

SPACE WARP.

BY

PROXY

FROM PETOSKEY

SAPS mlg 21

Written and stenciled by Art Rapp

Published by Martin Alger

Combined with

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT

H O M E C O M I N G

"But why dissolve the MSFS just because all the members are inactive? Wasn't it always that way?" -----

I can see now that my first big mistake was in letting the MSFS know I was back from Korea, but after all, it was while the Chicon was in progress that I landed at Camp Stoneman and there was this telegraph office right across from the barracks, and who could resist it? First off, I was handicapped because I didn't know who was active in Detroit fandom these days. I knew Alger was, but had he gotten to Chicago for the con? I couldn't be certain, so I made my second big mistake. I addressed the telegram to the one Michifan I knew would be at the Morrison Hotel -- Mr Benjamin Singer. My message said something like "CONGRATULATIONS AND BEST WISHES TO ASSEMBLED FANDOM ON THIS HISTORIC OCCASION" or something equally fuggheaded, but since it was a night letter and I could send several more words at the same rate, I added: "WILL BE IN DETROIT ON FURLOUGH IN ABOUT A WEEK, SOON AS I GET THROUGH CUSTER."

So I crossed the country and finally reached Fort Custer. No sooner do I get there than they call me to the Orderly Room. "Long distance phone call" a bored Pfc says, tossing me a telephone. I put the thing to my ear and found myself eavesdropping on a violent argument. A youthful male voice was trying to convince a somewhat bewildered telephone operator that a call to a serviceman should get a lower rate. "It's unpatriotic not to do it," he said, "I'm a newspaper editor and I'm going to expose the Michigan Bell Telephone Company in my next editorial."

"I'll ring your party again," said the operator.

"Hello, Ben?" I said, realizing that it could be no one else.

"Talk louder, Art," he told me. "Nancy wants to hear, too. Great convenience, these bedside telephones."

After the usual bit of conversation on how it felt to be back in the states and was it true what they said about Oriental women, Ben revealed the purpose of the call. "Hal Shapiro's in town" he said, "And we're going to have a big meeting to show you the MSFS isn't dissolved like that bastard Alger claims."

"Where and when?" I wanted to know. "When can you get here?" he asked.

"I'll get out of here Friday afternoon," I said. "Don't know the bus schedules but it will be the first one from here to there after that."

"Fine," he said. "We'll meet you at the bus terminal." He added that after I hung up he was going to get the operator and tell her he hadn't been able to hear me so he shouldn't be charged for the call. "If it doesn't work it doesn't matter, though," he added,



"I told them my name was Moskowitz." Time until Friday passed uneventfully except, having learned from Ben that Alger was still up at Mackinaw City, I dropped him a card in which I mentioned the Detroit plans. I didn't suspect the situation currently existing in Michifandom.

"Could the reason Hal opposes dissolving the MSFS be that he sold memberships to 250 neofen at five bucks each, and he's afraid they'll demand their money back?"

Well, Friday came, and with a vast and heavy dufflebag I landed in Detroit about 5 p.m. Who was there to meet me? Singer? Kuss? Moore? Shaapiro? Hosts of neofen with MSFS banners waving above their beanies? Nope.

Just Alger.

Martin and I both spoke at once. "Where are the other fans?" "Don't you know?" "No, don't YOU know?"

"Here I am!"

yelled a youthful voice behind us. It was, of course, Eugene Seger. Martin and I looked at each other in dismay. It was inconceivable, even in the gutter depths of Michifandom, that anyone would encourage the self-proclaimed Genius of Pontiac to attend a fan affair.

"How did

you get here?" we asked him. "

"I'm always here!" he told us, and after getting us to promise that we wouldn't give away his secrets, confided that he was single-handedly engaged in protecting Detroit against the evil machinations of the deroes. Seems deroes are prosperous these days and move from place to place by bus, disguised as ordinary travelers. So Seger has appointed himself dero-spotter and spends from 16 to 20 hours per day checking the Detroit bus terminal, noticing which buses the deroes arrive and depart on. Then he goes home and sticks pins in a map of the US, to see if he can discover a pattern to their movement. He suspects they are plotting to take over the River Rouge auto plant.

