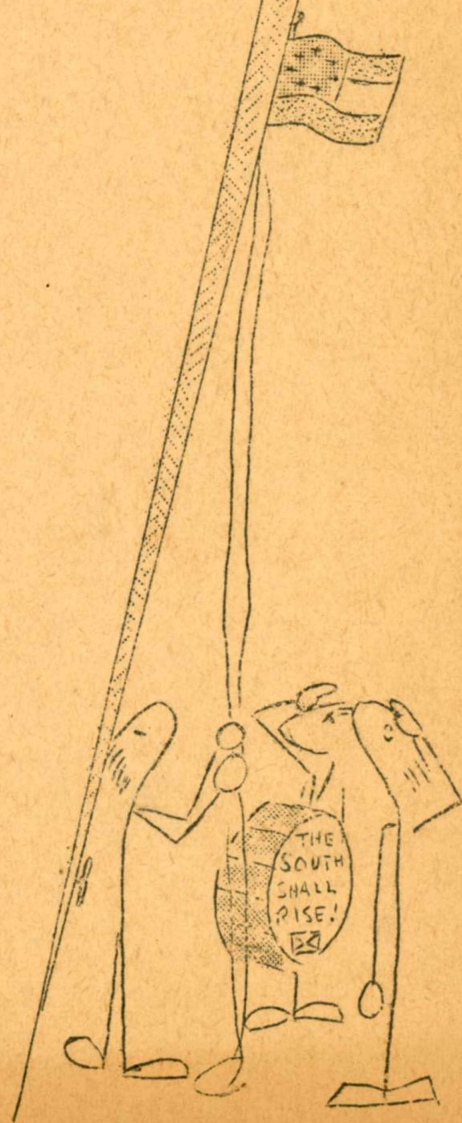


Avondry

No. 17



QUANDRY #17

#17

A Grizzled Groundhog Publication

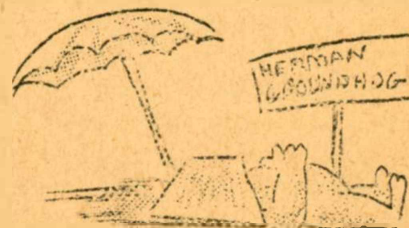
Jan (& Feb) 1952

Vital Statistics

Contents	1
Same old Chaos.	2
Shangri-La, the red feather fanzine.	3
The Harp That Once Or Twice	6
deluxe advertisement.	10
A Reply	11
SLIM, Son of SLAM	13
Outland advertisement.	14
From Der Voodwerk Out	15
FOO advertisement.	17
Walt Willis, HSC.	18
Sez You	19
So----.	inside
Fan Ballot.	loose

QUANDRY #17 published every monthly or so 'neath the unfurled Stars and Bars at Hoffman Hovel for the pleasure of publishing and the tremendous profit that comes to all who publish fanmags. We will gleefully trade with other fanmags except FAPA mags. All letters received will be considered for publication unless it is very specifically stated that we shouldn't. All material welcome except fiction and poetry (except in the case of fan satire and similar). Art only in the form of small simple cartoons, cover drawings (in keeping with our present policy) can be used. Return postage with manuscripts is very much appreciated. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or of Senator Kefauver. Ad rates - \$1.50 a page. 80¢ for half a page.

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101 Wagner St

Savannah, Ga. USA

CHAOS

Hi, there! Happy New Year and all that. Have a nice Christmas? Hope you did. We did. A feast of fine food, profusion of presents. Thanks for the Christmas Cards.

This is our special POLL ISSUE. You'll find your ballot folded in here somewhere. Please fill it out and mail it to JayTee. The categories apply only to fans. Fanpros to be counted in their fan capacities only. All STATESIDE BALLOTS due in by February 29th but non-stateside ballots will be valid if they arrive before March 9th.. Don't send your ballot to this magazine. Send it to J.T.Oliver - 315 27th - Columbus, Ga.

A special thanks this month goes to Charles Burbee who supplied the FTLaney article on the stencils, along with more material which will appear in subsequent qs.

Henry Ebel of 665 West 160th St in New York 32, N.Y. writes that like unto so many others, he is planning a fanzine and would appreciate material and subscribers. Other new fanmags are Gregg Calkins' OOPS!A! which will see its first issue soon. Address 930 Briarcliff Ave, Salt Lake City 16, Utah; Dick Ryan's MAD from 224 Broad St, Newark, Ohio which has seen two very fine issues and which in our opinion is a very fine zine. Then there is a newssheet from Clyde T. Hanback- 1531 O St NW - Wash.DC

And there is the wonderfully wacky British mag SLUDGE from Bob Foster at 2 Spring Gardens - Southwick - Sussex, England at 3 issues for a US s-f prozine. This mag is similiar to Walter A. Willis's SLANT (170 Upper Newtownards Rd, BELFAST, Northern Ireland) which is now #1 fanzine which can be had from that address for 2/25¢ pro or 3/35¢ prozine. Postage rates on unsealed printed matter to the UK is 1½¢ per 2 ounces.

In reference to the article herein by FTLaney, we regret that the editor of this fanmag cannot share his enthusiasm for the new Shangri-La and the LASFS Associate Membership campaign. In December of 1950 we joined this noble organization. In the year that followed we received one copy of their magazine, altho we had been assured six issues. In September 1951 we received a letter from the LASFS inviting us to join and in the same envelope a mimeoed note requesting the numbers of the issues we were due but hadn't received. We returned this note with the requested information. Our year of membership passed with no more word from the noted LASFS, despite the several letters which we sent to various representatives of that club. In December of 1951 we wrote to the Director of the Lassfass telling him that if we did not receive our five issues of Shangri-La we would take this cause to heart, vigorously campaigning against the LASFS in this and other magazines. We have since then decided that a measly dollar is not worth the trouble.

But we do offer the pages of this magazine to any and all other who have been gypped or robbed by large and reputable fan clubs. We feel it is only fair that these facts be brought to light for the sake of young fans who need their hard earned dollars. So that clubs will not be done an injustice tho, we will notify an official of any club complained against before putting the complaint into print as we are quite aware of the difficulty of bookkeeping in these cases.

Thank you kindly, and we'll see you on the pagover, just inside.

--L.H.

SHANGRI-LA

the red feather fanzine

One takes it for granted that every fall the various charitable groups band together under the banner of a red feather and come around to make a collective bite for the Community Chest. This of course is in the mundane world, the macrocosmos about which some of you may have vaguely heard.

But it was with a great shock that I received, very indirectly, a form letter from the Los Angeles Science Fantasy Society soliciting \$1.00 associate memberships in the club "to enable us to continue publishing and distributing our club magazine SHANGRI LA which has been one of the most widely known magazines of its type during the past 16 years".

Gad: How are the mighty fallen!

I'm thinking sadly of the halcyon days of 1944, 1945, 1946, and 1947 when the inimitable Charles Burbee was editor for the LASFS. I'm thinking of SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, the one and only SHAGGY. This was the #2 magazine in the poll. This was the magazine that featured the widest gamut of material ever to appear in a fanzine. It was the one I was the most anxious to contribute to (though my own ACOLYTE was at the time the #1 fanzine); it was the one I was the most anxious to read; and of all the fanzines I have; it is the one I most often reread.

Burbee, oddly enough, never had to go begging for endowments. He just published SHAGGY once every month with the monotonous regularity of a metronome (except for the short time he was in the army) on an average budget of about \$8.00 per month. People used to write in and beg to be put on the mailing list. They implemented their begging with money, too.

Of course, Burbee was a good editor.

If you have a good editor, and give him a free hand, you'll have a good magazine. (The great curse of club fanzines is Daugherty-like attempts to coerce the club editor into slanting his material to suit the various Daugherty-like people.)

Burbee could take an incredibly lousy submission, and, by the inclusion of one or two apt comments, make it into a thing of joy. His monthly "editorials" (actually satiric essays rather than editorials in the strict sense) hit a consistent high level unattained by any other series of any type ever written by any fan. Drawing most of his material from the LASFS membership, Burbee filled his pages with practically every type of fannish material ever written. He had serious articles, both sf and other; satires; take-offs; bibliographical stuff; fiction of a fannish import; serious controversies; news; columns; a high-powered letter section.....and all of it was highly readable. SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES, in my opinion, was and is the best general fanzine ever published.

