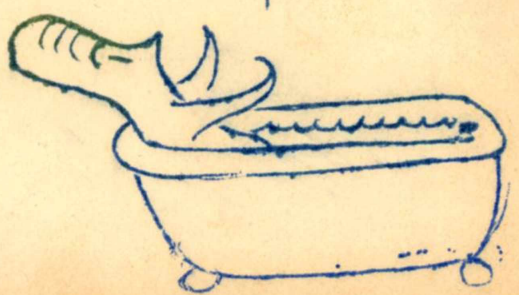
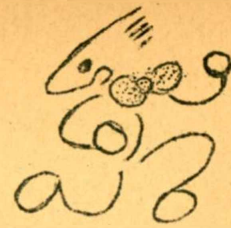


SOAP

Wandry



Vic



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Art by Shelby Vick, Robert Shaw, and Yed

QUANDRY Vol. I No. 10 is caused to occur as monthly as possible at the Sign of The Stars and Bars (hic) in the deep South, namely Savannah, Georgia at the Hoffman Hovel, three doors down from the Cemetary, turn left at red-headed vampire. It can be had for a dime a copy by stateside fans. Those of you outside of the US can have it for a letter of note of acknowledgement per issue. We willingly trade with other fmz. All letters received are considered for publication unless the writer violently protests. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Douglas MacArthur and whatever the columnists say must be blamed on them. Ad space is 10¢ an inch or 80¢ per page. Any similarity between the typos in this fmz and actual spellings, living or dead, are purely coincidental and the fact that Walt Willis's autobiography is upside down in six copies of this ish is solely due to circumstances so if you are fortunate enough to get one of those copies save it, it is a collector's item. Please do not type manuscripts on both sides unless you are using paper. Manuscripts submitted on marble blocks must be accompanied by return postage. Manuscripts will not be accepted unless they are submitted. Usual rates.

Lee Hoffman. . .Editor-Publisher

Lionel Inman. . .Assoc. Ed.

10¢ per copy

\$1.00 per year

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia USA

CHAOS

Editorial Mishmash

Surprise, surprise! After that wait for Q#9 you weren't expecting another ish until the fall of '53, were you? Well, our sprained back is back in condition, finals are over until June, and the flu has flew. . . .

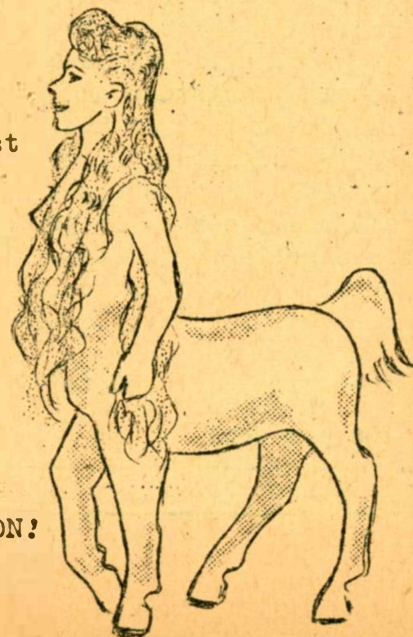
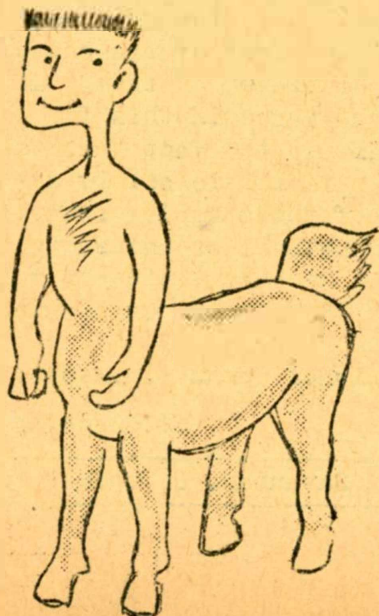
When our plans for summer had consisted solely of loafing about the shores of a lake of mimeo ink, we made plans for something really special in the way of an annish. But now old Devil Dough has raised his ugly head...not, as you might think, the need of money to finance this annish for we would have appealed to you for that, but the commercial, mundane, desire of grocers for the stuff. In other words we can't afford to pay our income tax if we don't get a job. And one is in the offing. It will probably commence this summer and end as we are lowered into an early grave. Said job will, we sincerely hope, pay. Thus it will aid in the purchase of a mimeo of our own and will aid in the financing of a trip to to Nolacon. But this beautiful picture has a defective frame. . . namely time, or rather the lack of it. So if we do sink into the depths of de-starate degradation by taking employment we will be unable to carry out a super annish and. . . Ghu forbid. . . we might have to change our regular publication schedule. We look ourself in the eye and say: Crass, commercial, mundane! And our eye looks back and says mimeo, . . prozines, Nolacon, food! Wot can we do?

Anyway it's better'n the Army.

But they won't have us anyway. Once we tried to enlist but the recruiting officer said that we needn't bother him. We just aren't built to Army specifications. Now that we have almost reached the ripe old age of 19 and we have attained the wisdom that comes from age and maturity. . . we are glad. Don't get us wrong. It is not that we are unpatriotic. We will willingly serve as an air raid warden or an ambulance driver (tho with our skill behind the wheel we would probably raise rather than lower the need for ambulance drivers) but as we see it someone has to stay home and stoke the home fires and we'd just as soon it be us. After all, who are we to hog the glory of getting killed in action. We'd be just as happy to die in the interests of science by being fissioned to death by a newly developed bomb.

Well, you who have been hollering for more fiction, we've got it for you...only we've had to send to the author, Peter Ridley, to get a new last page, seeing as how we lost the one he sent us... so look for it in #11 or #12. For Q#13 we have a long short story by Marion Z. Bradley that you should like. (not you, Redd, I mean some of the others)

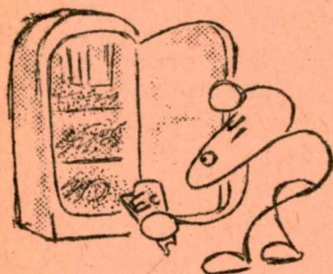
Ghu bless you with a long and full bookshelf.
We'll see ya at the NOLACON!



my LIFE AND HARD TIMES AS A FANMAG COLLECTOR

BY BOB TUCKER

Another new fanzine came in today.



I wish people whould stop publishing the damned things. This one was called Ectoplasm and was apparently printed with that fluid rather than ink; after trying to read it I filed it in the refrigerator with the eggs, eclairs, ecru nuts, earth apples, edelweiss, earwax and other E-things the Blonde keeps on hand. I keep E, F, and G in the refrigerator.

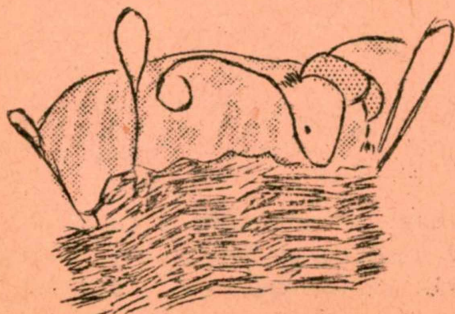
At some dim and unremembered time in the remote past when I was a callow young fan, I thought it would be nice to save fanzines. In that day there were no more than two or three hundred different titles published and their combined output amounted to little more than a hefty truckload per year. So I happily set about saving them; I found an oversize shoebox and kept my fanzines in that, hiding the box under the bed so that I could steal glimpses of my treasure late at night, after the Blonde turned out the lights. That worked fine 'til one night she turned them on again and caught me.

"Aha!" she thundered in that bull roar I knew and loved, "what are you doing there?"

"Playing with my fanmags," I answered meekly.

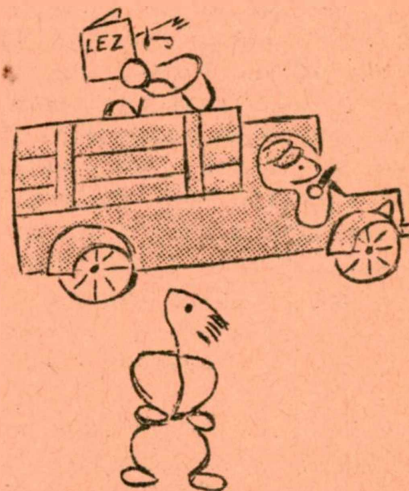
She washed my mouth out with soap.

It wasn't long before the shoebox had to be discarded. Too many young people were finding our that money was to be made in the lucrative publishing game, and fanzines began flowing in faster than I could not-read and file them. At first I simply stacked them under the bed, title atop title and volume atop volume, but as the months went by and they continued to appear in every mail, first one bed leg and then the other rose unsteadily into the air-- jacked up by the small mountain of magazines rising beneath the springs.



The Blonde issued an ultimatum. This was very hard on her, she said, and the bed must come down-- else I would sleep in Coventry.

Furthermore, she demanded, what would the neighbors think as they strolled by outside and, just happening to glance in the bedroom window, saw me sleeping against the ceiling? I answer-
(can't over)

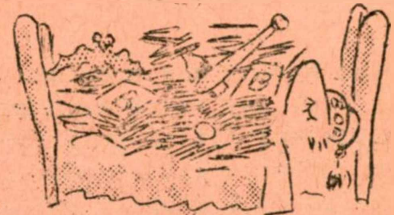


ed that the neighbors surely wouldn't think that any stranger than the other sights they had been seeing through my bedroom window, but she brushed the objection aside. In desperation, I admitted my troubles and told her I knew of no other solution to storing fanzines. She then came to my rescue by showing me the mysteries of the alphabetical filing system, and I quickly set about filing my fanmags the proper way.

Of course, what with the Blonde's expenses and all, I could not afford a filing cabinet, while the few orange crates I managed to salvage and tote home didn't do half the job. There was nothing left for me to do except spot the different letters around the house. A and C made little piles so I put them under Uncle Jonathan's bed. Uncle Jonathan complained about it at first, saying he didn't want any little piles under his bed, but the housekeeper said it was all right because she didn't dust there anyway--Uncle Jonathan slept all day.