"Well, so long," we told him. "We don't want to keep you from your work."

"Oh no you don't!" screamed Seger. "You're going to a fan meeting somewhere. You think you're fooling me, don't you?"

We told him we wouldn't think of such a thing. Luckily we'd already put my baggage in the back of Mart's car, so when we pointed out to Seger that a bus from Cincinnati was just unloading at the other end of the terminal, and was sure to be loaded with deroes, it was a simple matter to leap into Alger's Packard and roar out into Detroit traffic.

There was only one catch: Seems Seger had a car, too. We discovered that when he whirled around, yelled something obscene at us, and then sprinted to the curb and leaped into a lurid and rattletrap '26 Studebaker, minus fenders and lights but plastered with stickers from Mammoth Cave and other points of Shaverian interest. It had a

home-applied yellow paint job, with slogans painted on in black, such as "SHAVER SPEAKS TRUTH!" and "BEWARE, DEROES WATCH YOU!"

"We gotta

ditch that guy," I said to Mart, who agreed thoroughly. He stepped on the gas and we started a wild ride through the traffic of downtown Detroit.



We tried the usual tricks to get rid of him first, cutting thru intersections just as the light turned red, making right turns from the left lane in the hope he would get boxed in, and zooming up alleys and thru parkinglots in the hope it would confuse him.

Soon we got into the outskirts of the city and stepped up the speed, but always we could see the black-and-yellow jalopy behind us. We were somewhat handicapped because Mart was using a reasonable regard for traffic rules and the lives of pedestrians, but Seger didn't seem bothered by such trivia.

Eventually we heard a siren behind us somewhere and began to wonder if this was going to be worth all the trouble, especially since we were taking the corners as fast as we safely could, but Seger gained a little on each one by driving up over the sidewalk and across lawns. Once, where a lawn had been newly seeded, we thought he'd outsmarted himself, because his crate sank almost to the hubs in the soft dirt, but he gunned the motor and spun his wheels a few times and managed to plow his way to the pavement again. But that time the police car almost got him.

Both Seger and we began to gain on the luckless police; after all, they were just paid to police the city, they wouldn't take the risks that a fan does. And finally, with a neat bit of luck (undoubtedly provided by Roscoe) we left Seger entirely. We zipped across a grade crossing with squealing tires in a spray of gravel, missing by inches getting our back bumper clipped by a long freight, and heard a satisfying squeal of brakes on the other side, followed by the dying wail of the siren. Mart stopped the Packard, and as the freight slowed and stopped (still blocking the road) we could hear Seger's indignant wail: "You can't stop me! I've got to get to a meeting of nuclear scientists to explain my new mesonic theory to them. It's vital!"

BUT OFFICER! THERE ARE
DEROS IN THAT
CAR!



The cops apparently said something in reply, because then Seger shouted, "But it's vital to the defense of the nation! I've got to tell them about the unstable effect of plutonic isotopes on the fabric of the Universe!"

"All right bud," we heard the cop saying. "You just come along quiet with us now and nobody's going to get hurt. Think we better get the FBI to check on this atomic stuff he's talking about, Joe?"

"Dissolving the MSFS will ruin me, -- I listed it as co-signer when I financed my new auto!"

"That's enough for me," said Alger. "Let's get out of here before those trains start up. Where do you think the fans are?"

We conferred and then decided Howard Devore would be our best bet, since unlike most Detroiters, he is reasonably sane. Mart drove across town and finally parked on a street in a neighborhood business district. "Does Devore live here now?" I asked.

"No," said Mart, "but he's got a system for keeping fans out of his hair. You have to stop at this corner drugstore and phone him, and if you're one of the few who can act like a normal person, he'll come down here and get you."

"Fine

system," I said. "It should be universal in fandom."

"The MSFS performs a valuable community service by keeping juvenile delinquents and psychopaths off the streets."

Howard was glad to see us, but unfortunately knew nothing about any fan meeting. This was not surprising, I learned, because Shapiro accuses him of being the sinister mastermind behind Alger's actions in dissolving the club.