((Burbee, on reading the rough draft of the foregoing, said, "Best this, best that, best the other..... That makes me feel

like writing a special article refuting it---except it's true!"))

SHANGRI-LA must not be much good. I have not seen a copy since 1949, and all but one of the ones I saw were bootlegged to me, since for some reason it is very important to the LASFS to keep me from seeing their magazine; but the copies I saw, though neat and bulky, were pretty much on the dull side. And apart from subjective evidence, SHANGRI-LA does not do well in the polls (was actually beaten out by BURBLINGS one time!) and evidently does not hold its readers, else they'd not be begging for money.

I quote, with comments, from the form letter:

"We point with pride to the fact that SHANGRI-LA is devoted to serious, though lively, discussion and presentation of science-fiction and fantasy, is devoid of personal feuding ((the Ackerman/Evans influence)) and excursions into non-sf fields ((the Hodgkins influence))."

"Your subscription to SHANGRI-LA will assure you a minimum of 96 pages of mimeographed and lithographed material ((Burbee used to run 12 to 20 pages per month--minimum of 144 pages per year))....In addition, from time to time some of the pros let their hair down as they never can in professional publications. A sample list of the professionals that have appeared and will appear again are Kris Neville, Van Vogt, Bryce Walton, Ross Rocklynne, and Ray Bradbury." ((Burbee never solicited pro material. However, he once rejected something by Ray Bradbury, published Kris Neville before he was a pro, and had van Vogt several times. Other pros published in SHAGGY by Burbee include: Anthony Boucher, Bob (Wilson) Tucker, Doc Lowndes, Burton Crane, Les Croutch, Robert Bloch, and E. Everett Evans, whom the current LASFS evidently does not count as a pro author--he's not on their list!))

"The LASFS now maintains, through membership fees and donations, a library, club-room, and mimeograph equipment. ((Now?? This has been true since 1942.)) These items cost approximately \$40.00 a month..." He goes on to explain how they can't maintain all this and publish a magazine too without outside help, and tells how they break down their income for publishing SHANGRI-LA, basing his figures on "a magazine of the minimum size allowable by fan publishing standards." (("Minimum" would, I guess, be that postage-stamp-sized magazine put out once upon a time by Jack Speer!))

The letter goes on and on in this vein.

Now don't get me wrong. I hope that the LASFS gets the hundred associate members and/or subscribers they feel they need to implement SHANGRI-LA. And I further hope that the magazine is successful in every way. It is just that I cannot help having a nostalgic twinge every time I think about the Burbee SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES as contrasted to the LASFS' publishing efforts ever since they canned Burbee as editor.

Here is this LASFS, "for 16 years an active group...the oldest science-fiction fan club in the United States."

They are, very rightly, sponsoring an amateur magazine as a part of the club's activity---just as they have always done since 1937 when the old LASFL published IMAGINATION.

Their publishing efforts, by the objective evidence both of their magazines and their form letter, have been currently meeting with only indifferent success.

Yet at one time they had fandom's top editor putting out for them a top magazine, and they not only let him get away; they threw him away!

I said once before that the LASFS canned Burbee as editor "because he had too much integrity for the LASFS' ruling clique". I don't know precisely what this means, but it is such a fine, resounding, high-flown phrase that I will say it again. The LASFS canned Burbee in late November of 1947 because he had too much integrity for the LASFS' ruling clique. (The actual reason, of course, was that he published two articles by me exposing the homosexuality running rife in the LASFS at that time, and, so far as I know, to the present day. I have never heard of anyone being expelled from the LASFS for homosexuality. The ostensible reason was that Burbee failed to observe a boycott of some pulp magazine somebody in the club was having a quarrel with. The artificiality of both the feud and the pretext for canning Burbee is underlined by the present mutually profitable business relations existing between the pro editor involved in the feud and the LASFS member who was chiefly involved in the feuding and boycott against this same editor.)

The LASFS' loss has been FAPA's gain. In fact, if it were not for Burbee and one other fellow whom modesty forbids me to mention by name, there would not even be any FAPA today---because WE SAVED FAPA. (Of course Ackerman helped us, but he isn't even a member any more, so that doesn't count!)

In the four years since the LASFS tossed Burbee aside like a sucked-out orange, he has held three offices in FAPA, has been a prime mover in WILD HAIR, and has written and published for FAPA enough top-flight Burbee material to have leavened four years of the old SHANGRI L'AFFAIRES.

But think what the LASFS' magazine would have been like if Burbee had not been cashiered, ostensibly for insisting on sending SHAGGY to AMAZING for review (and thus obviating the necessity of begging form letters).

Burbee would still be editor. His partial burning out on fannish doings was partly occasioned by his cavalier treatment at the LASFS. It would merely have caused SHAGGY to drop back to only six issues per year, and would have probably led the Laney-Rotsler faction of the Insurgent Element to take over part of the mechanical work. The bulk of the stuff the Insurgents have had in FAPA (BURBLINGS, FAN-DANGO, MASQUE, WILD HAIR, SPACEWARP) would have appeared in SHAGGY, which most certainly would still be at least the #2 fanzine, and very likely the #1. In the four years, 24 issues would have appeared.

And I can guarantee that nobody would have sullied the LASFS' dignity (which Hodgkins invented and some of the less dignified members worship) by sending begging form letters all over the place. The last half-dozen Burbee issues were self-sustaining, cost the club nothing except perhaps 75¢ an issue to make up the slight deficit on the postage.

Al Lewis, the writer of the form letter with which I have made so free, of course has absolutely nothing to do with this. He is a post-1947 member. It is too bad that the events of the past robbed the LASFS of its magazine, and I sinserely hope that Lewis finds it possible to overcome the narrowness of the LASFS ruling clique sufficiently to give the club once more a worthy publication.

In fact, I am so anxious for the NEW SHANGRI-LA to succeed that I will gladly remit a dollar for a subscription, provided that I do not have to bear the stigma of being an associate member of the LASFS.

THAT ONCE
OR TWICE

BOB TUCKER---HOME WRECKER Seemingly anyone who dares to enter fandom these days takes his wife in his hands. Think twice before you bring your wife or best girl into the field, because it is reamed by ravening wolves, and byone in particuliar who ravens more than anyone since Edgar Allen Poe. I refer of course to that fiend in more or less human guise---Bob Tucker, the Bluebeard of Bloomington. But let my terrible story be a warning to all innocent girls and their fenfolk.

The first human being to see every HARP is Madeleine Willis. At first I hesitated to show them to her, because after all she is only a girl and they might have been too much for her. But to my relief she did not collapse on the floor in perilous paraxysms of mirth, not did her sides seem in any real danger of splitting. In fact my relief soon turned to dismay, for she read HARP after HARP without more than an occasional grimace, just as it they were ordinary fan writings. After a hideous period of self-doubt, which should never happen to an actifan, I realised from the opinions of such highly intelligent and discriminating critics as Silverberg, Moffatt and Alpaugh, that the trouble was merely that My Wife Didn't Really Understand Me, having no sense of humour. A pity, but she has other qualities which make up for this sad defect. I forgave her.

Then one evening after I had written a HARP I noticed that she was laughing her pretty head off. "Ahah," I thought, "She has learned to appreciate the Finer Things In Life at last." I went over to see just which of the countless brilliant witticisms which illuminate each HARP had particularly pleased her. Judge of my horror when I found it was not a HARP she was laughing at, but that by some terrible catastrophe she had stumbled on an issue of LE ZOMBIE by the infamous Tucker!