It wasn't long before I was so fond of the alphabetical system that I was filing all my possessions that way; I thought it a foolproof method under which nothing would become lost. Anything beginning with a "B", for instance, was filed in my bed.

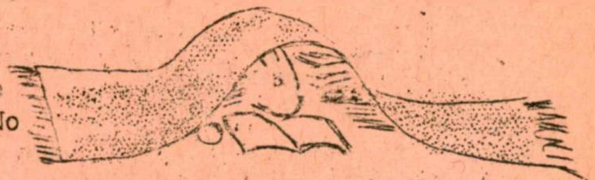
D-things were stashed away in the empty furnace during the summer, although each autumn I had to write to fanzine publishers and request duplicates of their D-titles. As was mentioned earlier, E, F, and G went into the refrigerator. H and I were kept in the dish cupboard along with my galoshes that the Blonde refused to permit in the icebox. J was neatly stacked under one end of the bathtub, with K and L under the opposite end, while M (which was a very large pile) was filed on a window shelf within easy reach of the person sitting there passing the time of day. N, O, and P were hidden under the cushions of the living room sofa, until one night the dog slept on the P-pillow and ruined several hektographed fanzines.



I had nothing beginning with Q, and was in a quandry as to where to put it.

R, S, and T were the greatest problems; so many fanzine publishers seem to choose titles having those initials. I thought that I had successfully solved the problem of those three letters when I found that our dog and cat slept in the house all the time. It was a shame to allow the little backyard huts to stand empty, so at once I began filing R, S, and T out there--until the Blonde put a stop to it. She said that the neighbors were gossiping about my many trips to the cat house. (I eventually put R under the rug, inasmuch as the rug was already filed there.)

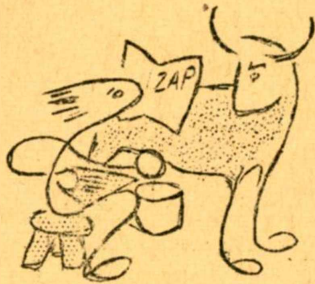
U and V were no problem at all. When Uranus stopped publishing I simply flushed the remains down the drain and forgot about it. No one has ever mailed me a V.



X, Y, and Z were only a bit more difficult. Every now and then a fanzine called X-Ray appears but I dodge the responsibility of hunting an X-hole by filing X-Ray in the refrigerator under E. Y stumped me. I was in the habit of carrying

(more Over)

The Continued Life and Hard Times of A Fanmag Collector



Y-things around with me for weeks, pointedly ignoring well-meaning friends who kept asking why. I finally gave it all to the Blonde who put them in her handbag. She harbors a secret passion for Y's.

I received only one fanzine initiated Z. It was called Zap. My zither, my zebu and Zap are kept in the barn, where each night I play the zither and read Zap while milking the zebu. The Zap is wearing out rather quickly, and I'm looking forward to a fresh issue.

ISFCC

ISFCC gives you a bimonthly O-O, ~~EXPLORER~~, that is one of the finest fanzines now being published. It gives you The Kollector's Korner, a functioning department, A Trading Column which gets results, and many other actual, existing features. All this for merely 50¢ a year to finance the O-O.

Send your half a buck to:

Lawrence Knehlbauch (pres)
Rt 2, Box 223,
Billings, Montana

or Ed Noble (official editor)
Box 49
Girard, Pa.

ACV

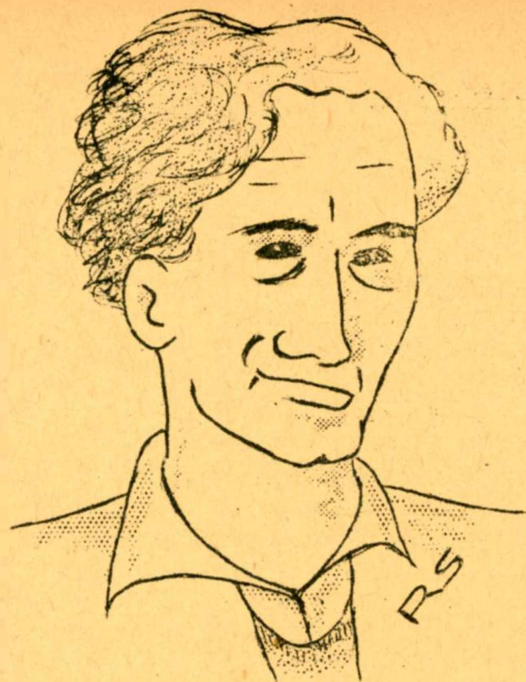
Join the
NOLA CON

Send your
dollar to

Harry B. Moore
2703 Camp St
New Orleans 13
Louisiana



IT PROVES MY THEORY.



WALTER WILLIS

Ireland's Number One
Fan and Editor of SLANT

Address:

Walter A. Willis
170, Newtownards Rd.
Belfast, Northern Ireland

((The drawing of Walt Willis was done by Irish fan Robert Shaw who did a very good likeness, judging from photos. The drunken expression shown above is the fault of the stencil-cutter. Actually (judging from photos) Mr Willis is far better looking than the average fan (which isn't saying much, is it?))

autobiography

I was born of poor but dishonest parents, shortly after the first World War ---Nature's answer to the influenza epidemic. For the first three years of my life I was called Rover (my father had wanted a dog) but actually I was a pretty curly-headed little girl. Then one day some gypsies came and stole me out of my cot and left a hideous little boy in my place. Even at an early age I looked like a faned. But I very nearly died without issue because my father, refusing to believe that two heads were better than one, tried to teach me to swim under water and I had to be brought up by the police.

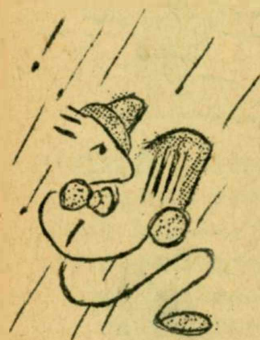
These are about all the corny gags I have left after Vernon McCain's autobiography, and anyway it has just occurred to me that after Dianetics this sort of account should start much earlier. However, not having any preconceived ideas on the matter let us pass on to my life with science-fiction. I started with H.G. Wells in the public library and after I have read all his books I started looking for others. This explains my vast knowledge of authors whose names begin with S, T, U & V. Then in 1948 I found in a second hand bookshop the first American edition of ASF which had eluded the greedy tentacles of James White (then unknown to me except as the mysterious figure who 'Was In Ten Minutes Ago And Bought It.') I asked myself how long this had been going on and without waiting for an answer traded my monomania for hi-fi amplifiers for a bad case of backissue-ache. In ten months I had accumulated an almost complete set of wartime ASF (I still want April 1943--advt.) and many other magazines, catching up with James White, joining fandom, and starting a fanzine in the process.

I am slightly over 6' high, not counting the bit turned off for feet. I weigh almost 11 stone in my socks. (My wife wishes I would stop because it's very hard on the socks.) Likes: people, puns, Quandry, and life. Dislikes: cheese, Hubbard, professional Irishmen, and British fans who write begging letters in prozines.

The War That Once For Twice

The title of this column comes from the Irish song:-

"The harp that once through Tara's halls
The soul of music shed..."



I mention this because I'm afraid the allusion wouldn't be too well understood in the States. A lot of Americans come over here in the summer ---we know it's the summer because the rain is distinctly warmer---and we put on our thickest brogues and be as Irish as anything, which pleases them no end. But maybe the ones who stay at home have never heard of the place. Let's hope that from now on it will be a little better known, in sf circles anyway. There have been Irish sf authors of course, from Swift to Belfast's own C.S. Lewis, but now I am proud to announce the



first Irish prozine. To be quite honest it's not exactly a prozine, but a pocket-book. Its cover is a nice little affair in blue and silver, simple but attractive, and depicting a spaceship called GRIANNE (the atom). What makes the book quite unique is that it is written and printed in Gaelic, the first sf ever to appear in the language. This type-writer has no Erse characters, and I wouldn't be surprised if Lee's hasn't either, but the title can be transliterated as REICS CARLO AR AN NGEALAIG, by Cahal O'Sandar. The intrepid space heroes are called Eamon O'Neill and Brian O'Ruairc, which makes a nice change. It's published in Baile atha Cliath--Dublin to you---and I can supply copies to completionist collectors (if there are any these days outside the nuthouse) for two current prozines.

FILTH COLUMN One of Howard Browne's accusations against fanzines was that their gossip columns are full of lies. So I now offer a new type of gossip column, every item in which is guaranteed to be as thoroughly truthful and reliable as Mr Browne's forecast of a slick **AMAZING**.

The Dianetics Foundation will be holding a Convention this summer. In gratitude to the organisers of the Nolacon the entire proceedings will be given over to science fiction, except for a few addresses by prominent speakers on such subjects as "How to be a clear and not let your wife see through you", "The Discontent of our Winter", "Dianetics' rich field for development and how to make it poorer", "Can Dianetics survive L.Ron Hubbard?", "The Law of Supertax", and "Auditors and Auditors".

The proprietors of **FLAIR** have their eye on a Certain Magazine, but have been advised that they cannot take proceedings against a minor.

The Harp That Once Or Twice Still Does

Beginning with the October 1951 issue, AMAZING will be published on tissue paper, with a hole punched right through the top left-hand corner. This will enable passers-by to glance quickly through the magazine without even lifting it up, but it is of course designed for the convenience of letters.

The Bernard Shaw Foundation, established to revise the spelling of the English Language, has received a claim from a Mr. Douglas Fisher.

WAS MY BOGGS REDD The February issue of QUANDRY has just wandered in as I am writing this column for the April issue. A pity about this time lag, but there doesn't seem to be anything to be done about it. The column can go by airmail but the mag is QUANDRY, not SQUANDRY, and till the introduction of a special airmail rate for fanzines---there's something for NSF to get their gums into---they'll just have to struggle across on the back of that ocean-going tortoise the Post Office are using these days Third-class mail.

