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TIMEWARP

This, rather unfortunately, is
an r-TRAPP - und - YOUNG SAPSzine

.....don't you wish now you'd joined FAPA?

r-tRapp: you know him. The Pipe That Smokes Like A Fan. He still doesn't know how he got roped into this organization.

Young : Better known as George. If you were sober enuf at the Torcon, you recall George -- he was the guy in the helicopter hat who kept trying to sell Futurefotos. By the way, anybody in the audience wanna buy a Futurefoto?

The mailman, that poor victim of unrestrained fanatics, knows these two jerks as:

ARTHUR H. RAPP
2120 Bay Street
Saginaw, Michigan

GEORGE YOUNG
22180 Middlebelt
Farmington, Michigan

This is Volume One, Number One, of an infinite number of TIMEWARPs which our portable timewarper cautions stretch into the dim, far vistas of the future. At any rate, the portable timewarper sees SOMETHING stretching into the future. We think it's a procession of TIMEWARPS, but then again it might be old bologna sausages or fan-letters concerning Shaver. The picture is blurred.

The cover painting was produced at the height (or depth) of the BEERCON by Milwaukee's pride, and Fandom's Greatest Artist (pause for sounding of trumpets offstage)

ROBERT L. STEIN

Don't blame the other splotches on Bob, tho. You don't think we're going to waste our precious stock of STEIN hectoriginals on a bunch of SAPS, do you? See MUTANT and SPACEWARP and UNITED FANDOM.

Obviously this publication cannot be considered as a true APazine, for it contains no vindictive comments on other APazines. We will remedy that situation as soon as the long arm and sharp claw of Most Holy Alpaugh (Praised be His name!) unleashes upon our submissive heads a flood of crud, technically known as the Fall SAPS maleing, with perhaps also some femaleing. Shuddering, we await this divine manifestation. How noble a way to die!

Long live Raymond A. Palmer!

writ by hand
this seventeenth
day of September
in the year of
Our Alpaugh 1948

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by r-tRapp

"Telepathy," I said. "Fascinating phenomenon."

"Ghu drench telepathy!" retorted Morgan Botts bitterly, sloshing a pint or so of suds into his mouth. "I'd be a millionaire if it wasn't for telepathy."

"Don't talk with a mouthfull of beer," I advised him. "It sounded like you said you'd be a millionaire if it wasn't for telepathy."

Botts gulped.

"I did say it!" he roared, pounding the marble-topped tavern table with his stein at each word. "Want me to repeat it? I'd be a mil--"

"OQ, OQ," I soothed him. "But that's a strong statement. Give with the explanation."

"You don't believe me," Botts muttered reproachfully, raising a fresh beer somewhat unsteadily toward his bushy white mustache. "Always I've told you the Ghu-bitten truth, and still you don't believe me! Skeptic! Whippersnapper!"

"Don't get your jets in a chain-reaction," I told the Stefan-inventor. "I never said I didn't believe you. But I gotta have supporting evidence for a generalization like that, don't I? Scientific method and all that sort of thing, you know."

With infinite care Botts eased his half-empty glass to the table and saw that it was sitting firmly. This momentous matter disposed of, he clamped his gnarled hands on the table edge, rested his chin on the marble between them, and raised his eyes to peer intently into my face.

"Wash a great prosheen, uh, prozine editor onesh," he hiccupped. "Great prosheen. Great." He thought this over for a while, then added, "Extragalactic Epics."

"Never heard of it." I took a cool swig of beer myself.

"Yer a liar," snarled Botts. "I just said it, so you must have heard of it. Whatsa matter, ya deaf?"

"What were we talking about, anyhow?" I asked, confused.

"Palepathy--uh--thilepitty--uh--thought-transference."

"Oh. What's that?"

"I'll show you," said Botts. "Look, I'll concentrate on something. You make your mind blank, and see if you can read my thought."

"OQ."

"Ready?"

"Go ahead."

There was a long silence, broken only by an occasional hiccup from Botts. I began getting bored. I wasn't receiving any telepathic message from him; I got no impressions at all, though I tried to keep my mind blank.

I looked at Botts. His bleary eyes were closed; his unshaven chin still rested on the tabletop. I wasn't sure, but he seemed to be snoring.

"T'hell with it," I thought, reaching for the one remaining beer, which stood in the center of the table.

Quick as a striking snake, Botts' hand flashed out and seized the stein. He sat up straight again. "See?" he said.

"Huh?" I asked over my shoulder, twisted around to signal the bartender for more beers.

"You got my message," crowed Botts triumphantly. "I concentrated on beer, and you thought of the same thing."

"You're nuts--" I started but the Stefan-inventor broke in before I could continue.

"I know what you're about to say," he told me. "I'm not such a bad telepath after all. You don't have to tell me that, Bud, I knew it all the time."

"Where the hell does the millionaire business come in?" I asked to change the subject.

"It's quite a story," said Botts, sipping complacently. "It all began when one of the assistant editors of Extragalactic Epics turned in an article about a jerk named Mepesto the Magnificent, who was supposed to be a mind-reader."

"Fake," I said. "They have stooges in the audience, and a set of code signals."

"That's what I told my assistant," Botts nodded. "I pointed out that we were publishing a science-fiction mag, not an astrology journal. However, he insisted that Mepesto the Magnificent had read minds under conditions where there was no possibility of trickery. Eventually I agreed to meet this alleged mind-reader and see for myself."

