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The Stuffing

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Quandry Vol. I No. 12 is published around monthly at the Sign of the Ghruesome Gheechee of Ghughu (who also edits it) for the sole purpose of providing you with extra paper around the house, just in case. . . It is given away absolutely free to people who send 10¢ a copy to cover the cost of handling and mailing. 12 copies handled and mailed for a dollar. Non-stateside fans can have their monthly Quandry for merely a letter or note of acknowledgment per issue, tho they are invited to trade their publications or pro publications for Q. All fanzine trades (except FAPazines) are welcomed. All letters will be considered for publication unless you say don't and if you say don't please say it loudly. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Sam Merwin Jr. What columnists say must be blamed on them. . . the editor accepts no responsibility for anything writers say. Ad space sells for 10¢ an inch or 80¢ a page. Return postage with manuscripts is appreciated. Serious fiction is not needed. Almost no fiction is needed. . . only good satirical stuff with a fannish slant. Ghu is Ghod and Bradbury hates science. Or as the old saying goes, "Go to Heaven for the climate and the Nolacon for the company." See you at the St. Charles!'

(Lazi)Lee Hoffman - Editor-Publisher
Lionel Inman - Assoc. Ed . Inactive
Underwood - Typewriter

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CHAOS

Firstly let us offer our apologies to Walt Coslet. It seems that we spoke through the hole in our head last month. When we commented on "mistreatment" by FAPA it just proved that we often don't know what we're talking about. A card received from the oe, Coswal, explains all.The amount of pages owed is figured by the sec-treas on the contents of the previous mailing. ...the sec-treas never sees a fapa mailing any earlier than other members near where he lives, nor does he receive any news of what the oe has received other than what the oe would write to any member. Also, you might note that the S-T report preface states the number of pages owed applies to "this mailing" and not to "the next mailing".

"Also I might as well complain about the treatment of my CIRCULATION in #10. I never saw you make so many typos in such a short space before! And my article suffered like everything from being so long out-of-date with no indication of how long ago it had been written. ..."

We offer our apologies.

Well, the kids from around the corner have brought us another stf comic. This makes around a dozen. This one is a very battered copy of the May-June Wierd Fantasy, which seems to be of a higher class than thrillers like Lars of Mars. WF uses prozine material adapted for funnies whereas LOM uses originalish plots.

The first story was the one that impressed us. It is titled 7YEAR OLD GENIUS. Naturally the kid is an A-radiation mutant, wot else? He goes to Washington, is discovered, solves so many problems that one Professor Steinein quits his job at a University and goes to work selling chemistry sets in a department store. Although the kid appears to be a thoroughly conceited little snob, when he discovers that a H-bomb would start a chain reaction in our atmosphere he refuses to give the Powers the formula. Finally they force a formula out of him, but he changes a few points and the H-bomb fizzles out. Then he is washed up. He winds up in a dingy little room where along with the newspaper containing news that his formula had been corrected and was to be tested, he receives a package of comic books, among them a WF. He reads it and realizes that it is not just another comic book so he goes to the editors and tells them his story. They promise to print it and in the last frame the two editors are telling the world and hoping that the boy is wrong because "...they're going to hold the second test next week." But it was not the story itself that impressed us. Rather it was the frame in which the boy is reading WF for on the bacover of the comic book which he is reading is an advertisement which reads, "REDUCE ENGRAMS WITH OLD MOTHER HUBBARD'S CURE-ALL!"

Hey, you going to the Nolacon? Gonna make it a real ball and go a few days early? Don't waste your time on the "sin and gin" that Harry B is advertising. Have a real fan ball. Get together at a pre-con party at Fred Hatfield's (in N.O. not his Florida hovel.) We're gonna be there. We're not gonna waste our fan-vacation on Harry's sin and gin, no sir, not us (we hear Fred can get s&g wholesale). Write Fred at 7620 Abbott Ave, Miami Beach 41, Fla for further info.

See you there! ((We'll be hanging our hat in the St Charles))

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE

There is going to be no HARP in this issue of QUANDRY. I'm sorry, but if you could see this mountain of post-Convention correspondence you'd understand why.

First, look at this long letter from Manly Banister, which certainly deserves a reply. It is a very long letter. To be

exact, it measures 11 inches by 7½ feet. Banister has recently taken up oil painting and this stuff is called layout paper. Banister says you lay the letter out on the floor and walk and read and by the time you've paced the length of it you're in the bathroom--then you know what to do with it. There are great advantages in this paper. No trouble with changing sheets, you just tuck one end into the machine and type until exhaustion sets in. I suppose you could even give the end a twist and join it to the beginning and type on both sides without taking in out of the machine. But then this has already been done by Ken Beale who published a zine called MOBITUS. I'll bet he called it "The One-Sided Fanzine".

Talking of being one-sided, here's a letter from Eva Firestone which is worrying me a bit. She is sore at the flippant way I talk about the N3F. She is very sore. Among the indignant things she says is that "the few of us who have been trying our damndest to give our best service deserve something else besides ridicule by inactive members." She called me an armchair critic. Seriously, I agree that N3F is a very worthy organisation, and I respect the people who work hard for it. (My own interests don't run to organising people but I do give SLANT free to all N3F members in Europe, which is more than some of their own fan-eds do.) But I don't for the life of me see any harm in poking a little amiable fun at it occasionally. In fact it's good for the organisation that inefficiency should be publicly criticised, since the ordinary members mightn't bother to complain or might even be ignored. (Are you going to jump on Redd Boggs too, Eva, because he said he didn't get FAN-SPEAK either?) ((What about us, we didn't get it either?)) Besides, it's all publicity.

No, I don't feel at all guilty about pulling N3F's leg, but something else Eva says has me covered with confusion. She quotes something I wrote about "all the old women of fandom". Is my face red? I ask you all, isn't it obvious I just meant stuffy fans, not actual elderly ladies? Gorsh, I hope it is. I never thought of anything different.

Then here's a letter from Pat Eaton, who pulls me up for making "dirty digs" at AMAZING. (Who would be a columnist? I thought there couldn't have been a safer target.) Pat says, "AMAZING may not be the best promag on the market (I'll bet that's a weight off Mr Gold's mind.) but it certainly isn't the worst, not by a long shot." Wait a minute, Pat. Let me guess. Is the long shot called FANTASTIC ADVENTURES? Since Browne has admitted he intends to run "cowboy-action" stories, and we all think they are trash, I don't see any harm in saying so. And even if Browne were trying to turn out a good sf mag I'm not conceited as to think that this column would make a difference of even one copy in his net sales. Pat also defends Browne over the "slick" forecast business. Well, Pat, Browne started this by bringing his big guns to bear on little fan columnists who print inaccurate information. How does he know they didn't think it was just as true at the time as Browne thought his was? And another thing. Everyone knows that hundred of trusting fans took out longterm subs to AMAZING on the strength of Browne's promises. Have they ever been offered their money back? And, incidentally, what happened to all those stories by top authors he was supposed to have ready?

(con't on the bottom of
page 13)

TRENDS

by Richard Elsberry

Times change the opinions of many people and that is one reason why we are constantly having polls. People want to know others' opinions on certain subjects. And so it is with science-fiction fans too. Polls are nothing new in fandom. They've been going on for at least the last ten years and probably for much longer.

This article has to do with polls. Now if you don't like polls then you might as well stop reading right here, but I think you'll be interested, so tag along with me.

Fandom hasn't had a really good poll in a long time. Recently, though, Bill Austin of Seattle sent around poll questionnaires to find out the top authors, magazines, novels, novelette, and short stories of 1950. This poll doesn't cover everything but it is a good start. Polls are an excellent gauge of an author or story's popularity. We'll have to wait for Austin's poll results to be published but in the meantime we can go probing back aways and see what the fans thought was good back in the halcyon days of science-fiction.

Take the favorite science-fiction or fantasy story for instance. I couldn't locate too much on this but according to a poll by Art Widner (the "poll cat") back in the June 1943 Le Zombie these were the fans' top s-f and fantasy choices.

Favorite Science-Fiction Story

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|-----------------------------------|
| 1. Slan - A.E. vanVogt | 6. Beyond This Horizon - Heinlein |
| 2. Final Blackout - L.Ron Hubbard | 7. Forgetfulness - JWC, Jr. |
| 3. Invaders From The Infinite - JWC | 8. Skylark III - E.E. Smith |
| 4. Spacehounds of IPC - E.E. Smith | 9. Skylark of Space - E.E. Smith |
| 5. The Time Machine - John Taine | 10. Grey Lensmen - E.E. Smith |

Favorite Fantasy Story

- | | |
|-------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. Ship Of Ishtar - A. Merritt | 6. The Blind Spot - Flint |
| 2. Fear - L.Ron Hubbard | 7. Through Gates of the Silver Key -? |
| 3. Sinister Barrier - E.F. Russell | 8. None But Lucifer - H.L. Gold |
| 4. Dwellers in the Mirage - Merritt | 9. It - Theodore Sturgeon |
| 5. The Moon Pool - A. Merritt | 10. The Snake Mother - A. Merritt |

As you can see "Doc" Smith holds down four positions in the S-F list and A. Merritt holds a like number in the Fantasy listing. All of the above stories are already in book form or will be so soon with the sole exception of "Through Gates of the Silver Key". How do these compare with your favorites today?

Only other favorite story poll I could locate was Fantasy Annual's 1948 poll. They listed the top ten for that year as follows:

- | | |
|------------------------------------|---------------------------------------|
| 1. And Searching Mind - Williamson | 6. The Blue Flamingo - Bok |
| 2. The Players of A - vanVogt | 7. Against the fall of Night - Clarke |
| 3. In Hiding - Wilmar Shiras | 8. Pillar of Fire - Bradbury |
| 4. Dreadful Sanctuary - Russell | 9. The Enchanted Weekend - McCormac |
| 5. What Mad Universe - Brown | 10. The Monster - vanVogt |

The top authors ratings are always interesting. The top position today is probably a battle between Ray Bradbury and vanVogt but I wouldn't bet on it. Yet neither of these was known to any great extent when Art Widner took one of his famous polls in the Sept.-Oct. 1940 issue of Le Zombie. In case you don't know

TRENDS (con't)

about LeZ it was published by Bob Tucker between 1939 and 1943 and ran about 65 issues. But back in the '40's the author ratings look like this.

