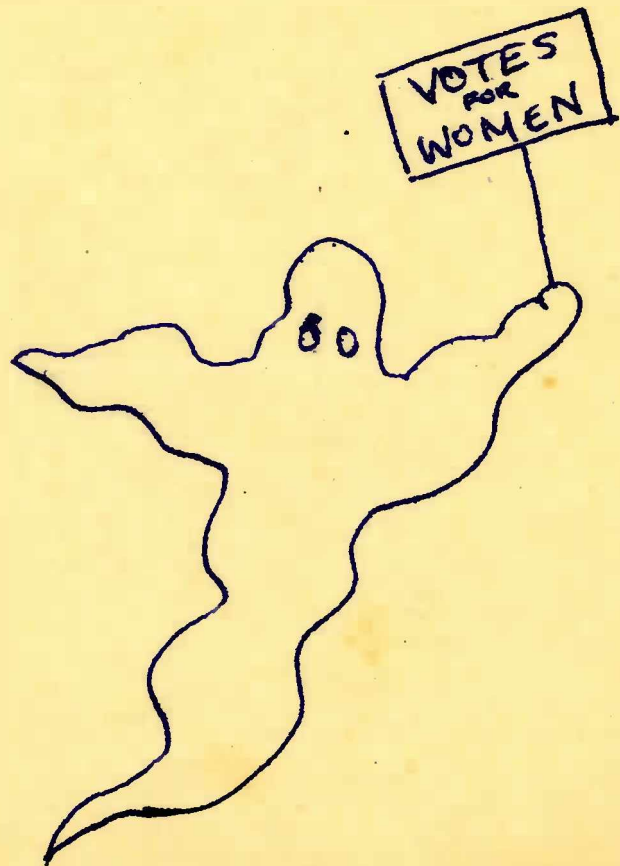
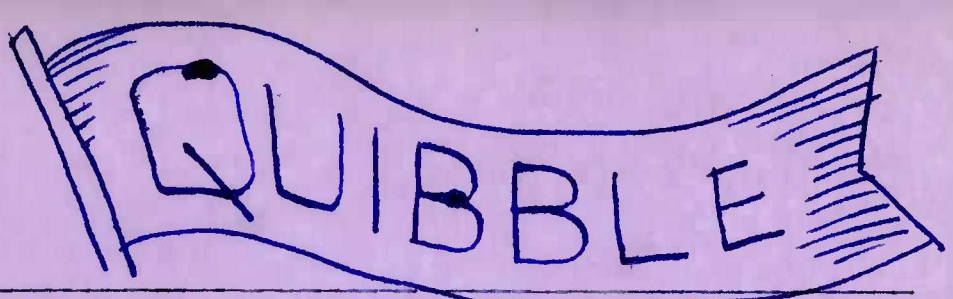
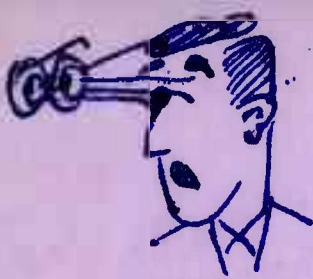


**QUIBBLE**  
ONLY ONE  
(Ghu be praised).





ONLY ONE

A STUPIFIED PUBLICATION

OCT. 1957.

Containing.

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Illustrations by Virgil Mislav and Earle Bogey.

.....

Quibble is bashed out over the shreds of yed's imperturbability at the sign of the Flabbergasted Fan in spite of the gibbering ghost of Mrs. Pankhurst who is entirely responsible for all typing and spelling errors. In a corner of the room Charlie Peace is crouched against the wall mumbling "They'll give 'em the vote next." Poor Charles doesn't keep up with the news.

Ad. rates: Free to Lee Hoffman.

Editor: Peter Ridley Price: Free to Lee Hoffman.

268, Well Hall Road, Eltham, London, S.E.9.

# A G O O G .

I have for a considerable part of the twenty two years that the Earth has been inflicted with my presence, cultivated a blase attitude.

Confronted with the news that aSF's sub rate was to rise my features retained that look of faint distain that distinguishes the imperturbable. Informed that King and Country required my estimable services for an indefinite period my eyelid remained unblinked. Precipitated unexpectedly (and at the early age of six) into a bath of whitewash I kept the face that one requires at cards.