The bartender arrived with fresh malt. We drank a while in silence. Then Botts resumed:

"Mepesto the Magnificent came to my office. He was a towering, hawk-faced, mysterious-looking character, and his demonstration amazed me. He had me write numbers on a slip of paper, then held it against his forehead and told me what I had written. He had me concentrate on some acquaintance, and told me who I was thinking of. He

named the color of my favorite necktie after I mentally visualized it. And dozens of other demonstrations."

"Nuts," I said. "You were neatly tricked. These mind-readers and their clever systems have been exposed time and again. For example, as he held those slips of paper to his forehead, Mepesto the Magnificent passed them in front of a light, or a window, so that he could read what was on them. He'd investigated your habits and preferences so he could deduce what you would pick to concentrate on after he suggested a general classification."

"At any rate," said Botts after a sip of beer, "It was an impressive performance. I knew that here lay the key to a fortune. Extragalactic Epics was on the verge of bankruptcy anyhow, because of rising prices and paper shortages and such, so I felt no compunctions in abandoning my editorial job to become Mepesto's manager."

"Sounds like a good deal, at that," I mused.

"Precisely," said Botts, brushing a wisp of foam from his moustache. "I'd sized this Mepesto the Magnificent up as a guy with great acting ability, but pretty much of a dope otherwise. I knew once I got him signed to an ironclad contract, I'd be set for life. I could hardly keep from laughing aloud as he picked up his fountain-pen to sign the contract -- and then my dreams came crumbling to ruin."

"What do you mean?" I asked. Botts fortified himself with a vast swig of beer before replying.

"I'd overlooked one small detail," he admitted ruefully. "Mepesto hesitated, looked at me, looked back at the papers, then picked up the pitcher of ice-cold beer on my desk, poured it over my head, and stalked out of the office muttering to himself in Arabic."

"Great jumping Chu -- why?"

"You see," Botts said softly, "Mepesto the Magnificent really could read minds!"

- END -

THE ATHEISTS' HYMN

In each church throughout this nation
As the lofty churchbells ring,
As the mighty organ rumbles
And the choirs begin to sing,

Let us staunchly stand with Singer,
Staggering slightly, softly sneer,
Let us drain our steins with swiftness
For

THE

ONE

TRUE

GOD

IS

BEER

Bottoms up!

E-MO

$$\frac{-l \pm \sqrt{b}}{2a}$$

X 200



x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x

x **MANIFESTO!** x
/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/x/

SLANDOM OF THE WORLD, UNITE !!!
You have nothing to lose but
your brains !

It is obvious that almost without exception the fanclubs of today are organized by idealists, optimists, status-quo-worshipping amateurs.

Comes it the revolution or perhaps a mere civil war or two, or the atombombing of our metropolis, and what will happen to these flimsy social structures? Watch, they'll fall to pieces.

But now, you cream of the intelligensia, you supermen of the earth, comes your chance to join a group that will outlast such minor disturbances. It is tamper-proof, efficient, scientific, and cannot be eliminated.

Join the **S**cientifictional **N**orth **A**merican **F**antasy **U**nion !

Unlike the decadent, flimsy structure of the ordinary fanclub, the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union is designed to resist the twin menaces of dissolution and anarchy. For example, we have no ever-shifting, ever-resigning, halfwitted Board of Directors.

No, in the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union, supreme governing power is vested in one person, the Leader, or Obergruppenfuhrer. He passes his decrees to the Assistant Leaders, or Gruppenfuhrers, who see that the rank and file of the membership obey without the usual shilly-shallying that makes fanclubs so inefficient.

And in the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union, you need not bother to acquaint yourself with 50 or 100 other members. No, all you ever meet are the two other members of your own section, or cell. One of these is your Gruppenfuhrer, the other is one of the herrenvolk like yourself.

To keep the busy, hardworking executives of the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union from being pestered by unthinking and self-centered dimwits, their identities are kept secret. In fact, the whole membership of the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union is a secret. You won't get your name on a lot of silly mailing lists by joining the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union!

But how, you are asking, can one contact an official in order to join the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union? There is only one way. Go to the main intersection in the nearest large city. At high noon, hold a copy of "I Remember Lemuria" high above your head, raise your left foot off the ground. Then raise your right foot off the ground. Now raise both feet off the ground. One of our agents will be watching for this secret signal, and you will be contacted.

Down with inferior races. Superplans, join the Scientifictional North American Fantasy Union. Today we rule the caverns.....

.....TOMORROW, THE WORLD

SPACEMEN

What are we searching for?
Perhaps a quicker way to die.
You'll find us with our clear-eyes
gaze

Where flametrails streak the sky,
For in our blood there beats a drum
Of danger's deadly spark
That drives us ever to the cold
And airless, alien dark.

But who that lives could stand on
Earth
And see the spacers soar
And disappear -- and turn his mind
To Earthbound tasks once more?
The rugged, raging rockets,
Firey-feathered shining darts,
Slim arrows of the void -- they've
thrown
Their noose around our hearts.

Death comes to us with sudden speed
And sweeps our ranks away;
"Be a spaceman," goes the song,
"Your hair will ne'er turn gray!"
Our graves are wrecks on ragged rocks
Or in some unknown seas;
But, though the men of space die
young,
The men of space die free!

So lift your eyes as rockets rise
To pierce the clouded blue
And pray that each slim shining ship
May arrow safely through;
And when you've reached a safe
old age
And wrinkles line your face,
Tell of the men who laughed and
died,
The men who travel space!

-- 12BAfan

TIME WARP



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