But what I was going to say was that I was very pleased to notice that Redd Boggs is joining Lee's chain gang of columnists. I've been feeling a bit guilty where Redd is concerned, because I published in SLANT #4 a column in which Clive Jackson devoted some of the best jeers of his life to FILE 13. And since Redd had never done me any harm I felt a bit uneasy when the release of that issue coincide with the collapse from under him of Redd's platform SPACEWARP, and with the publication of Banister's EGOBOO. It seemed a bit too much like organised Redd-baiting---"kick him again, he's still breathing"---and what Redd thought of the barrage I never found out. I sent him an "uncomplimentary" copy of SLANT and offered him space to reply, but all I got was an unbaited copy of SKYHOOK, with no mention of the matter at all. Whether he was perfecting an atomic bomb to fit inside an ordinary envelope, or whether he had reacted to all these kicks in true Christian fashion, by turning the other cheek. I had no way of knowing. Eventually however I emptied out the barrel of oil that had stood ready beside the front door and started to sleep nights.



Recently the bookshelf where I keep the mimeoed fanzines began to overflow and since I find it much harder to borrow bookcases than books I had to do something about it. Of course I can't find it in my heart to throw any of them away so I took the trouble to bind the best of them, like QUANDRY and SPACEWARP. Naturally I finished up by reading them all over again, and something in the first WARP of my collection rather startled me. It was in Tucker's reasoned refutation of the hoax report of his death. He convinced me all right, of course, but apparently in the fake obituary there was reference to something called "Fandom Inc." Does anybody know what this was? It sounds horribly like my own firm of "Proxyboo Ltd", which runs fandom for BNFs on an agency business and supplies all the prozine material not provided by its chief rival, Vernon McCain Incorporated (better known as Henry Kuttner.) It makes me wonder, did I really invent Proxyboo Ltd. all by myself, or had that hardly noticed reference to Fandom Inc. been festering in my subconscious. Perhaps it's as well that the turnover in fandom is so rapid that newcomers can do everything over again and get away with it. Maybe one of these days the Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in SF Magazines will be founded anew by some innocent neofan. The idea is bound to have a fundamental appeal to readers of the new AMAZING.

The last thing I noticed in WARP brings me back to Boggs again. It was that famous piece of his "Banister Gets It In The Nek." There can't ever have been a column that caused such an uproar. A whole string of replies in the next

(more over)

The Harp that Still Does

WARP, Jackson's "Chewing The Crud" in SLANT (Jackson had never hear of 'crud' before and thought it was peculiar to Boggs) and finally EGOBOO. It was a great pity WARP folded at that point, for it was going to be wonderfully interesting. However for all I know Redd has already written a "Slant Gets It In The Pants." If so, this is where you came in.

LUCKY DIP "SLUDGE" #1. Bob Foster, 2 Spring Gardens, Southwick, Brighton, England. Four issues for one prozine. This modestly named effort is probably the most extraordinary fanzine I have ever encountered. Of course, I was in at the birth of it, and I know that the editor is a bricklayer, that he entered fandom only a few months ago, that he knows nothing of the ins and outs of fan publishing and that he hasn't got a typewriter or a mimeograph and that he in fact started with nothing but guts and enthusiasm; but even so! He wrote to me some while ago for advice on linocuts and when I saw his first effort I feared for him. It was a thin and brittle piece of inlaid lino--already fallen to pieces in the mails--and this he had rolled with water paint and a wooden roller and tried to print by hand. (I expect that Lee has some fellow feeling for him!) But the ones in his first issue show what can be done with determination. They are printed by foot pressure, of course, but nevertheless they are amazingly good. The zine 's contents, too, are better than most first issues, but the editor with a modesty unusual in faneds has only distributed copies to the five fen he knows, so you'll have to ask him for a copy. Do that: this zine has promise.

ODES AND ENDS Does anyone else suspect that James H. Schmitz, of the Vega stories in ASF, is really Old Doc Smith making a comeback?.....After probably the shortest and most successful fan agitation in history, by British and Irish fans, Street and Smith have apologised all round them and reduced their foreign sub rates from \$10 to \$4; from the ridiculous to the merely exorbitant.....Further articles in the series "Eje Other SF" in this column will be delayed till after the World Convention in London in May, at which several French fans will be present.....British SF Book Club being formed.

-- Walter A. Willis

=====

S T U F F

We have just heard a kids' record that should be of interest to some of you. It is basically DESTINATION MOON. One of the four passengers is Tony, a kid. But much of the picture is followed pretty closely on the disc. We don't know the title or data as we heard it over the radio but it might be worth looking into, especially for those of you who plan to be educating young'ns to the fannish way of life.

---Yed

=====

Have you sent your buck to the **NOLACON?**
Address: Harry (the B) Moore
2703 Camp Street
New Orleans 13, La.

Do it now!

-Adv.

.....

REPORT NUMBER ONE

allan weinstein

Journal of Dianology

May 1951

(Note: The publishers and editors of the Journal of Dianology feel that this proposed experiment will, if undertaken, throw some light in a rather dim subject and possibly clear it up. Hence, even though the experiment has never been done, and in all probabilities will never be done, it has been included for publication.)

PROBLEM: To test the following hypothesis; a group of words or a word becomes a command which must be carried out by the organism, a hypnotic suggestion as it were, when they are received during moments of unconsciousness and pain.

BACKGROUNDS AND THEORY: The above hypothesis is perhaps one of the more important ones in the Theory of Dianetics. If experimental results show that the hypothesis is valid, Mr Hubbard will have scored a point in the establishment of Dianetics over Psychiatry as a healer of mental ills. If the experimental results show that it is not, then in all probabilities the house of cards will come tumbling down and Mr Hubbard will again have scored a point in writing an outstanding science fiction novel, or treatise. All one has to do is to look at sales figures. It would seem, then, that Mr Hubbard has absolutely nothing to lose whether the hypothesis is proved correct or incorrect.

It is known that Mr Hubbard is by no means a stupid man; and the author knows some of his co-workers in the wilds of Jersey, and that they are competent students of experimental Psychology. It is suggested then that either Mr Hubbard or one of his staff has indeed thought of such a simple experiment as this, and has undoubtedly tried it, and tried it on enough people to have already gotten statistically significant results. The complete and utter silence from the hinterlands of Jersey can only suggest that something is rotten in Jersey.

APPARATUS: A wooden mallet of about three pounds in weight and a small quantity of elbow grease.

PROCEDURE:* Mr Hubbard's reaction to a group of key words, such as "O, stop talking and thinking about Dianetics!" is noted by the experimenter. The likeliest person who could say that and get away with it is probably his wife, Mrs Hubbard, who, since she is supposedly "clear", will help the experimenter in the interests of science. If Mr Hubbard still thinks and talks about Dianetics afterwards, one may say that the sentence is not a command, and may proceed to the second part of the experiment. Mr Hubbard is placed in a chair and conked slightly with the mallet, enough so that unconsciousness and pain are assured. No talking is permitted during the experiment, except the reiteration of, "O, stop talking and thinking about Dianetics!" This is said clearly, slowly and succinctly by the experimenter at least twice.

Mr Hubbard is revived and several days later, after his headache has abated, his "engram" is "Keyed-in" (whatever that may mean) by the following procedure. Mr Hubbard is led to the same chair used in part two of the experiment and seated there by the experimenter. Undoubtedly Mr Hubbard is a little nervous by now, which is considered part of the keying-in process. He is again given a gentle conk, this time enough to stun him, and the words "O, stop it already!" are spoken by the experimenter. Even Mr Hubbard will agree that is enough similarity of circumstances to key in any engram. Mr Hubbard is again revived and his reactions noted.

RESULTS: No results may be reported at this time but the author is now taking bets

* For a valid experiment the procedure should be changed to include as many subjects as possible. Also, such a skull-cracking method of inducing an engram can be replaced by other comparatively gentle means.

Report Number One (con't)

that Mr Hubbard will continue spouting Dianetics at \$500 a throw, notwithstanding the two lumps on his head.

INTERPRETATION AND DISCUSSION: It may be added that a control group of people, undergoing the same procedure except that they are not smitten on the cranium, could be added for the sake of scientific completeness. The interpretation of the data is left to the future, after the experiment has been done. For a discussion see BACKGROUNDS AND THEORY above.

SUMMARY: It may be stated as a summary that the methodology of Experimental Psychology and that of Dianetics are extremely similar, if not the same, and that the one could and should be (and probably has been) used to test the other.

CONCLUSIONS: 1) Dianetics should and could be tested by valid scientific experimentation.

2) Since Mr Hubbard has had years in which to experiment and since he and his co-workers are neither stupid nor uneducated, it is not unexpected that much work has been done and is being done now on experiments similar to this one.

3) Since no word has been forthcoming from the wastes of Jersey, one may reasonably conclude that Mr Hubbard would not like the world at large to inspect his results.

4) Something is phoney somewhere.

BIBLIOGRAPHY: 1) Dianetics, L.Ron Hubbard

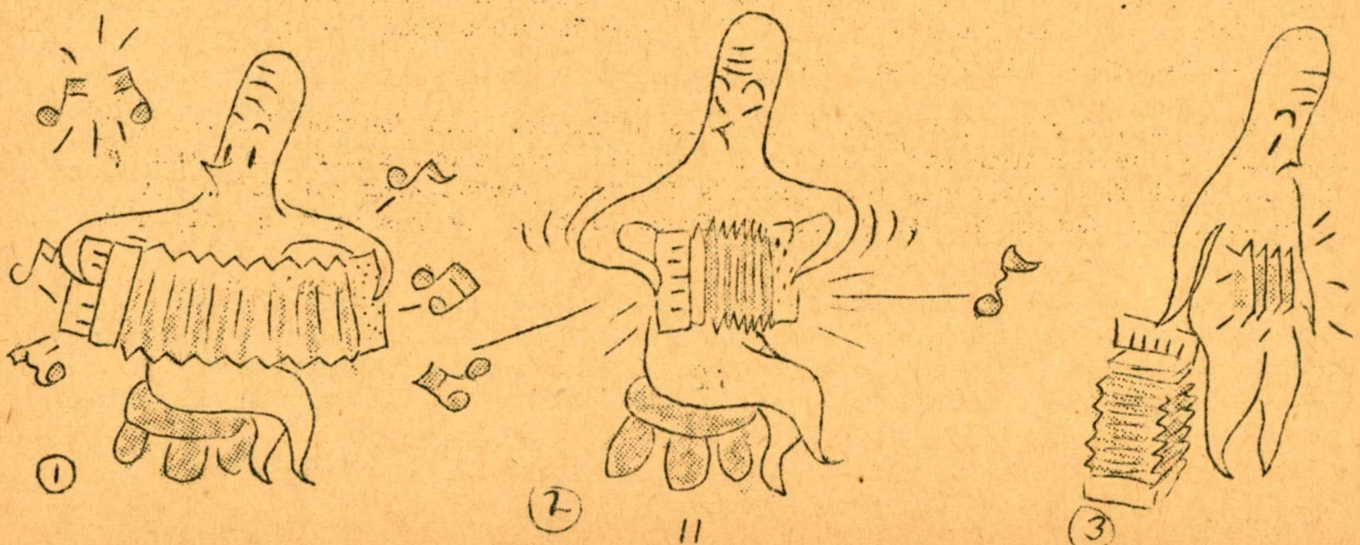
2) Extremely Elementary Scientific Analysis, Yoosyoor Head

3) Experimental Psychology Made Easy, Justyu Look

ADDENDUM: An alternate procedure might be to use Mr John W. Campbell in place of Mr Hubbard and to use a leaden mallet with a sharp steel spike at the end. The resulting crevice in Mr Campbell's head might possibly let some light into some dark corners or let some deros, demons, little Shavers or Mr Hubbards out.

