
THE TIME SCANNER

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EDITORIAL SCANNINGS

No. 1. -----

Well here I am at the editorial, and I'll be darned if I know what to say. I guess I'll talk of the Philly Conference and what we "accomplished" there. Well I guess the only thing that was accomplished was having a good time. The story of how I got there and back ought to prove interesting, so here goes:

It was just after the November 3rd meeting of the Queens SFL; when we were all gassing and gabbing away, that Scott Feldman and myself got an inspiration and asked Stan Bachrach if he would drive us to Philly in his car; "Andromeda II". After a little bit of persuading he finally agreed to take us but some eavesdroppers had been doing a little eavesdropping and before long there were nine (9) passengers for "Andromeda" who is only a five (5) passenger car.

The next scene is laid in front of 42nd Street Library; the time is six PM (not to be confused with the newspaper of the same name.)

There seven anxious fans waiting; the deadline draws near, and-- darn it, there come the other two. They all pile into Andromeda with much pushing and shoving. The one precariously balanced on Hyman Tiger's knee is me. Oooh, what a ride; we were all half dead when we got to Baltydonis' house (this was the Saturday before the Conference) and I had told the bunch we could find some kind of accommodations there. In our surprise when we found the room filled with smoke and about fifteen fans. Well, that was an awful shock but we found a place for Pauline Linkoff to stay and she went trotting off to her trundle bed while we had a round robin of jokes (you know what kind) That lasted til midnight. We then went out to get something to eat. We dined at the "Purit. Restaurant"--what a dive that was; we all ate hot dogs and something vaguely resembling PLUTO WATER. I got real chummy with art widner (his spelling) and John Bell; another chap from Mass.

When we got back from the dive we all decided to get some sleep, but where, that was the question. Poor Bachrach had to sleep in Andromeda and the others scattered to the four winds, while I, lucky cuss, stayed at Milt Rothman's house, along with the great Milty and Elmer Perdue. I got up promptly at 7:30 in the morning; for some unknown reason I cannot sleep any later than that no matter what time I get to bed. At around eight o'clock Milty came tip-toeing in, camera in hand expecting to get a pic of me snoring away. Poor Milty was deeply crestfallen at this dastardly trick I had played on him, but he quickly became overjoyed when we thought of Perdue asleep upstairs. We crept silently into the room and there, to our great joy, a ghastly sight met our eyes. Up by the pillow was a great shaggy mass of hair. Below the hair was a horribly contorted, bloodless body, resting half on, half off the bed. Yes it was Perdue. Chortling with glee Milty snapped the scene and we beat a hasty retreat from the room. Later, the thing named Perdue put on its human disguise and we went down to eat. Aside from the slurping sounds made by the thing named Perdue, the meal was swell. Mrs. Rothman sure is a swell cook.

We all walked over to Balty's house before we went to the conferen

Hall. When we got to the hall, some of the more timid were a wee bit frightened when they saw a sign proclaiming to all that some kind of a Band met there, and directly beneath the sign a case full of rifles.

I will not say much about the Conference because nothing was accomplished. The main topic of the conference was to approve or disapprove of a Newark Conference but no one got a chance to vote on it as the darned thing was tabled innumerable times til everyone was ready to leave.

Grrrrr, one thing gripes me. To pay for the Conference some one put up an almost complete set of the large sized Amazing--for sale at 35 cents apiece. Why in hell didn't the seller yell out what he had for sale instead of hiding them behind a bunch of current issues? Lucky Mil was the first one to find them and he walked away with the Volume 1 Number 1 issue of Amazing--he was so happy, he paid fifty cents for it. Well, anyhow I got the three issues containing "The Skylark Of Space" for only thirty five cents, and perfect condition too.

Well coming home from the Conference I rode in the "Skylark of Woo Woo" to lighten poor Andromeda's load. By the way, did you know that the "Skylark" gives you a hot foot when you sit in the front? On the way to my house we got two flats; one on Lincoln Highway and another at 95th Street and Riverside Drive. Art, being a swell fellow, went out of his way and left me at my door. I guess I'd better end this editorial right now or else I won't get any thing else into this issue. How about some letters telling what you think of this, huh?

CHICAGO: THE BINGY CITY
by Bob Tucker

Bob Studley

There is a saloon ---(pardon) tavern, at the corner of 8th and Wabash streets in Chicago that no doubt profited greatly by the Chiconindirectly, of course. Inasmuch as reports and columns on what fan eat and drink are no longer popular in fanlugs, I will say no more about the subject, except:

Many Chicon evenings were spent in this saloo-----tavern; some of the inhabitants thereof are among the blue-blood----- many fan "best-names" could be found draped across the fly-spreckled bar.

I saw Miske engaged in a serious debate over the merits of a pretz
I saw Lew Martin "prove" he was eighteen, in order to inveigle the barkeep into selling him a short beer.

I saw Ackerman dragged into the place, take a seat in a booth, and defy everyone and all temptations by refusing even to have a soda pop.

I saw Doc Lowndes veer through the door, caroom off a high stool, poke his foot in a gobpeen, and stomp down the length of the room like a comedian in the slapsticks.

I saw (and heard) Mark Reinsberg insisting that a midnight show was going on at the local burlesk theatre, and that we should slunk over and have a look-see; when I knew the place wasn't open, as I had tried to get in a short hour previous.