Despite the almost inhuman fortitude typified by the incidents described above my eyes popped (Close inspection while they were in this position convinced me that they bore little resemblance to organstops), my mouth dropped open, and my eyebrows rose rapidly to a height which has been conservatively judged by reputable observers to be no less than five feet eleven and a half inches. In those brief moments before I regained my senses I experienced the well known feeling said to be undergone by all dying ducks caught in thunderstorms. I was amazed, dumbfounded, stupified, agape, awe-struck, and flabbergasted. While I do not remember what I did during those fateful minutes witnesses of unimpeachable veracity have described my bodily state variously: H.G. Wells: "I observed a young man staggering along the road, his hair standing on end." Charles Peace: "I saw yer a standing first on yer 'ead and then on yer 'eels and changing round so quick I could 'ardly tell which way yer was up." Dr. Fu Manchu: "On close inspection I discovered that the unfortunate fellow's breath had been taken away by some unscrupulous criminal." Sherlock Holmes: "A few simple deductions My Dear Watson, convinced me that he had been 'struck all of a heap'".

AGOG.....continued.

Dr. Pharos Dust: "I am convinced that he was petrified."

...and the news that brought these catastrophic antics to pass? It was contained in the latest issue of a fan-zine by the name of QUANDRY.. It concerned the Editor of that excellent publication, in fact to be specific it concerned the sex of that Editor.

Oh, the absolute fraud of that name.

I must know! Is it Leonora? Or Lena?

Quite unwarrantedly I had always thought that Lee Hoffman was male. Why? The reason could probably be contained in that well known, hard used phrase "typical male egotism." I just never thought that it could be otherwise. My apologies.

Permit me to compliment you on the most life-like representation of Lee Jacobs in the act of solemn worship before an idol of the GREAT GHOD.

.....

THIS IS A FILLER AS USED BY THE BEST FANZINES.

"ESMERALDA the CLOD" the LUCKY PERSIAN PERI.

Miss M. of Ashby-de-la-Zouch says: "I bought a Esmeralda the Clod and within three days I had won the local knobbly knees contest, Please send another dozen."

Mr. Charles Peace: "Asterisk off."

Mr. B.K. of Little Clot: "I have never been without a "Esmeralda" since the time my mother-in-law drowned in a saucer, shortly after I had purchased my first "Esmeralda."

# NEVER AGAIN!

.....A FEW RESOLUTIONS.....

## Female motorists:

From this day hence no word in anyway detrimental to drivers of the female sex shall pass my lips, I will refrain utterly from such comments as: "That must have been A WOMAN DRIVER." Further more I shall go out of my way to praise the motoring abilities of all ladies, even in the face of "typical male egotism."

## HOME, the place for women is in.

I swear that the phrase beloved of misogynists "A woman's place is in the home," shall never more be articulated by my vocal cords.

## VOYES, women for.

I will agitate by all the means in my power for votes for..... Mrs. Fankhurst! Really, keep your ectoplasm out of my typewriter. Anybody women got the vote ahteen years ago.. Well you should read the newspapers. Oh, dear now don't cry I'm sorry I didn't seem to be rude...but your ectoplasm ratherguss up the works. That's right you go and gibber in the corner.

## WOMEN, the ordinary.

From now on I acknowledge the ordinary woman to be a model of patience, intelligence, ingenuity artistry.

.....

QUANTRY..... FASHION'S LEADING MONTHLY.

# Graphology

PAGE FOUR.

Feeling that in future it would be best if I could distinguish the sexes by their handwriting as well as the more usual methods, I decided to consult that well known exponent of the art of Graphology Dr. Scrawl.

On arrival at the good Doctor's imposing residence, situated in exclusive Old Kent Road, I was shown into waiting room. After the fourth day, while I was reading the January 1894 edition of Punch, (having worked my way back in strict rotation) I was suprised to see the door opened. The extremely well bred secretary, who had welcomed me with all the warmth of a Siberian winter a scant four days previously, informed me in accents calculated to make any B.B.C. announcer go green with envy that the Doctor was now able to see me.

Led by the gelid female I passed out of the cramped waiting room into the house proper. One wall of the room into which I was led was formed by an exquisite mural executed on an interesting surface, which on closer examination proved to be corrugated iron. The mural seemed to be a depiction of a Roman orgy and is held to be the work of an unknown craftsman employed by the War Damage Commission about 1945.

"Wait here," said the frigid one. "THE DOCTOR will see you right away."

An optimistic estimate might have placed the Doctor's height as 4 feet 6 inches. A long black frock coat which almost entirely concealed his legs made the resemblance to a slightly overgrown blackbeetle complete. With an effort I overcame the desire to tread on him.