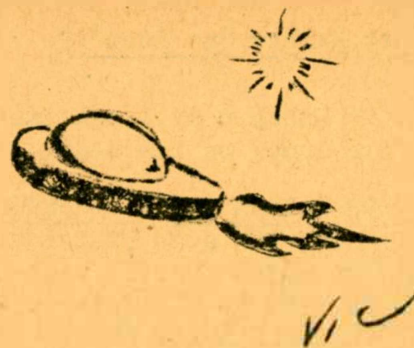
THE HUFFIN' PUFFIN

by SHELLEY VICK



FILE #13

redd boggs



BRINGING THINGS UP TO DATE

This is the 13th installment I've written of File 13 -- and the 14th installment published. This improbable situation has a simple explanation: Arthur H. Rapp split into two sections the first column I ever wrote -- which for the record was created, title and all, on the 20th of September 1948. The first installment appeared in Spacewarp for October 1948, the second the following issue. From then on, File 13 appeared irregularly, the latest column being printed in the final subscription issue of Spacewarp, September 1950.

When Warp went under, I thought of burying File 13, too -- as so many people had suggested. Then, reconsidering in an ambitious moment, I half decided to revive it as a magazine in itself, a sort of personalized newspine to be circulated in FAPA. But I had no time to start another fanzine, and File 13 slept in limbo till early 1951, when in the space of two or three weeks I received three separate inquiries from as many fan editors, wondering about the possibility of reviving the column for their fanzines. Lee Hoffman got his bid in first.

For those of you who haven't had the ineffable pleasure of seeing File 13 before, the purpose of this column -- as I wrote in a forward to the very first installment -- "is to discuss, reminisce, speculate and generally gab about subjects purportly of interest to science fiction fans." I might reword that statement a bit now, but what it says still holds. So let's see what has accumulated in the file since last fall.

TWO GUN PLOTS

One of the things most infuriating to a fantasite is a certain patronizing attitude toward our favorite literature that's as common as double takes in a vanVogt yarn. Not the patronizing attitude of literary critics outside the field -- though that's common too -- but, more serious, the patronizing attitude of people directly connected with fantasy. August Berleth's unpopularity with many fans is traceable to his patronizing attitude toward the sf branch of fantasy, so implicit in his so-called science fiction anthologies, which are 90 per cent wierd stories. But he is just as patronizing toward his own pet weird tales as well. How often have you seen him refer to his "serious work" -- by which he means all his stuff other than fantasy?

Of course, Berleth has grounds for his attitude. His "serious" novels are incomparably better than his wierds. Let me tell you about a more astonishing case in which the writer has less grounds for his patronizing attitude. It concerns a mere detective story writer, Frank Gruber. He has written only a few

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fantasies, one of them "The Gun", published by Weird Tales, July 1942, and reprinted in Avon Fantasy Reader #7

"The Gun" is the story of how a mild-mannered bookkeeper (a stereotype, if ever there was one) buys an old Navy Colt pistol at an auction and shortly thereafter goes berserk, killing and robbing, before he himself is shot down by police. The wierd angle comes in when the pistol turns out to be one that once belonged to Jesse James.



It's a rather ridiculous plot, but Gruber made it sufficiently compelling to sell it a couple of times. But it's doubtful whether anybody could read "The Gun" without gagging after he has read another Gruber story, The Navy Colt. In this mystery novel Gruber's famous characters, Johnny Fletcher and Sam Cragg, are mixed up in a murder involving the theft of a Navy Colt pistol -- that once belonged to Jesse James! All right. Nobody blames Gruber for milking another plot from his obsession about Jesse James' pistol. The payoff though, comes in the middle of this yarn when Sam Cragg, Johnny's strong but stupid companion, fancies himself a budding author and reads an epic he's whipped up, before a meeting of a writer's club.

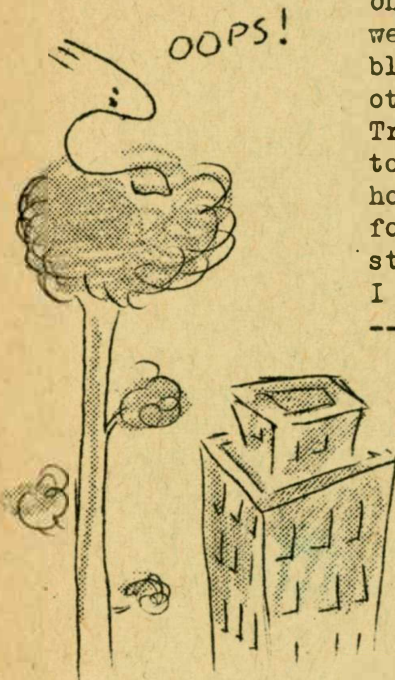
Sam Cragg's story, "The Judas Gun", turns out to be an extremely rough burlesque of the very story Frank Gruber sold to Weird Tales as "The Gun". Here are a couple of parallel passages, describing the bookkeeper's reaction when he takes Jesse James' cursed gun in his hand: From "The Gun": "It was as if an iron chain that had bound his conscience all of his life had suddenly snapped. He was free." From the burlesque version, in The Navy Colt: "About this time Joe got an awful funny feeling. He felt like he was a crook or an outlaw or something."

Evidently Frank Gruber doesn't think fantasy is sacred. Here we have him cynically realizing that the awful, illiterate yarn he invented for his detective novel is really good enough to foist off on unsuspecting fantasites as a straight weird tale! You must be possessed of a tremendous patronizing attitude toward fantasy to pull such a trick, don't you think?

I WONDER AS I WANDER

What ever happened to R.L. Farnsworth, "America's rocket prophet," and his United States Rocket Society, which made such a big hollow noise between 1945 and 1948? # Did L. Ron Hubbard read this? "FORMULA FOR STF AUTHORS: Never write down to stf readers; they will despise you for your clarity. Rather write up and past them, wither in the bypaths of some obscure science no one knows much about, or in the virgin incomprehensibility of a science you have invented yourself. Do this and they will worship you." Charles Burbba wrote this advise in Fan Dango # 24 (Feb. 1950). # Who was it that first said that his fondest hope was to see the day "When the Haggards Ride no more"? I've seen that wisecrack attributed to various persons, but the earliest I've found

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it reported was 1891 -- said by J.K. Stephens. # Does anyone remember a sf yarn about a land where life-processes were speeded up so tremendously that plants sprouted, grew, bloomed and died in the space of minutes? There have been other such stories, but none, I think, with this neat touch: Trees were used as elevators for tall buildings. You simply tossed a seed on the ground, jumped on as it sprouted up, and hopped off when you were lifted to the story you wanted. (I forget how you got down.) This yarn probably wasn't in a sf mag -- it might have been in Argosy or some similiar source. I dimly remember reading it somewhere when I was very young -- and the magazine probably was an old one even then. # What's the reason for "running heads" at the bottom of the page? ASF started the trend when it went pocketsize years ago -- or even before that: I seem to recall their appearance in some of the last largesize issues. Galaxy followed the lead, and now we have Marvel in pocketsize dutifully mimicking its influential competitors. Is it easier for the printer to set up the pages with the magazine name and story titles at the foot of the page rather than at the head of it? Maybe. It can't be done for effect, for it looks inferior to normal format where the running heads are in the right place.

HEAVENLY MUSIC?

To my knowledge this item hasn't been mentioned in the fan press. It's worth printing even now, though it appeared in Hedda Hopper's column for 26 October 1950. Charles Burbee spotted it in the Los Angeles Times:

"Everyone who came under the magic of his voice will keep on mourning [Al Jolson's death]. Half an hour after his death was announced, E.E. Evans called to say, 'I'm just one of the millions who loved Al Jolson.' Then he suggested this paraphrase of 'Sonny Boy': 'And the angels grew lonely; thok him to sing for them only. We're lonely too, Jolie Boy.'"

No comment.

NOT-SO-TERRIBLE MENACE

John W. Campbell Jr's movie came to Minneapolis recently. It was called "The Thing " here -- or maybe "The Thing From Another World" -- it's hard to say what the exact title was: the words "The Thing" smeared down the screen first, followed by "from Another World" as sort of a subtitle under it. The picture definitely didn't show here under the new title that some reported it would bear, after that song because infamous.

It said right there in the screen that the picture is "from the story "Who Goes There?" by John W. Campbell Jr.," but the resemblance to John's sf classis is somewhat superficial. As most of you are aware, the picture is

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set in Alaska rather than Antarctica, has several women in it, where the original had none, and has been considerably modified into a "flying saucer" story, though the disks were unknown when Campbell wrote the yarn.

