

# Fantast-SCOPE

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## THE MICROSCOPE

by Bennet and Roger Sims

"Anything that's of interest to fandom." This statement IS THE editorial policy of FANTASY SCOPE, Fandom's Fanzine.

Anybody that walks around, telling people he will give them an "objective opinion" is a fool. There just ain't such an animal! But we will try our best to present both sides of any question presented to us; we are going to subjugate our personal opinions to "The Microscope"--the editorial column.

We want Fantasy Scope to be your fanzine; therefore, in order to make it your fanzine we will have to have your ideas -- in print! So send in any opinions you have about science-fantasy or fandom in general. We promise to print any material that we have the room for. We don't care if you are a budding artist or a frustrated writer: we will print your stuff. Unknowns have as much chance as the best known fans in America.

Fantasy Scope will be a mixed zine. We will concentrate on, not just humor, but we will print the serious side of fandom.

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"We're selling them at a dime apiece; we gotta problem, yalnow!" "I like this 'or sex'." "Oh, oh! No I didn't. Thought I made a mistake." "I-n-t-e-l-l-e-c-t-u-a-l-s." "Whichever one you want." (Note: This is Ben Singer; I'm sitting in the office of the Alvin Theatre in Detroit, listening to the comments, grunts and szlapas coming out of the mouths of Bennet and Roger Simms--nope--Sims--as they attempt to stencil up this, the first ish of their new mag. Ah, neophytes!) "Ask him how to spell 'behaviour'." (The poor boys don't know what's going on--heh, heh, heh.) "Singer the militant atheist!" (Bennet just finished his second lollipop!) "Singer the BIT!" "Aren't you a nice guy, Ben." "Singer thinks the world of himself." "Without his help this issue would look like 'Null-A'--only mimeographed." "I think I'll start a new thing: we'll call them magazines from now on." "Also if he calls Thrilling Wonder anything but 'TWS', we'll fine 'em a dime." "That'll we fine them if they don't use the plural of 'fan'?" "I'd like to getahold of Edith's mailing list." "I hereby nominate you as a committee of one to carry the task out." "Just remember our names are on here." "Getting raped?" "More underlines!" "Look, as fi-l-l-e-r, Ben, what do you think of that 'have you heard' idea, frankly?" "See what I mean, you're so---" "Now I got about eighteen lines here." "Oh Jesus, mygod, do you make mistakes!" (Grunts, screams, humbles). "Should be capital 'W' for Wars." "Boy you sure don't know how to type poetry, do yah." "What is it? What you're doing now?" (Referring to what I'm typing now.) (Since the boys are starting to ask me what I'm typing here, I'll have to sign off. You'll make allowances for mistakes, reader, won't you? After all, this was composed on S T E N C I L.)

It Is Daid



Perfect Watchers  
by Bennett Sims

Lunar night, Martian desert,  
Dying yet living in memory,  
Of things past but not forgotten.  
Not forgotten by the infinite memory,  
Of night and the desert.

Youth memories, of blood and lust,  
Memories of a race seeing only  
Power, mad unstable,  
Power.

Old memories. Memories of wisdom,  
Contemplation, Peace.  
Memories of a race called Man,  
Facing his future with serenity.

And yet...Death remembers  
Memories of the strong and calm,  
And of the weak and fearful,  
Seeing only their everlasting souls.

Perfect watchers, infinite,  
Seeing and contemplating,  
Serene in the knowledge that you,  
Will outlive time itself.

## BRIEF STILL LINGERING

by ALLEN C. LIVINGSTON

Irving Brittstein, author, playwright, and self-styled critic, sat hunched over his massive, littered, mahogany desk. The letter in his hand announced the mammoth sales of his latest historical novel, Jeremy Folk. He tossed the letter aside and went back to the paper on his desk, the brief for his next novel.

This one was to be his first in a new field. He was going to try the fantasy end of literature this time. Five novels in a row, all of them in the best seller lists were behind him, but he was tired of fictionalized history.

The paper which lay before him now was the third brief he had started. He was beginning to think perhaps he should keep his nose out of fantasy, and go back to his stashed buckling heroes and ravishing damsels.