- | | |
|--------------------------------|---------------------|
| 1. John W. Campbell/Don Stuart | 6. Jack Williamson |
| 2. Stanley G. Weinbaum | 7. A. Merritt |
| 3. E. E. Smith | 8. H.P. Lovecraft |
| 4. L. Sprague de Camp | 9. John Taine |
| 5. H.G.Wells | 10. David H. Keller |



Some other interesting positions were 15 - L.Ron Hubbard, 19-Robert A. Heinlein, 20-Jules Verne, 23-AEvanVogt, 26-Henry Kuttner, and 27- Lester Del Rey. vV hadn't yet had "Slan" published and Heinlein was just started on his "Future History". So you can see that back in the early '40's vV or Kuttner couldn't hold a candle to H.G. Wells or Jules Verne! This, however, was no indication of things to come.

Julius Unger ran a poll in his fanzine Fantasy Fiction Field and published the results in February of 1942. The results will surprise you since less than two years had passed since Widner's author poll.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------------------|
| 1. Robert A. Heinlein | 6. A. E. van Vogt (after "Slan") |
| 2. E.E.Smith | 7. L. Ron Hubbard (after "Fear") |
| 3. Campbell/ Stuart | 8. Jack Williamson |
| 4. L. Sprague de Camp | 9. H P. Lovecraft |
| 5. A. Merritt | 10. Issac Asimov |

This listing shows four newcomers to the select rating and Heinlein's jump from 19th to 1st is especially significant. Might also add that Stanley Weinbaum who had been second dropped to 12th place.

Widner's 1943 author poll on LeZ didn't differ too much from Unger's '42 one.

- | | |
|-----------------------|----------------------|
| 1. Robert A. Heinlein | 6. Stanley Weinbaum |
| 2. A. Merritt | 7. H.P. Lovecraft |
| 3. E.E.Smith | 8. A.E. van Vogt |
| 4. Campbell/ Stuart | 9. L. Sprague deCamp |
| 5. L. Ron Hubbard | 10. Jack Williamson |

I think you can see by these two polls the steady drop in popularity of Jack Williamson and John Campbell, probably because they weren't writing very much. The steady rise of A. Merritt is also apparent because of FFM's reprinting of his novels in '41-'43.

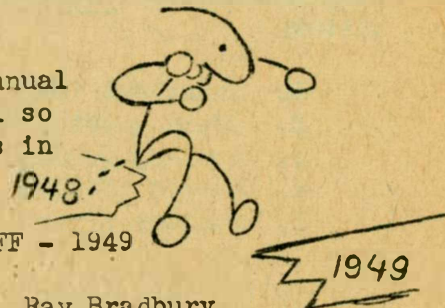
Then we take a big jump to 1948 and the Fantasy Annual author poll. I'll place the 1949 N3F popularity poll so that you can compare the two and also see the changes in the five years since the LeZ poll.

FANTASY ANNUAL - 1948

1. A.E.vanVogt
2. Ray Bradbury
3. Henry Kuttner

N3FF - 1949

1. Ray Bradbury
2. A.E.vanVogt
3. L. Ron Hubbard



Trends (con't)

F.A.

4. Theodore Sturgeon
5. Jack Williamson
6. Eric Frank Russell
7. L. Ron Hubbard
8. Robert A. Heinlein
9. Murray Leinster
10. Rog Phillips

N3F

4. Robert A. Heinlein
5. Rog Phillips
6. Wilmar Shiras
7. Issac Asimov
8. Henry Kuttner
9. Theodore Sturgeon
10. L.S.deCamp / E.E.Smith (tie)

Fanzines come and go but some stay for a long, long time and are remembered long after some of the prozines. Thus polls were also conducted to see who were the best fmz. In December '40 LeZ Art Widner's results talleyed like this. Editors in brackets.

- | | |
|----------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Spaceways (Harry Warner, Jr.) | 6. Fantasy News (Sykora) |
| 2. Sun Spots (Gerry de la Ree) | 7. Pluto |
| 3. Stardust | 8. Voice of Imagi-nation (4e) |
| 4. Le Zombie (Bob Tucker) | 9. Comet |
| 5. Snide (damon knight) | 10. Alchemist |

Fantasy Fiction Field's 1942 poll showed a strange bewcomer in the midst of the others. This zine was Phil Bronson's Fantasite. The running score ---

- | | |
|----------------------------------|------------------------------|
| 1. Spaceways (Harry Warner, Jr.) | 6. Fantasia |
| 2. Fantasite (Phil Bronson) | 7. FFF Weekly (Julius Unger) |
| 3. VOM (4e Ackerman) | 8. Eclipse |
| 4. Le Zombie (Bob Tucker) | 9. Fan Atic/ Starlight (tie) |
| 5. Southern Star (Harry Jenkins) | 10. Nova (Al Ashley) |

In the '43 LeZ poll by a strange coincidence LeZ came in first. Tucker is impeachable though and LeZ probably won it honestly. Hell knows it was good enough. LeZ was a humor zine and it's satire and nonsense are still funny today.

- | | |
|------------------------|---------------------------|
| 1. Le Zombie (Tucker) | 6. Spaceways (Warner) |
| 2. Fantasite (Bronson) | 7. Fan Fare (Widner?) |
| 3. Nova (Ashley) | 8. FFF Weekly (Unger) |
| 4. Acolyte (FTLaney) | 9. Dawn |
| 5. VOM (Ackerman) | 10. Light (Leslie Crouch) |

The last fanzine poll I've seen was the Fantasy Annual's back in 1948. Many of these zines are already defunct. It is interesting to note that Chronoscope ran only ONE issue. Scientifantasy lasted only four issues and the rest were somewhat better.

- | | |
|---------------------------------------|-------------------------------|
| 1. Fanscient (Don Day) | 6. Chronoscope (Redd Boggs) |
| 2. Dream Quest (Don Wilson) | 7. Fantasy Review (Walt Gill- |
| 3. Fantasy Commentator (A.L.Searles) | 8. If! (Con Pederson) ings) |
| 4. Gorgon (Stanley Mullen) | 9. Scienifantasy (Grossman& |
| 5. Fantasy Advertiser (Gus Willmorth) | 10. Skyhook (Boggs) Kroll) |

((Editors insert: The latest fanzine poll available to us is the N3F Ten Best Fanzines For 1950 which we reprint here:

(more over)

10 Best Fanzines For 1950 (N3F)

- | | |
|---|-------------------------------|
| 1. Fanscient (Don Day) | 6. Shangri-La (LASFS) |
| 2. Science Fiction News Letter (Tucker) | 7. Futurist (Boggs) |
| 3. Nekromantikon (Banister) | 8. Slant (Willis) |
| 4. National Fantasy Fan (Higgs) | 9. Operation Fantast (Slater) |
| 5. Fantasy-Times (Taurasi) | 10. Spacewarp (Rapp) |

--editor's insert)))

In passing I might mention illustrators. Usually they've been ignored in most polls but LeZ's 1940 poll listed the top five as Finlay, Paul, Wesso, Bok, and Cartier in that order.

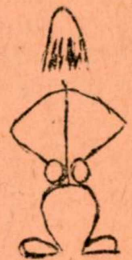
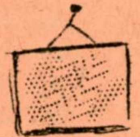
In 1948 and 1949 illustrators rated something like this:

Fantasy Annual - 1948

1. Finlay
2. Cartier
3. Lawrence-Stevens
4. Bok
5. Bonestell
6. Rogers
7. Orban
8. Bergey

NFFF - 1949

1. Finlay
2. Cartier
3. Bonestell
4. Bok
5. Lawrence-Stevens
6. Rogers
7. Paul
8. Bergey



Polls for fan artists were also ran at the same time as the above two and John Grossman, William Rotsler, Jon Arfstrom, D. Bruce Berry, and Howard Miller were seemingly the top fanartists.

((N3F top pro - Cartier and fag- Rotsler (1951) ----ed.insert))

The position of best dan or number one fan is a coveted position. Who holds it now is a good question but lets look back and see who held it in 1940. According to Widner they ran in this order.

1. Forrest J Ackerman
2. Bob Tucker
3. Sam Moskowitz
4. Doc Lowndes
5. Harry Warner, Jr.

6. Don Wollheim
7. Will Sykora
8. Jimmy Taurasi
9. Ray Van Houten
10. Bob Madle

The 1942 and 1943 polls show a big turnover in the popularity of fans so we'll put them side by side for comparison.

1942

1. Forrest J. Ackerman
2. Bob Tucker
3. Harry Warner
4. Doc Lowndes
5. John Gilbert
6. Milton Rothman

1943

1. Forrest J. Ackerman
2. Bob Tucker
3. Harry Warner
4. E.E. Evans
5. Al Ashley
6. Art Widner

(con't over)

Trends con't

7. Louis Chauvanet
8. E.E.Evans
9. Phil Bronson
10. Don Wollheim

7. Phil Bronson
8. Julius Unger
9. Micheal Rosenblum
10. Walt Liebscher

The 1949 NFFF poll was, I think, restricted to NSF members and so we can't very well list this since many of the top fans do not belong to this organization. I think that Fantasy Annual's 1948 poll is pretty conclusive though.