I don't know whether any of you have heard of this Tucker. Many years ago this warped mind, who is more to be despised than pitied, stole from the Bloomington Public Library an astronomical textbook called STUDIES OF HEAVENLY BODIES under some misapprehension as to its contents. While he was spelling out the words to himself and wondering why the Figures were so different from the ones he had expected, he chanced upon the Milne-Dirac formula for the prediction of novas. With typical low cunning he immediately applied this formula to fandom and predicted my appearance on the fannish scene. Realizing that his reputation as "NO.1 FAN HUMORIST ATER BURBEE" would be in danger he applied himself to a careful study of all the time-travel stories in ASF and with diabolical ingenuity and his No.2 Erector set, built himself a simple time machine. With this device he journeyed forward into time and stole copies of every fanzine published in the period 1950 to 1960, most of which consisted of course of brilliant articles by me. Returning to the squalor of Box 260 the fiend then devoted the next fifteen years of his life to copying out my articles laboriously and publishing them under his own name. The result is of course that every issue of LE ZOMBIE and many other fanzines are replete with articles by "Tucker" which I dare not write now for fear of being accused of plagiarism, though I would give my right arm to be able to write them. Obviously there was only one course open to me, and that was to buy up every copy of every issue of every fanzine in which a "Tucker" article appeared and hide them until they were forgotten. (I couldn't build a time machine myself because my collection of ASF is not complete, being still short the issue for April 1943---advt.) ((Unpaid))

Accordingly the attic in our house contains mountains of old fanzines and it was one of these which had fallen into Madeleine's trusting hands while she was about

The Harp(2)

her simple household tasks. I dashed upstairs and verified that the sixteen bolts, 24 locks and 37 padlocks were still performing their functions. The seals were also performing. Obviously the fateful issue of LE ZOMBIE had seeped under the door, propelled by the terrible pressure from inside. I plugged the hole so thoroughly that not even a copy of OPERATION FANTAST could have slipped through, and went downstairs to see if our happy home could not be saved. I told Madeleine that LE ZOMBIE was a one-shot I had turned out one evening while listening to the radio, just for practice. She looked at me with a new respect.

All seemed well until by another stroke of fate Madeleine happened to see a photograph of Tucker and realized that he was an actual person. (I use the term loosely of course) She seemed to be impressed. I should explain that this Tucker Thing, although indescribably heinous and degenerate--his hands ~~brush~~ the ground when he walks--has some knowledge of photography and is able to distort his photographs so as to make him assume some semblance of humanity and even to appear handsome in a depraved sort of way.

The situation was fraught with danger and every day it got fraught and fraught-er. Madeleine took to pouncing on every fanzine that came into the house looking for Tucker stuff. All wifely loyalty was forgotten in her insatiable craving for Tuckeriana. If a poll had been held in our house for No.1 Fan Writer, I tremble to think what the result would be, because I would have to vote for Vince Clarke. Her condition deteriorated from day to day. Her pupils twitched, her hands were dilated. She showed all the symptoms of becoming one of those pitiful wrecks of humanity, another J.T.Oliver, one of the living dead---a Tucker addict!

At last I realised there was only one way to save her. I went upstairs and locked myself in the front attic. Hour after hour I toiled, in perpetual danger from overhanging slopes of fanzines, ~~expecting~~ every moment to be my next. After several days I staggered out with a small handful of LeZOMBIES which I buried in the front garden. Then I told Madeleine to prepare herself for a shock and brought her into the front attic. She threw herself on the masses of fanzines with pitiful little cries of "Tucker! Tucker!" Then.....

It was heart-rending, but it had been the only way. Every one of those thousands upon thousands of fanzines left in the attic contained news or gossip about one of Tucker's alleged deaths, every report of which had been devoutly believed as it to illustrate the triumph of hope over experience. The sheer weight of evidence convinced her. Tucker was dead. She never took any interest in the front attic again, after she was dissuaded from making a great funeral pyre of the fanzines and throwing herself on top of it. It was this thought of hers that inspired Francis Ashton's novel ALAS THAT GREAT SUPPER.

Things returned to normal in our home, until recently an even more horrible menace has reared its head. I was standing at the window looking at the luxuriant crop of corn which had so unaccountably appeared in our front garden when I heard Madeleine snigger. I thought nothing of it. I knew she was reading FANVARIETY and if you can't snigger over Fv what can you snigger over: besides she is after all a married woman. Little did I know what was going to happen before that night was out. That very evening she WROTE A FAN LETTER TO MAX KEASLER! I am at my wits end. To fall under the spell of Max Keasler, what a terrible fate. And what a terrible spell. And I simply cannot convince her that Keasler is dead, even with the help of G.M. Carr. All I can do is warn Keasler that if he replies to Madeleine's letter I will sue for divorce and cite him as correspondent.

DEPARTMENT OF LOFTY AMBITIONS "I am working night and day to line up a competent staff of reviewers who will REAS each issue of the magazine they are to review.... I'll get to the mags that are a couple of months old, and gradually to the older ones until every issue of every sf and fantasy magazine ever published has been reviewed." --R.J. Banks in UTOPIAN.

ATTA CAMPBELL' To a non-fan there won't seem anything so very extraordinary about the issue of the British prozine AUTHENTIC SF published on Dec. 15th. The full length novel, by editor H.J. Campbell, is a simple story about how a great scientist and leader of men---a sort of cross between Einstein and Amundsen---fights for years in behalf of the dream of space flight with the support of a loyal band of disciples, finally succeeds in getting a space ship built, invites the disciples to Ecuador to see him off, making a successful flight to the moon, and after some complications necessitated by the conduct of a member of the crew and the exigencies of plot makes a successful flight back. It's a pleasant sort of story, very competently written. Actually it was dashed off in 7 days, but it certainly doesn't look it. But then Campbell is a sort of nova in British sf publishing and looks like being as important here as his namesake in America. He's certainly a remarkable man, and to produce a novel of this class in that time is quite a tour de force. On the technical end, even, I noticed only one flaw and that was when the crew, preparing to decelerate towards the moon, decide that "This time the mattresses will have to be on the ceiling, because the rocket will come down tail first." I'm afraid the crew will come down tail first long before the rocket does, and the flaw will strike them very suddenly. Another departure from the standard space ship practice is that there is positively no girl stow-away. Nothing so juvenile as that. There is a girl, of course, but this warmhearted creature has volunteered to go with the party in case they are stranded on the moon without enough fuel to go back but capable of existing for some months until the food runs out. The fuel may be exhausted, but she feels that the crew won't, and that she may be able to help them while away the lonely hours---presumably not by making a fourth at bridge. A very laudable thought, this honeymoon idea, thought she wouldn't be the first girl to experience the consequences of not being able to walk back when her boy friend ran out of petrol.

But to the non-fan this novel is merely one of the better efforts of AUTHENTIC which has been presenting--at least in Campbell's own novels--a series of honest and well-written novels aimed primarily at the newcomer to sf. To British fandom it is much more. In fact there has never been anything quite like it in the history of fandom. Joe Gibson used fan names in one of his recent prozine stories, but Campbell uses fans. The great scientist is our own Arthur Clarke, thinly disguised as "Atah Cark", and the devoted band of followers are the London Circle appearing as themselves under the leadership of Sed Linell (Ted Carnell). Once all this dawns on you the book becomes a joy to read, an utter treasure house of fan mythology. It's fascinating enough to see contemporary events in fandom like the Clarke-Morley controversy in the PICTURE POST dealt with like this---

"But Atah had faith. Maybe that's what kept him going over all the years of frustration and ridicule. Like when that other 'scientist' back in '51 reckoned that Atah didn't know as much as he said he did. Reckoned in print too. But when the world's experts in astronomy and astronautics mildly pointed out that Atah knew much more than he said he did, the other man climbed down--- and Atah climbed up. It happened every now and then."

---but when our sophisticated London Circle romps onto the launching site like a troop of Boy Scouts ("They're good boys" says Atah Cark) it becomes excruciatingly funny to anyone who knows that hardbitten bunch of charming loafers. Campbell is, seriously, probably more right in this estimation of Arthur Clarke than British fandom will admit after pulling his leg good humouredly for so many years, and the same applies to the London Circle as far as the Belfast Triangle is concerned. But for heavens sake don't tell them I said that. As self-appointed scourge of the Circle it fills me with fiendish glee to read of them in Ecuador with this deified Ego Clarke. How this Beaver Patrol sets to with a will under Scoutmaster Sed Linell and are awfully helpful (Thirty happy faces, sixty willing hands...Great lads, they were") and how they have a moving little ceremony where they present Atah with a simply lovely chronometer which they had all clubbed together to buy out of their

(guess what)

pocket money and how that must have been Just What Atah Wanted (the BIS seem to have forgotten to put one in the ship, or maybe they had seen the subscription list going round) and how he hadn't just known what to say and had just stood there and how they all carried him back to the refectory and "made him drink ten glasses of orangeade in quick succession" and how Atah takes care of the chronometer as if it were the most precious thing on earth--or rather moon--all through the excitement when the whole outing is nearly spoiled by a horrid cynical bespectacled fellow who hates Atah Cark and doesn't really believe in space flight and has to be done away with in the end. And who I like to think is really William F. Temple carrying his 'feud' with Clarke to the bitter end.