The biggest difference, though, between the screen and printed versions is that the Thing from another world has been toned down in menace. The screen's hard-to-kill vegetable monster is no menace at all compared to the malleable monstrosity with the "terrifying ability to assume any living form" that Campbell described. Thus, the characters in the screen play don't face the "terrifying dilemma" of determining who is man and who is monster -- the problem that made "Who Goes There?" brim with terror. It's easy to see why the movie makers passed up this unique concept: the problem had to be solved by coldbloodedly killing the men-turned-monsters. Such a solution wouldn't pass the Johnson office in the first place, and would take careful preparation to sell successfully to movie fans. It would be almost impossible to convince movie audiences that a screen character, heretofore depicted sympathetically, has suddenly become a monster that must be killed -- for remember there was no overt sign of the inner change in these persons.

Attempting to tie the movie in with today's headlines, the producers brought in the Alaskan air force and the flying saucers. It's probable that if an Antarctic expedition was currently in the news, an Antarctic setting would have been retained. The Alaskan locale, however, is satisfactory and well-depicted. The flying saucer slant, on the other hand, is unfortunate. The picture ends with a broadcast from the icebound camp where the Thing has been fought and subdued, warning the world to "watch the skies" for more flying saucers. A more ludicrous ending better calculated to stir up ridicule cannot be imagined.

None of the characters follow Campbell's originals; there is no character comparable to the bronze giant McReady. The leading male character is a hardbitten air force captain. A disturbing anti-science element is present in the depiction of Dr. Carrington, head of the scientists at the research base. He opposes defending themselves against the obviously deadly monster -- he wants to learn the great scientific secrets the Thing must know. Carrington mouths a number of meaningless speeches about the mission of science. For instance: "Science recognizes neither friend nor foe -- only phenomena." (That's not a whole truth: what about cancer? Is that only a phenomenon -- or is it a menace to conquer and destroy?) In this phase, culminating in Carrington's muddleheaded attempt to "reason" with the attacking Thing, the picture is anti-science fiction.

No male in his right mind is likely to object to the introduction of female characters into the story, though Campbell used none. For the female lead is taken by a newcomer named Margaret Sheridan, a former model, who is the most alluring tomato I've seen on the screen in years. None of the players are starred -- i.e. no names precede the title in screen credits -- but her name leads all the rest. See "The Thing" for its suspense and action -- and especially for Margaret Sheridan.

NOTES THAT MISSED MY WASTEBASKET

Dr. William J. Luyten, once astronomy expert for Gernsback's Wonder Stories obtained "Destination Moon" for showing to astronomy classes at the University of Minnesota. There was a discussion period afterward, during which Dr Luyten answered questions. Most sensible question asked was "Why didn't they saw off that ladder from the airlock to the control room and heave that out, instead of going through that business of trying to jettison the fourth spacesuit?" Least sensible question: "How can a rocketship fly in space when there's nothing to push against?" After that, my spy got up and left the meeting. # One of the clippings I've been saving

CIRCULATION

Walter A. Coslet

It is an admitted fact among magazine publishers that television has cut in to their circulation. And they are trying to recoup with all sorts of tactics. Standard Magazines with Leo Margolies as editorial director, ave decided to put their individual editors into full charge of their blocs, and their names will be appearing in their mags as "editor". Thus Sam Merwin Jr. will have full responsibility for thair fantasies, TWS, SS, FEO, & WSA. Popular Publications, without warning switched manu pf their titles to a class format. FFM was the only one of their fantasies affected, so it would seem that it was their best sellers which received the preference, the switch to class. And they've completely abandoned their one-time policy of 'no reprints! Even Super Science has them. Saves money, you know...

But A. Merritt's Fantasy deserves special attention. I believe that when or if another publishing splurge begins, it will be revived even as FANTASTIC NOVELS was-- for its publication history roughly parallels FN's. Just why was AMF discontinued? Watching the stands supplied what I believe to be the answer: the mag's date and the time of its appearance on the newsstand were too close together. After the mag had been on the stands 3 weeks the newsstand operators removed it from sale upon the belief that the mag was ~~in~~ then outdated. This practice could not help bgt be death for a new mag. They made a step in the right direction when they switched to quarterly but only insofar as to the changing of the date to a month beyond the date it arrived at the stands. Perhaps they've learned their lesson if the evidence of the dating of the class-format FFM is any basis to hudge. But now FFM, FN, and SSS all bear the same month-date.

Why did Avon Fantasy Reader delay the distríbution od two of their issues out west? I wonder if it could be another scheme to check demand for their mag in different sections of the country... I could believe it if they would this year pull the stunt in reverse: distribute an issue or so in the West only, and finally make it available back east months later.

Galaxy hopes, they say, to raise their circulation to 500,000 in a year's time. I don't believe they can do it. Their issues haven't been appearing promptly at the stands, and I've had no response to my subscription even though I sent it in 2 months ago, and have written 2 complaints. Are they having trouble? I hope not, for if Galaxy dies, the best current hopes of fandom die.

WORLDS BEYOND evidently thought it could take the country by storm, and then shocked by the fact that their mag was not a sell-out in a week's time, jumped to the conclusion that it would never catch on with the public. In this case, I'm not sorry, tho they did show improvement with each issue. OTHER WORLDS and IMAGINATION are not, however, so vitally concerned with circulation but seem to be publishing more from a real interest in stf/fsy itself. If they ever reach the circulation figures WB expected as a matter of course, they'll be making improvements with their profits more than Hillman would ever worry to.

WIERD TALES method of bucking the storm is all to obvious and odious. I almost wish they'd give up and let the hoary mag rest in peace. OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES also have used what we consider an odious method in an attempt to obtain a larger circulation. FANTASY BOOK as is evident, does not have the distribution necessary for circulation, and is suffering therefrom. Street and Smith have been so pleased with the mass circulation of their slick publications, Astounding SF, even with its standing, is apparently no longer their pride and joy. It would seem that several changes are in the offing here.

In short, I'd say the trend toward so many stf/fsy publications is plain evidence that the pulp fiction field is in tottery condition and the publishers are trying to find something that will still sell well.

KONNER'S KORNER

One of the many sciences that haven't been worked to death by the fashioners of science-fiction has been the science of genetics. Oh, I know you can name a dozen yarns that featured this science, but for every one of them you name, I can name a dozen that had to do with some other science. And genetics is a most interesting business, from any viewpoint!

The reason for all this discourse anent the giving of life is an article to appear in the May issue of Pagent Magazine entitled, "Childbirth By Proxy," by Robert W. Marks. It reads like a page from a science fiction story laid many years in the future---only the feature of this attraction is that it is a science story and it isn't fiction at all, but the absolute truth...and has happened and is happening in the here and now.

It isn't a story about artificial insemination. That's old stuff. It goes further than that and tells about artificial incubation and postulates some very interesting theories. Now, this is being written in April and I haven't seen a copy of the May issue of Pagent...not having access to any form of time machine as yet. So, naturally I haven't had the opportunity to read the article in question. I have received my information from a column written by Mrs Zoe Kincaid Brockman of the Gastonia, N.C. Gazette. Mrs Brockman received a preview account of the article and gouted extensively from it. How much she left out and how much she chose to tell, I have no way of knowing. I intend to read the article when it appears, but here is word for word what Mrs Brockman had to say:

"Long ago I became acutely distressed over the tendency of writers to debunk our heroes and other loved characters who have long since become dust and can't defend themselves. But I can't cope with science stepping in and attempting to remove the miracle from the virgin birth by proving what can be done with this, that, and the other thing---among these being a bit of dry ice.

"This preview of an article to appear in Pagent Magazine for May is offered without comment---Mommie (Mrs E.'s pet name for herself) here is being too upset and red faced to comment:

"Women: Going to have a baby without becoming pregnant?---Have a family without a father?

"Men: Going to sire an off-spring 200 years from now?

"The time may be coming when these questions will not sound silly at all as new miracles in genetics in laboratory experiments come to be applied to human practice...

"A Virgin Birth may no longer fall in the category of the miracle. Perhaps the most startling of all the accomplishments has been the substitution of a piece of dry ice, a quick drop in temperature, for the male sperm! A healthy, normal rabbit has been produced from an unfertilized doe by chilling one of the mother rabbit's Fallopian tubes for 20 minutes with dry ice, according to the Pagent article.

"No woman who wishes children of her own, will need to do without them because of some physical bar to pregnancy, says Pagent, if techniques already theoretically demonstrated are applied to human mothers. A single egg would be flushed out of one woman, fertilized in a test tube (or dry-iced perhaps) and implanted in another woman in whose body it would develop. The child would be the true child of the original mother, inheriting its characteristics from her---the host mother merely serving as an incubator.

"Another genetic wonder of far reaching effect is the successful storing of the

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Konner's Korner (kon't)

male sperm in dry ice for extended periods. A prospective mother of 2500 may be able to order a frozen Einstein or a Joe Louis sperm to father her child!"

Take a look at that last sentence of the quotation. What great possibilities for a super-doooper stf yarn. I hate to give it away but I don't feel equal to the task of writing it. Just one angle: the male spermatazoa in one discharge contains enough fertility to impregnate many thousands of women. Just think---suppose one had a collection of the sperm from our great men of the past, how nice it would be to see if their off-spring would have any of their attributes. Or say in the future, we had an off-spring of an off-spring who was once a gleam in Edison's or Roosevelt's eye. Would we have another Edison or Roosevelt? Who knows---but it is an interesting speculation!

Received for review: Fanvariery ...April, 1951. Issue 7...published monthly by W.Max Keasler. This issue is combined with AlphNull...The price is 10¢ per copy. \$1.00 for 12 issues. The address is 420 South 11th st, Poplar Bluff, Mo. This is an interesting zine and well deserves your support. As it's name implies, it does not deal strictly with science or fantasy fiction. Anything goes. This fact alnos makes it unique in the fanzine field. By and large, though, it is strictly a zine for the stfan. The art work is fair and the fiction and articles above the usual line of quall. You would do well to send Max a dime and request a copy. Mention KK for extra fast service. ((Fv is one of the best fmz now being published. Don't miss it))

Hey, have you written Lynn A. Hickman or me about the opportunities to be had by becoming a member of the Little Monsters of America? Well, brother, you are missing something if you aren't in the know about TLMA. Space here doesn't permit the chronicalljng in detail of the many advantages of TLMA membership. This entire magazine would hardly be large enough ti detail them all. So get a letter off before you forget it, to Lynn A. Hickman, 408 West Bell Street, Statesville, N.C. or to me at 1618 McFarland Ave, Gastonia, N.C. ((which is also the adress for fmz to be reveiwed in this column)) Lynn has more energy than me, so you might get a more detailed answer if you write him. On second thought, it might be a good idea to write ti both of us. What one doesn't tell you, the other will!