We figured the most likely place to find the fen would be at the Furcsik's. George and Edith Furcsik are no longer fen but Edith could never resist throwing a party, even for her worst enemies. So we all piled into the car again. Our way over there led past the Michigan Central Railroad station, and on a sudden hunch we stopped to case the joint. Sure enough, there was a young fan whom Devore introduced to me as Gordon H Black, of SAPS fame. Black clutched a smudged postcard from Shapiro which was his reason for being there. From as much of it as we could read we deduced that somewhere between Singer's talk with me and Shapiro's mimeoing of the cards, there had been confusion. The time of arrival was not specified, nor was the place identified beyond the words "at the depot," which Black had taken to mean the MCRR station. This is typical DSFL-MSFS efficiency, and accounts for the telepathy which all true Michifens have had to develop.

It would have helped, too, if Hal had put 2¢ postage on the cards.

Well, there were four of us now, almost enough for our own meeting, but we decided to go to the Furcsik's anyhow. And sure enough, we found a sizable segment of Detroit fandom there, including George and Edith, plus Ben Singer and Nancy (of course).

It was about eight p.m. by now, and they all looked as if they had been guzzling gin since noon but that might not be true, since they look pretty much that way all the time. Shapiro was conspicuous by his absence.

"Where's Hal?" I asked, since after all he was rumored to be the moving spirit of Detroit fandom since the MSFS is finished.

"Poor Hal," Edith told me. "He was looking forward to this party, and now it's all spoiled for him."

"What do you mean?"

"Why, just a little while ago he got a phone call from Alice Douglas. Seems the Vice Squad picked the poor girl up again, and Hal is down at the police station now, trying to raise her bail."

"That's what happens when guys like you discontinue the fan-clubs!" George Furcsik shouted at Martin. "We could have used the treasury money to get her out of this jam."

To sort of smooth things over I asked Edith where Norm Kossuth was.

"Haven't you heard?" she asked. "He's in bed with nervous prostration. The bad news almost gave the poor boy a nervous breakdown."

"I was host at an MSFS meeting once, and thought it was a very interesting experience. And the house was about due to be redecorated, anyhow."

"What bad news is that?"

Silently she handed me a copy of the Detroit News and pointed out the item to me:

Draft 16,703 Mental 4-F's for Service

WASHINGTON (UP)-- Selective Service officials said today that more than 33,891 mental 4-F's have been re-examined and reclassified 1-A since January. Of that number 16,703 already have been drafted. Officials said the remainder should be in the armed forces in "a relatively short time."

"Mighcd," said Devore. "This will wipe out fandom!"

"Still boosting the good old CIO?" I remarked to George. At least, I started to remark it, but Alger pulled me aside and hissed, "Don't mention things like that. He's been promoted to foreman, and he hands out N.A.M. pamphlets these days."

I began to think that things had certainly changed in Detroit while I was away, but just then the kitchen door flew open, a blurred little streak crossed the room, and a snarling creature sank its teeth in Devore's leg.

"Billy!" screamed Edith Furcsik at her offspring. "Don't do that! You might get your teeth all dirty!"

I relaxed. It was just like old times.

This expose of what fandom in Michigan is really like today is presented as a public service to SAPS by Martin Alger and Art Rapp, who risked lives and sanity in the research which produced this authentic, true-to-life account. Devore was going to help, but he's too busy getting his tetanus shots.

President Black (or should it be Official Editor Black?), divide the credit for this outpouring between Alger and Rapp, who need it badly.