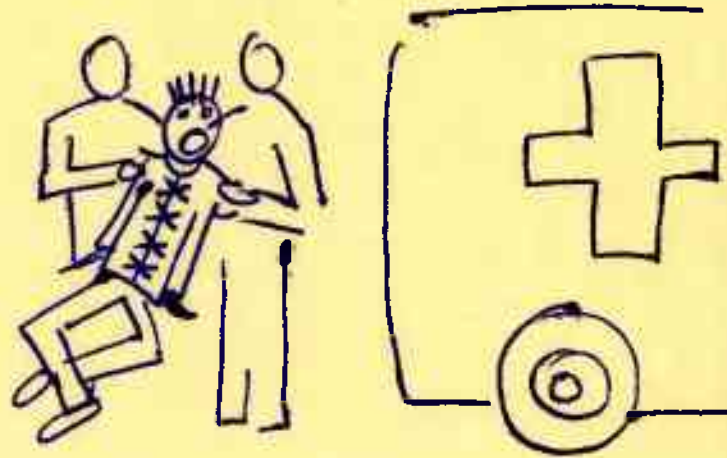
"Doctor," I said. "How can I tell the difference between a letter from a girl and a letter from a boy, without reading it."

Like a shot he replied. "Smell the envelope."

"But," says I. "Supposing she doesn't use scent?"

The Doctor drew himself up. "You have insulted me," he yelled. "Get out." I went.

# Scenes in London.



# “QUOTES”

PAGE SIX.

QUIBBLE BRINGS YOU THE LATEST COMMENTS FROM:

## THE PRIME MINISTER:

"The news has not been officially confirmed by the State Department and must therefore be treated with some suspicion. A number of wild rumours are being put about, but I know I can rely on the innate good sense of the British Public to prevent any serious unrest."

## WALTER WILLIS:

"Of course it's not really true, just a publicity stunt on the part of Proxboo Ltd. I shouldn't be surprised if it doubles "Q"'s circulation figures. Of course Mr. Lee Hoffman will have to pay for it, afterward look at the publicity value he's getting."

## JOE SOAP:

"That Bloch fellow has got the right idea. It's just a big practical joke. You see if I'm not right."

## THE GHOST OF MRS. RANFUNKER:

"Votes for Wagner."

## MOTHER MACRAE:

"Good luck to the jail."

## GIPSY PETRULENGO:

"Of course I knew all the time, the jolly old crystal you know, but I didn't like to say anything. The good old diplomacy don'tcha know."

## GOETHE:

"We are never deceived; we deceive ourselves."



# A LETTER FROM CHARLIE PEACE

Dere Editer,

I am riting to you to let you knoe that I am agin this busnes of votes for women.

Yore Humbel Servent,

C. Peace.

## A FEW NOTES ON CHARLES PEACE.

The origins of Charlie Peace are lost in the mists of antiquity (my apologies for that cliché). It has been suggested that the name was derived from that of a notorious murderer of the Victorian era, while another theory suggests that it is an adult form of the children's Mr. Nobody. At any rate the name is well known in the R.A.F. and is used to account for any suprising occurence. For instance: A.C.Plonk Smith: "I can't find that Spitfire I was polishing." Chorus of erks: "Charlie Peace must have taken it." or againa Sergeant Harsh: "Where's my whip? The hippopotamus hide one." Quavering voice: "Charlie Peace must have taken it."

If you have not been properly introduced to anyone in the ranks you will most likely be addressed as "Charlie." This is popularly supposed to be something in the nature of a propitiatry rite, in honour of Mr. Peace.

.....

"This news, which is called true, is so like an old tale, that the verity of it is in strong suspicion." Shakespeare.

FAMA NIHIL EST CELERIUS.

I should have known. I read Shelby Vick's little piece in the S-F Digest part of the combined mag put out by the Atlanta S-F Organisation. It said quite definitely Miss Lee Hoffman, and I thought it was a misprint.

Recently I had a short correspondence with Walt Willis, and I do mean short.

"Dear Walter,"

Brevity, is reputed to have certain attributes.

Can you use this story? "

and the reply.

"Dear Peter,

Yes.

Thanks."

I should be much obliged if you could recommend a means of ridding oneself of a ghost, to be exact the Ghost of Mrs. Pankhurst, who will insist on gibbering in my ear while I type. I have tried waving garlic at her, without effect. Bell, book and candle have failed utterly. I appeal to fandom, surely there is someone among this collection of queer people who has had some experience in the business exorcision. *(where's the dictionary?)*.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

VOTES FOR WOMEN.

You see what I mean. Is there an exorcist in the house?

.....

QUANDRY. FANDOM'S LEADING MONTHLY.

# QUIBBLE

FANDOM'S FEEBLE FIZZLE

258, Tell-Hall Road,

Eltham,

London, S.E.5.

To:

Lee Hoffman  
101, Wagner St.  
Swanwich