He uncapped his antique inkstand and dipped his pen. His brain just didn't seem to be working.

"What's the matter, Irv? Having trouble?" The voice came from directly in front of him. Brittstein looked up, but he saw no-one.

"Down here" came the voice again, "in the ink-well!"

Irving Brittstein looked and looked again. Projecting from the mouth of the antique silver ink-well was a small, bald head. The face on it was leering and most discomforting. "This" thought Brittstein, "is what comes of fantasy."

The voice came again. It must be real, admitted Brittstein to himself as he watched the small lips move.

"Can't write can you, Irv? You know why? Because you never could write. It's always been me who did your thinking and writing for you. I am the one responsible for the briefs which you compose at this desk. I move that pen, not you, me! Those briefs are all my work. When I'm through with one, even a child could write a novel around it. You've got as much literary as a jackass. I'm the one who has been working all these years. Without me you would have been pounding the streets long ago."

"Go to hell!" grunted Brittstein.

"My," mocked the voice, "How original. I've only used that phrase a few dozen times in my novels."

"Your novels?"

"Yes, Irv, my novels. You couldn't write if your life depended on it. You just haven't got what it takes, no originality, no thought of your own. I've been writing all these years and you've been getting the credit, until now you think you can write!

"I didn't step in tonight. How far did you get? Three briefs, and all not worth the paper they are written on. Do you see just how far you can get without me? Nowhere!"



"You've taken credit long enough. Its about time the real author takes a little credit. I thought maybe I could make something out of you, maybe only a grade B writer, but at least something. But this is what I got. A stuffed boob with a big head."

"Well, Irv, its too bad, but you're finished. This is the end of the career of Irving Brittstein, and the beginning of mine. You have written the last of your novels, and short stories, and essays and all the rest. You can go into bankruptcy here and now. I'm tired after having kept you out of it for so long."

"I am the true Irving Brittstein known to millions of readers. I am the creator of Captain Durham, The Duke of Cheshire, Jeremy Polk, and all the others. They are my children, not yours. You've had custody of them for too long. I'm taking them back. Now!"

Irving Brittstein did not become aware of any change until he found himself staring at a greatly enlarged image of his own person across a great expanse of polished wood. There was a ring of glass about his shoulders, and liquid lapped about his heels.

The little mans voice still continued, but now it came from Irving Brittstein, the big Irving Brittstein, and it was addressed to the little finger in the ink-well.

"So, Irv, I have finally put you in your place. The world will notice no change in Irving Brittstein, other than that his stories will doubtless improve. Good-bye Irv. Don't worry, I'll carry on the tradition."

A great thumb, Irving Brittstein's thumb, pushed Irving Brittstein into the ink-well and carefully replaced the stopper.

Then the thumb, aided by other digits picked up the pen and dropped it softly into the waste paper basket. "I won't be using that again, Irv" gloated the soft voice.

The thumb and fingers came back, picked up a sheet of paper and inserted it in the typewriter, then fell to the keys. "Let's see, Irv, it was a fantasy you were planning wasn't it? Lets see if the new Irving Brittstein does any better."

The keys clacked and the paper became flecked with black.

"Yes," mused the voice, "a fantasy. That should do for a start. fascinating title, don't you think so Irv? The Dweller in Glass. Absolutely fascinating."

An Ode from a Planet

By Gerald Gordon

Whenever there was danger,  
Or when death was at hand  
Their to greet it was Hershel Goldenbland,  
Hershel was daring,  
Hershel was brave,  
Hershel feared none,  
From Master to slave.

The rocket sped through the unwavering stars  
Through the reaches of space, toward the Planet of Mars.  
Behind the controls, with a stature firm and grand,  
Sat our cosmic hero, Hershel Goldinbland.  
On his countenance a look of impending doom.  
For ahead on Mars, waited Xavier the "Schloom."

Xavier was master of the galactic patrol  
He enslaved most earthmen in both body and soul.  
And sent as a savior to free men from his fate,  
was Hershel, who enacted what I'm about to relate.  
Hershel loved grulzaks, Hershel loved shmooos  
An all-palestinian shlomp, he drank diluted booze,  
Fearlessness reflected on his all-seeing face.