I got a review copy of this AUTHENTIC as early as the middle of November, and had the unspeakable joy of telling William F. Temple abt about it. He wrote: "I shocked Bert Campbell at the pub by hissing 'The Moon may be Heaven, but there'll be Hell to pay when it comes out.' His jaw dropped and his beard with it. He'd been keeping it all dark--he thought. I tried to shock Atah Cara too, but that, of course, was impossible. He'd read the book. In fact, I rather suspect he wrote it. I have a theory that H.J. Campbell is just one of Arthur's pseudonyms, and if one suddenly yanked Bert's beard off....I'll try it next Thursday, and let you know. Perhaps through a luminous trumpet."

Naturally the Belfast Triangle presented its compliments to the London Circle and asked if it started to contribute towards Mr Clarke's chronometer now could it come to Ecuador too, please. No reply has yet been received to this demarche, but a little Bert tells me that we haven't seen the last of this immortalisation of fans in the pages of AUTHENTIC...

(Note: AUTHENTIC is published at 1&2 Melville Court, Goldhawk Road, London W12. six issues \$1.50)

PAGING VERNON MCCAIN I've just received the following letter from Ted Tubb of the London Circle: "I was reading the big issue of QUANDRY the other day and .. something rocked me to my toenails. From the HARP IN ENGLAND you mention a certain Mr McCain as having vetted Bradbury's stuff, and allowed him to sell it for a mere ten percent. Now what is the truth about Bradbury? I may be dumb, but I can't imagine anyone doing all the work on a story, getting no credit and being satisfied with a lousy ten percent. Methinks that someone is pulling someone's leg."

Now on behalf of PROXYBOO LTD I'd like to make it clear that the agreement recently signed between PROXYBOO LTD and VERNON MCCAIN INC. allows Mr McCain a free hand in dealing with the Ray Bradbury account. PROXYBOO LTD is far too big a firm to worry about being undercut in this way and has no intention of interfering with Mr McCain's thriving little business.

On the other hand a different situation exists with regard to those accounts which Mr McCain is handling for us on an agency basis, and about which there seems to be some confusion among our clients. This is evident from Mr Elsberry's recent allegation that Redd Boggs pays us 3 cents a month for his position as #1 Fan Writer. The fact of the matter is that when PROXYBOO LTD. surrendered its claim to the Ray Bradbury account it was decided that merely as a matter of convenience on office administration and filing, all accounts for clients with the initials RB should be dealt with through VERNON MCCAIN INC. The financial details of the Redd Boggs account are therefore handled by Mr McCain, to whom all enquiries should be addressed. However, while it is not in the public interest to divulge the details of the PROXYBOO scale of charges, I am at liberty to say that the alleged fee of 3¢ a month for being No 1 Fan Writer is laughable inaccurate. The truth is that this 3¢ a month is merely Mr Boggs' payment for his FAPA activity, including the appointment as Official Editor. Mr Boggs has not yet made up his mind whether he can afford to be No 1 Fan Writer for another year and prefers to wait until nearer the date of the fan polls. I should like to warn Mr Boggs that the fee will have to be increased if he postpones his decision much longer. Our various stocks of File #13 have begun to deteriorate in storage and will have to be reconditioned before issue.

--- Walter Willis

SCIENTIFICTION & FANTASY BOOKS FOR SALE

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

ASQUITH	-- This Mortal Coil, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	\$2.00
BAILEY	-- Pilgrims Thru Space & Time, 1st ed., mint, d/w	1.75
BINDER	-- Lords of Creation, 1st ed., mint, d/w	1.75
BLOCH	-- Opener of the Way, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	3.50
BRADBURY	-- Dark Carnival, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.75
COPPARD	-- Fearful Pleasures, Arkham, first ed., fine, d/w	2.00
DERLETH	-- Dark of the Moon, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.00
	Not Long for this World, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.50
	Someone in the Dark, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	10.00
	Something Near, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	4.00
DRAKE	-- A Hornbook for Witches, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	1.50
ENGLAND	-- Darkness and Dawn, fair cond., RARE	4.75
HARTLEY	-- The Traveling Grave, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	1.75
HODGSON	-- House on the Borderland, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	3.25
HOWARD	-- Skull Face & Others, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	4.00
HUBBARD	-- Final Blackout, 1st ed., mint, d/w	2.95
	Death's Deputy, 1st ed., mint, d/w	1.25
KELLER	-- Life Everlasting, 1st ed., fine, d/w	1.95
	The Solitary Hunters & The Abyss, 1st ed., mint, d/w	1.95
LEINSTER	-- Sidewise in Time, 1st ed., fine d/w	2.50
LEY	-- Rockets, Missiles, & Space Travel, mint, d/w ...\$6 book.....	5.00
LEIBER	-- Night's Black Agents, Arkham, 1st ed., fine d/w	2.50
LONG	-- Hounds of the Tindalos, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.50
	Hounds of the Tindalos, Arkham, 1st ed., fair, d/w	1.50
LOVECRAFT	-- Marginalis, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	8.00
	The Lurker At the Threshold, Arkham, 1st., fine, d/w	3.00
	Something about Cats, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	3.00
MERRITT	-- The Ship of Ishtar, beautiful Memorial ed. illustrated by Finlay mint with d/w	1.75
QUINN	-- Roads, Arkham, 1st ed., fine with d/w	1.50
SMITH, C.A.	-- Lost Worlds, Arkham, 1st ed., fine d/w	7.00
	Genius Loci and Other Tales, Arkham, 1st, d/w	3.00
SMITH, E.E.	-- Saylark of Space, 1st ed., fine, d/w	3.75
STURGEON	-- Without Sorcery, 1st ed., fine, d/w	1.75
SAYERS	-- The Omnibus of Crime, 1st ed., good. 1,117 pages with large section on fantasy, wierd, and horror stories.....	1.75
VAN VOGT	-- Book of Ptath, 1st ed., good, d/w (novel from UNK).....	2.00
	Slan, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	7.00
WAKEFIELD	--The Clock Strikes 12, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.00
WALTON	-- Witch House, Arkham novel, 1st ed, fine, d/w	1.50
WANDREI	-- Eye and the Finger, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	5.00
	The Web of Easter Island, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.00
WHITEHEAD	--West India Lights, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.50
	Jumbee & Others, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	5.00
WELLS, H.G.	-- Favorite Short Stories, 1937, good	1.25
	Island of Dr. Moreau, 1921, good	1.25
WRIGHT	-- The Throne of Saturn, Arkham, 1st ed., fine, d/w	2.00

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

-adv.

A REPLY FROM EDWARD WOOD

I. The CCF

It is unfortunate that everytime some project is proposed in fandom, it becomes the subject of a feud which reaches ignoble depths of vituperation and absurdity. Since few seem to argue against a "better" fandom, it is indeed stupid to trammel poor, mild, meek Russell K. Watkins who instead of choosing the most effective (and drastic) means chose the most innocuous method, re: fan magazine consolidation. The practicality of this method may be argued, but it is not impossible. It is a brave person who would attempt to point out the fan magazine that will be around in 1954 or 1955. All fan magazines have a certain life, which is determined by the ambition and tenacity of the editor. May this writer point out that consolidation seems to have had a beneficial effect upon Cosmag & Science Fiction Digest. The primary purpose of consolidation is to promote better fan magazines at less cost and labor. It is merely economy of effort.

Some fans in the past have complained about pornography, note this example from Fantasy Commentator, a magazine which may have been excelled by some in format but by none in content:

...Anent the nudes here, and in Light, (attention, Croutch!) I think it's about time they were eliminated from F.A.P.A. contributions. Action, rather than words, is demanded; to that end therefore, I hereby announce that if I see any pornography, pictorial or otherwise, in mailings subsequent to that in which this number appears I shall promptly send the offending publications, with the proper information, to the Postmaster General. And chums, I'm not joking! I'm not setting myself up as an authority, but merely passing along questionable material to someone who obviously is...

