

# SPACE WARP

BY

PROXY

(AHMF \$ 3.75)

SAPS 17

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#### GOSHWOWBOYBOY DEPT.

Throughout Arizona and New Mexico nearly every Santa Fe section gang included a couple of individuals sporting fluorescent beanies.

#### STF MEETS THE PUBLIC DEPT.

Granting the probable truth of the Coles' statement that THE THING set science-fiction back ten years, it is certainly a widely-discussed picture. Practically every barracks bullsession which touches upon the movies includes comment upon THE THING and a synopsis if any person present failed to see the picture. Most frequent conclusion: "It was the God-damndest picture I ever seen!"

I saw THE THING several months ago at Indiantown Gap. As we left the theater two characters near me exchanged reaction in hill-billy accents of deep awe;

"Hell, weren't that a picture?"

"That were a doozie!"

"I wonder how them there fellers think up things like that?"

"I dunno, it beats me."

#### MYSTERY STORY

The news summary on the bulletin board the other day announced:

"Interplanetary scientists of 12 nations gathered today to discuss engineering details involved in building an artificial planet to circle Earth at an altitude of 500 miles."

This intrigued me for obvious reasons, and also because I wondered precisely how you would define an "interplanetary scientist"- Martian sages, maybe? At any rate I searched through all the local newspapers- there are about half a dozen published in the San Francisco area and sold in Camp Stoneman- without finding the source of this item. Sudden thought- could this be a garbled account of the NOLACON? (( I don't think so Art, it probably referred to the Second International Congress on Astronautics,

which was recently held in London. The Earth satellite was one of the items discussed. mea. ))

#### SMALL WORLD DEPT

The Service Club here maintains a set of 48 books - one for each state-- in which you can register for the benefit of posterity or fellow-citizens with enuf curiosity to look for acquaintances' names.

Scanning the Maine register I find that ex-NSF director, ex-SAP, etc Ed Cox was here in early July with the 45th Division, bound for Japan. The 45th being a California National Guard outfit, ( don't ask what Edco is doing in it! ) It is well publicised in the local press, thus I know that at present it is training in Japan, has not yet moved to Korea. If I don't move direct to Korea, I'll do my best to find Edco and report to SAPS what he thinks of soldiering as compared to fanning.

Incidentally, he didn't put anything in the book to indicate his fannish status. Come to think of it, neither did I, except a request to George Young and Bill Groover to send me their addresses if they ever come thru here.

After about five hectic days here I staggered down to the transport, and I do mean staggered. I was carrying a full field pack, dufflebag, rifle and a large hangover acquired the night before. This was not helped by the circumstance that we got up at 0300 hours, though, as might be expected, we didn't move out until about 0800.

Anyhow, they discovered that when the ship was loaded to capacity there were 38 of us still on the dock, and after long discussion between the Army and Navy, sent us back here. Though grossly anticlimactic this had its bright side in that we were all through processing and thus can goof off from formations and details with the knowledge that we aren't missing anything vital.

Pending arrival of the next boat, life for us 38 forgotten of Allah consists of breakfast, cleanup of the barracks, than a quiet fadeout to the Service Club cafeteria for coffee, followed by a morning of sleeping in the sun in some secluded corner where no sergeants hunting details can find us. We drop back to the company for chow at noon, then take off again until evening. For this the Government is paying me a salary. ( See your nearest recruiting officer today. )

It was not until after the missing the boat episode that I got around to visiting the Post library. Practically all Army libraries now have a well-stocked stf dept., this one being no exception. Most also have the current issues of ASF, GALAXY and MoF, too. ( I remember, about 1945, running across a battered STARTLING in a Mineral Wells, Texas, USO-- my only stf discovery in such places in four years. How times have changed! )

Anyhow, the Camp Stoneman library is unique in that several dozen back issues of ASF also repose on its tables, some dating back to late 1949. I immediately elected this the spot in which to do my goofing-off, and began catching up on several issues I'd missed in late '50 and early '51. All of which brings us to the point which entitles this to space in the "small world" dept.

