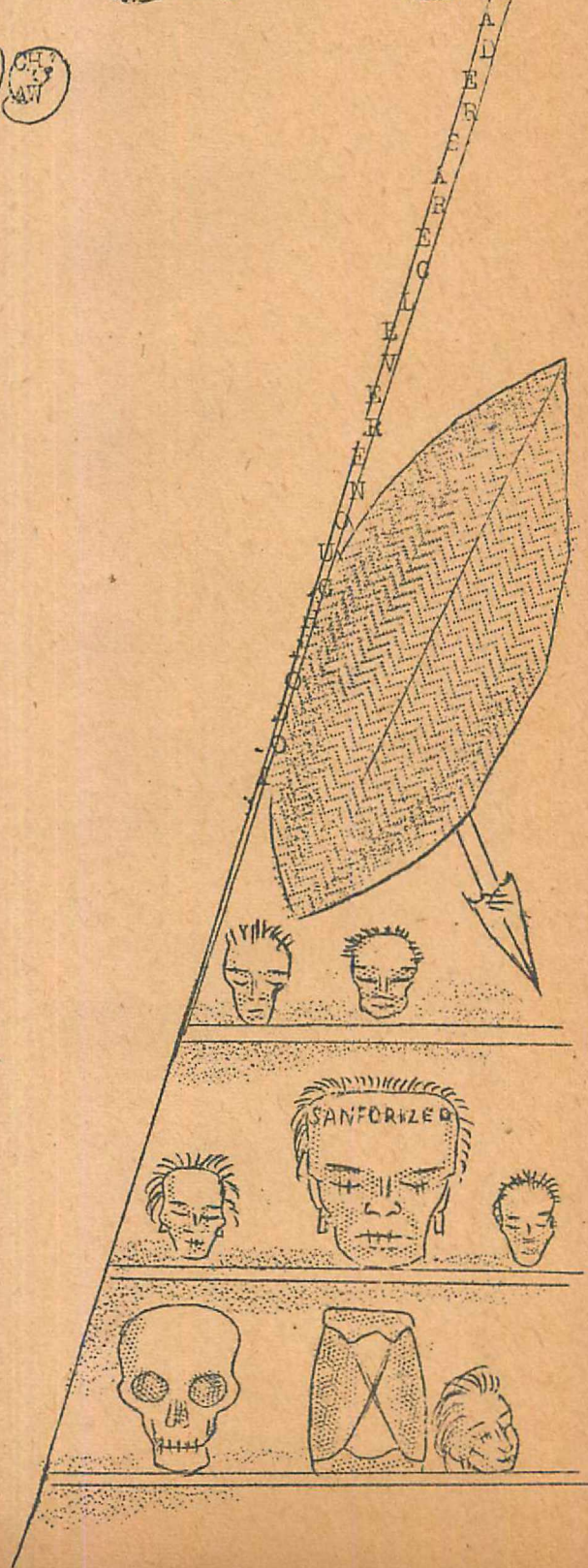


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Set decoration - Bergeron, Shaw, and Hoffman

Quandry #19 has been produced and directed by

Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner St
Savannah, Ga.

with the aid of Charles Wells on the stapler.

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AT THIS SAME THEATER IN ABOUT A MONTH!

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A Rebel Yeast Production.
" the South shall Rise!"

All opinions expressed herein are necessarily those of the writers and shouldn't
be blamed on the production staff. Any similarity between this and a magazine
is purely due to paper pages.

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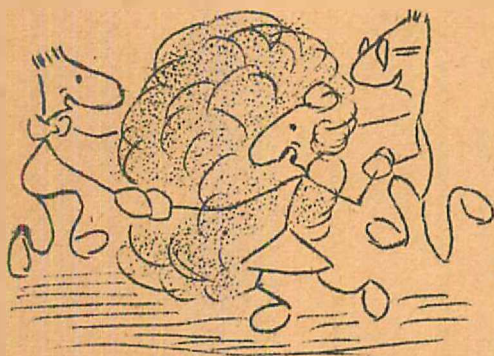
just the usual
editorial

CHAOS

GAFIA LEFT: We are tired. Tired of the same weary useless discussions over and over. Petty useless arguing. Such as has been going on in this mag. So no more repetition of the same old arguments, please. Let us give the torch of world improvement to the crusaders who have the tireless energy to face progress, fight evolution, and set forth their own perfection as a goal for the remainder of the human race.