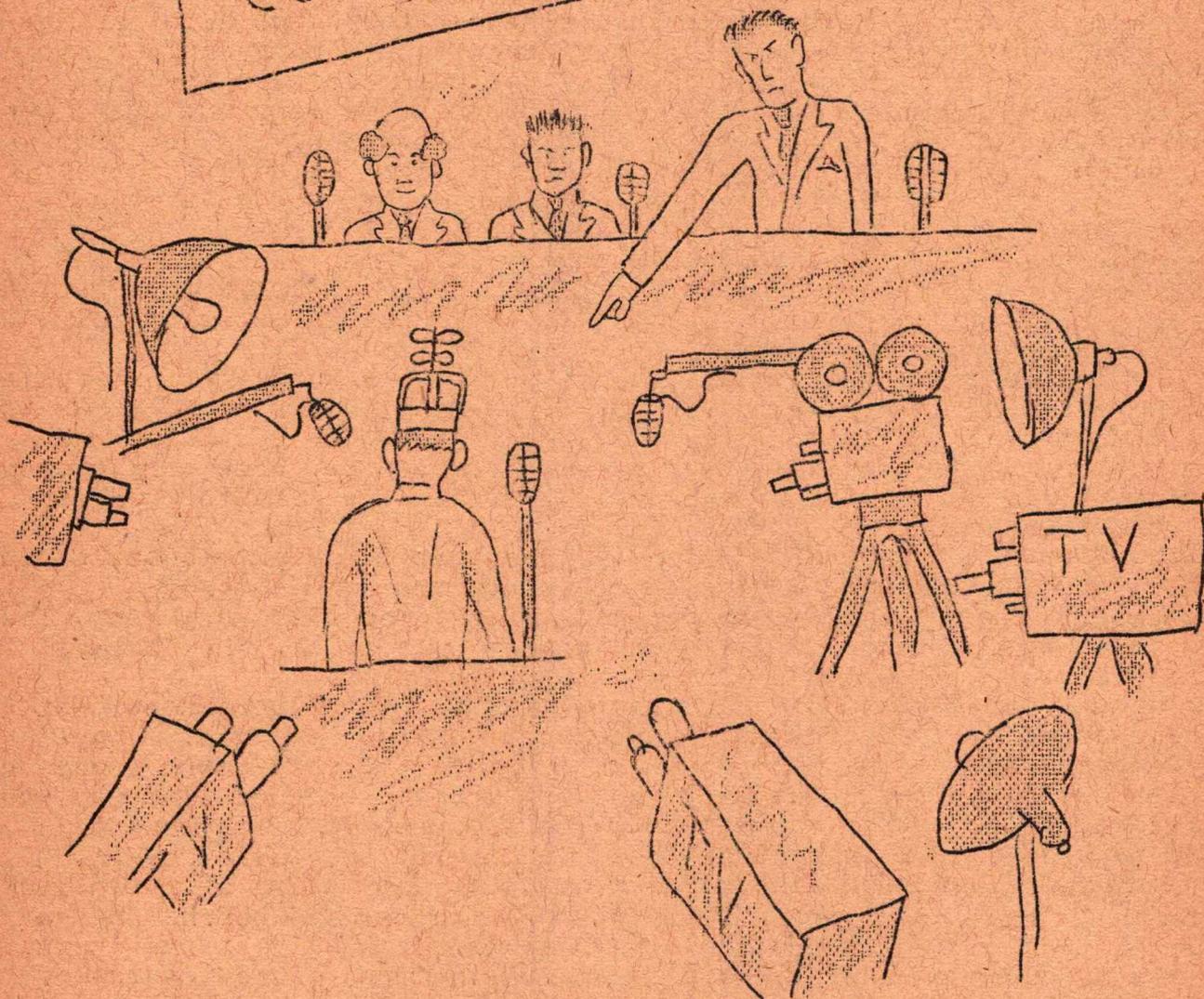
"When Young and Reich come back from the horrors of Korea, they'll need the MSFS to make them feel at home." -----

FANTASY STORY: "Once upon a time there was an active member of the MSFS..."

"But after I told all my friends in Missouri that we had 16,000 active members, six clubhouses and our own chartered airliner to take members to meetings -- you can't dissolve the MSFS!"

"Men who know fandom best say two out of three MSFS members have, at some time, heard of stf."

SENATE
INVESTGATING
COMMITTEE



Q. Are you now, or have you eger been, a member of the MSFS?

A. I refuse to answer on the ground that it would tend to incriminate and degrade me.

REVOLTIN' DEVELOPMENT AT THE CHICON

In reporting on the CHICON I'll follow the same idea I used with the NORWESCON, leaving the formal reporting of the program to others and concentrating on events and persons that caught my eye.

Of course, the big news is the size of the Con, the last time I checked, over 1050 had signed in. Bea Mahaffey thought the final figure would reach 1075 to 1080. The membership was well over 1500, so just about two out of three members came to the Con, which seems like a very good percentage.

