distributed in the immediately following FAPA mailing get half credit." The implications of this are staggering.

No longer van the OO of SAPS be considered an infallible guide, and the OE a flawless dictator whose pronouncements are final. Everything said about page credits in the OO must hereafter be regarded as tentative, liable to be overthrown at the whim of some lowly SAP who decided on the spur of the moment, after the SAPS mlg has appeared, to ship his excess copies off to FAPA.

Wha' gonna hopen? Will each issue of the SPECTATOR contain a department amending the statistics of the previous issue (a la FAPA's revision of totals to include postmailings)? Will lowly SAPs hoard their excess copies an extra three months and then dump them in FAPA? Will even lowlier FAPs hoard their extra copies for two years and then dump them in SAPS? Who knows? Who cares?

Only one of Coswal's pronouncements raises a howl of outraged indignation from me: his decision not to print the addresses of members in the OO. Tsk, Coswal, you should know that rosters of Spectator and Fantasy Amateur are the two chief sources for locating a fans address in a hurry (who, not belonging to one or both, can call himself a fan?) or to keep posted on the changes of residence which occur so frequently amongst our migratory colleagues. (Look who's talking!) True, the information is duplicated in the mailing since most publishers put their address on their zines, but who wants to thumb through the whole stack to find a certain person's zine, then through the whole zine to locate the place where the publisher has artfully concealed his masthead?

YGGDRASIL:

See the above for the only obvious remarks that come to mind, tho I will say that your mailing comments this time are the most readable you've ever turned out, perhaps because they were intelligible without having to refer to the zine being discussed. Keep it up!

HURKLE:

Do you deliberately tuck the names of your contributors at the end of their pieces, Redd, so that the contribution may be judged on its merits?

OPERATION CRAZYQUILT:

Gordon L. Black, have we ever met? I doubt it, tho mayhap we have been introduced at some frenetic Motor City fangathering. I have been out of touch with Detroit fanactivity of late. Permit me to remark that you sound in print like George Young is in real life. That is supposed to be a compliment. By the way, anyone know what happened to George after he disappeared into the maw of the induction center?

Anyhow, I got hearty chuckles out of your mimeosupply adventures. Let us hope you contribute frequently to future mailings, if your penchant for getting into these hilarious predicaments continues.

FIE ON FOOLISH CONSISTENCY DEPT.:

"It's not that I have no interest in SAPS... But in exactly 11 days I am quitting my job in order to devote more of the fourth dimension to putting myself through two shhools without failing any courses. Whatever time I have left will probably be devoted to women, sleep, and fandom."

----Apology for lack of activity in OPERATION CRAZYQUILT.

"I am seiously thinking of taking a plunge into the cesspool of subzine publishing."

---- Same mag, same page, several paragraphs later.

"Say a few words in Canadian for us, Steve."

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT:

A beautiful collection of fannish scandal. Just the thing to scare off a neophyte with. Did you plan it for the purpose? First comes the documentary evidence proving no sane person would be caught dead in fandom; then an analysis of the various nuts in the fruitcake; then, fiendishly clever--- at the end a glimpse of the glory which may be a fan's, if only he happens to be at the meeting when the LIFE correspondent calls! Result: Schizophrenia at the very least.

"Alger, Michigan's answer to Boggs."

SUN SHINE:

Everything you say about Korea is true, m'lad, except for the fact, which you fail to mention, that, unlike the rest of the world, most of Korea is vertical. Until someone invents a gravity-refractor, expanding the acreage beyond the already incredible number of rice paddies is somewhat impractical.

"But you will admit, at least, that Sutton is a HIGH-TYPE burglar."

"But it MUST be a Dianetics group; they meet in an auditorium!"

SUN SHINE

Hah, just remembered I've already commented on this someplace or other. Anyway, just wanted to say that I enjoyed every syllable of it, and to pass along a bit of wisdom to all jr's letter-writers; The first hitch is the hardest. As they also say in Reno.

SPY-RAY:

Enjoyed this immensely although, unfortunately, the lone comment I can think of at the moment is inspired by "I don't think a new group will gather around Coswal... he's too colorless." And that is an interlineation;

"The prettiest of the Coswal are blue."

Continuing the comment on Spy Ray (which is what I meant about the interlineation being /typographically/unfortunate), if you want to read a bit of Redd's writing which is "Lovecraftian in its perfection of prose" I recommend a thumbing-thru of your Warp file to find "Lost in Lovecraft Land." About Jan. or Feb. '50, as I recall.

POETRY DEPT. (G.I. DIVISION):

It might be well to explain to ex-GI's that the MOS system was revised a year or so back, giving the Company Clerk the new MOS of 4405; if you have never been in the Army, be informed that MOS is Military Occupational Specialty. A lot of good knowing that does you!

When the Colonel wants the Captain
Or the Captain wants a leave
Or someone's drunk wit' power
Of the chevrons on his sleeve,

When the sickbook's slightly snafued
And the M/R looks like hell,
When the KP list is missing
And the CQ's s.o.l.,

When there is an angry buzzing
In the Army's crowded hive,
Who is sure to get a reaming?
Why the poor 4405.

When the hell comes down from topside
And the sergeant has the buck,
Well, he has to pass it somewhere
So his clerk is out of luck;

And likewise when the detail men
Set out to do their griping
They bitch, not to the Sergeant,
But to he who does the typing.

MORAL: Were griefs ground for promotion
 The men who pound the keys
 Would all be chicken colonels
 Instead of pfc's!

ODE UPON AN ADDITION TO THE MEMBERSHIP:

Spring to the ramparts! Put bait in the traps!
With quaking awaken-- here's Alpaugh in SAPS!

We've lost Froeder and Maddox, Sneary and Moffat,
Now Ghod has returned-- alas, minus his Prophet!

How long at his typer, hunt-pecking and humming
Did the Sommerville Sage ponder His Second Coming?

We smile at his digs and laugh at his uproarities
But wince as we think of the postal authorities.

'Tis certain fan legends will now arise pronto;
Remember the effigy hung at Toronto?

You know what this is we've had dumped in our laps?
It's a new-arrived era, Second Childhood for SAPS!

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

And so, having made such desultory comments as were inspired by a shuffle-thru of the mailing, leave us consign this to the APO in hopes that it will be in time for Mlg. 18.

ZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZZ

This being SPACEWARP #45, or Volume Proxy, Number 2, the world's first Korean fanzine.

Writ by;

Sgt. Arthur H. Rapp RA36886935
Headquarters 2d Infantry Div.
(CG Section)
APO 248 c/o Postmaster
San Francisco, Calif.

Stenciled and run off on the
AHMF\$3.75 mimeo by;

Martin E. Alger
118 N. Center St.
Royal Oak, Mich.