Incredible as it may seem, not until I got to the back of the April '51 ASF did I learn that a long-forgotten fan letter to JWC Jr. had borne fruit, that he had acted on my suggestion regarding Doc Richardson's 1940 "Mysteries of Science" and had fandom's favorite astronomer bring the theories up to date. I bet I am the first

library patron in history to walk into an unfamiliar library and select at random reading matter which turns out to be written for me!

I still think it is only by a hairbreadth (harebreath?) that I ever learned of this article at all- if I hadn't been turned back at the gangplank, or hadn't happened upon this one particular library which is far behind in discarding its outdated periodicals, well, I don't think April '51 ASF's are very plentiful in Asia, and Ghu knows if I'd ever have gotten around to reading back issues upon my return to the States some years hence. Didn't I always told you Roscoe guides all true believers into proper fannish pathways?

#### STF MEETS THE PUBLIC DEPT. (Cont'd.)

In further elucidation of its departments, the post library has signs hung above the shelves- for example "spine-chillers" over the mystery stories, "roaring guns" over the westerns, "world of tomorrow" over the stf. It also has a little stand for each section, holding an example of the genre. The stf shelves hold such works as "I, Robot", "The House That Stood Still", "The Martian Chronicles" and "The Stars Like Dust".

The book displayed under "Worlds of Tomorrow" is "From The Earth To The Moon" by one J. Verne.

#### LOOKING ON THE DIM SIDE:

I received both the SAPS and FAPA mailings in the last couple of days. While no end appreciative of the several hours of enthralling entertainment thereby provided, at times I almost wish I'd shipped out first so that they would be forwarded to me on the other side of the far, far Pacific.

Reason? The combined weight of the bundles is about five pounds and Ghu knows how I am going to stand up under the weight of an additional five pounds in my dufflebag. An army is traditionally supposed to move on its stomach, and if much more is loaded on me I sure as Hell won't be in any other position.

#### ADMINISTRATIVE MATTERS

It becomes harder and harder to find good arguments against a SAPS-FAPA merger. The principal objection seems to be that a combined APA would have 70 or 80 members, and many publishers object to turning out that many copies.

There certainly is little difference in content between the two societies, which is not surprising when you consider the high percentage of dual membership. I bet, though, that these people now paying two dues and meeting double activity requirements ( not many enter the same material in both- it gets too much criticism ) would be the greatest objectors to a merger. It would cut in half the number of bundles the postman drops on their doorstep, and after all, for everone but Degler the chief pleasure of AJ is reading the mailings.

The new postal rate bill may give an unpleasant to both FAPA and SAPS, not to mention subzine publishers. I haven't seen any specific information on the new rates, except that they'll be considerably higher.

If this and other historical circumstances threaten to force ayjay into a slump, it is well to remember that an active FAPA-SAPS combination would be better than a dead FAPA and a dying SAPS. E Pluribus Unum, as they say in fiscal circles.

MODERN TIMES DEPT.