1. Redd Boggs
2. Don Wilson
3. Rick Sneary
4. Art Rapp
5. Forrest J Ackerman (still pitching)

6. Sam Moskowitz
7. Joe Kennedy
8. Don Bay
9. Charles Burbee
10. AL Searles/ KayMar Carlson

About the only thing we haven't covered so far is the favorite prozine poll. Unfortunately this has been sadly neglected and the only poll we have to check on is FFF's 1942 poll. In that poll the top ten were:

1. Astounding Science Fiction
2. Unknown Worlds
3. Famous Fantastic Mysteries
4. Weird Tales
5. Super Sci. Stories

6. Astonishing Stories
7. Thrilling Wonder Stories
8. Startling Stories
9. Cosmic Stories/Future Fiction
10. Stirring Sci. Stories

((Ed. insert: the 1946-47 Fantasy Review prozine polls:

1. Astounding
2. Famous Fantastic Mysteries
3. Thrilling Wonder Stories
4. Startling Stories
5. Amazing Stories

6. Weird Tales
7. Planet Stories
8. Fantastic Adventures
9. New Worlds

---E.I.)))))

Of course today four of the 1942 poll zines are no longer being published and other favorites have risen up to take their places. Then too, plenty of others who are nobody's favorites and not even good for toilet paper have also sprung up. It might be significant that even in '22 neither Amz or FA were considered good enough to make the top ten. This might affect you in buying back issues of those magazines.

That about winds up the poll situation. As you can see we are ripe for a poll about now. The more the better, too. I expect that Bill Austin's poll will be quite conclusive in the fields he is covering but he has left plenty of openings for more polls. If you're a fanzine editor why don't you think of conducting one? Give it a fling, it won't kill you. You may be surprised at the results and many fanzine editors in the past have been. And if you keep trying you may one day wind up someplace in the top ten of a poll. You just can't tell how trends will go.

* * *

The best fanzine published. Can be had from Walter A. Willis
170 Upper Newtownards
BELFAST, NORTHERN
IRELAND

In Exchange for U.S. prozines

SLANT

a letter to fandom

Kalas-Strong Publishing
942 Scribner NW Co.
Grand Rapids, Michigan
4 June 1951

Dear Lee--and to those who may be interested:

I'm now in the unenviable position of having to backtrack from an untenable position. As you probably know, I---with a nasty smile and a vicious pen---took it upon myself to thoroughly discredit and smear fandom. Having read next to no fanzines and having met hardly any fans, my knowledge of "The Fannish Way Of Life" was next to nil. All this, of course, refers to my letter in the Nov. issue of PLANET STORIES. Could I possibly use this space to try and explain my motives and also to try and apologize?

I found out through this venture how ridiculously easy it is to be intolerant of a group with which you have had no previous contact. And I learned the hard way. I also learned how easy it was to malign people by listening to gossip, making hasty judgements and going by external appearances. I had to learn this the hard way, too.

To those who must have thought that I recently picked up a copy of an s-f magazine and then proceeded to explode my upper cranium, I will say this: science-fiction and I have had more than a nodding acquaintance for over ten years. Or, roughly, ever since I was fourteen. My interest in s-f (and fantasy) lay solely in reading and writing the stuff. I knew of no one else who had the same taste (as my family rarely spent two years in one city) and never worried about seeking them out. But it wasn't until I got out of the Army in 1946 that my interest mounted to a passion. Even the passion didn't direct itself towards fandom but towards prodrom. While in the army, I became fascinated by the Lovecraft circle and swore that I would meet all of them that I could. When the military dispensed with my slight services, I made myself a home in New York and started on my search. It was rewarded tremendously! The search took me to Wisconsin (August Derleth), to Long Island (Frank Belknap Long), to a bookstore (Sam Loveman), to Greenwich Village (Donald Wandrei) and many more places and people. Pretty soon my collection of Lovecraftiana became quite complete---including a batch of his slightly fabulous correspondence---some of which, by the way, Arkham House will use in "The Selected Letters of H.P. Lovecraft."

It is a little too exhilarating for an unpublished fantasy author to associate with such high strata---especially since I already had a tendency to be impressionable.

You see, my alter profession is jazz. I played drums professionally in New York. Now professional jazz musicians are a very odd lot. They are intensely secretive and treat the fans of the jazz world as the rubble of the rabble. This ideology rubbed off on me and I entered the s-f world with much the same attitudes. I couldn't bear to think of myself as a hanger-on in any profession.

After I moved from New York to my birthplace, Grand Rapids---for reasons of establishing a home base---I started writing and wrote exclusively from then on, I divorced (or tried to divorce) jazz and marry free-kance writing in mid stream. (I found out, though, that old drummers never die, they just play away.) After a month

Strong (con't)

in Grand Rapids, I discovered John Kalas and a small fan effort called BEM. Here, I thought, was a proving ground; a fanzine wherein I could experiment to my heart's content and receive the necessary criticisms. Thus was my entry into fandom---by completely selfish motives. Slowly as I felt my way around I discovered an intense national and even international feeling of friendship and cooperation throughout most of the fan world. This amazed me! I couldn't believe it; I couldn't accept it. But I guess it's true. Unfortunately, before I discovered this, I did something ineradicably foolish.

I wrote The Letter.

This letter was the last act of the part of me that was an egotistical and supercilious snob. In writing this letter and having it published, I should have alienated the people who could have done me the most good. I blush when I think of what I said about such fine people as Redd Boggs, and Forrest Ackerman and in particular, Rick Sneary. I'm also sorry about a letter I wrote to Bob Farnham. He approached me as a friend and I scabbishly kicked him in the teeth. Why these people haven't sued me is still a mystery. I only know that they've all seemed to turn the other cheek!

The letters I've received personally and the letters that have been printed in Planet have all been justified; and, I think, more mild than they should have been.

I'm not interested in rationalizing my actions except to assure everyone connected that I was not interested in starting or reopening any feuds in order to secure interest in my fanzine. I was being neither "devious" nor "subtle" in my letter. This is the only decent motive I had---I was sincerely angry.

I hope you publish this, Lee, as the first part of my self-imposed penance. To admit that you were so very wrong is really a hard thing to do.

This may be used as either a contribution for an article, Fan File, or See You. However, if I'm accepted as a fan, maybe I should conform and give you a few particulars. You originally asked John Kalas for that information, so I thought you might be interested in my auto-biography.

Born; Oct. 1, 1926-Lived: various cities in Michigan, Ohio, Pennsylvania, North Carolina, and New York. - 5'9 $\frac{1}{2}$ " tall---190 lbs.---reddish hair and horn-rimmed brown eyes. Completely ~~un~~married. Occupation: free-lance writing and studying creative writing at the U. of Mich. extension school. Also play drums in various joints in Michigan. Hobbies: reading and editing Chimerical Review. Am member of Mr. Petrillo's union (local 802) and the NAACP. Peeves: people who aren't curious and people not interested in political sociology. Ambition: to make a living at writing and some day edit a pro mag which has the best qualities of Astounding and GALAXY.

If you've read this far, anybody, thanks.

And every best wish to you and Quandry, Lee.

Dennis Strong

Dennis

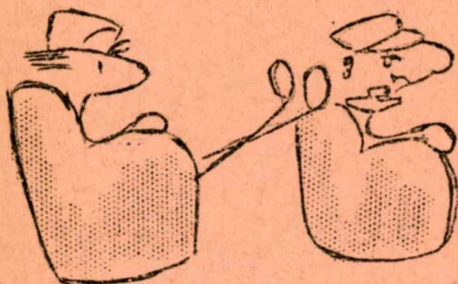
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Ft. Custer, Mich.

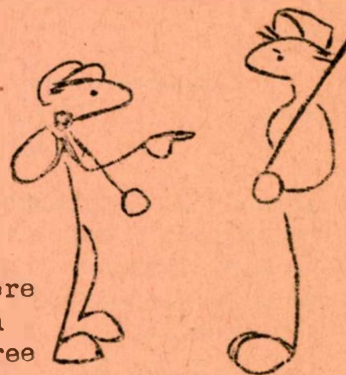
FROM THE MILITARY DEPARTMENT OF QUANDRY'S STAFF,
namely the chief assistant associate crank-
cranker and helping hand in case of emergency
until Uncle stepped in - HANK RABEY
(video sets aligned cheap after dark)

Hi Todas Personas!

Had a very eventful day -- inspection this A.M.
And free time after dinner! Boy, oh boy! The gang went



plumb wild! First thing we did was raid the PX. Then me and a buddy went to the television lounge (where else?) and watched video. We have three channels here.



At inspection today the C.O. asked if I was getting enough to eat -- I said I wasn't -- so we get more chow from now

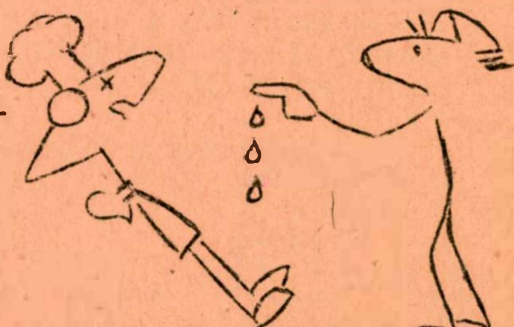
on!!!! (The Sergeant over me said that if anyone said that they were getting enough, he'd put'em on a work detail!! Any- way we get more food -- lousy but more of it!



Yesterday I happened upon a Sergeant who desired my participation in a bit of K.P. While I peeled spuds I accidentally cut my thumb. It wasn't cut bad. It just bled a little. I showed it to the mess sergeant and asked him for a "Band-aid". When he saw the blood, he almost fainted!