We swamp-type critters prefer our unimportant but happy existence. Any readers who feel that you cannot stand to receive a fanzine that doesn't care, can request the return of your sub funds or the cancellation of your trade. We'll try to comply.

The rest of you join hands and we'll dance about the mulberry bush once in celebration, and then, taking our copies of IN ONE HEAD AND OUT THE OTHER, in one hand, and E.F.R.'s ...AND THEN THERE WERE NONE, in the other, let us mind our own business and avoid any excess exertion. Henceforth, let the Copless cope. From now on let us let Quandry be a fanzine "for people who just want to lie down."



Membership cards will not be issued, but letters of support from our avid fellow autodists will be appreciated. If you, too, are just plain tired, drop us a line and we'll sympathize with you.

NOTE TO THE ABOVE MENTIONED CRUSADERS: We will gladly ignore you, let you wend your merry way, and will promise not to put our foot in the aisle and trip you, if you will be so kind as to let us lie here in the sunshine and shoo the flies away from our shoo-fly pie.

We suppose that it is only natural that we've received a great number of replies to replies, etc. Since we are chopping short our long-necked controversies we are returning these to their authors. The authors may consider this unfair. So in an attempt to be perfectly fair we are asking the authors to place these articles with other fanmags and to let us know the mags. If we have this info by the time we are cutting our backpage comments we will give it there. At any rate we'll gladly let our readers know where our feuds have gone to roost.

Right now we are returning a six-page article by Ken Beale on you-know-what to him. We are referring all discussion of the Chicon-Procon business to him, with the advice to either stand up and fight for what he believes in or lie down and take it easy like us critters are doing. Ken's address is 115 E. Mosholu Pkwy, Bronx 67, N.Y. If you are interested in this business we urge you to write to Ken.

The page and a half which Edward Wood titled BACK IN YOUR FACE, HOFFMAN! is very good altho we weren't quite able to figure out in what way it was a reply to our question. We were very much tempted to print it. But that would only be adding fuel to a fire we don't want. So we return it to Ed with the suggestion that he might pass it along to Cosmag (Ian Macauley- 57 E. Park Lane, Atlanta, Ga), the mag which was under discussion. We sincerely hope that he does so as it's meat for a good discussion and we think it would be unfair if it were not pubbed.

Which leaves us with several letters concerning ETLaney and his articles. We aren't sure just where to refer these. You might try SHANGRI-LA. Or TNFF. So we leave the re-location of this discussion completely in the hands of the discussors. If some editor wants this argument he's welcome to write to us for the addresses of

persons who have written on the subject.

If any of you feel that you've been short-changed on this deal, holler and we'll see what we can do about it. Okay?

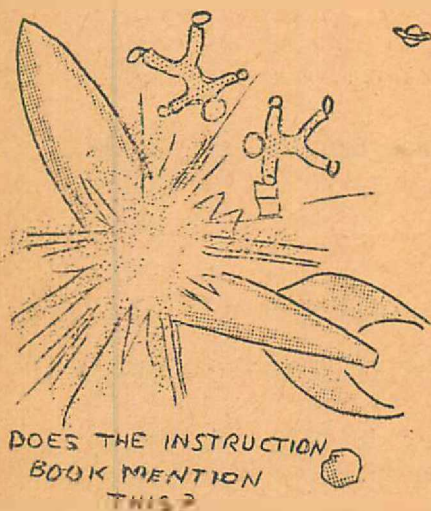
Have you had it? They tell me it's sweeping the nation. This disease, I mean. My mother and I both have it. It's something on the order of a cold crossed with the flu. Maybe it's one of the reasons I've lost interest in fire and brimstone. Anyway it leaves one feeling pretty miserable.