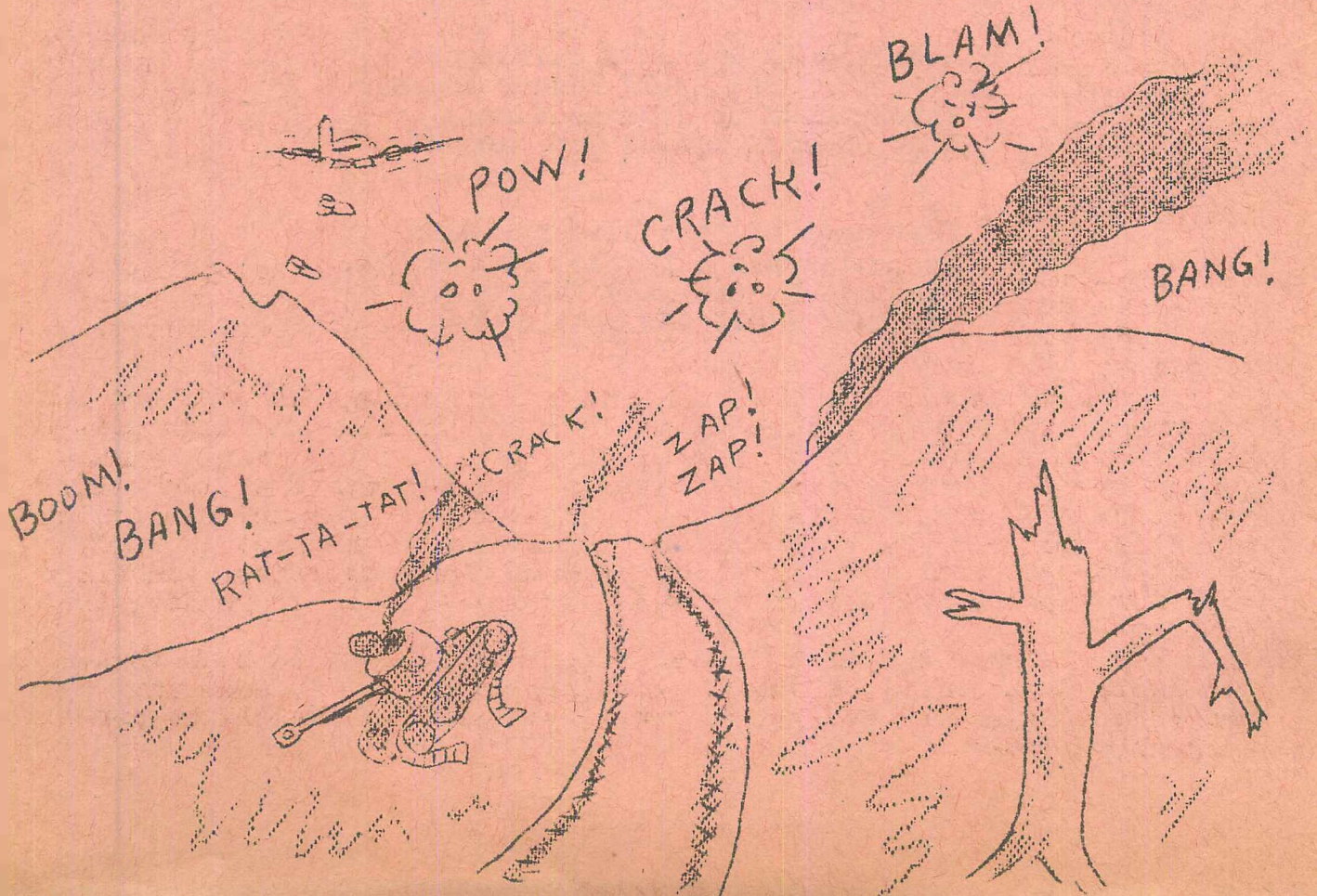
SAPS was born of FAPA so the beanie brigade could indulge in risqué remarks without endangering the dignity of the old guard. So what do we have? SAPS full of sober discussion while FAPA rocks in the throes of a feud caused because the risqué remarks of one old guard offended a couple of the others.

Sic transit gloria FAPA!

( All the above material was contained in a letter from Art dated September 8th. Also the poem on the next page. By the time all you SAPS get this he should be on the far side of the Pacific. This is being copied directly on the stencil from his hand printed letter. Guess he didn't have a chance at a typer in camp. Let's all hope he will be able to keep active in ayjay from his new post. Going to start a Korean fanclub, Art? mea )

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## JOE PHANN AT THE FRONT



## Fantheology

Sometime, each fan in his career  
To inner voices lends an ear  
And with true fannish asininity  
On fandom foists a new divinity

It has been done before, he knows,  
As when the glorious Ghu arose  
And gathered believers true  
Until opposed by famous Foo.

Then, Cosmic Circle had its birth:  
"To Hell with Heaven; Claude's on Earth!"  
And it might be alive today  
If Clod had washed his feet of clay.

Soon mighty Roscoe's cult arose  
(As every SPACEWARP reader knows)  
Interpreted by deacons three:  
Rick Sneary, Edmund Cox, and me.

The moral of this history, slant,  
Is: cults ain't founded by one fan,  
Attempts by two make fandom nod,  
For only t'ree can make a God.