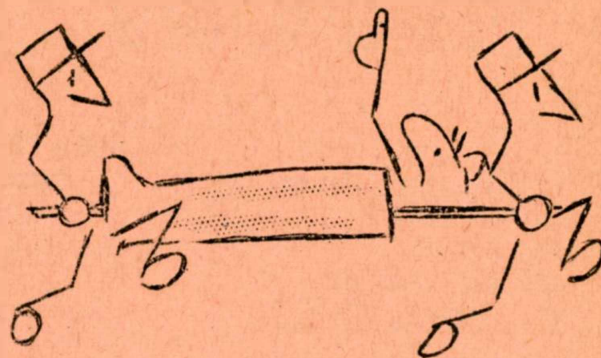
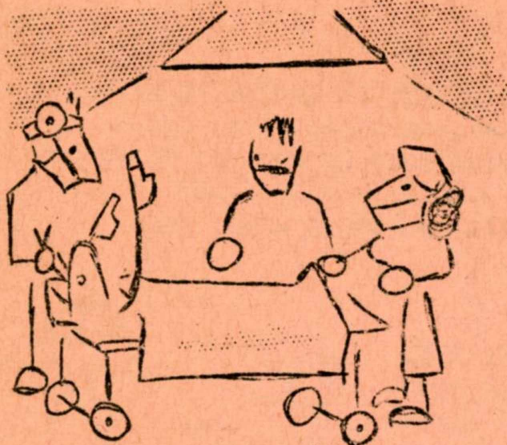
He sent me to the orderly room. I asked for a Bandaid and, immediately upon seeing the blood all the officers of the orderly room began running around the place like a bunch of scared chickens! One finally got up the courage to send me to the Battalion H.Q. "All I want is a Bandaid!" I kept saying. After going thru about 15 minutes of Red Tape my wounds had



Report (con't)

healed. Then the ambulance rode up to the door.

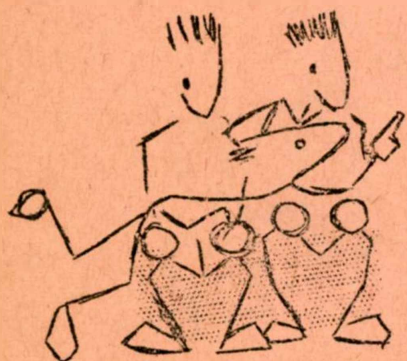
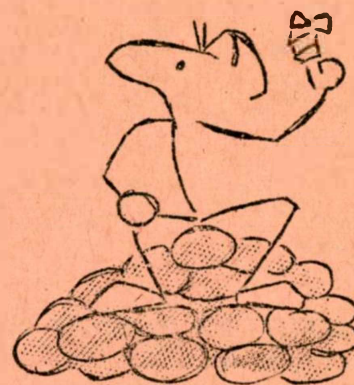
As they pushed me in the back of the "meat wagon" I yelled in depparation "All I want is a Bandaid!"



We rolled to a stop at the Hospital. I was herded into the medical office. He poured about 50 different mediums on me and put a bandage on my

already healed thumb. After this trying experience I was hurled back to my detail -- K.P. that is. However I couldn't do heavy work on account of my "wound". In the meantime the rest of my platoon was cleaning out out barracks and latrine! What an eventful day!!!

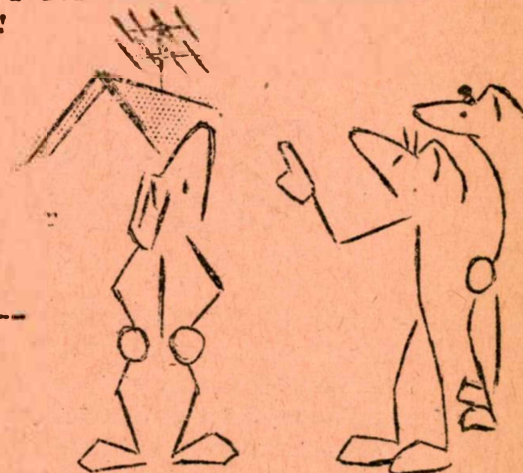
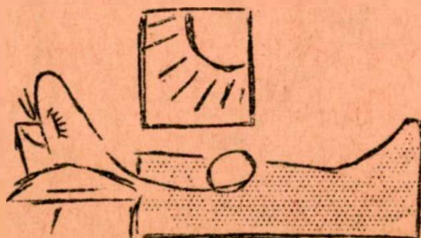
All the guys kidded me about the way I can spot a TV antenna. All the way from Ft. Jackson I practically crawled over people to get a look at an antenna -- but they don't kid me any more. Today we were trying to find the theater and lost our way. Who found the way back? I did -- I followed the TV antennas back to the barracks! Now everybody looks for TV antennas.



Not to be changing the subject so quick but a guy just came over and asked "May I join you?" And wittily I retaliated "Oh, I didn't know I was talking apart!" I made that up all by myself -- really -- honest -- ugh!!!

Wounderbar!((?)) We can sleep all day tomorrow if we like.

Say, you know this Army isn't so bad after all -- yet! One good thing, we're all from the South (Sawth). I'm developing a heavy drawl.



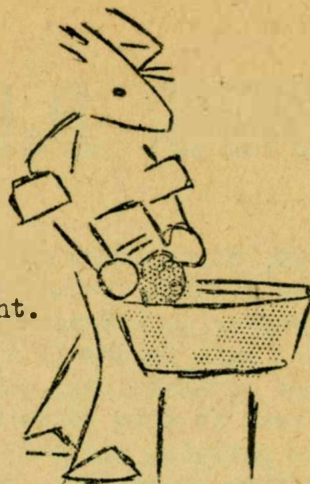
(con't over)

Report (con't)

I got some Rinso today during the PX raid.
Now I've got to do my laundry.

You ought to see my haircut --
Some of the sad faces when the hair left
the head! All wavy and surley. Oh, well,
I guess it's time to kiss the Sargeant goodnight.

LL M KUB



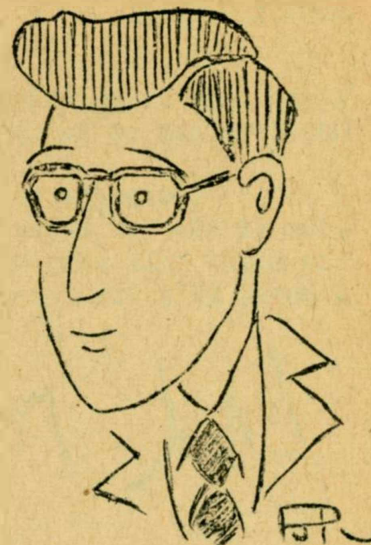
self protrait

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE con't

Then there's a heap of other unanswered letters from people like Eric Frank Russell, Henry Kuttner, Poul Anderson, Bertram Chandler and Max Keasler (see how casually I throw all these big names about? I hope you're impressed all to hell) but they're hidden under a pile of unread mags. Here's SF QUARTERLY for instance, with a most extraordinary advertisement on the back. A picture of a young man leering at a girl in a nightdress, with the caption, "Want the thrill of imposing your will in another? Try Hypnotism. This amazing technique gives full personal satisfaction." Well, well, I wonder do they know that, legally speaking, this amounts to incitement to rape?//And here's the latest Nat FAN FAN. I see they voted Hoffman best fanned of 1950. My opinion of N3F goes up with a bound. This is the most sensible thing they've ever done. If I had got a ballot paper (Im sorry, Eva, I just didn't) there'd have been another vote for Lee.// Finally, here's a gleaming Kromekote-plate WASTEBASKET, from Vernon McCain 146 E 12th Ave., Eugene, Oregon. It was no surprise to me that when McCain settled down in the West his zine went printed. They are wonderful printers out there. I never used to like western movies until I started printing, and now you can't tear me away from them. Some day I hope to find out how they do it. The other night for instance I saw one solitary compositor at the point of a gun, set up a whole issue of the ARIZONA GLOBE and run it off in less time than it took to rob a stagecoach. Unfortunately they didn't show you him actually at work, but it must have been quite a sight to see him pick up that type. I suppose the knack comes from having to be quick on the draw. ((Mebbe he used a bit of boiler plate)) Anyhow, WASTEBASKEE is a beautifully printed job, and well worht reading too. There's two pieces by Hoffman, for instance, thought one of them is not quite up to his usual standard: almost any genius could have written it; and lots of other good material. Ask Vernon for your free copy.//Well, I seem to have written a sort of column after all, which is all for the best. It's like the mimeoed edition the LONDON TIMES published during the General Strike--not worth much but it keeps up the tradition. I'll be able to say, "Yes, of course I've been writing THE HARP every month since March (?) 1951. Don't trip over my beard as you go out"

---Walter A. Willis

PETER J. RIDLEY



(self-portrait)

Born in 1928, which makes me twenty two, I survived the first fifteen years of life without discovering science fiction. I was decanted into fandom in 1944 by an ancient copy of Startling, quiescent for the first four or five years of my fan-life I commenced activity about 1948 without any originality whatsoever, by writing a letter to a pro-zine. It was printed, and I got quite a few letters from various sources; discovering to my surprise that there were other British fans. Correspondence lead to my starting to write and draw a little for British fanzines (three covers and some interiors for Operation Fantast and a few stories in various zines) Which brings things up to date.

Personal appearance: Even if this does read like a copy of Shelby Vick's physical characteristics it ain't. About six feet tall (or short depending on your viewpoint), face tastefully decorated with all the usual appertainances including among others, brown hair, blue eyes, and a long chin. Guaranteed not to frighten small children or attract the opposite sex. Particular, but unoriginal abomination: early rising.

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If you do, you know the benefits of membership. You know about the collector's corner, the trading column, and the regular auctions, and especially the club organ, EXPLORER. EXPLORER is one of the leading fanzines in this country. It is a bi-monthly zine which carries material by many of fandom's best writers. And one of the best features of ISFCC is that there are no dues. . .merely 50¢ a year to pay for the O-O. For further info write ----

Lawrence Kielbauch (Pres.)
Route 2 Box 223
Billings, Mont.

or

14

Ed Noble (Editor)
Box 49
Girard, Pa.

-adv.

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Is your name on it? If so, you will receive the QUANNISH. If not, you'd better act fast as the Quannish will be published in a limited edition of 250. There are two ways to obtain the Quannish if your name is not here. Either send 25¢, the price of single copies of this special issue, or subscribe to Quandry at regular rates and receive the Quannish as part of your subscription.

The following people will receive the Quannish (as of June 15th) . . .