Humans of ten wondered how he kept the self set pace  
Battle after battle, his blaster at his side,  
If he kept his vow, Xavier would be fried.

Spry, Spry, makes all fried foods  
digestable!  
Try it--try it--to-d-a-y!!!



## A MINOR ANNOYANCE

By Roger Sims  
Byron Lord

Bart Himless, lieutenant in the space patrol, sector C-2382, pulled out his vortex gun and gazed at the nine bright notches with smug satisfaction. Each one of these notches meant a space criminal that Himless had shot down, usually in cold blood. Himless' chief vice was his desire to see more and more bright death notches on his gun. He shoved the weapon back into his holster and grasped the door nob of the room where there was another space criminal for him to exterminate. He silently slipped into the room and saw his quarry seated at a desk with his back to him. Himless pulled his vortex gun from his holster, leveled it, shot, and put a foot wide hole through the body of the seated man.

The man casually looked down at the gaping hole in his body, he stood up and said, "hello, Himless, I've been expecting you." Himless' weapon dropped from his paralyzed hands as he stared with open mouth.

The man continued, "suprised I didn't drop?" Himless dumbly nodded yes. "You can't k ll me, Himless I'm an Andoride Robet." Himless started to stutter a question. The Robet stopped him, saying, "Why did I want to go to prision? Simple because I was the agent who was to organize a jail brake to set free the few important Androides that your space patrol has captured by accident. You know Himless it really is to bad that you discovered my ruse. Now, of course, you will have

to be exterminated." Himless scared out of his paralytic condition reached down for his gun. "Too bad, too bad, but sadism caused it all," the robet continued in a tinny voice Himless shot wildly and the vortex gun took a large chunk out of the wall. He shot again but could not hit the advancing figure. With his last shot Himless tore off half of the Android's head.

"A minor annoyance," said the robet... His long steel fingers reached out for Himless. Himless screamed.



"A minor annoyance," said the robet!



# THE CHRONICLE OF CLARENCE

by D. B. Regnis

Morose and insensate,  
Clarence Kaddidlehoper  
did attempt to relate,  
What ensues-herewith, thenceforth, hereby.

"He was right, was Gor,  
I'm philosophising:  
His seven rules of odd, no more  
The normal path to tranverse."

"To be" is not the same  
as not knowing you are  
Never fear, for your fate  
depends on?

And should the "seven" o(er take me  
Unaware, perhaps in gentle slumber  
Should I allow them to wrest the key,  
Which lockt me within the citadel?

Acknowledge not! The pinwheel center spins  
Its merry curtain of nothingness,  
To ascertain-not the uncertain grins,  
Becusathed by knowing Ignoramuses!

Beware the inthimorphic seers  
Your hopes they'll rise  
And dim our fears  
And chewy transmission fail-with stripped gears.

Upon a nucleus, take no chance  
You may change a "?"  
An electron to glance,  
From one "Nv" to the other-nu?

And an oldsmobile rocket,  
Has a detachable sprocket,  
And a platinum key to lockit!  
Upholstery Dad? Then flock it!

"To maine Shlomp..."  
It is said.



EDITORS NOTE: This is an article that has been rejected by a number of Fanzines because it is too explosive to print. Only Fantasy Science dare to print this.

### MENTAL CHILDREN

by Frank Sassolos

Recently I read some articles in what are purported to be high class professional magazines.....about science-fiction fandom. None of these articles are complimentary.

The Saturday Review of Literature describes us as "a cult.... of know it alls." The writers digest has described fans as "typical middle and lower class....with little taste".

At first I was angry at these descriptions of my friends and myself. Then I stopped to think: and I realized that these statements are all unfortunately true. Fans are middle and lower class people with no taste or intellectuality.

No? You don't think this is true? Then consider the average fan; beside science-fiction he has no outside activities; he is struck dumb when a discussion rolls around to any subject except science-fiction, fandom, or sex; he has little or no general knowledge and certainly could not be classed as intellectuals.