Local rumor claims that it's something new that came from Korea (there are always these rumors, so don't hang yourself on this little fad). We suspect it is some form of biological warfare or else a highly contagious result of reading THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. At present we await the arrival of our family doctor to see what he has to say on the subject. Anyway, if we die from it, the next ish of Q'll have black borders.

If you're curious about the Cuba trip, it was much fun. Details will appear in a FAPub.

It occurs to us that someone might misunderstand our tirade at the beginning of this editorial. We don't mean to cut all material which might be in any way controversial. We just don't want any more useless but bloody feuds. Interesting articles on somewhat controversial stuff will be welcomed, but out and out name-calling and re-hashings of the same old stuff isn't wanted. A little discussion that gets somewhere, and that doesn't drag on for issue after issue will be gratefully printed. But Hazy Niggs is pubbing a letter-zine now and would be delighted to have some controversy we suspect, that would draw lots of letters. So save the fire-and-brimstone for him and others like him.

On the other hand if you've written something deeply controversial but which is nonetheless clever, amusing and not too heavy for us Sunday-readers, which you think is a natural for Q, well, send it on. Your editorial staff doesn't have a single unbreakable rule on choosing material. Fie, we'll even run fanfiction and poetry if we come across some that we like enough.



If you're still in the dark about editorial policy send a dollar to cover the cost of handling and mailing and we'll send you a full explanation.

A COMMENT TO MR TUCKER: We've been reading SFNL again and now we come to Mr T's comments on Duffy Hyg& and \$hen. Mr T is impressed by words set up in type which conveys some special meaning in itself. We would like to cite for Mr T similar practice in the comic strip POGO POSSUM, for example the speech of Deacon Mushrat which conveys perfectly the tones of his voice. And our old friend, the circus man P.F. Bridgeport who expresses himself in a multitude of expressive alphabets, symbols and even canvases. Then there is ol' Sarky Macabre who speaks with a black border around his words. We glee.

FANTASTIC WORLDS we understand is a semi-professional mag of very high quality. It will be modelled somewhat after Arkham Sampler and will sell for 25¢ a copy, quarterly. The address is c/o Ed Ludwig, 1942 Telegraph Ave., Stockton, Calif. Among the writers lined up are Kris Neville, William F. Tweedle, or- Temple, Bob Tucker, Forry Ackerman, and WAWillie the boy wonder of Belfast. The mag may also contain some artwork by your editor if such work can meet the high standards of the mag. Oh yes, it is to be plano-ed.

Here's hoping you've a happy all-fool's day.

HERE THERE BE TUCKER

"Does Bob Tucker live here?"

The guard stared down his nose at me, haughtily. "Why do you ask, peasant?"

"I want to interview His Majesty. It will help sell his books."

The guard turned all smiles. He bent down, pocketed his gun, and examined the credentials I offered, and the autographed picture of Bob Tucker standing waist deep in money.

"You may pass, and blessed be the name of Bob Tucker."

I bowed deeply at hearing the holy words. "Blessed be the name!"

I entered the building. It was crowded and noisy. People continually rushing about. Asking questions. "Which way to the men's room?" I pushed through them. I walked over to a door --- The Door.

I knocked.

A face appeared at the glass peep-hole, examined me.

"What do you want?"

Cold and business-like, the voice was.

"I'm here to interview you, O Great One."

One millionth of a second later I was inside, and he was shaking my hand and offering me a drink --- a Coke, it was, spelled with caps.

"Who are you, and what syndicate do you represent?"

"My name's Oliver and I ---- "

"Oh, how are you, Chad, old boy --- whatcha hear from Campbell?"

Shamefully I hung my head and interrupted him. "I'm the other Oliver, and I sell to Fantasy Book."

Immediately he released my hand and took back the Coke, which I hadn't had time to finish. His smile turned to a frown, and he tried manfully to regain his composure.