Now, until next time, I'll say thirty and leave you with:

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: THIS HERE THING OF GETTING A BABY 1000 YEARS IN THE FUTURE MIGHT BE OKAY FOR SCIENTISTS AND OLD MEN, BUT MAN, I WANT MINE IN THE HERE AND NOW!

---Wilkie Conner

.....

BACK QUANDRYS FOR SALE

I have back copies of Quandry #2, #3, #4, #5, #6, #7 & #8. I have only one copy of each. I will sell them to the first persons writing for them at the rate of 25¢ each. Write first as you may not be first.

HECTOR S. TORRIE - 1414 E. North 36th St - SAVANNAH, GEORGIA

--- ADVT.

IT DON'T MIMEO A THING IF IT AIN'T GOT THAT SWING

The Horrifying But True Adventures of Hank Rabey

A nerve-shattering Brrrrrrring poured forth from my telephone -- I paused -- could it be -- ? I answered it -- No, thank Heavens, it wasn't the draft board. It was Lee's ma telling a sad tale of woe: "You must come help put Q together" she cried as Evelyn and magic violin sighed in the background. "It's almost a month late and Lee has a spained back!"

"Okey dokey!" I reluctantly submitted. "I'll be right over." (It was just before lunch time.) So I kissed Garry Moore goodbye, turned out the light in his picture tube and away I went!

Upon arriving at dear old 101 Wagner I was greeted with a typical fan ed's welcome -- "Well, fer Ghu's sake, the door's unlocked -- come on in!"

I soared into Lee's room and sure enough -- there was yed in bed.

"Well, let's assemble." I said.

"Assemble!" shrieked Yed. "It ain't all mimeoed yet."

When I finally managed to pick my chin up off the floor I stammered "But your ma said 'put it together.'"

"Together, schmether. Take those stencils to Armstrong and no backtalk."

"But. . ."

"Shaddap!"

"Very well" I said as the whip was uncoiled from around my neck.

"Oh yeah, get a ream of paper while you're at it."

"What kind?"

"The cheap king. Now go."

I slump out the door like Keasler after the postal authorities had read Fv. My first stop was the dear old A.B. Dick Company.

"I'd like a ream of the cheapest paper." I said.

"What color?"

"What colors do you have?"

"Orange"

"What others?"

"Just orange."

"Ummmmmm-- I'll take orange."

"Very well -- say are you buying this for that - er - that. . ."

"Magazine?" I helped.

Evidently someone had told him a very funny story before I came in because from then on he just lay there on the counter and giggled.

Within the next half hour I had found a parking place for my two wheeled

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It Don't Mimeo A Thing. . . (con't)

velociped and had proceeded to commence to start to begin mimeoing --- this, of course would be simple, I thought! The mimeo was kept in what used to be the refrigerator of the Armstrong Mansion (now Armstrong College). If one were to look up at the ceiling one could see the gory meat hooks that watched over one whilst one is mimeoing.

I set up to run the first stencil -- I ran thru a test sheet -- no image -- no ink! Gad! Then I remembered that there was a can of same in Lee's office and that ofrice was on third floor. So up I trapised, then down I trapised to the basement refrigerator. So a little ink and out comes five misspellings of Burnett Toskey.

In order to make the automatic feed work on must put one's hand under the stack of paper. Therefore my hand followed the last sheet of paper thru the machine. This irked me slightly at first but I didn't really get mad when it printed a second page on my other hand but when some jerk slaps a stamp on my head and sends me to ASF for publication -- that's the limit. And to top it all I was rejected and sent to Galaxy! Rejected again I decided to make the best of my printed phalanges (so if you want to subscribe to me I'm offered at a 10¢ discount to N3F members.)

Resuming operations once more I became more sucessful. Without my hand under the stack the feeder was now feeding the paper in -- chunk by chunk. What a shame, no Mardi Gras and all this confetti.

I couldn't be that the machine was no good -- I decided that it must have a case of nervous fatigue. So I pulled out my copy of Dianetics and audited it so if there's nothing printed on the last four pages of Q#9 it's because the machine was clear.

At great length my work was done and I tripped gaily up the back stairs to Lee's office where the remaining pages of Q remained. I gathered up some 2000 loose sheets and heard for the door -- plague take me for deciding to use the front stairs, for as I gaily decended into the large hallway at the foot of the luxurious staircase I found myself in the middle of a reception being given for the faculty. And if you think it's fun to stand there holding a glass of punch, a dish of cup cake and 2,000 loose pages of Quandry, you're nuts! Ihastily made my way out of the hall and mounted my velociped and headed for home. After I had progressed a few blocks down the street I came upon a policeman who threatened to give me a ticket because I was in a closed off street. Telling him my day's history I was excused -- but as I turned around to retrace my itinary I was presented a ticket for going the wrong way on a one way street. This was not the last of my hectic day for as I was stapling the mags together I stapled my shirttail between R.J.Banks column and Laney's letter and it caught fire.

Having accomplished my Herculean task I delivered the mags to Lee for approval. I smiled as the mag was carefully scrutinized --

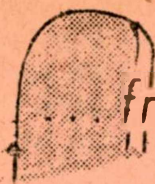
"How do you like it?" I asked.

"You did a lousy mimeo job!" came the answer.

If anyone would like to see me from now on, I'm the red polka dots on Lee's wall paper.

-Hank Rabey





from der voodvork out

comes Bob Silverberg with

I. REPRINTS ONCE MORE

Ken Be Ale (the large, economy size fan) has taken me to task for my rash statement about certain magazines and their reprint policies. Perhaps it's quibbling, Ken, but I cite the following instances:

a. Other Worlds July #5, published a story by GH Irwin (Rap) called "The Justice Of Martin Brand". This story was 39,000 words long--of which some 30,000 was reprinted from Amazing Stories August and September 1942. The story was rewritten substancially, but it's still a reprint in my book. Then, Palmer has haed material by VanVogt and Bradbury which first appeared in hard covers. True, he was doing a service by reprinting it, but it was still a reprint, nonetheless. We must be semantic about these things.

b. Future November 1950 issue contained a short story by Walter Kubilius entitled "Caridi Shall Not Die," reprinted from SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY #5, 1941. If this wasn't a reprint, the HL Gold is a secret penname for Campbell. However, public protest against this reprint was so great that Future immediatly inaugurated an "all-new" policy, and I mentioned that in my column.

c. Fantasy Book More than half of this magazine's fiction has been reprinted FPCI's hard covers. Examples: "Black Goldfish", "Journey to Barkut", the Hubbard story in #5, all of Basil Well's stories, the Ralph Milne Farley time stories in #7 and earlier issues. It's a good thing to reprint stories from expensive hard covers, but that doesn't change the name of the act. A rose by any other--

If the above doesn't convince you, Ken, I'll argue it out with you at a QSFL meeting sometime. That is, if you'll come down to my height.

II. THE HIGH COST OF FANNING

Galaxy's recent jump to the 35¢ stratum has made this shiney newcomer just another magazine in my book. Good thing I had a sub, too, because I wouldn't pay 35¢ for any magazine. Without excepting, the 35¢ magazines contain less wordage, shorter stories, and poorer artwork than the bigger ones. Reason for the poor artwork is that the digest size pages require unusual reduction of each picture -- and except for a craftsman like Finlay (who does his pix actual size) all artists do their drawings two or three times page size--with the result that they can skim over the details, which would be blurred anyway in the long run. Galaxy has sounded off loud and long about greatness--but now that it costs more than Astounding, I'm inclined to give Campbell the nod. Particularly since Galaxy insists on using that abominable back cover ad--only a month after saying that "No one will be ashamed to carry Galaxy!" For my money, Sam Merwin's two zines give more and better stuff nowadays--which is why I'd rate TWS above both Galaxy and Astounding, on a basis of comparison. After all, TWS gives more wordage for less money, and the stories are just as good if not better.

Phooey, Mr. Gold.

III. A BIBLE READING EDITOR?

In the May AMAZING, Editor Browne calls our attention to a section of the Bible which he thought would give the readers a "thorough shock". I'm not a militant atheist, because I believe in respecting the opinions of others whether I think they're right or not. (Which is why I refrain from commenting on INCINERATIONS) I'm not noted, either, for being a particularly religious person but I do have a Bible, no matter how dusty, and I do have a certain amount of curiosuty--so I followed Editor

From Der Woodvork Out (con't)

Browne's lead and investigated Ezekiel 1: Verses 4-28.

And I'd like to quote from them here, even though I run the risk of (a) being accused of being either a priest or a missionary or (b) offending the religious beliefs of R. Jefferson Banks, F.C. Davis and others.

"And I looked and, behold, a stormy wind came out of the north, a great cloud with a fire flashing up, and out of the midst thereof as the color of electrum. And out of the midst thereof came the likeness of four living creatures; they had the likeness of man. And every one had four faces, and every one had four wings. And they had the hands of a man under their wings on their four sides, and as for the wings of them four, their wings were joined one to another, they turned not when they went."

And the Bible goes on to describe these seeming mutants, but it seems to me that they're just a sort of preparatory vision prior to a vision of God, rather than products of some obscure Hebraic super-science. Never can tell though.

Nico plot, but the dialog kinda stilted.

---bob silverberg

.
A Last Minute Despatch from our Northern Spies. . .

FAN VET CONVENTION REPORT

The first annual convention of the Fantasy Veterans Association was held Sunday, April 22, at Werdermann's Hall on Third Ave. in New York City.

The Fan Vets group, as personified by Ray Van Houten and Jimmy Taurasi, whipped up the gathering as a means for collecting money for purchasing magazines for science fiction fans in the service.

A disappointing turnout of some 35 or 40 fans put in an appearance and filled less than one quarter of the room.

The program opened with a showing of the movie "Turnabout", which was based on the Thorne Smith gem of the same title. Although ten years old, the movie still packed plenty of laughs.