A. Langley Searles in Fantasy Commentator June 1944 p.31 or consider this excerpt from the NFFF welcome leaflet "The Life of the Fan" by Milton Rothman: ...anything goes except filth and any self-respecting fan wouldn't bother with dirt.

The writer of this article does not like this "appeal to authority" type of logic but it is set down here just to keep the record straight. For now we have people who prefer to argue about homosexuality; the next step is to bring in such complex social phenomena as, incest, sodomy, etc. These topics are not properly the subject of fantasy and science fiction fandom. The laws of all countries are usually quite explicit about these actions. Like Silent Cal Coolidge on sin, this writer is against it. But this does not mean that the problem of homosexuality is then solved. By no means. Like dope addicts, homosexuals are sick people and need help. These social problems have been around a long time and will no doubt continue to be with us long after we have gone. Perversion of the young is against the law. Therefore, anyone who breaks the law, fan, nonfan, young, old has to suffer the penalty, which the law proscribes. However it is difficult to always tell if the person you are associating with is a sexual deviate and this writer does not suggest branding on the forehead. Therefore it is by a person's achievement that one has to judge. That Oscar Wilde was a deviate does not prevent this writer from reading his poems and stories but that does not mean approval of his antisocial activities.

Freedon, like anything else in life has its responsibilities. If fandom will not discipline itself, others may do it. The entire country may be ready for a return to 'Victorian morality' and fandom will be very foolish indeed, if it expects science fiction to be excepted.

A Reply (2)

This writer is on record as favoring anything which will improve science fiction and fandom. Therefore, he will not write again of subjects which however interesting do not belong in some important manner to fandom.

II Respectable Conventions?

The rhetorical question, "Did you ask fandom if it wants a respectable Convention?" by Lee Hoffman in Quandry #16 page 25 can be answered just as facetiously by, "Did you ask fandom if it does not want a respectable convention?"

Implicit is this, is the idea that humor and fun are separate from dignity. No more mistaken idea could possibly exist. It is not necessary to consider fandom a circus in order to have fun. Nor is maturity incompatible with fun.

To offset the bad publicity that fandom has given to science fiction, (anyone who thinks the preceding statement to be false, can look up the many references to fandom in articles appearing in a variety of general magazines from Time to the New Yorker.) fandom has to get a good press. Even with the best decorum, there is no guarantee that the publicity will be good. At least there is the negative hope that it will not be bad. Fandom prides itself on its individualism, which is at best, an illusion. The fan reviews in the professional magazines amount to an unearned subsidy. Notice all the importuning of professional artwork to be given away (at a price) at the various conventions. And the seeking after guests of honor! And the use (abuse) of the reader columns of the professional magazines to sell magazines or advertise fan events is of invaluable aid to fandom. This writer has heard individuals gloat over having ruined the readers columns of the older magazines and writing in to prevent the formation of readers columns in the newer magazines. This attitude of contempt on the part of fans is reciprocated by many professionals. This only demeans both the professional and fan field still further. Perhaps fandom is of the opinion that it deserves the benefits it has obtained from professionals. Let fandom think back to the 30s when the only way to gain subscribers to fan magazines of the time was to send out fan magazines to the readers who wrote into professional magazines. This "time of troubles" is fully detailed by Sam Moskowitz in his "Immortal Storm"; the lessons should have been learned from this, that cooperation between all parts of the fantasy and science fiction fields makes for the quickest and best way to advance science fiction. If fans will not cooperate with the professionals, then they should not cry when favors are withheld from them. For the Nolacon, this writer believes more was done by the professionals than by the fans. Publicity & exploitation by fans was almost non-existent. Perhaps the apathy of numerous fans can be explained, but it almost made the Nolacon a failure; nor does this writer consider it to be an unqualified success. In a time of increasing interest in science fiction fandom should be expanding, fan events should bring in higher attendance than before, for the inevitable recession is coming and fandom would do well to prepare for the time when cooperation will be a necessity.

Conventions are not merely for fans, but for everyone with an interest in science fiction, readers, professionals, fans, writers, publishers, and even children. Fans started conventions. They have kept them going. As fans grow up, fandom must grow up. Statis is impossible. Change is the only certainty in the 20th Century. Fandom will either change or be discarded,

--Edward Wood

Down with people!

SLIM, SON OF SLAM

by AE van VOGT and
(temporarily coming out of fan retirement for the occasion)
Forrest J Ackerman

The discussion ranged from Samuel Lann to Ole Doc Methuselah on 9 Dec 51 at 7175 Sunset Blvd (The House that Wouldn't Stand Still) in Hollywood, California, where AE van Vogt & E. Payne Hull launched the Hubbard Dianetic Center of Los Angeles. Among the several hundred persons present were:

James Schmitz, of Astounding-Galaxy reputation...

Stuart Palmer, author of "A Bride for the Devil" in the introductory issue of the Magazine of Fantasy and Science Fiction...

G. Gordon Dewey, who has a story coming up in the aforementioned periodical...

Arthur Louis Joquel 2d, former fan editor of Specula, Spectra, and Sun Trails, who has just had a book published on the theme "from Atlantis to the rocket"...

Al (194 IQ) Ashley, superfan of yore who claims his intelligence quotient, since dianetic procession, has soared to 194,000...

Dr Adolphe de Castro, olden Weird Tales contributor (spry at 93)...

Manning McDonald, a one-time Marvel Science contest winner...

Wendayne & Forrest Ackerman, a couple of people...

For the occasion a regalength sheet called "The Computational Moment" was prepared by Mr van Vogt, and professionally mimeographed. In the course of copying Van's copy, the typist stencilled the title of his classic as "SLAM", which caused him to type out the following explanation and affix it to the Center's bulletin board. At 12:30am in the morning as I was about the last to leave, I rescued this variant version of Slan for Quandry. So, herewith the short-short SLAM, and don't forget that as vanVogt's literary agent I am entitled to 10% of all the sabaams it invokes!

S L A M

The lady who mimeographed The Computational Moment, our one page newspaper, was devastated when she discovered that she had misspelled the title of the novel. We assured her that the error was not uncommon, since the word "Slan" was coined by the author. It means the man after man. It derives from the name of an individual, Samuel Lann, (S.Lann: slan). Much as Frankenstein's monster came to be Frankenstein so Lann's "children" were called slans. Not so long ago, in a science fiction publication someone attributed SLAM to John W. Campbell, author of the motion picture, "The Thing". Jean Cox, author of articles on anthropology (who has also written science fiction) gravely wrote in and pointed out that SLAM was by van Vogt. We admit that the humor of this is a little obscure to those not familiar with the subtler nuances of the field. Anyway, we assured the lady who made the mimeograph error that we would be satisfied if she went out and bought the book. Advances on royalties of this and five other books have put this center into operation. You can see that we believe dianetics is important.

The End Is Not Yet

HEY NOW! That very fine fanmag, EXPLORER, has gained a new co-editor and a change of address. The editorial staff, back from Niagara Falls, has moved to BOX 88, RFD #1, ERIE, PA. That's the address to which you send your 50¢ for a year's sub to this bimonthly mag which is the O-O of the ISFCC. By subbing to the mag you automatically become a member of this organization, entitled to all its services, inc. A Trading Dept, Collector's Corner, etc. Just send that 50¢ to ED NOBLE at the above address.