"Well, you're here and it's too late to do anything about it. And you are going to interview me. Come on in. "

I followed him into the living room. Seated at a small card table were Robert, Arthur, and Wilson Tucker, and The Blonde. They were playing strip poker, and the girl was losing, but she took it bravely. All around the table sat bottles of Coke.

Bob Tucker surveyed the scene with disgust.

"The people I have to put up with. Get out, all of you. A man is here to interview me."

Reluctantly the foursome picked up their Cokes and exited.

I gazed around, like a country hick. Such a fine place I had never seen before.

"This is a fine, roomy place you've got here, Mr Tucker."

"Yes, it's much better than the old 250. Why, over there I could hardly find room to store my royalty checks, when the mail was in."

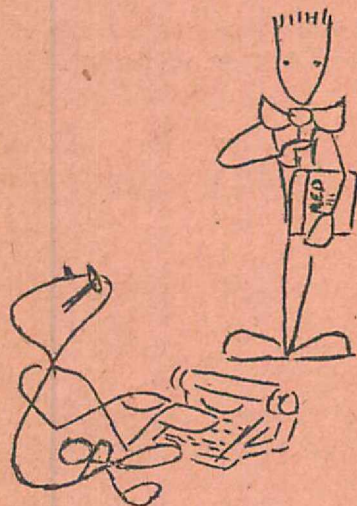
Just then the door opened and a man threw in four bags of mail. Tucker pounced on them eagerly. Shortly he had them sorted, and turned to me, disappointed.

"Oh, fiddle," he swore, like a trooper, "Only thirty-eight fanzines today. The rest of it is practically worthless --- nothing but fan letters and royalty checks."

Tucker is not one to take such disappointments lightly. I tried to console him. He wouldn't listen. He ranted and raved and threw books into the fire. Then he saw the light. "They're after me! They've started another Tucker Death Hoax! That's why I didn't get any more fanzines --- they think I'm dead."

Suddenly I had an inspiration. "Look, Mr Tucker, if you'll only let me interview you that will prove you're still alive, and then you'll get all the fanzines."

Tucker paused, on the verge of tossing an Ellery Queen book into the fire. Slowly he relaxed, and the smile came back. He walked over to his desk and sat down behind his nutty typewriter. "Oliver, you're a genius. I never would have thought of it. It was too simple for my great mind to bother with."



I got out my typewriter, which I just happened to have in my pocket, sat down on the floor, and began the interview.

"First, when, where, and why were you born?"

"I refuse to answer that on the grounds that it might incriminate me."

"Second, when did you sell your first story?"

"Oh, fiddle --- I can't remember so far back; I haven't been audited, you know."

"Third, what do you think is the greatest book ever written, and was it very hard for you to write."

"THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, my next sf novel from Ringhart, the lucky people. As for the second part of your question, I never spend less than two days on a book, but on this one I worked three solid days. I wanted it to be my masterpiece."

Now I was getting somewhere at last. I hastily typed out his mighty words, consulted my notebook, and asked the next question. "What's ~~THE~~ LONG LOUD SILENCE ABOUT?"

Tucker stared at me suspiciously, considered his answer very carefully. "I won't tell you. You'd go and steal it, probably. However, I can tell you it features fans as characters, like my other classic, THE CHINESE DOLL."

Breathless with excitement, I asked the obvious question. "Who, O Tucker, are the lucky fans who have been so honored?"

"Tucker waved his hands in an airy gesture. "Oh, the Big Name Fans, like this fellow, Lee Hoffman, and --- "

Tears of disappointment rolled down my clean-shaven cheeks. "Only the Big Name Fans?"

"Well, what did you expect? Did you think I'd louse up a fine book by using you as a character, you fanzine hack?"

I was saved further humiliation by an alarm clock, which went off on Tucker's desk. It was fifteen minutes after twelve.

Tucker cut it off, arranged his bow tie, and prepared to leave for work. "You can come along, if you'll observe all the rules."

I assured him I would and we left. He walked in front and I trailed three paces behind. Finally we came to the theatre. We went up to the projection booth. Tucker pushed a button and the movie started. Then we left. He explained that he would have to go back that night at twelve to push the button that stopped the movie. "I'm going to protest to the union about such long hours."