Bobby Pope - Charleston, S.C.	Patrick Eaton - Ore.
Joe Kennedy - Dover, N.J.	Battell Loomis - Calif.
Gerry de la Ree - N.J.	Dave Hammond - N.J.
Curtis Hoffman - Savannah, Ga.	Hank Rabey - Mich.
Gilbert Cochran - Okla.	Sam Basham - Ky.
Walt Kessel - Savannah, Ga.	Redd Boggs - Minn.
Bob Farnham - Dalton, Ga.	Tom Covington - c/o N.C.
J.T. Oliver - Columbus, Ga.	Robert Chambers - Ore.
Bob Tucker - Ill.	Frank Dietz - N.Y.
Walter A. Coslet - Montana	Ted Sanger - Mass.
Bob Silverberg - N.Y.	Bob Pawlet - Md.
Len Moffatt - Calif.	Lawrence Campbell - Mass.
W. Max Keasler - Mo.	Stone Age Press - Ga.
Sid Gluck - N.J.	Ian Macauley - Ga.
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Ed Noble - Pa.	Grape Press - Ore.
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Muriel Baxter - N.Y.	Nameless Ones - Ore.
J. Alvin Aniba - Pa.	Atomian Journal - Ore.
Orma McCormick - Mich.	Henry Burwell - Ga.
Lionel Inman - Tenn.	Ray C. Higgs - Ind.
Ed Fountain - Ga.	J.L. Zwirner - Minn.
Vernon McCain - Oregon	John Davis - Arizona
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Shelby Vick - Fla.	Dick Ryan - Ohio
Ralph Bailey - N.Y.	Mrs. Alden Michaels - West Va.
Jane Hill - Neb.	Gregg Calkins - Utah
Anna Lee McLeod - Md.	Lloyd Alpaugh - N.J.
Adie Ross - Calif.	William Hamling - Ill.

Quannish list con't

Bob Johnson - Colo.
Walter A. Willis - Ire.
Peter J. Ridley - Eng.
A. Vincent Clarke - Eng.
Cpl. C.L. Jacobs - c/o PM, N.Y.
Godwin Oji Kann - Africa
C.R. Harris - Eng.
Bob Foster - Eng
John Brunner - U.K.
Ernie Auerbach
R.P. Graham (review)
Marion Bradley - Tex.
Ellen Kahn - D.C.

Alderson Fry - Wash.
Bob Shaw - Ire.
Ken Johnson - Eng.
Rager Dard - Aus.
Charles Gilroy - Scot.
J. Revans E. A. - Eng.
Pearle Appleford - S. Africa
Alan Hunter - Eng.
Harry B. Moore - La.
H.A. Murphy - Ga.
R.J. Banks, Jr - Tex.
F. & FS Book Co. - N.Y.
the LASFS

Subscriptions and material received after June 15th will be acknowledged personally. Any received before the last mimeoing this ish will be included in the final editorial.

NOW HEAR THIS ABOUT THE QUANNISH

It will run no less than 70 pages. . . probably 90. Among the included material will be the regular columns, several FanFiles of your friends and the people you read about in Quandry, material by Joe Kennedy, Lilith Lorraine, Pat Eaton, Gregg Calkins, M.E. Z. Bradley, Fred Hatfield and many others. It will contain a multitude of li'l people, li'l peepul, puffins and also serious artwork by many well known fan-artists and also yed. It will feature a great deal of both serious and Humerous fiction plus articles of faninterest plus many other little Quandry-ish features. And that's only the beginning. All the material isn't in yet. Much more has been promised.

NOTE: It was previously announced that the Quannish would be mailed in mid-July. It will NOT be mailed until late July or early August. It is not too late to submit material, even now, if you hurry. It will never be too late to donate cash to help out with this worthy project.

Also note: The Quannish will be the last issue of Quandry until after the Nolacon. Then we will resume our regular schedule (we hope) with Quandry # 14 appearing soon agter September 15, we sincerely hope. This will not effect your subscription. Ycu'll receive your 12 issues for a dollar as promised.

Here are some latecomers who will receive the Quannish:

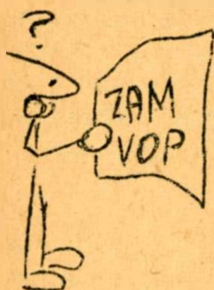
David Rarey - Ore.
James Tone, Jr - Ore.
Hal Stevens - Ore.

Rick Sneary - Calif
Herbert Womaski - Minn.
Emanuel Lashover - La.

This list is complete as of June 18. If your sub was received later it was personally acknowledged. # All short subs (less than \$1) received after June 25th will begin with Q#14...not with the Quannish!

--Lee

KONNER'S KORNER



Once in a while, I see something interesting and say, "Well, I'll just scribble this down, and when I write an article or column, I'll refer to this note and have something interesting upon which to write." Usually, what I write down is written upon the backs of fanzines, fanads, prozines, or whatever I have in hand at the moment. I always condense it to a sort of spontaneous short-hand, invented for the occasion, and by the time I get around to using it, I can't read it. That's why the stuff I write is usually so unorganized. When I read how someone like Redd Boggs keeps perfect files of everything he writes, including letters, I always marvel. Such people must be wonderful to know. I wish I could be as orderly, but I can't. It just wasn't born in me, I guess.

For instance I saw a sketch on Ken Murrays TV show that I thought of enough interest to stf fans to merit a paragraph or two in K.K. The sketch was a production of the song, "Destination Moon". It was supposed to be a satire on the movie by the same name --- the sketch, that is. And it was good, real good. It opened with a girl reading a copy of Summer Fantastic Story, the first scene being of the Bergey Cover, illustrating a girl holding a ray gun. Then it moved back to a long shot showing the girl reading. As a satire it was, as I said, very good, if not funny. Now, had I been able to read all the notes I made, I could have written an account of the sketch that would have been quite interesting. But as it is, the bare outline I've given here is about all I can say. I can't give names, characters or anything else worth while. But it does go to show that enough interest is shown in stf subjects that even the shows built for a general audience can satirize them so that even people who send two bits to Lynn A. Hickman at 408 West Bell Street, Statesville, N.C. and get your copy. (I Don't ask us. That's what the manuscript says ... Lee)) You may be too late to get number 1, but number 2 will be equally as interesting. I'm listed as an associate editor, but most of the editing and all of the work was done by Lynn. . .so I'm sure I can't be accused of blowing my own horn when I say that TIMA is a good magazine. Lynn has done a magnificent job. He is a salesman for the Turner Manufacturing Company and as such, he has only week-ends at home in which to work at being a fan. However, he carried his portable with him and does some work in his hotel rooms about the state. Lynn is one of fandom's livest wires---he reads all the mags, writes volumes of letters, and seeks to further fandom as no other fan I know. It is not unusual to see him drinking a cup of coffee in some Do-nut Dinnette, reading a fanzine or prozine and selling a blonde waitress on becoming a fan all at the same time. (And if he sells her on anything else, that's his business. Even blondes have a use for farm machinery.) Actually, the guy is fandom personified and I consider it a pleasure and privilege to call him friend. You owe it to yourself to obtain a copy of TIMA and you'll thank me for telling you to.

(con't over)

Konner's Korner (kon't)

Redd Boggs' mentioning this Korner in his letter was nice and his slap in the face was stimulating. However, I do not intend to get into any argument or feud with Boggs. He and I are the only fen I know who actually got paid for a feud. And since I'm sure I can't repeat that feat, I'm going to leave the guy alone. We had a squabble over the merits of Lovecraft and Rog Phillips selected the articles of outs as one of the prize winners in his contest for the best fanzine articles of 1949--or was it '48? Anyway, Boggs and I received two bucks each. However, I still hate communism and all that it stands for. . . I know from first hand.

The address is 1618 McFarland Ave. Gastonia, N.C. Here is the review: This is the first copy of PEON I have ever seen, though I'd heard reams about how good it is. Everything I'd heard about it is true, and everything you've heard about it is true. It is neat, well reproduced and contains lots of good stuff by the top writers in the fanzine field. Send a dime to PEON, Charles Lee Riddle, PN 1, USN FLEET ALL WEATHER TRAINING UNIT, PACIFIC, c/o FPO, SAN FRANCISCO, CAL.

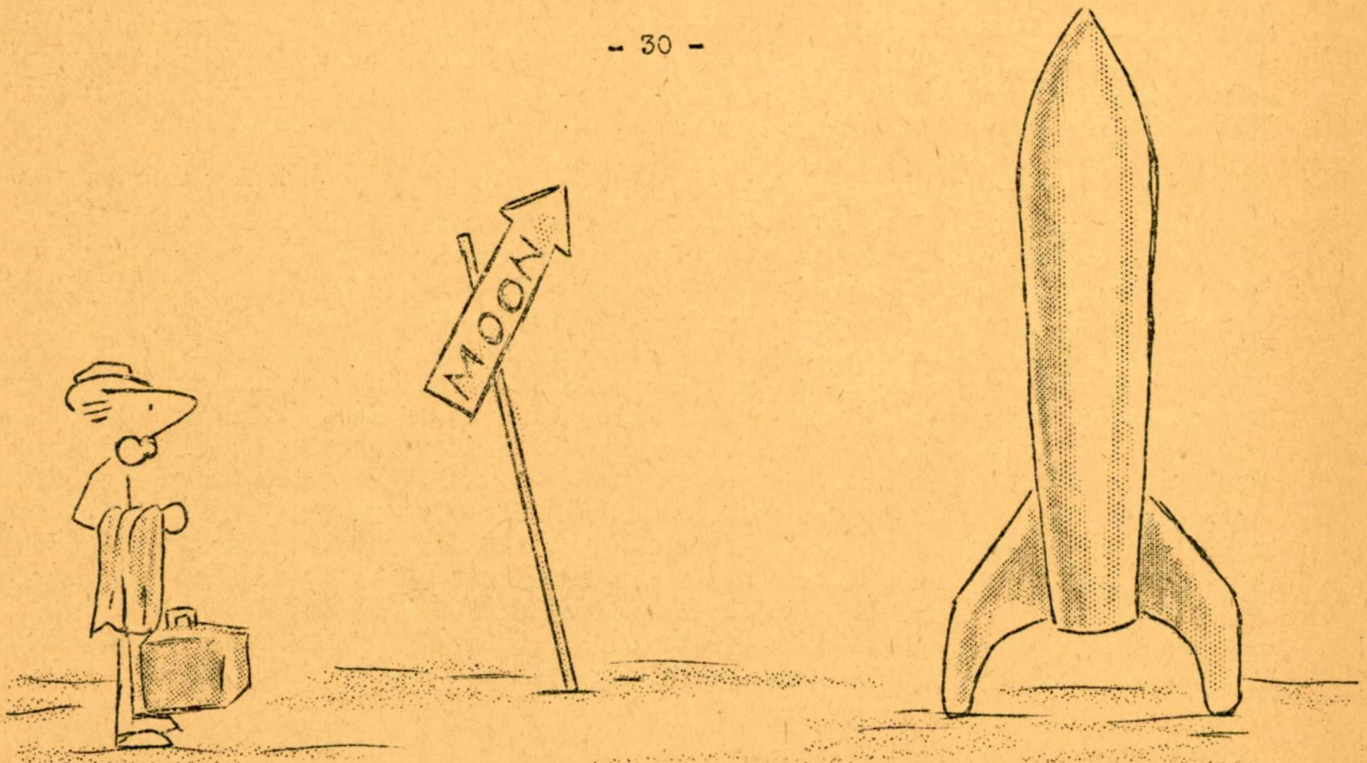
If you can locate a copy of Gormenghast, by Mervyn Peake, published in London by Eyre & Spottiswoode, and likely available from them for 15s, then do it. It is wonderful reading. . . I'm sure you'll enjoy it. I'm indebted to Manly Banister for lending me his copy.