IN ABOUT A HALF-DOZEN YEARS it will be 1958. And in SOUTH GATE IN '58 there will be held one of the greatest science fiction fan conventions ever. We hope it will be the greatest, of course. You can decide that for yourself, when the time comes. SOUTH GATE is located in southern California, not very far from the metropolis of Los Angeles. In South Gate there dwells a fan...one of the greatest fans of all time. We like to think he is the greatest, of course. You may have heard of him. Rick Sneary. Rick, with the aid of a few others, started The Outlander Society a few years back. The OS was created primarily for the benefit of those fans who could not always get into Los Angeles for the LASFS meetings there, and who wanted to commune with their fellow-fen. As the OS grew in quantity and quality it has become apparent that in order for one to become an Outlander he has to possess what can only be defined as "an Outlander-type personality". The OS is a very informal group; the members must learn to live together in peace and good will, with no backstabblings or petty politics drug in to clutter up the club. We soon collected a goodly number of Outlandish personalities. Our present roster includes: Rick Sneary, Stan Wohlston, John Van Couvering, Con Pederson, Alan Hershey, Mory Fahlkner, Freddie and Hal Curtis, Len and Anna Moffatt, Shirley Jean Booher, Alvin Taylor, Mari Graham, Bill Elias--all Outlanders true-blue, and Ed Cox, Forry and Wendy Ackerman as Honorary Members. The majority of these people write for THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE and are working and planning for, and plugging SOUTH GATE IN '58: THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE features Filings From The Chain (which gives you insight into the Outlander-type personality), Sneary's column 1958, Len's Den, good poetry and artwork, interesting articles, amusing fiction (not pro-mag rejects), printed front and back covers and printed headings for the columns, etc. All this at only 15¢ a copy, 7 for \$1.00. THE OUTLANDER MAGAZINE is published irregularly, about three or four times a year. When we have enough good material on hand, we bring out an issue. Why not try a sample copy? Write to:

Rick Sneary 2962 Santa Ana Street South Gate, Calif.

-avt.

from der voodvork out...

I. Department of Crossed Wires: We've seen a copy of Lloyd Eshbach's edition of "Grey Lensman" by E.E. Smith, and we note with amusement that Fantasy Press committed the same blunder that Campbell did in the original magazine appearance (JAN 39-- JAN 40). The jacket of the FP hardcover version lists the name as "Grey Lensman" while the interior uses the spelling "GRAY Lensman". Oddly enough, on the cover of the first magazine part "Grey Lensman" is listed, though the interior and running heads all read "Gray". The subsequent installments are all labelled "Gray Lensman". Why Campbell and Eshbach should both make the same error is beyond me, in view of Eshbach's views on D-----s.

Ray Palmer also pulled one of his characteristic skullers, proudly labelling the January 1952 Other Worlds as #13. Actually it is issue #16 (the real #13 was dated Sept. 1951). For Palmer, who sometimes forgets under which penname his authors write and mixes them up, this is nothing new.

II. Received this morning: The Sept 1951 edition of POSTWARP, which seems to be one of the perennial revivals of the NSF letterzine started by Art Rapp. Outstanding item in this issue was the solemn announcement by Editor Higgs on the tenth and final page of the issue: "Remember - Postwarp is NOT a PROFESSIONAL magazine!" In these days of confusion and turmoil, it is indeed comforting to know that there is one last bulwark of clarity-- the fanzine which reminds us that it is non-professional, rather than letting us judge for ourselves, which might lead to confusion.

III. Obit: Algernon Blackwood, famous fantasy author, died in London on Dec 10, age 82. He was given an extensive obit and biography in the New York Times of Dec 11, including a recent photo of him. Blackwood's last book was "Tales of the Uncanny and Supernatural," which appeared on Jan. 1. The Times obit was based largely on an Orville Prescott book review which appeared in the Times a year ago and which was reprinted shortly after in SPACESHIP #12. Blackwood was chiefly noted for his hardcover items, but had a story in Wierd Tales a few years back, and his two most famous short stories, "The Willows" and "The Wendigo" appeared in FFM in '44 and '48 respectively.

IV. Also From The New York Times: December 12, 1951; "Science fiction has now reached out to number blind persons among its devotees. The latest title to be added to the 1,500 'Talking Books' now available without cost to the blind is 'The Other Side of The Moon'. It is a collection of twenty stories selected and edited by August Derleth.

The book was recorded on Talking Books by the American Foundation for the Blind, 15 West Sixteenth Street. It will be distributed by the 'Library of Congress through its twenty-eight regional libraries. Packed in special containers, the records are carried free to and from their destinations by mail.

V. Alcoholics Anonymous Please Note: Quote from the article "Destruction of the Iron Curtain" by Ronald Friedman, which appeared in ODD #9 and which purported to explain Friedman's actions in running Universal Musketeers: "The Club ((UM)) ran into debt with all the publicans, but still I continued." Obviously the reason UM went to hell is because Friedman drank the treasury away as noted in this confession.

VI. If J. Edgar Hoover were to run for President next year, how many so-called "educated" Americans would vote against him, thinking it was Herbert trying again?

VII. As were all other Gilbert & Sullivan fans, we were shocked this summer by the resignations en masse of four cornerstones of the D'Oyly Carte Light Opera Company: Martyn Green, the wiry comic who was the star of the troupe in such parts as The Lord High Executioner, The First Lord of the Admiralty, and Jack Point; Richard

Watson, bass noted for Pooh-Bah; Ella Hallman (Katisha, Little Buttercup) and Margaret Mitchell, soprano. This wholesale demolition of a seemingly indestructible group (the four totalled 80 years of G&S performance) is just another step in the Ragnarok which is overtaking us. Astounding's raise to 38¢ left us bowed under the inexorable march of doom also. But returning to Gilbert & Sullivan: we recall that "Iolanthe" had a character in it called Private Willis who is at one point addressed as Captain Shaw. These Irishman will crawl in everywhere.

Other G&S note: Anthony Boucher once wrote a sequel to the fantasy operetta "Ruddigore". His sequel, titled "Sribertigibet", made occasional reference to the G&S piece but not till the end was it made clear that he had merely lifted the plot of "Ruddigore" and placed it in a modern setting. (Unknown Worlds, June 1943.)

VIII. Recommended reading...nay, required reading: "Pogo" by Walt Kelly (Simon & Schuster, 1951, \$1, paperback). This new collection of Pogo comicstrips, some reprinted and some brand new, is a must. Now that Darnaby is no longer with us (at least in the East) "Pogo" is the last stronghold of those who like intelligent comics. This Simon & Schuster "Pogo" volume is 182 pages of sheer joy. Kelly's style of humor is absolutely indescribable, and anyone who allows himself to miss this book is a grade-A bald-headed iggle. ((Let the editorial staff of Q echo thses sediments. We are in infinite agreement.))

IX. And herewith we retire into the woodwork for another month. Damn pesky gnurrs!
--Bob Silverberg

.....
CASH FOR YOUR OLD FANZINES!

I'M IN THE MARKET for certain old fanzines and will pay cash for copies I want. If you want to sell any of the issues listed below, drop me a line.

Ramblings (Speer): Nos 1 to 5; 7 to 10

Matters of Opinion: Nos 15, 16, 17

Sustaining Program:

pre-1939: All
1940: Spring, Summer, Winter
1941: All
1942: Spring
1943: Fall, Winter
1944: Spring, Summer
1945: Summer Fall, Winter
1946: Spring, Summer, Fall

Also want Full Length Articles; Mercury Series; various Speer convention mags (especially the one issued for the Philcon, 1947); and most other pre-46 Speerzines. Also: many copies of Shangri-L'Affaires; LeZombie; Fan-Dango; Spaceways and Sweetness and Light. Also: Complete NAPA mailings, pre-1946.

I want only magazines that are good clean copies and fully intact. Send your lists and prices to:

Redd Boggs, 2215 Benjamin Street N.E. Minneapolis 18, Minnesota
.....-adv

Editor's footnote to Fron Der Woodwork Out: You fans of Silverberg's column should make a point of reading his very fine fanzine, Spaceship, which undoubtedly the leading 10¢ fanzine being pubed. We blush to admit that Bob gives you as many pages of goof material for 10¢ as we do for 15¢. His address is 760 Montgomery St. Brooklyn 13, N.Y.

Down With
Gho!

PRAISE Foo!

The Poo
is

MIGHTIER THAN
HE yobben!

PAID ADVT.

WALT WILLIS, HSC

The certificate read:

We, the undersigned natural-born Slan-type Swamp Critters of Georgia does here-by nominate and unaimlessly deflect

Walter A. Willis

of

Belfast, Northern Ireland

an honorary swamp critter.

and was signed by:

Cherchez La Hoffman

Rinocerwurst of the Macauleys

Heinrich de Burwell

Sarcophagus Macguthrie

Seminole Sam Thomas Esq.