On the corner next to the Post Office stood a ragged man, selling THE WATCHTOWER. Tucker handed the man a dime, took the magazine, and we walked on. I was curious, so he explained. "He used to be a competitor of mine, but when I stepped up the pace he had to quit. He joined Jehovah's Witnesses, to save face, so he wouldn't have to admit that I drove him out."

When we got back to Tucker's place there were three new bags of mail, waiting to be sorted. One letter was from his agent. It made Tucker furious.

"Oh, fiddle. Double fiddle, rather. The fool went and sold both my short stories to Boucher, and now I'll have to go and write some more. And worse still he let Gold have CITY IN THE SEA for a 35¢ reprint. Now even the peasants can read my great work, and they'll tag after me on the streets, begging me to autograph the things. And now he's gone and sold RED HERRING to England. That's the stupidest thing he could have done. Now poor old Agatha Christie will commit suicide, and I rather liked her books. Woe is me. What did I do to deserve such a FATE?"

I knew better than to interrupt him in his great sorrow. I said a quiet goodbye and left him sitting in a pile of royalty checks and fan mail.

Poor old man. He really is a sad case.

---J. T. Oliver

-adv

THOUSANDS HAVE FOUND RELIEF! SO CAN YOU!

Do people stare at you and smirk because they know that you are a F-A-N? Are you forced to use persiflage and subterfuge to hide your hideous secret from friends and family? Do you have to buy comic books to sandwich your stf in?

YOU NEED SUFFER NO LONGER! Countless thousands have found relief through the new miracle service, Shhhhh-Boo Inc. (a subsidiary of HoffmanNothing). For a small monthly fee Shhhhh-Boo Inc will enable you to lead an outwardly normal and happy life. Here is how it works! You just send all manuscripts, letters, etc., in plain sealed wrappers to Shhhhh-Boo Inc. along with either the standard service fee or the cut-rate, small quantity unit fee. We attach pseudonyms to all and distribute them for you. No fuss, no bother. Fanzines mailed to your mailing list for low rates. Just send us the completed issue, addressed and stamped, and we will drop them in the mail-box for you.

Don't Risk A Local Postmark!

Special Offer! Act now and you will receive at absolutely no extra cost, one fan-type human to represent you at conventions, confabs and various fangabs.

ECONOMY OFFER!

If you must save those precious pennies, get the Shhhhh-Boo Inc. assemble-it-yourself kit. The regular fan-at-home kit contains three (3) complete pseudonyms, a po box in a small Illinois town, and one set of false mustache and dark glasses. The deluxe kit comes complete with 5 pennames, an Illinois po box, two memberships in the NSF, your choice of a long beard (for the Rapp type) or a toupee (for the Harry Moore type) and a signed death certificate. DON'T BE HALF SAFE! Act Now! Write to Shhhhh-Boo Inc

FAN FILE

For some asinine reason, fans never seem to tire of reading highly fictitious accounts of the lives and hard times of their fellow travellers. As a matter of fact, a highly colorful imagination is invaluable in most cases to cover up the disgusting fact that the author has, after all, lived a rather unexciting life. It is also done to impress the newer element. Fans have a pathological sense of seniority.

I personally refuse to stoop to such unethical tactics, for I have nothing to hide. The truth will be sufficient.

I entered this incarnation on a bleak December 13 in 1926. I recall being troubled for a time about this sordid existence into which I had entered, but my father assured me that fame and power are not everything. I am inclined to agree with him when I reflect on Waterloo and my long exile on Elba.

My father was a mechanic and my mother was pretty good on the piano and organ.

I was the black sheep of the family. I had a tin ear and a morbid distrust of mechanical devices. I was convinced that mankind made a tragic mistake in abandoning the horse and buggy. My first car justified that opinion. Even though it was a 1934 model, the local Oldsmobile dealer was offended when I painted in large letters on the side the words: "Inman's Folly." My long dormant technical abilities were brought to the fore, and soon I felt a paternal pride each time the engine fired without flying apart. I also got a lot of healthy exercise pushing it.