The only disadvantage of the good turnout was that the place was rather badly crowded, during some sessions when there was a lot of moving around, such as during the auction, things got quite confusing. Other than the size of the crowd, the things I noticed most were the fact there were many women present, I don't know just how many but there were scores of them of all ages-- and the fact there were several colored fans present, both men and women. This is the first time I've seen any colored fans at a national convention, though we had one at the last Midwest Conference in Ohio.

Among the well known pros there were; J.W. Campbell, E.E. Smith, Geo. O. Smith, Ray Palmer, Sam Mines, Lester Del Rey, Tony Boucher, Ted Sturgeon, L. Sprague de Camp, Jack Williamson, Hugo Gernsback, Willy Ley and several others.

The auction went pretty well, there was a good supply of artwork and it sold fast, prices were about average- the best covers brought \$35 to \$40 and most good black and white items \$5 to \$10. The odd thing was often work by unknown artists brought good prices too, some very average interior illios brought \$4 or \$5, the kind that have gone for 50¢ or \$1 at previous cons.

There were a number of worthwhile speeches, I thought those of J.W. Campbell and Hugo Gernsback were the best, though John Pomeroy's "How to Be An Expert Without Actually Knowing Anything" was also very good. The banquet was well attended despite the rather high price. The Terrace Casino was well filled and a group picture was taken.

The stf ballet Asteroid was interesting and the fluorescent costumes showed up well under the ultraviolet lighting. But, gad! I hope J.W. Campbell didn't see it! I can just picture the next dozen issues of ASF with covers of the "Blue Girl" holding an atom made of fluorescent pink ribbon! Right after the ballet Ray Nelson rushed up to me and demanded to know what I thought of the drum part of the ballet music. I replied -- "It sounded like a bunch of toads copulating on a tin roof! Who the hell was the crumb that did it?" (A couple days before Ray had told me he was to be the drummer.) He beamed delightedly at the insult.

The Masquerade brought out the usual assortment of BEM costumes, in addition there were several Bergy-type Babes this time. Harlan Ellison came as himself.

There were several well known non-fans at the con, Gerry Davis, the "Citizen of the World" put on a skit about splitting atoms. Burr Tillstrom, creator of Kukla, Fran and Ollie was also there. I understand there were reporters from several news-services and magazines present but I haven't learned of any writeups resulting.

Les and Es Cole were there and they didn't look like 15 year old twin brothers, though I didn't get a chance to talk with them.

One sour note was the behavior of the fans, I only heard one small firecracker explode! I heard of no buckets of water being thrown thru transoms, no fans ran down the halls in birthday suits and I don't think and one shot Roman Candles off the roof at the pedestrians down in the street. Fans are going stuffy!

Mailing Comment

MRAOC (pronounced an obscene gurgle)

Going to Chicon, that is just about the way a lot of fans take in a convention. Redd Boggs-Superfan, mildly funny. I do intend to run more "Ethnic Hostility-Fan Style" cartoons in the future. About the popularity of single-lens reflex 35mm's in Europe I don't know but the Kine Exakta seems to be selling very well around Detroit, and has been for several years. In general, I don't like reflex jobs of any sort but they are just the thing for some purposes.

OUTSIDERS

Neat, as usual. Not being a reader of ancient pulps, I'll pass on the story reviews. Got a real laugh out of the item from the Canadian. Just like Ben Singer on the bus in Windsor, wondering aloud if the driver would understand directions in English. You ask if I don't like some fans, sure, out of the perhaps 70 or 80 who have passed through the MSFS-DSFL since it was formed there have been some perfectly sensible and likeable persons. The trouble is they caught on fast, got out of the club and moved away-- both of them!

BLACKLIST

Neat and amusing, as usual. Your item on the horror comics and their juvenile buyers is almost too true to be funny.

BOFFIN

Neat mag. Telescope plants, ho hum. I no longer try to keep the Michifen going, the club was disbanded last Spring. Ben Singer was in SAPS a few years ago, pubbed Singeroid. Lest you get the wrong slant from my writing, let me state that Singer is one of the smartest of the whole Michigan bunch, but in a very off-trail sort of way.