J.F. (Bewitched) Streinz

Alabaster Jacks

J. Wiley Cat Burge

Paul D. Cox (conoscor of fancy fried catfish)

Jay Tadpole Oliver

Bob Farnham

Roger D (Rowrbazzle) Aycock

It was printed on fine stock by Vernon McCain, signed by the above critters and airmailed to W.A.W. who returned the following message for all swampdom.

SPEECH!!!

SPEECH!!!

SPEECH!!!

Fella Swamp Critters, and Gals,

Unspeakable as he is to public custom, this'n natural born bog critter is got to say that he steams it a single honor to have been unaimlessly deflected a genocine honorary swamp critter. As a smatter of fact I is all whelmed and come over. Us is gittin' snow in Ourland right now, but I is so grate-filled that my corporeal fannish body is warm all over. Your egobooyootiful alumenated address certifiycatin' me as a honorary swamp critter is been filed over the mantel-bit in the Slant-type pressroom, a hobjack of envy and adiration to all sensitive fannish minds among us bog-critters. I is now keepin' my eyebones oping for a honorary swamp to take up my adobe in.

Your greatfool Walt,

A Willis of Gellfast, No-therm Iceland,
Honorary Swamp Critter

SEE YOU

Donald E. Ford

129 Maple Ave.

Sharonville, Ohio

Dear Lee;

As a relative newcomer to QUANDRY's fold, I'd like to get in on this discussion of S-F Conventions. I don't pretend to be an expert...the only qualifications I have is in the fact that I went to the TORCON and then the next year helped with putting on the CINVENTION.

Korshak, Bea Mahaffey, Julian May, and the whole bunch up there in Chicago are going to be the center of a lot of discussion about the "pros" putting on a convention. Sure, they're Pros; but they are also fans. and as such, I for one, am not worried about them putting on a bad convention. In fact I'm very pleased with the set-up.

As for the fans not having any fun, that's ridiculous! If they don't, it will be their own fault. I think that once a year, Science Fiction should be presented more or less formally to the public. The announcement that Fermi, Urey, and Muller are going to be on hand is quite a coup, when you think of it. A few years back, men of that caliber wouldn't be caught dead at a Science Fiction convention.

Such a glitter is an attraction to many Outsiders and each year sees the growth of S-F addicts. For the older fans, there are the hotel rooms after the regular sessions. These are the highlights for me, especially. I find them much more interesting than any of the scheduled program.

With that thought in mind in 1950 there was held the first Ohio Conference at Bellefontaine Ohio. Those sponsoring it were: Doc Barrett, Roy Lavender, Stan Skirvin, Lou Tabakow, and Myself. Then, this year we moved it out to Indian Lake, Ohio; called it The Second Annual Midwest Conference and picked up sponsorship from the fan clubs in Cleveland, Columbus & Cincinnati.

Both affairs were a success. However, it should be pointed out that they were more for the fans who had been active for several years, than for the relative newcomer. For this reason we dispensed entirely with any sort of formal program. It was strictly the Bull Sessions from beginning to end; with the only thing scheduled being a Dinner at Noon Sunday where everyone got together in a large room instead of a small one like the night before. You have probably heard some first hand reports so I won't dwell any further on this.

The National conventions have a different problem. They have to try to get up a program to appeal to everyone, which is tough. Another thing, S-F has always attracted the "lunatic fringe" and who is it that the newspapers and magazines always write up? At a small regional conference, who cares what's written? They are hardly ever noticed outside the fanmags. With the Communist hunt going on in Washington some people hesitate to have their names linked with anything remotely out of what's considered normal.

I firmly feel the accent on Dianetics in the pre-convention publicity of the Nolacon kept a lot of authors from attending. Certainly their attendance was not up to previous records.

What I'm trying to say is that everyone can come to Chicago next year and have a good time. The fan mags can go right ahead and call it Chicon II and the convention committee continue to call it TENTH ANNUAL SCIENCE FICTION CONVENTION. Where is the harm in that?

(overpage)

Sez You (2) Don Ford

I'm very much pleased with the way they have started out, already. I think it will be one of the best conventions held to date, and yet I don't intend to be "respectable". I intend to consume quite a bit of whiskey. I'll probably miss a lot of the scheduled program; and I expect to come home with some pleasant memories and recollections of having had a good time. If there is another room 770, I'd like very much to be invited in.

Sincerely, Don Ford

Joe Kennedy

"ye sunny shores of lake michigan"

Dear Lee;

Quandry the sixteenth fluttered out of the mailbag t'other morning, and a welcome arrival it was too. You have indeed settled down into a rut of monotonous excellence. Tucker's reflections on the history of PO Box 260 come in one nose-length ahead of the Hibernian Harp for top honors this issue. This was really an exceptional hunk of Tucker, and compares well with his classic account of the travels of a piece of brown wrapping paper. # A slim but meaty letter section. Laney does an effective job of knocking the idea of censored fanzines into a cocked hat. # Most Dubious Observation of the Month Corner: (from Konner's Korner) "Brotherly love is an old line but stfan-dom is a living example that it will work." # Shore hope Silverberg is right in his prediction that Avonwill publish Stapledon's "Starmaker" as a p-b for that is one book I'd cheerfully cough up a quarter for. Will be very much surprised tho if Wollheim risks Avon's dough on a title with such dubious commercial appeal. # More phan article-writers oughta plumb their memories for recollections of stf in off-trail pulpmags, as Roger Dard so readably does in "Like A Rose". Too little criticism has been written on stf and near-stf in such mags as CAP'N ZERO and DOC SAVAGE. DS, especially. # Gee, I wonder whatinheck that word which Willis didn't think anybody'd ever use for a fanzine title and then found out that I did was. # Three cheers and a tiger for your bacover plea for more enjoyable, immature, zap-gun skylarking at stf-conventions. "Serious constructive" program-features (in moderation) are the making of any convention, uddoubtedly...but Speer's shooting fireworks off the roof of the Philcon hotel is the feature of that affair I most clearly remember!

Cordially, Joe

G.M. Carr

the wilds of Washington((new address not at hand))

Dear Lee;

Alas, that I should ever find myself agreeing with ftlaney -- but I must agree with him and with Jacobs that regimented fan-editing is as undesirable as it is impractical. His platform re 'queers' seems to be out of place anywhere else except possibly in his immediate vicinity; if, however, such conditions are widespread in fandom, this matter should by all means be thoroughly aired. If we must discuss sex let's discuss it, all three of 'em, but let us refer to it as discuss, disgust. It would seem that this crusade is directed more at attitudes than at topics and that being the case, let's see the fur fly...maybe we'll get to the 'bare' facts yet.

G.M. Carr

Ken DeAle

115 E. Misholu Pkwy

Bronx 67, NY

Dear Lee,

...a huzzah, a whoopee, and a small yeept to you for your upstanding remarks in the Onicon. Or, as we dirty Nob Yawk pro-lovaks call it, the Proccn. I find it difficult to regard this subject with anything approaching calm-- I have a tendency to simmer softly whenever it is mentioned--but your remarks find me in hearty agreement. Only

Sez You (3) Ken Beale

you don't know the half of it.

Paley didn't mention some of the other gems Mr Korshak plans for this sterling event. One is the 3-ring circus scheme of having several events going at once--one for the fans, one for the outsiders, etc. In other words, partitioning us off from the rest of the suckers. He also has rented some vast auditorium or other, capable of holding 800 people. Naturalit, he doesn't expect that many fans. The General Public is to be invited. Publicity is All. Wanna bet there won't be any masquerade this year either? But Korshak is smarter than Harry the Bee. He is throwing in at least a few events to satisfy the fans, like a publishing session. This gesture smacks strongly of fish. Sort of like throwing the kiddies a few lumps of candy, to keep 'em happy.

His excuse for having the con run by women, if you haven't heard it, is a dilly. It's so fen can bring their wives and sisters, he says. As a fair representative of the ditto sex, I ask you, was there anything at N'Orleans that caused you to blanch? Or to throw up your hands in dismay? Not that the gals couldn't run a con quite well. I hastily aver. Nor that there isn't a place for dem in fandom. (As you've ably proved) But really! Maybe Earle plans to fill up some of those 800 seats with fans' female relatives and friends. Make 'em look bigger, more important. Get better crowd shots in the newsreels.