That seems to be all for the present. If nothing else id better for you to have done, thanks for reading and I leave you with:

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: I will volunteer for the SECOND trip to the moon. Will YOU be first?

-- Wilkie Conner

- 30 -



THE HARP IN ENGLAND

Installment II

The Convention Hall turned out to be in a long wide street in a rather pleasant area of London. There was a large square nearby, the centre of which was laid out in a little public park. Here during the intervals the Convention delegates would sit in the sunshine, recovering from the shock of finding out what their correspondents looked like. From the side of this park an enormous Hotel stretched into the infinite distance, like a building in a van Vogt novel. About two hundred yards along was the main entrance, which the Convention Committee warned us we were not to use. Here among the potted palms and plate glass there stood a resplendent commissionaire, provided with a forty foot pole for not touching science fiction fans with. The further along from the park you went, the lower the tone of the place sank, until in the sordid distance you found a non-descript door, evidently disowned by the hotel, which was the entrance to the Convention Hall. There was a notice "International Science Fiction Convention", an entrance foyer, and then the Hall itself. This was a long low room, with a speakers' dias along one side facing about a hundred chairs grouped in a semi-circle. Round the walls were paintings and drawings and tables filled with book and magazines.

I arrived on the scene during the Lunch interval. The Convention carried on as if nothing had happened--it was almost as if nothing had. I had come by subway, escorting the two Liverpool fans with all the savoir faire, and sore feet of a subway traveller of two days standing. And I do mean standing. Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer brought up the rear in a van, an extraordinary vehicle which the automobile industry has begged me to refer to as a horseless carriage. Personally I think it was a late model sedan chair with the arms broken off and a hole cut in the floorboards. We handed out the Programmes to those fan who had already arrived back from lunch, or who just didn't eat. They were all very pleased to find out what they had been doing all morning.

When we arrived back from our own lunch Forry Ackerman was just about to start speaking! Most of us had already met him at the preliminary sessions but this was his first public appearance, and here seems to be the time to say what we thought of him. Briefly, we were impressed. I remember reading somewhere a criticism of Ackerman by Laney or someone, the gist of which was that although FJA had produced some very fine fanzines, in fact some of the finest in fan history, he was still a man who had failed to realise his potentialities. His zines lacked personality, that indefinable character that a good fanzine has, which makes it not just another amateur magazine, but a sort of reader-editor symbiosis. Something that makes you feel not only that you want to continue reading the zine, but that you would very much like to meet the editor. Something that QUANDRY, for instance, has to the nth degree. Not that Ackerman's zines didn't have personality of a sort. The point was that the personality wasn't the interesting and agreeable one of Ackerman himself, but some synthetic and comparatively unsympathetic one which Ackerman had invented for the occasion. His idea of what an editor should sound like, much in the same way that some people have a special voice for the telephone or for public occasions.

(con't over)

The Harp In England (still)

among the London Circle.) He mentioned that he was sorry that his severest critic in England, D.R. Smith, wasn't among those present, and in his absence he called on Severest Critic No. 2, a Mr. Youd, whose name was a very big one in prewar fandom. Whether Mr Youd was annoyed at being relegated to the position of second severest critic, or whether he was taken aback at being called so suddenly out of his retirement, I don't know, but he dashed redfaced to the microphone and bit out something about how he noticed that Mr Ackerman was still murdering the English language. I hadn't noticed any corpses lying around, except the walking dead of extinct fans, but everyone laughed lachrymally so that Mr Youd wouldn't retire hurt. Forry then went into his commentary on American sf, delivered in a pleasant California drawl. He gave a lot of news which was interesting at the time but which is common knowledge now, and he also read a cablegram from Anthony Boucher hotly denying a rumour that F&SF was going to fold. Since no one in the audience had yet heard the rumour their feeling at this point was rather mixed. They looked a bit like an audience of Catholics who had suddenly been informed by the Pope that he was now pretty certain that God did after all exist.

Next William F. Temple was billed to speak on the technique of writing serial sf. Fortunately he did nothing of the sort, at which no one who knew him was in the least surprised. He seized the opportunity to strike a joyous blow in the Temple-Clarke feud which has been amusing British fandom for some 20 years. Arthur C. Clarke, incidentally, is a thin fair-haired nervous sort of chap, with a dashing manner. At least every time I saw him he was dashing somewhere. I expect one of these days when he gets particularly excited he'll reach escape velocity and that's the last we'll see of him. He is reknown for his allegedly colossal conceit or egotism, on account of which he is nicknamed "Ego". Temple, on the other hand, is a small dark plumpish chap, very quiet spoken, and with a dead pan style of humor. The only flashes in the pan were when he looked up over his heavy glasses to see how some of the more subtle witticisms were going. Usually they went very well, especially when he touched on dianetics with a mention of "a womb with a view". I assure Rory Faulkner, who as far as I know first used this crack in Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET, that Temple undoubtedly arrived at it independently. In his day the man was the most brilliant of fan journalists, and he could be so again today if he wanted to.

Temple's contribution took the form of a synopsis of a serial about the first space flight. The Government, having been badgered and chivvied by Clarke for years, and finally built a spaceship in a desperate attempt to keep him quiet. The crew consisted of two men, one of whom was Temple for the sole reason that even Arthur C. Clarke couldn't be both of them. Besides someone had to do the housework. After a beautiful parody of the Arthur C. Clarke first-step-on-man's-journey-to-the-stars style Temple described how when the rocket cleared the earth's atmosphere it came to a dead stop. Apparently Clarke was wrong after all: in spite of all his arguments and proofs rockets do not work in a vacuum. There's nothing for them to push against, you see. The two intrepid astronauts are never seen again. The story carries on with their descendants. Clarke 2 is an even bigger bore about space flight than his ancestor, but no one will listen to him since the rocketship fiasco. At last however he happens upon the lesserknown scientific fact that mitogen rays emitted by certain growing plants have a small but definite pushing power. From this it is but a matter of time till he breeds a plant in which the rays are so powerful that they can be used as a space drive. The second space ship is therefore an enormous onion, with a small hole scooped in the middle for the crew. This

The Harp Harps On In England

Consists of a Temple and a Clarke again, for the same reasons, and again there is something wrong with Clarke's calculations. In accordance with a well known precedent they miss the moon and hurtle on to Mars. Since they haven't enough food~~s~~on such a long trip they are in a terrible plight. Finally they are reduced to eating the ship.

There was lots more of this---how they are saved from a hideous death by the discovery of some breath catching, how they fall on Mars amid a colony of vegetarian monsters, etc. etc---but some of you will be able to read it yourselves before long. I was onto Temple for first fanzine rights as soon as I could get to him. But Lee Jacobs (curse him) got there first and it will appear in his FAPA zine.

Next came a "radio play" by Milt Rothman--that is a play read over the PA system. This has already been done at an American Convention, so I won't say anything about it except that I thought some of the commercials were quite good. Like "Why smell like a human being? Use ARMPITTO and smell like nothing on Earth."

After the afternoon tea break the organisers put on a recording of a discussion on sf between some authors and journalists. I don't think anyone listened to this except a fan called Terry Overton, who asked Clarke why he had said THE MOON IS HELL was such a lousy book. There is a great disagreement among the Irish contingent as to what actually was said at this point, but I could have sworn that Clarke was so annoyed with Campbell he said he wasn't going to send him any more stories. But I must have been wrong, because nobody else remembers anything of the sort. Maybe Clarke said that Campbell would now be so annoyed with him that he wouldn't accept any of his stories.

After that came the auction and then the buffet, which was a bit of a sell, too. According to the dictionary a "buffet" means a slap in the face, and that's just what this one was to us poor Irish immigrants who had been relying on it to help us live in London. Last time I was in London I lived on spaghetti because I found you could get much more of it for your money than anything else. I ate so much spaghetti I came home with an Italian accent. Unfortunately I couldn't find any spaghetti dives near the Convention Hall, but in a way the buffet did save us money: after one look at it you never wanted to touch food again. Mind you I'm not saying a word against the catering arrangements at this hotel. It's just that it's the first one I've seen where they have a fifth place of the cruet stand for a stomach pump.

(to be concluded in Q#13)

.....