Taurasi then gave a brief address of welcome, in which he outlined the aims of the Fan Vets Association. He introduced Sam Moskowitz, who in turn introduced some of the fans and authors present.

Sam Merwin, editor of Thrilling Wonder Stories, Startling Stories, Fantastic Story Magazine, and Wonder Story Annual was among those introduced by Moskowitz. Merwin gave a brief talk in which he announced that he was leaving his editorial post on June 15 and henceforth would give his entire time to free lance writing. He briefly reviewed his editorial years and said he'd never stop writing science fiction.

Willy Ley was also called on for a few words, but pleaded he was completely out of themes on which to talk. Instead he answered a few questions put to him by some of the fans.

There followed a 2½ hour auction of original illustrations and paintings. Moskowitz, VanHouten, and Taurasi took turns auctioning off the 100 or more originals.

Top price of \$16.50 was paid by Gerry de la Ree for the Earle Bergey cover that appeared in the May, 1951 SS. Other cover paintings that were auctioned off were the Lawrence from May, 1951 FFM, the Van Dongen from the Nov, 1950 SSS and the Van Dongen from the June, 1951 SSS.

The black and whites auctioned off (some went for as little as 10¢ apiece) were by a variety of artists, including Finlay, Lawrence, Orban, Napoli, Fawcette, and many others.

Several mounted stills from Destination Moon and other fantasy pictures were among the auction items.

The only old Magazine that went on the block was the Feb 1928 AMAZING. Despite the fact it was tied together with a piece of cord, it brought 85¢. A 5-inch high pile of excerpts from old Amazings, Wonders, and Astoundings went for only 40¢ at the tail end of the auction.

Several original manuscripts, including Author Clarke's Galaxy novel, "Prelude to Space" went at reasonable prices.

Despite the small crowd present, bidding on many of the items was quite spirited and most of the better originals brought pretty fair prices.

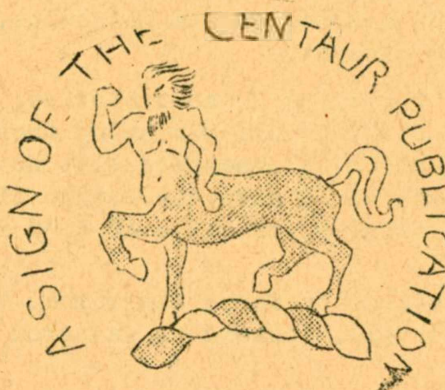
-----Gerry de la Ree

ONE OF THE MAJOR FAN PUBLISHING
EVENTS OF 1951!

SADDLEWOOD AND JADE

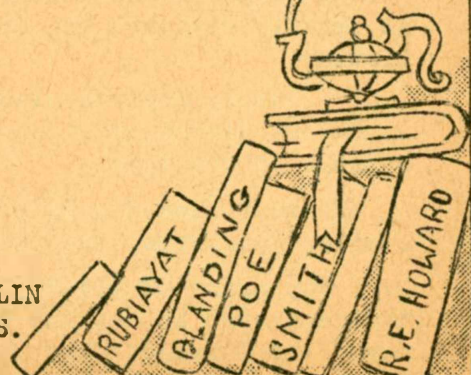
POEMS of the EXOTIC and the STRANGE, by

Lin Carter



A COLLECTION OF IMAGINATIVE POETRY
PRIVATELY PUBLISHED BY PHOTO-OFFSET
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See You

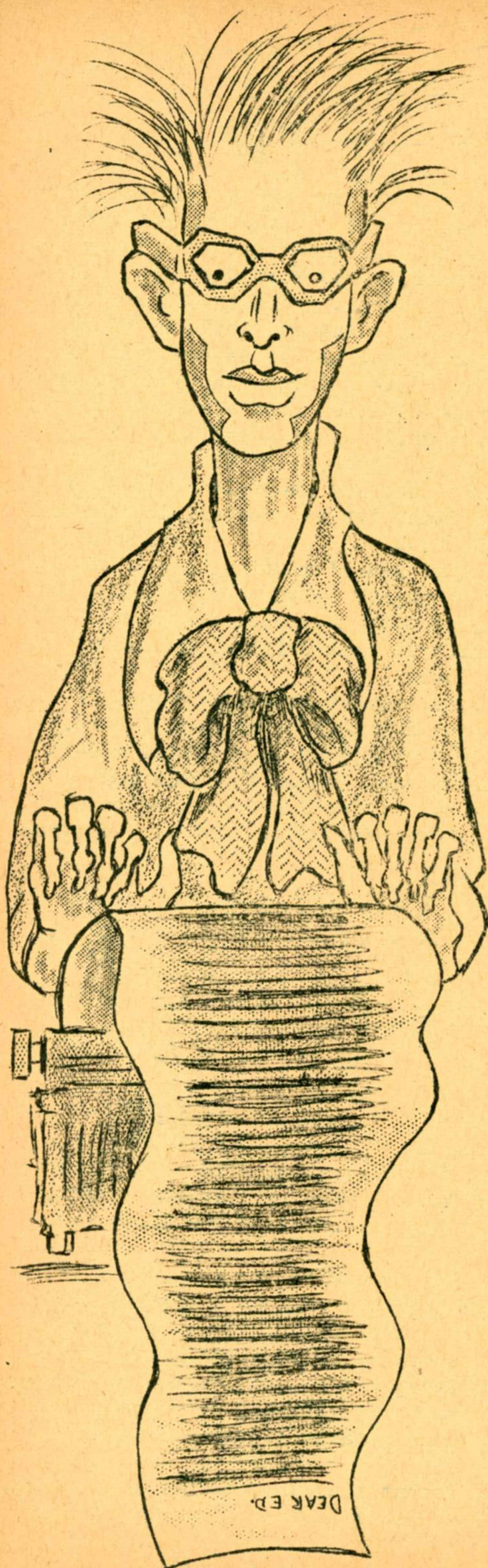
Joe Kennedy
84 Baker Ave.
Dover, N.J.

Quandry 9 was worth the wait. You are getting a real lively mag, what with Laney and Banks slugging back and forth. Egg them on some more. Most pleasant surprise of the issue is the revelation that Silverberg can be a fine columnist. And it is most cheering to see some good old slam-bang spaceship poetry by Baker, who is more or less the master of such stuff---he used to write 'em for, I think, Astonishing. How come your fiction writers seem so fond of pocketty-pocking sounds? In Beale's story, for instance: "The throne room was silent but for the clicking of the communicators...ta-pocketa-pocketa-pockets-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa." And then "...overhead an advertising copter hovered, the pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the atomo-engines coming loudly to his ears." And in Loomis's thing: "Cynthia let him hear the pock-pockety-pock of her hearl..." Can Beale and Loomis be alter-ego? Also enjoyed Willis's sensitive appreciation of Gluck--- a much neglected fan writer---and, of course, the edits.

Come to think of it, I met Beale at a science fiction meeting up in the Bronx a couple of weeks ago. Not that I am in the habit of going to science fiction meetings; but Alpaugh and I went up to the Bronx to see Joe Schaumburger and look at his baby and we got dragged along to the science fiction meeting. It was held at the apartment of some likeable very young fans whose name escaped me, but all the big names of Bronx fandom were there. Some thirteen-year-old dianeticists broke open the hosts' father's liquor cabinet. There were only two women there--- Schaumburger's wife and the baby. Alpaugh and I got out of there fast. Science fiction is really going to hell up in the Bronx.

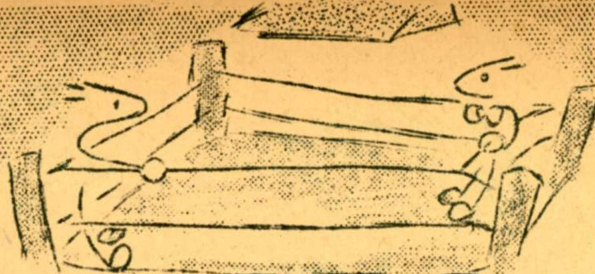
[Joe]

(more over)



See

Gerry de la Ree
277 Howland Ave
River Edge, N.J.



Dear Lee:

Enjoyed reading KONNER'S KORNER in Q#9. I guess most fans spent considerable time while viewing Destination Moon taking in the reactions of the other theatergoers present. I saw the film three times. I think the audience that took to it the best was the one that attended its opening performance in New York City last June. At least that bunch laughed at the right spots. When I saw it again in NYC in July those present didn't appear quite so hep as to what was going on, while my third viewing of the film (in Hackensack, N.J.) was rather dismal as far as the rest of the audience went. The Fox Theater in Hackensack is quite a large place as compared to the average movie house and on the occasion of Destination Moon's showing it was virtually empty. I don't believe the pic drew flies while showing there.

Can't see much point in running Laney's blast at Banks aside from the fact Banks took a dig at FTL (faster than light??) All I can say about Laney is that he used to put out one hell of a good fanzine. If Dianetics is responsible for his current outburst, I think I'll burn my copy of the book.

And while on the subject of Dianetics, I find Mr Banks' mention of the LIBERTY article on the same quite in keeping with my own thoughts on the subject. Elaine Stewart's article in LIBERTY was stomach-turning, in extremely poor taste, and displayed complete ignorance of the subject on which she was writing. Mr Laney's venomous tongue should be turned loose on Miss Stewart.

Guess that hits the high spots of the issue. Oh, almost neglected to reply to Bobby Pope's challenge to a fight. He's probably got a longer reach than I have. If you care to act as a second in this match, Lee, please inform Mr Pope that I'm 5-11 and weigh 170 and I don't wear glasses. I see Shelby Vick is all for that meal I suggested we give him. Let's make it two and toss one in for Pope while we're at it. For Bobby's info, Shelby and I are the best of friends. We've been wire-corresponding for close to a year.

Sincerely,

[Gerry de la Ree]

.....

Al Weinstein

Dear Lee,

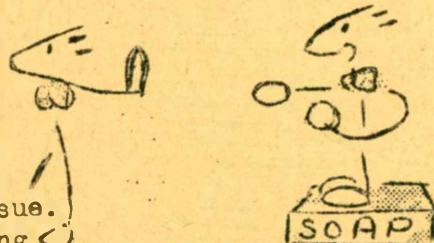
Quandry 9 arrived a few days ago. A good issue.