I became a pyromaniac very early. When I was five I tossed a lighted match into a neighbor's pasture and laughed gleefully as the flames raced across the dry grass. Even earlier I set the wastebasket on fire at home and chortled gleefully as the fire spread up the papered wall.

When I grew up somewhat, fear of the law prevented me from becoming a professional fire-bug so I turned to explosives and rockets. My high school chemistry instructor still shudders when he thinks of my early experiments in the lab.

One day, upon leaving the room briefly and returning to find the room hazy with sulphurous smoke, he suggested that I confine myself to nothing more dangerous than the electrolysis of water. Undaunted, I set up shop in the kitchen at home. One quiet Sunday afternoon as I was cooking off a particularly promising batch of rocket fuel, the family stood around sneering and making snide remarks. They were the type who would have scoffed at Captain Future.

With the air of a scientist preparing to fire the first space ship to the moon I placed the little rocket on the launching rack I had constructed earlier on the end of the porch. I lighted the fuse and stepped back. Two things occurred with bewildering speed: a) the rocket too off with a deafening roar and a six-foot backwash of flame; and b) it knocked a hole in the side of a house which happened to be in its path. The deeply religious atmosphere of that Sunday afternoon was shattered all to hell.

My uncle predicted I would be hanged before I was 21, if I didn't blow myself up first.

I became aware of science fiction magazines in 1939 when I bought the first issue of Startling Stories with my lunch money. I already had behind me an enviable record of reading True Story, Wild West Weekly, Arabian Nights, and the Bible. Later I bought the third issue of Captain Future and in the fall of 1941 I picked up the Astounding with part one of "Second Stage Lensmen." In 1942 I developed a passion

(con't at bottom of page 7)

PROXYBOO, LTD.

"What do you think of Proxyboo, Ltd., anyway?" said the neo-fan to the actifan.

"Humm, oh yes. That's the thing that Walt Willis started, isn't it?"

"Yep. He's had stuff on it in the last couple of Slants. Pretty funny."

"Ha, what if it were true---what a colossal joke on so many people," the actifan laughed.

"There's no doubt about it being a joke. Why look at all the complications that arise in such a system. They claim to write your letters to fanzines, prozines, and other fans, in addition to putting out your fanzine and writing material for other zines. Just think of the tremendous volume of correspondence that would be going on--and if they had any customers at all they'd be swamped with work. Why answering letters alone would be too much for them."

"Yes, I suppose so. Unless, of course, they had enough help," the actifan replied distantly.

"They'd need plenty," the neo-fan carried on persistently. "It's too bad that Willis's set-up doesn't include everything."

"But don't they now?"

"Not exactly. The way I see it you have to send your letters and requests to them and then they send the stuff back to you to mail, so that it'll have your postmark on it. Now the perfect thing to do would be to have branch offices in each city. Then your mail would be delivered direct to them and the fan would have practically nothing to do but pay his "egoboo" bill and call up the office once in a while to place his order."

The both laughed.

"You forgot one thing," said the actifan.

"Huh?" replied the neo-fan, through tear-streamed eyes.

"Why, you'd want the service to include answering your telephone so that you wouldn't have fans pestering you that way all the time."

"Yeah, I guess you're right." They laughed again.

"Say, the way you talk you sound as if you actually believe there might be such an organization," the neo-fan accused.

"Maybe....maybe," said the acti-fan smiling broadly.

"Ok, ok, you can stop kidding me. Just because I'm young you guys don't have to keep ribbing me all the time, Rich."

"Have you ever talked to Boggs?"

"You mean THE Redd Boggs?"

"Sure."

"No. I've thought about it but I never did call him."

"Why don't you call him up and find out his opinion of Proxyboo, Ltd?"

"Well....have you got his number?"

"It's in the book. Call him up."

Ring. Ring. The neo-fan held the telephone limply in one hand. He looked positively green. The actifan stood behind him, listening. There was the faint "click" of relays closing. It rang three more times.