Why is it that out of the large number of college graduates and technicians who read science-fiction there are very few in science-fiction? It is because of the behaviour of the average fan. This is the trouble; he is too average to interest these intellectuals. Why would a reasonably intelligent person want to join an organization controlled by a clique of childish fans who are far below his mental level?

Until the day the few intelligent fans revolt and either take over the leadership of the clubs they are in, or form a new and different nation wide club, fandom will continue to be controlled by the lower class. Until this day fan organizations will be a plaything for mental children.

### HAVE YOU HEARD

That Ray Bradbury may quit writing for pulps and go only to the slicks.

That Claude Dwyer and some outstate Michigan fans are planning to start a Cosmic organization.

That the next Stf convention may be held in New York.

That the Sat. Eve Post is dickering with A. E. Van Vogt for a Stf novelette.



## THE MACHINE

by Ben Singer

He stood in front of it and surveyed it critically. The machine was beautiful. His eyes traced the fine clean lines of the machine, from the legs which supported it to the large screen at the rear and above the

main mechanism.

His fingers lovingly carressed the controls at the front of the machine. He waded, waded he knew not where, in the proverbial pool of indecision. Should he operate the machine now? Could he afford to? It was risky--and of this fact he was well aware.

Chance, chance, chance. Some hidden voice in his mind plagued him. Sure he was taking a chance--he rationalized, made excuses. Didn't everybody take a chance--doing anything? Sure.

He recklessly pushed a small bit of metal in a sliding mechanism. Well broke loose. Rat-tat-tat; rat-tat-tat, cling-cling-cling. The screen lit up and figures and words flashed across the glowing panel.

He was ready now--but he must keep in mind the fact that he had a limited number of chances. He must be extremely careful. He told himself that he wasn't good enough to do it--but that wasn't the attitude to take. He forced his poor overworked ego to supply an all-pervading optimism--it flooded him, engulfed him completely.

He pushed a lever, pulled another one back, and watched the trajectory of the small metal bit as it made a semi-circular arc. Failure. And so much depended on it. So much.

He tried again. Absolute repetition. Could demon chance treat him like this? It was.

Again. Failure. And again. Once more he failed. That left one chance. All the laughing carefree people in the world--could they know what he was going through now--for them? They'd never know!

If he succeeded, they'd take him for granted. If he failed in this, his last chance--they'd never know!

As he manipulated the controls for the last time, he prayed. He prayed to every god he'd heard of. In the hope that perhaps one of them existed and would help him. But could even a god hope to influence this--this...his mind reeled with the tremendous impact of the thing. He, a little mortal, hoping to best a science such as this. Time to try again.

He stood silently, his mind now a complete blank. And then all of a sudden, he was jumping up and down, screaming. He was succeeding. He was succeeding. He was winning. He gave the machine a loving shove.

Then--it happened. The screen lit up again. A tremendous word flashed across and it told him that this was--total failure. The end.

He screamed, he beat his head against the floor, he raved. The two attendants came running, white garb sparkling in the dimly lit room. They lifted him from the floor and started to assist him from the room.

"Wait!" he screamed. "You don't understand. Look!" he pointed at the machine. They looked and they too realized that this--was total failure.

They pulled the screaming thing that was once a man from the room.

Item from the Detroit Dither for May 13, 1950:

"Dr. Lucius Fluence, Director of the Saginaw Mental Institute, announced today that all pinball machines were being removed from the hospital.

"He explained, 'They cause too much excitement among the inmates.'"

Yuk-Yuk-Yuk



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MATERIAL MATERIAL MATERIAL

We need it, we need it, we need it! Send all contributions to the editor (ritzy, eh?), Bennett Sims, 15460 Meyer, Det. 27, Mich. Price of the mag is 10¢, 3 for a quarter, or 12 for 20¢. Send d-o-u-g-h to Roger Sims, Publisher, 16380 Fairfield, Det. 21, Mich.

PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE PLEASE

\* \* \* \* \*

Remember all ye fans

TOO to two too but

"TOC" is singular

(the above blank space has been purchased by Martian Alger  
to publicize his tremendous sense of humor)

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