As a matter of cold hard fact, thus far the names of no fen involved in putting on the con have reached my ears. May & Mahaffey are certainly not financially uninterested in SF and you know about Bleier and Dikty. And those 3 scientists, while not pros, cannot be called fen either. Speaking of them, what on earth does he think they will have to say about science fiction, when addressing an audience who've been reading it a good deal longer than they have? Or are they going to talk physics? Just the thing to put a lot of fans to sleep.

Incidentally, the 3d one is named Werner von Braun, not Von Muller as in Paley's report. ((Morton wrote us to correct that but it was already too late.))

Fantasincerely, [Ken]

.....

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana St

South Gate in '58

Dear Bee:

I see you are a bit worried over the Chicon II. As one who did holler Huckster some time ago, I'm gratified, if not happy, to see others seeing the same danger. Of course I was talking of the Hydra Club. The whole thing with the Chicon is that there aren't any really well known fans there. A collection of old timers and pros. No one will know how bad things are till it is too late....I think we need a New Guard of Convention Planners. Then no-pros, such as Coslet, Hoffman, Boggs, Kennedy, -- even Harry B. These guys (sic) haven't any books to grind.. Even such people as Speer, Ackerman and Tucker are a bit too old to handle the selections without thought of money.. Gord, even a Conference is a paying project now, if you handle it right..

Yours, [Rick]

.....

F.G. Rayer

Longdon, Tewkesbury, Gloucester

England

Dear Sir,

I have recently been looking at a copy of "Quandry" which was sent to me by Mr Willis, and I think that you are deserving of praise for all the work which you put in for the benefit of Fans. However, to be brief and come to the real point about which I am writing, I notice that some (no names) are making comparisons between my novel "Tomorrow Sometimes Comes" and various vanVogt creations. Before anyone starts to do so, he should remember that (and this may not be generally known) "Tomorrow Sometimes Comes" was written in 1947. In view of this, it is useless anyone suggesting any of it is derived from material currently appearing in "Astounding" or elsewhere, especially as I have irrefutable proof of the date when I wrote this book. If there are similarities, it merely illustrates that different minds can run on para-

[Overpage please]

Sez You (4) F.G. Rayer

lled lines. Olaf Stapledon read this book over two years ago, and praised it highly; as he has now been dead for some time this, too, illustrates that "Tomorrow Sometimes Comes" is no recent work, and I hope people are not being confused in the foregoing manner by its appearance of up-to-dateness, or overlook that stories are often written a considerable while before the date at which they are published, especially in this country, where the paper shortage continues to be very severe.

With all best wishes, Sincerely yours, F.G. Rayer

F.J. Robinson 37 Willows Ave. Tremorfa, CARDIFF. GLAM. S.Wales. G.B.

Dear Lee,

The "arp was as usual the best thing in the ish. Roger Dard's piece about borderline stf raises a lot of points, if we are to accept the mags he mentions as fantasy then there are quite a lot of other mags that drift into perspective as they occasionally publish a fantasy or stf story, to be honest thought I don't think it's really worth bothering with this defining according to set rules, who cares what the mag is named or what it is usually full of, the question is - is such and such a story fantasy or not and is it a good one, after all stories are written and published to be read, not merely classified, or am I wrong?

I fall over myself to agree with Conner, a very fine article which I very much enjoyed. A little serious for Q but then of late I seem to have detected a serious note in Q - or am I wrong again? ((??))

Woodwork as usual was very interesting.

Enjoyed the letters of course. Lee Jacobs has of course hit the nail right on the head when he says "It can't be done". I had the pleasure of meeting Lee at the Con in London, the first Real Live American Fan I'd ever seen...Shades of Goshwowboy-boy! As to Snyder on the same topic, may he grow wings and a halo - and be bored for the rest of eternity...come on in, the Brimstone's lovely! As to the "poems" have you got a poetic Licence? Agree with Laney too over the CCF thing, except in so far as I don't think fandom wants cleaning up, not as far as I've seen it anyway. True I've met a few types in its circles including a thief and a drug peddler but that's beside the point. Laney certainly has stirred up something in his reference to Fairies. Think he's got a rather warped attitude to the problem tho. Homosexuality is an illness in my book and the person who is a queer is not to blame for being that way, While I agree that nothing is more obnoxious to anyone (except perhaps to another one) than being anywhere near a queer I don't condemn that person for being that way. It's a very complex problem to decide just what one would do in the circumstances that Laney proposes, very difficult indeed. Am rather interested as to what the opinion of the members of the medical profession and especially the mental specialists in fandom will have to say about the problem.

Must mention Pete Ridley's cartoons. He has the habit of coming up with some really good stuff...

Fancereely, [Fred]

SLater, Slaterburg. Slatoria. 28th day of Slater 1951

Dear Lee,

I've just received QUANDRY 16 ! I've read it! If you will ask me in about three weeks time, I'll give you a fair and honest opinion of it. Right now my bile is boiling. My wrath is radioactivated. My ire is irradiated!!! It will be at least twenty days before my intake of spirituous liquors will dilute me below critical mass! Royal Army Pay Corps, indeed! Who is this backward bucolic bumpkin Bentcliffe that he should so malign me? His statement is asperse, defamatory, and slanderous, and probably an unwitting mistake into the bargain. The Corps of His Brittanic Majesty's Army to which I have the honour to belong happens to be the ROYAL PIONEER CORPS, and I'm both glad and proud to hold a commission in it!

[Ken F. Slater]

A fan told us not long ago that whenever she submitted material to a ajayzine she submitted copies of it to several mags, on the basis that if it were worth publishing, it would be worth publishing in several places. The idea of making duplicate submissions to several fanzine was an entirely new concept to us. It seems that to do so without making clear to the editor that he was likely to see the same article in some other mag after he had it stencilled for his own, would be a worse breach of trust than the persistent publishing of a dual apazine. We certainly would not be pleased to stencil an article under the impression that Q would be the only mag to carry it (except in the case of credited reprints) and then see it in another mag, soon after Q went into the mails. Or perhaps have some other mag come out with it in time for us to be accused of plagiarizing the material. It's true there's no copyright protection for most of the material printed in fanmags but there is an understanding of honor that reprint material will be credited as such, and if possible the source be given. At least we have understood that there is. For example there is SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST (Burwell) which not only credits the source of material used, but asked blanket permission to reprint from other fanzines in letters to their editors. We understand that this was not at all necessary legally, but as a matter of honor.

So this matter of duplicate submissions seems quite unfair and a mite dishonorable to us. We wonder what other fanzine editors think about it.

THE CHICON seems to have been the main point of interest in letters this month. If Mr Korshak and his cohorts object to the Word Chicon for their convention, let it be understood that in this fanmag the word will be used to represent the unofficial proceedings, both of 770ish nature and otherwise. It is our own opinion that Don Ford has summed up the situation quite well. By all means let us, the fans, go on in our own inimitable manner, let our enjoyment of this festive occasion not be pallied by a front of dignity presented by the committee for the general public. If we can strike a happy medium, so much the better. Good publicity and a good time for all!

A note of apology should be offered to Bob Silverberg who types his column for us with a much nicer layout than we use when stencilling it. Similarly WAW. The difficulty is space. We try to get as much as possible into the available space without resorting to over-crowding. So format suffers in the name of quantity. Alas.

LOST, STRAYED, OR STOLEN: Anna Lee McLeod; Ed Walchers; Edward Kuss; Alan Inglesby. We lack addresses for all the above-listed subscribers. Their Qs come back either 'moved-no address' or 'unclaimed' or some such. If you know their whereabouts please let us know. Also missing in a way: Tom Covington, for whom we have several addresses, all different. Anyone knowing his latest address, please let us know.

Believe us, you won't know what you're missing if you don't write Vernon McCain (146 E. 12th Eugene, Ore) for a copy of Wastebasket. We know his line-up of authors.

Well, we've come to the end of another Q. The stack of unanswered mail has reached ridiculous proportions, and some of 'em will probably stray before they get answered, so don't wait until you hear from us before you write again. And remember, for news it's Tuckers Newsletter, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. For quality fanzine reading, it's WAW's Slant, 170 Upper Newtownards Rd, Belfast, Northern Ireland, and for just stuff it's Quandry...

The next Q will be along in late February

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