One thing annoys me no end. How about leaving politics to the newspapers and politicians? While I wholly sympathize with Wilkie Conner about Communism? I resent finding it in a fan mag much as I resent finding it in Astounding. There's also an old adage something like, "Let he who knows not, speak not."

While on Conner, I'd like to say that his column was good for the most part, a welcome change. He seems to do much better as a reporter than as a commentator. His reports on comments about DESTINATION MOON were interesting, if not surprising.

While I ordinarily dislike vituperation, it seems to me that Laney was justified in writing his open letter. An awful lot of fans need a good lesson in diplomacy and common courtesy, which two certainly extend to the printed word. Laney was too boiling mad to be really coherent, but I hope his sarcasm leaves a lasting impression on Banks. He needs it.

I'm far more inclined to listen to James B. Conant than I am to Bob Silverberg. His statements, "It's hard to blame him (Conant) for looking down his nose at pulp



From Al Weinstein

magazines. Fans know better." were kind of amusing. A more bald appeal to fans' egos cannot be found.

Frankly, if you read Conant's statement carefully, there is nothing which you can seriously refute, even if you're the most died-in-the-wool SF fan. I think it is a crime that a book which tries in any way to explain the scientific approach and point of view to Joe Doaks can't outsell Amazing Stories. And I think it equally criminal that the public, due to inadequate educational system, is almost completely ignorant of science and scientific method. And science fiction must, even if in a small way, share the blame with poor education. Too many people read science fiction for the public not to be infested with the rocket-ship and ray gun idea of science.

Sincerely,

[Al Weinstein]

James Zwirner
Hague Ave., 1163
St. Paul, Minn.

NOT ENUF ROOM

Dear Lee:

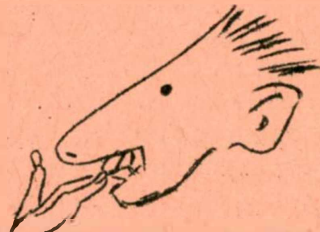
Howdie doodie and all that sort of crap.

First off, Willis. Does he thing American SF to be heretical because it is not like Europe's? After all, Europe is Europe & America is America (and Thank God, say people both places). And it is unlikely, therefore that their SF's would be alike. As for the anti-human angle; read the Old Testament, Walt; you'll see that the twentieth century Americans were no better than Pre-B.C. Jews, Egyptians, etc. As for the future - well I fear the man has a point. We've just scratched the possibilities of psychology. Nebbe man can be improved. I might add that this Anti-human angle was introduced, to my knowledge, by an European, A. Huxley (Brave New World).

There seems to be quite a ruckus on this ASF-Galaxy deal. Seeing how much Gold has taken his cues from ASF (writers, Art, Format, slant). All one can say is that Galaxy's the best mag Campbell ever put out. Incidentally I detect a good many likenesses between ASF (1934-5) & Galaxy (1950-1). In both cases the editors boasted of stealing the talent of their top competitor; for this reason both claimed to be best. Both Gold & Tremaine had rotten art in their mags. I once lists more, but I can't remember. For those who complain that GSF has not introduced any good new authors; consider, gentlemen, that it took Campbell two years ('38-9) to acquire & train his crack Heinlein-van Vogt-deCamp-Asimov-Hubbard writing team. And Galaxy's only been out six months. But, I agree that historical analogy is a dangerous tool. Astounding will probably remain top because it tends to publish SCIENCE FICTION rather than science-FICTION, as does GSF. With that statement of mystical profundity I take leave, remaining

James Zwirner

Pat Eaton
c/o Otis Cafe
Otis, Oregon



Dear Yed,

Quandry no. 9 arrived today, and its a good thing too. My fingernails were almost gone and my nuckles were quaking in their sockets. I was beginning to think Q had folded. ((Heavens, no!))

How about letting F. Towner Laney and R.J. Banks Jr. settle their squabble out of Quandry? They both write darn good stuff, so why spoil them by giving each other dirty digs?

Congrats to Ken Beale for "The Secret Life Of Fan Mitty." Also, a pox on him for calling me a girl.

Yo's,
[Pat Eaton]

Redd Boggs
2215 Benjamin St N.E.
Minneapolis 18, Minn.

Dear Lee:

A few comments on Quandry#9, which plopped into my mailbox a few days ago. I agree with several "Sez You" contributors that you're overemphasizing columns

these days. Far be it from me to run down your columns -- for one of them is mine! -- but I do believe that there's nothing like a good solid article to lead off an issue. Columns are fine, but seldom are more than inconsequential meanderings. They're dessert, side dishes, appetizers. The main course should be an article.

Walt Willis is easily the fan find of the year, and you're lucky to snare him as a columnist. He's less interesting when he's propagandizing about the outrageous sub rate for aSF than when he's slyly digging at people. I've been an NFFF member for five or six years and haven't seen most of the pamphlets he mentions. I even assisted Rapp in compiling Fanspeak, and I've never gotten a copy. Ha, I loved that crack about not being able to get any money out of Georgia Charters, so they had to make him an honorary member.

I find Conner's report about "Destination Moon"'s ghastly Gastonia experience very surprising. I've seen the picture four times now, and have yet to hear anything remotely resembling the comments he reports. The only laughing in the wrong places I heard was at the point where the captain formally takes possession of the moon in the name of the good old U.S. Speaking of which, Wilkie's propaganda for capitalism is just that -- propaganda. It has very little validity as an argument for the so-called American way of life. For instance, he claims, "No American laborer has been put into a concentration camp because he preferred working in a print shop to riveting tanks." Hmm, but I know a guy who was in a work camp several years because he wanted to sell books instead of tote a rifle in the war. And do you think you can really spend your money "the way you want to spend it", Wilkie? Try to spend it on hiring somebody to shoot some TV performers you dislike! ((Or buy a spot of marijuana)) It all boils down to the fact that you like democracy, Wilkie, and are satisfied with status quo. Okay, so do I -- but your argument doesn't convince me because I know a Communist could present just as good a one without stretching things any more than you did. He could say, for instance, that communism would reward that doctor you speak of whose bills you might not want to pay -- he'd get his just due, whereas under capitalism he doesn't.

"The Secret Life of Fan Mitty" would have been more interesting if Charles Burbee hadn't already written the classic of the genre: "I Was The Captain of a Sship"

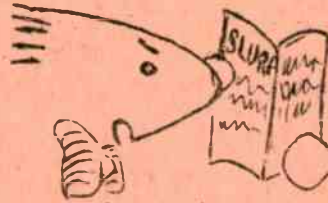
The most telling point in Towner's reply to Banks: "If there is a magazine around that is printing better stuff than Astounding you ought to be pleased..." Since I hadn't bothered to read Banks' column carefully... I hadn't heard before that he called Elsberry and me a "sadistic little gang." Well!

Your offer to send Quandry to fans abroad for letters of acknowledgement is generous -- and one other fanzines should emulate.

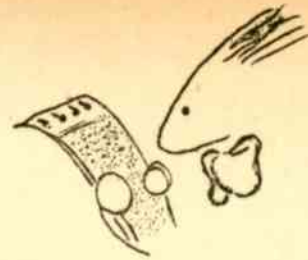
Sincerely,

[Redd]

WELL!



WHOOOPS!



We were under the impression that we had another page for letters until we were cutting Redd's epistle. Then we realized that there weren't any more so we had to cut Redd's letter in several places, and leave out a letter which we had intended to include. Very sorry. Sorry, too, that we couldn't include some of the other interesting letters but we can't run more pages without raising postal rates.

We still have copies of Q#7,8,&9 and a battered #6 which you can have for 10¢ each as long as they last.

How do you like this month's cover. You can thank Walt Willis for it was he who inspired us to such heights and told us where to get the multicoloured ink. It comes from an Irish factory that used to make ~~camouflage~~ paint during the war, and reconverted to various polka-dot paints and multicoloured inks.

Our offer to overseas fans can be extended to US fans overseas in the service but it is intended mainly for fans who cannot send money out of the country. If you can send money or publish a fmz or have anything you're willing to trade for Q and you are entitled to Q as an overseas reader, the money, fmz, or trade would be greatly appreciated, especially the money or fmz. It costs a bit to put this out, you know.

What we said up front about the annish doesn't mean that there won't be a special annish. It just means that we're not making any promises. If finances and time permit and/or if we can find a friend who is willing to help with the dirty work we'll get out a special ish. We've already got some good material for it. And while speaking of material, whether or not we get out a special annish we'll still need a lot of good material. We'd particularly like some humorous or semi-humorous fiction between 1000 and 2000 words with fannish slant. Of course any material of any type will be welcomed and used if possible. You know we try not to keep Q made up ahead so we can usually use timely articles if they're not too long. We'd also like to find an artist who can do a stencilable likeness from photos. And if any of you feel inclined toward li'l people of some type we'd be glad to receive a few of them too.

You can look forward to material from Rich Elsberry, Joe Kennedy, Gerry de la Ree, and Pat Eaton, and Marion Z. Bradley in the near future. We have good stuff from them all on hand now. Some of it is intended for the annish, some for Q#11 & 12.

Oh, yes, we wanted to say that despite our spelling it Toskay some half a dozen times Burnett still insists on spelling his name Burnett Toskey. And in the same letter he tells us that the next IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES is going to be a zine to end all zines. It can be had from 3933 15th NE, Seattle 5, Wash. Also out soon will be COSMAG #2 from Ian T. Macaulay, 57 E. Park Lane, Atlanta, Ga. And in a month or so WASTEBASKET #2 will be pubbed by Vernon McCain. Whether this will be available to the general public or only to FAPAs and SAPS isn't known now. Which reminds us, FAPA has some openings now. Write Charles Burbee (we think) for info. 7628 S Pioneer Blvd. Whittier, Calif. Requirements be publishing activity and \$1.50 cash to cover the dues for a year. While in FAPA one must pub or have pubbed 8 8 1/2 all pages or the equivalent for FAPA distribution. Simple, huh?

That'll have to be all for this month. See ya at the NOLACON!

LEE