I saw Fred Shroyer in Chicago, but I don't believe I saw him sober
I saw a new Chicago fan (who is an M.C. in a night spot) invite everyone present to come out to his place for a good time; and perhaps a bare half-dozen responded. He set 'em up, with Cock-tails on the house.

And I heard the next day, the half-dozen gloating over we who

didn't accept the invitation.

Saturday night before the Chicon, a group of fans dressed in there costumes were parading up and down Madison Street in Chicago. Standing on a street corner gossiping, they heard a sudden commotion. A street car stopped, a hurried gent leaped off and dashed up to the costumed group: He was a fan. His name was what? He was riding by on a street car and saw our costumes and at once knew we were fans. Oh, that's Ackerman---yeah, I recognize him. Gab, gab, gab, gab....well I havta go now --- and the unknown party grabbed the next streetcar and vanished into the night.

Who was he? What was he? Where'd he come from? We still don't know. He appeared, bombarded the group, grabbed the next car and disappeared, and we're still wondering who he was!

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BEHIND CLOSED DOORS

by Hoy Ping Pong

If you read the papers, or perhaps possess an "in" with certain political factors in your locality you are no doubt aware that "favors" are passed out to various underlings and henchmen by those big shots higher up, in return for uh...er... compensation, let us say. The 1940 Chicon, and some certain "privileges" in connection with it, I am sad to say, fall within the realm of dirty politics because of some underground dealings carried on in private before the Convention opened.

As an example, herewith is given one true story; an expose of how a certain fan from Brooklyn (we shan't mention his name) bought and paid for in cold currency, certain "rights" at the Convention, not available to other fans, simply because they did not contact and grease the easier palm of a certain Chicon big shot (neither shall we mention his name) who was in a position to grant favors. Let this one example serve to expose the whole underground shoddiness of the affair:

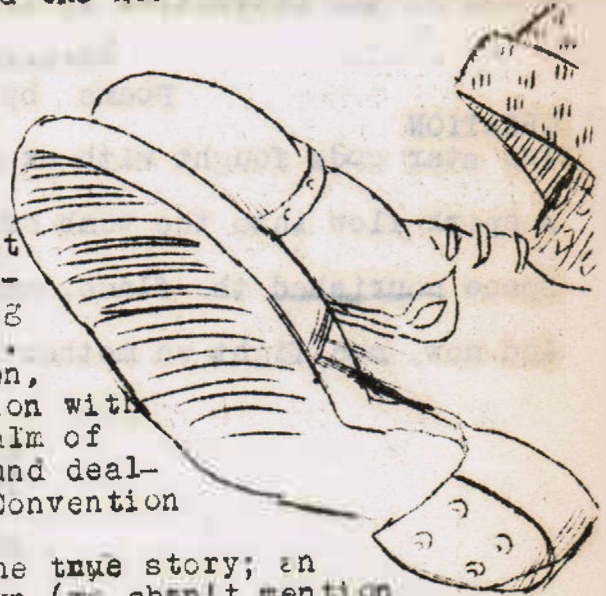
Meeting behind the closed doors of room 14042 of the YMCA hotel, were the fan from Brooklyn and the Chicago boy. A heated conversation was in progress. Listen:

(Brooklyn) "Now listen, fella---don't try to pass along that old stall. I wasn't born yestidday---I know what the score is! By the whiskers of S.D. Gottesman, I contacted you last winter for this, and I ain't gonna let it get away to some other hunky. Now give! ---I'm willing to pay a fair price."

(Chicago): Alright, alright, let us not grow excited! I have not said that I would withhold from you what you ask, have I? I cannot be blamed for testing you before I grant this...er...contract, now I ask you? My time is valuable, I'm a busy fan right at this time, what with the Chicon and all, many people are clammering for my attention----

(Brooklyn): "Bannana oil! I'm on to that old spiel---that "I'm close to heaven" business. Nix on it, come down to earth. Now, how much?"

(Chicago): "Please! Let us not be so coldly commercial! However, I must admit I prefer a direct approach to the point. I...ah...had in mind...five dollars...perhaps."



(Brooklyn): "Five bucks! A fin? Yer nuts! For crapcakes...it aint worth it. Why, hell, I c'n bootleg it for less than that! I said a fair price fancy-pants, and I aint paying no five smackers, and thats final!"

(Chicago): "Oh, very well; but I see no reason why you must shout it all over the hotel. Admittedly, five dollars is rather steep. I had one offer from California for three dollars, can you meet that?"

(Brooklyn): "Aw I suppose I'll hafta, or you'll sell to California. But I still think I could do better by not paying, and bootlegging it."

Three, one dollar bills exchanged hands, and thus, a certain big shot Chicago fan, high up in Convention affairs, sold to a certain Brooklyn fan the exclusive rights for the duration of the convention, the privilege of applying the "hot foot" to attending conventioners.

It is to be hoped this publicity will prevent similar underhanded deals at the Denvention in 1941.

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Poems by Allen Moss

CREATION

Two star gods fought with ax and mace.

A spark flew into the womb of space.

Space nourished the flame, gave it birth.

And now, men fight on mother earth.

EGYPTIAN EPITAPH

Ye who disturb this saored place.

May curses fall on all thy race.

And loathsome plagues may ye deform.

A warning to thy wretched spawn

Here in the hall of endless sleep,

Shadowed horrors crawl and creep.

Greedy ghou!, thou dar'st not fess

For I am lying in monkey dust.

Read

The Scientific



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