THE INVENTION REPORT

Noted, I had a prior copy. Rather well done, I understand some fans more or less fell for it, too.

GEM TONES

The serial is rather funny, not at all bad as fan fiction goes. Got a big laugh out of the Truman statue item on page 21. Say, GMC, did you hear how friendly and sociable the Puerto Ricans are becoming? It seems a couple of them dropped into Blair House, just to shoot the ____!

SUN SHINE

What nasty little boys your correspondents are! Those letters you print merely strengthen my long held conviction that there is nothing wrong with the average stf fan that couldn't be cured by a hitch under a hell of a tough first sergeant, though it would be a lousy deal for the top kick.

SELECTED LETTERS OF P.H. LOVE

I scream! I roll! I titter! I writhe in glee! "-- 189 genital organs, two pipe organs--" "Plastered House" "Things That Walk Where Naught Aught" "The Dogs of Hoboken" "Sulk City"--- this little gem has that air of frienziedly strained lunacy so typical of the early days of SAPS. I told Derleth all about it at Chicago and he wants a copy.

HOW LOW CAN A FAN GET

Just in case any of you don't know it, "Alice Douglas" is the pseudonym Harold Shapiro uses for the female aspect of his fanning. Some of you may have seen an ad in Spacewarp about Nov. 1949, in which "Alice Douglas" offered to buy the fan writings of Harold Shapiro, "the fan I love". This was Shapiro's idea of a way to get egoboo and attract attention to himself. Shapiro was a sort of fringe hanger-on of the old MSFS. He knew Ben Singer and some of the other members and he came to a few meetings and parties around 1949. Later, his sister and brother-in-law were active in the DSFL. So, while he was never an active member of the club, he was more or less known to most of the members.

AJ-73-16

I guess that is supposed to be a self-portrait on the cover, at least that's the way Shapiro drove when I knew him. Reminds me of the time the MSFS was going up to Owosso for a meeting and Shapiro brought a carload of fans out to Royal Oak to meet me on the way. Several of the fans got out of his car and into mine, refusing to ride with him. One of them was Ralph Fluette, who, having been a Navy fighter pilot in the war, shot down in the drink by the Japs and having driven in hot-rod races after the war, just couldn't take any more of Shapiro's driving. The way Ralph told it, Shapiro, on a narrow residential street with cars parked on both sides, shifted into second gear, pulled the hand throttle all the way out, jumped up on the back of the seat, stuck his legs out the window and sat there beating the seat with his fists and shrieking at the top of his voice as the car careened down the street. It sounds probable.

Shapiro mentions being in the newspaper game, I guess he means the weekly mimeographed company news sheet he did in his Air Force outfit. I got a kick out of some of the old Ray Nelson material, I've always hoped someone would publish the story of Ray the dope peddler!

Shapiro thinks Tucker, Devore and I pulled a low trick with the bronze plate at the Ohio Con. Funny, but the "victims" don't seem to mind. I took both to my room and showed them the plate some time before Tucker dedicated it and they offered no objection to the idea. In fact they went out on the hotel lawn to be in on the dedication, about 50 fans were there and Tucker uncovered the plate by a bush and made his speech. The male "victim" shouted "Hey, Tucker! It wasn't this bush, it was that one over there." So Tucker went over to the bush he indicated and ran through the speech again. By this time, at least 100 fans had gathered to watch and snap pictures, while "the victims" were grinning from ear to ear and obviously having a great thrill. Shapiro also seems to think the "victims" are sore at Devore and I, if so, they have an odd way of showing it as both have come to fan gatherings at Devore's home and ridden to a picnic in my car since the Ohio Con. But then you can hardly expect an outsider to get a clear picture of the inner workings of an organization.

(While on the subject of the bronze plate, this might be a good time to mention that Devore and I have already started planning the device we are going to take down to Ohio next year. While it will be more work to make than the bronze plate, we think it will be worth the trouble. I don't know how I can tell you much about it without giving away the idea but take it from me, it is a swell idea and should go over even better than the bronze plate.)

(No, it isn't our old idea of giving the same "victims" a pair of jungle camouflage suits so they would be invisible under bushes. This new plot has another "victim".)