In a room on the fifth floor of a downtown office building a man and a woman sat typing. The phone was ringing angrily. The man reached over and swinging it easily off the hook said: "Proxyboo, Ltd., Minneapolis office."

There was a gargled choke at the other end---then a click as the receiver placed back in the cradle.

The neo-fan turned. "My ghod, Elsberry, why didn't you tell....."

Back in the room the man returned to his typewriter. He looked to the girl and said: "What about that story that Elsberry wanted done on Proxyboo, Ltd. Should I start on it now?"

---Rich Elsberry

Inman (2)-con't from page 5

for AMAZING, having been taken by Palmer's sweet talk about his magazine being the ultimate in both quality and quantity. I never regretted the money I spent on those AMAZINGS, for I later found the ideal use for them. The paper was wonderfully absorbant but it was never absolutely safe because of its brittleness.

From 1941 to 1944 was a memorable epoch for me. The US entered the war, fans were inducted by the dozens and the Pacificon was called off for the duration. The 4F's stroked their bwards and declared that fandom's breif existance was over. That was the period during which the established fanzines were disappearing in droves and a newcomer named Vulcan appeared to spark a renaissance of new titled which had perhaps never been equalled in puerility and sheer worthlessness. New fans appeared in hordes and enthusiasm ran rampant. I received my first letters from Tucker and Ackerman, the latter announcing that fandom was not dead, it had only been sleeping. A Mr Philip Bronson, newly of the West Coast decried the impression the new crop of juveniles must be making upon the mundane world, and warned that some sort of censorship must be set up if fandom were ever to be regarded as a respectable hobby. FTLaney, in an impassioned rebuttal in my fanzine, Vulcan, defended the neo-fans and compared Mr Bronson to a snivelling infant "with pap from his mother's breast scarce dry upon his sneering little lips." Claude Degler began exhorting one and all to rise up and throw off the shackles of Al Ashley, after the former had been refused admittance to Slan Shack one wintry night and forced to walk the streets of Battle Creek with no beer money in his pockets.

I have the distinction of never attending a national convention. I attended the first fan conference to be held in the South and had a remarkable amount of enthusiasm for the Nolacon, which I did not attend. I have probably not met over 25 active fans in my life.

At present I am a motion picture projectionist. I have dabbled in photography, sign lettering and writing and failed to create a sensation in any of them. For a time I ran a thriving crap game in my room. One night the police, who have always shown a fatherly interest in the youth of our town, wandered in. I explained patiently to them that I was performing a public service by keeping the boys off the streets and out of pool rooms. I cited the Bill of Rights, Magna Carta, and glories of free enterprise. The police, who had neglected to obtain a search warrent, left us with the friendly explanation that they couldn't allow games of chance without a permit from the sheriff who was selling them for a nominal fee at the time.

I read Galaxy and a few fan mags and enjoy meeting fans personally. If you ever come through Ripley, stop by and see me. I'm really quite a guy.

----Lionel Inman

FROM DER VOODOVORK OUT

-- Quandry's Oldest Surviving Column, no?--

From Time, Nov. 12, 1951: "Since World War II, the Army has encouraged any G.I. who felt like it to while away his leisure time with brush and pen. A year ago, the Army announced a worldwide G.I. art competition. In Washington last week, judges shuffled through 563 top entries sent in by G.I. Giottoes from Germany to the South Pacific, and were 'amazed at the quality'.

"The first prize for painting (a \$100 defense bond and a painting kit) went to Private Paul Calle, 23, a onetime commercial artist from Manhattan, for his somber study of a little girl in a tenement doorway. Private Calle painted it 'because I was confused when I first went into the service' and the painting, drawn from memories of a Lower East Side childhood, 'expressed my feeling of confusion'."

(The picture is reproduced by Time: a dull-looking unfantastic picture exhibiting the same outre quality that made Calle a favorite of fans before his induction last year.)