SLANT

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WOODVORK
OUT--

I. Publicity! Life magazine's magnificent spread on s-f (May 21, 1951) came to my attention recently. At all odds, this is the best...at least, the biggest...publicity that stf has gotten throughout its history, including the memorable articles in "Time" in 1939 (the one that coined 'goshwowoboyoboy') and "Harper's" about 1946. In case you hadn't seen it, the article in stf in LIFE (by Winthrop Sargeant) contains some rather startling inaccuracies (particularly the definition of 'insurgent'--probably Sargeant's conception of Ackerman's conception of a Laney) and some varied information on the stf field.

The article will come to the attention of 5,200,000 rather shocked people...which is either good, or bad, depending on the slant which one gives it. The exposition of fan terminology in the first paragraph ("fan, fem, fanference, fanne, fenne, Torcon, Cinvention, prozine, fanzine, cardzine") is amusing to an extent--but is more liable to drag us down to ghu-knows-what-depths among the non reader element...which is a considerable bulk of the five million. Redd Boggs' blast against Campbell in the SFNewsletter about a year ago came to the attention of only a few hundred fans...but Sargeant devoted several hundred words to an elaborate roasting of Campbell...and coupled with the words on aSF in LIBERTY recently, this doesn't bode too well for the mag should Street&Smith's new owners get even more sticky. The ones who own the company now don't remember the golden days of '38-42, and are perfectly content to leave the mag in the horrid miniature size it was supposed to quit five years ago. But I digress.

Can't say at this time, just what effect the LIFE article will have...the discussion of the Shaver mess is just too accurate for words, and I doubt that it'll gain many friends for fandom or for Palmer.

II. A DEALER GIVES BOOKS AWAY! Julius Unger, of Brooklyn, has been noted more for the up-ness of his mag prices than for anything else. However, I felt a burning desire to possess EESmith's "First Lensman" and since Unger charges no more than anyone else for books, I sent him \$3. I was more than a little shocked to receive by return mail, the following books:--

FIRST LENSMAN

GREENER THAN YOU THINK

EDISON'S CONQUEST OF MARS

WELL OF THE UNICORN

All mint first editions...the latter three being premiums of some sort given away with each purchase. Obviously the stf book business is in trouble. However, regardless of Julius' motives, I'm highly satisfied with my \$3 worth and I'm taking up some of Lee Hoffman's valued space to thank him publicly. Only thing I could do in return.

III. NEWS "NEA Service (Newspaper Enterprise Assoc.) which has nearly 1000 client newspapers in the US and other countries, is seriously considering a stf comic strip. Art work will be by Art Sansom, currently creator of 'Peggy', a strip which appears in weekly papers, and the script will be done by Russ Winterbotham, former prozine contributor. Winterbotham's work appeared in many s-f mags from 1935 to 1943.

"Although the plans are still in a formative stage, and the story is as yet nebulous, Russ says that he hopes to make it something that will please the fans. Convincingness is his main objective, and in spite of being a comic strip, it will have little slapstick in it (unless the fans yell for it). The story will revolve about an adventuresome, scientific young man (name as yet undecided) and a young fellow about 14 or so. It will be interplanetary, and based on science, although no holds will be barred in using the imagination. He expects to bring woman interest into the story on about the second adventure, but it will not be a love story. (Just that Art draws very pretty gals."

IV. MORE INFLATION My inestimable British friend, Norman Ashfield, has sent me several copies of a fanzine of which I hadn't heard before called "Interin News-

(con't over)

From Der Woodvork Out...

letter"--a neat little production which was the official organ of "Science Fiction International," a fan club. One of the more interesting items in this zine is reproduced here to show the growing effect of inflation:

"U.S. Fans: Fans please note that a PENNY postcard from the United States to Canada costs TWO CENTS." (Caps mine.)

Now either inflation is so rampant that even a penny is two cents now, or else the Post Office department is guilty of the same semantic confusion that characterized Popular Publications when it was issuing "DIME DETECTIVE" for a 25¢ price-tag. Though, in truth, our quarter's been buying a dime's worth of merchandise for a long time now.

V. Department of Unusually Unbelievable Coincidence: Arthur J. Cox in his column in Fantasy-Times, called attention recently to an unusual resemblance to a 19-36 Astounding's⁺ interior pic by one of Vince Napoli's pics in Worlds Beyond. Now another instance has come up of a "coincidence" which makes things slightly fishy. Compare Napoli's pic for "The Difference" in Marvel Science Stories (Feb '51) to Virgil Finlay's cover on F.F.M. for October 1942--virtually a direct reproduction! Mighty strange, Mr Napoli, mighty strange.

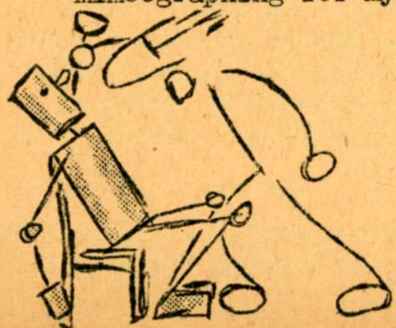
VI. AND YET ANOTHER: My British correspondent informs me that "Science Fiction Fortnightly" is no more. After the eighth issue it was replaced by "Science Fiction Monthly" which indicates that the s-f field cannot support a semi-monthly mag. It never could, either, though Astounding was seriously considering going semi-monthly back in 1934.

VII. FAITH AND BEGORRAH: Ah, that Willis man is magnificent. Here is a chap who has burst into fandom with all the vigor and light of a Nova, and, if he doesn't burn out from sheer over-activity, will probably take Tucker's laurels as #1 fan humorist before long. I hope he doesn't go the way of so many fans who read the promags for a few years and then suddenly explode all over fandom. It's very messy when one of these fans begins writing for all the fanzines, publishing one of his own, letterhacking all over the place, begins taking on projects right and left, and then, to his horror, finds out that he doesn't have the ability to maintain the steam for them all and says, "To hell with it all," leaving the rest of fandom to pick up the pieces. I hope Walt Willis stays around for eons to come. Lordy, how I love the way that man writes! Shure, and I do.

VIII. To all my correspondents, creditors, etc.:-- I'm going to be on vacation during July and August, will NOT be home, and will NOT be able to answer my mail --nor even open it till I return home in September. I won't be able to keep up my column in Q for a few months, either. I beg your indulgence during this here hiatus, and I hope you won't think I've gone the way of all fans! Kindly, friends keep me on your fmz mailing lists and don't be too angry if I don't answer your letter or mail that copy of SPACESHIP till September.

A most pleasant and not too sticky summer to you all, and happy mimeographing for my boss with his annish.

---Bob Silverberg



SEZ
YOU

First lately come comments on Q#10

Bill Hamling
Evanston, Ill.

Dear Lee:

Allow me to send you a somewhat belated, but none the less sincere bit of congratulations for putting out a very fine fanzine. I have # 10 on my desk and I must say it is an excellent little number.

Perhaps the thing I like best about QUANDRY is the informal "chatting" atmosphere you maintain. Lots of news, gossip, and stuff. All interesting. Too many of the fanmags load their pages with fiction, stuffy articles, etc.

I think you've got one of the finest zines in the field. Keep up the good work.

Cordially,

[Bill Hamling]

Bob Tucker
P.O. Box 260
Bloomington, Ill.

Cheerio:

A bang up issue old boy, positively bang up.

Why not print all the Fan-File pages upside down, so as to distinguish the series? Just think of it -- in years to come the awed fans will stand around the convention halls and discuss the magazine, and you.

"Look, fellas, I just got a bargain! A rare old Quandry for only two bucks!"

"Yeah? Does it have an upside down Fan-File?"

...rapid leafing through the pages. A fallen face. "No."

"Yahhh-- you was robbed. If Fan-File ain't upside down it's only worth a buck and a quarter."

I doubt that the future will bring any better comment on the London convention that Walter's "The Harp In England". I prefer these personalized, rambling articles in such affairs to formal news reporting, even though they sometimes do not cover all the angles as does straight news-- but they make it a darned sight more human and interesting. The Willis humor has long amused me and his puns are particularly appreciated; he has the gift of writing humor without having to warn the reader in advance that it is humor and should be laughed at. I think he is Q's most valuable property. Except you, of course.

Best,

Bob Tucker

Lloyd Alpaugh
RFD # 4
Somerville, N.J.

Dear Lee:

Since I can think of no witty openings I will just say that this will be a letter of comment of QUANDRY # 11, with maybe a couple of random thoughts tossed in.

More Although

In re that book that is advertised on the back cover of GALAXY: I came across a copy of it while rumaging thru a bookstore the other day. I couldn't find anything written by or any mention of Ernest Hemingway in it. According to the blurb on the jacket the book had been banned in this country for years and years but at last the philistines have relented and allowed this work of art to be published in the U.S. It was illustrated with copies of portraits of Kiki as she is supposed to have been painted by different artists. And in case you are curious, I didn't buy it.

The article in LIFE was a pretty good job, I thot. Most interesting to me were the stills from current and forthcoming stf movies. WHEN WORLDS COLLIDE looks as tho it might be pretty good. Probably better than DESTINATION MOON as it has more of a plot. THE DAY THE EARTH STOOD STILL sounds like it may be the movie version of Harry Bate's FAREWELL TO THE MASTER.

I liked THE THING very much. It was a beautifully done film. The actors all did a fine job and all the sets were quite realistic. I pspecially liked the handling of sex and liquor in the film. Particularly the scene where the hero supposedly has his hands tied behind his back and the heroine is pouring liquor down his throat and necking him. Really amusing. Did you notice that all the humans but one were rather short? Undoubtedly to make the monster appear taller. (A friend of mine suggested that the actor who played the one tall scientist may have doubled as the monster.) The monster was something of a disappointment; he just didn't look like a vegetable. He looked like a man in a padded suit. But at least he was intelligent. Best scene in the film, I think, was where they tried to burn him. Quite impressive: guys tossing buckets of gas on him and flames whooshing up all over him as he blunders around; men being tossed hither and yon by him; and finally the leap thru the window and dashing off into the darkness. The wailing sound he made added much to the scene. The director of the film, Christian Nyby was formerly a film editor and this is his first attempt at directing. He did, to my way of thinking, a first rate job. I was surprised that none of the players were named. And when I did find out who they were I realized that I had never heard of any of them before. All in all a most excellent bit of film-making and anyone who yelps about it not being the original story should be given thirty laskes or made to sit thru a screening of THE MAN FROM PLANET X.

Hang on to Walt Willis; he is a first-rate column writer. I would say, tho, that from ignorance to hostility is a bigger step than vice versa. Hostility implies that the person has found out something about the subject which he did not know before. # The bit about fillers was quite amusing, particularly the letter to the editor. By all means let us form a censor bureau. And after all the hypocrites in fandom have joined we can get them to hold a convention. Then we can easily dispose of the bastards.

A FAIRY STORY was better than average fan fiction.

Fan profiles are nearly always interesting. Say, I have some Kenton records and some by other jazz men that I wouldn't mind selling. Anybody interested??

FROM HER VOEDWORK OUT mildly interesting but doesn't rouse any urge to discuss anything mentioned in it.

I never thot I'd see the day when a major publishing house started sending review copies of books to fanzines. The millenium has come.

Gadzocks and foorsooth (or is it forsooth), so Gerry de la Ree is still writing prose poems. Sorry, Gerry, but I still find them dull. Not your in particular, but prose poems in general.

THE WAR THAT AMERICA LOST is fine fan fiction. But nevertheless I can do without fan fiction.

(even more over)

Yet Still More Alpaugh

Willis(account of the Convention indicates that fans is fans no matter where you go. The puns scattered thruout this guy's writings are delightful. I'd say he is the best writer you have.

X-RAY DISCOVERY---I share with H.L.Mencken the belief that poetry is written by persons with immature minds.

That seems to cover the issue. On the whole, quite good. Keep it up and I won't regret subbing.

Regards,
[Lloyd]

Cpl Clarence L. Jacobs
RA 19235355
HQ 7966 EUCOM DET.
SIG. SEC. FONTAINEBLEAU SET.
APO#58 c/o Postmaster
New York, N.Y.

Send this guy a copy of your fanzine. It's more than probably that he'll subscribe!! Airmail it and he'll return the postage. He wants all the fmz he gets airmailed.

Dear Lee,

Q#11 came today. Clever cover -- hope your supply of multicolored ink holds out. Why don't you have a really different type of cover tho? Something like -- a brawny spacesuited hero blasting down a multitenacles BEM with a scantily clad female (sans spacesuit of course) boasting an expression of sheer horror. 'Twould prob'ly improve circulation 100%! Best thing inside the mag, outside of stuff by Hoffman naturally was Willis's report on the British Convention. But then, mayhap, I be prejudiced because I saw my name in print. Walt forgot to add that Derek Pickles was really the Great Big Man at the Con--6'1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ", 235 pounds, shoulders the envy of any space opera hero, and an athlete to boot! Who sez that stf readers are anemic, hollow-chested weaklings? Lousiest item was "The Answer Box". Must you, Lee? Looking forward to #11 ((don't you mean 12, old boy?) and waiting for that annish.

RapidLee

Len J. Moffatt
5969 Lanto Street
Bell Gardens, Calif.

FANACVITY



Dear Lee,

I keep telling myself that I am giving up most of my acti-fanning. I just don't have the time. I'm a married man now and am trying to make like a semi-pro writer.

Of course I earn our bread-andOmargerine as a sample maker, printer and man of all work in a paperbox factory. At this stage, if we depended on our writing (my wife, Anna, is a fan and has writing ambitions too) for food, clothing, and shelter we would be drinking ink, eating rejection slips and living in the typewriter case. (It's a beat up Remington Portable named Omar). ((Omar, meat Underwood))

The latest ish of Quandry contained one depression note for me. I see you are a Ghughuist. Tsk and alsa. We Outlanders are partial to Foo Foo. The fact that such a fine fanzine as Q is apreading the insidious Ghu-type propaganda makes me very sad, very sad indeed. I weep salty (and peppery) tears. Foo forgive you, my son.

Some time ago I said "It will take a damn food fanzine to inspire me to write a fannish letter!" and so it has. Q is it. Quandry is prob'ly the best general type fanzine in the field today, with the exception of The Outlander, of course.

Mo' Moffatt (Pike Pickems, to you)

Wish I had heard of your forthcoming annish sooner. ((It's not too late!)) Maybe I did but if so the busy life I lead caused me to forget about it. I might have written some crud and cut the stencils for you. Maybe I'll do it yet-sometimes perhaps, Maybe. (I'm trying to control my fannish urges to get involved again in the gay, mad whirl of crifanac. Anna too has felt this urge. Even the trouble we had with the LASFS mimeo getting out this latest "Qutlander" has not scared the "Bug" away. We'll prob'ly work it out of our systems by holding a hell-for-leather one shot session sometime with out fellow Outlanders.)

Speaking of LASFS ((end of page)) As I was saying before the paper fell out of the typer and I had to flip it over (the paper, not Omar) and stick it in again...speaking of LASFS, be ye not discouraged, O Associate Member. Shangra LA has been published right along. Trouble was that nobody was mailing them out and only local fans rec'd their copies (by coming to the club and picking them up.) of the mag --which, indidently, still rates among the top five in my opinion. The girl who was handling the Associate Memberships was ill for a while and nobody else took the job over. But a guy name of Al Lewis has the job now and if you haven't rec'd any of those back copies I suggest you contact him in care of the LASFS.

The mimeo work in Q is very good. Too bad your typing is almost as bad as mine. I imagine you too suffer from lack of time and do most of your typing as fast as possible. ((Anybody want a job with a fanzine?))

Willis and Boggs are obviously your two tops columnists. The others range from mediocre to poor but usually have at least one interesting thing to say if they don't always say it well.

But Boggs is excellent and Willis is only terrific! Willis is a fan after me own heart. I'm sure he would make a fabulous Outlander. (no dirty pun involved here) Someday when I'm a rich hack I will make a special trip to Ireland just to visit this animated blarney stone. ((me too))

The fiction in this issue of Q did not impress me. Fairy Story (at first hasty reading) seemed like a decapitated pinhead. Yeah, no point. Finally--with my good wife's aid--I decided it was Irony. ((Keep that wife, she's a good one)) The atomic war tale I have read before in playlet form.

The poetry was unimpressive too. Dot (Rory) Faulkner is the best fan poet in captivity for my money but then I'm prejudiced in favor of all Outlanders.

((Unfortunately it is necessary to omit Len's treatise on Outlanders but there's the vital statistics on the O-O: 15¢ a copy from Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St. SouthGate--in '58--Calif. Printed Covers. Mimeo'd interior.)))

By the way, I like the idea of a book review column in Q, altho I don't think you are quite as critical of them as you should be. OK, OK, so you liked the books!

Keep smiling.

-hoop la!

[Len]

Ed's note to non-FAPans: The Outlanders is a non-official organization with non-officeholders of non-offices and a non-official Outlander Day which they can't find.

.....

Heard from but forced out by a lack of space: Bat Loomis, J.T.Oliver, Fred Hatfield, Wilkie Conner, Charles Gilroy, Bill Morse, Roger Dard, Mez Bradley, Pat Eaton, Ian Macauley, Orma McCormick, Burnett Toskey, R. McMahon, Bob Silverberg, Shelby Vick, John Brunner, Alan Hunter, Bob Foster, Bob Johnson, Gregg Calkins, Alderson Fry, and The ST. CHARLES HOTEL. . . see ya at the Nolacon!!!

So. So...

So we bought the pocket edition of THE MARTIAN CHRONICLES and seeing how it was a pocket edition, we tucked it into our pocket and traipsed off to a local movie house which has lately taken to running B pictures on a single bill. After "Behind The Walls of Folsom Prison" and several very elderly short features we left the theater. . .and discovered that our copy of TMC had stayed. So we hurried down and bought another copy. Sure hope whoever finds the one we lost reads it.

Well, we're expecting to meet another fan in person next week. Ian Macauley of Atlanta and COSMAG is planning to be in Savannah, a few days and we're expecting a visit from him.

Then come August 26th we'll be off to the wilds of N.O. to meet more fans than Geo'gia's ever dreamed of...we hope. Firstly we'll be pre-con partying with Fred Hatfield and the other early arriving fans. And then the con itself. Truly Ghu has smiled on us. (Can you say FooFoo has done as much for you, Pika?)

Which reminds us, we are delighted to hear D&mentation X on again under the auspices of Street&Smith. Wonder if they'll present a dramatization of Dianetics?

Hey, look, you fmz editors was a new subscriber? Try Lee Jacobs. His address in in Sez You and he wants fmz. Mail'em airmail and he'll pay the cost of it.

We have been trying our best to get a copy of POGG POSSUM comics. Even asked the kids who bring us all our stf comics if they know where to get'em. But we kain't find any. Somebody send us one, huh? We'll trade you a couple of Qs for it. Also we want the July AMAZING (yes, we said AMAZING). For this we'll trade the next three Qs (including the annish) or add five Qs to your present sub, or pay 35¢ cash. How about it?

We expect to mail this ish around June 25th. It would have been a bit earlier but life is madness anymore. Espeially in Savannah.

The Quannish could use some good articles. We've got plenty of fiction but a few bits of non-fiction could be placed easily. And there's still time to get it in.

We are short on editorial mishmash this month. We are short on every thing this month. We are so far behind in our correspondence that the mail we owe Shelby Vick alone would keep the Post Office in business for the next three years. Podden us a minit: Hey, ShelVY, we'll write sometime. We promise! Honest!

Some of you may never hear from us again unless you go ahead and write without waiting for a reply to your last letter. We have lost track of all the mail we owe. Miserable but true.

Well, we'll see you later. . .typographically around the end of July or early August. . .physically around the end of August and early September. . .

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