It's my guess that pseudonymous author "Stephen Marlowe" who has been hitting the Ziff-Davis publications regularly since fall is former fan, Milt Lesser (who has been hitting the Ziff-Davis publications and most others with regularity for more than a year, after serving apprenticeship as a letterhack during the war.) "Marlowe" is editing an anthology for Ives-Washburn. Tipoff to his real identity was in Tucker's newsletter, though probably Bob doesn't realize that he gave the 'secret' away.

If Mark R. Curilovic of Cleveland will send me his address, (to Bob Silverberg, 760 Montgomery St. Brooklyn 13, N.Y.), he can have the copy of SPACESHIP for which he paid me. He has been the fourth fan in as many days who sent me dimes for SPACESHIP without bothering to include their addresses...luckily I was able to locate the other three, but Curilovic has completely escaped me. And then people wonder why fan eds have such bad reputations!

Mack Reynolds working on a hush-hush project scheduled for two years hence. Advance word makes it something to watch for.

I've been viewing with some amusement the frantic efforts of Fantasy-Times to extricate itself from the quandary posed it by Richard Elsberry in his now-famous article in Fv, in which he mentioned that news of Campbell's resignation had been in Fantasy-Times #133. Fantasy-Times its reputation besmirched, has been demanding apologies all around at the top of its collective lungs. Admittedly Elsberry was ethically wrong in using Fantasy-Times as a pillar for his hoax, but it seems to me that anyone puzzled by the conflicting statements might do well to buy a copy of the current Astounding and check.

And as for Fantasy-Times, I might as well keep ~~to~~ my reputation and quote from The Gondoliers: "Not too stiff, too unbendingly grand!"

Book Notes: Brand-new copies of these science-fiction and fantasy books are being remaindered all over New York City at prices ranging from 59¢ to 98¢:

"Green Man of Graypec" (Pragnell)

"Dreaming Jewels" (Sturgeon)

"Man Who Lived Backwards" (Ross)

"Shadow on the Hearth" (Merrill)

"Ship of Ishtar" (Merritt--the touted \$3.50 edition!)

Silverberg (2)



"Universal Station" (Brown)

"Tomato Caine" (Hunting)

"Devil's Own Dear Son" (Cabell)

plus a few others in such limited supply that they're probably gone now.

Insult to Injury Dept.: Recently I sent a story to Imagination, and enclosed 15¢ in return postage. Not long ago I got it back, bearing a 3¢ stamp. Not only did they reject it, but the tightwads sent it back 12¢ postage due! Now I see how the promags manage to stay above water in these troubled times!

Department of Fattened Paychecks: During his editorship, Sam Merwin Jr. published 25 of his own sf stories. During a period nearly three times as long as Merwin's, John Campbell has printed just five of his own stories, and none under his own

name. And Ray Palmer, from 1938 through 1946, ran at least twenty of his own stories in Amazing alone, plus at least twenty more under unsolvable house names and as many more in FA. Editing is, indeed a neat way to make a fast buck for an enterprising writer!

Surprisingly, Howard Browne has used just one of his own stories, to my knowledge, in his two years of editing.

quoteworthy Comments: From STOP GAP, a neat little Australian fanzine edited by Graham B. Stone and forwarded to me by Roger Lard:

"Astounding has put its price up to 35¢. The increased price was tried on the dog in several American cities, several months before. The editorial announcement has it that '98% were in favour of a change' among readers in test areas. Which is a Marxworthy piece of doubletalk. Translated: sales dropped only two percent where the higher price operated."

The Burroughs completists (Eldon Everett, Vernell Coriell, Darrell Richardson, are ya listening?) will have to get a quarter of British paperbacks called JUNGLE FEVER, KING HUNTERS, TRIBAL WAR, and WHITE FANGS, which are not by Burroughs at all, but by John Russell Fearn, presumably, under the penname of Marco Garon. If we didn't know Garon was serious we'd take these for parodies on TARZAN--the books concern the adventures of AZAN THE APE MAN, and that name is featured in large letters atop each book, with the individual title in smaller letters below. Not only the name of the lead character but also the plot follows closely the Tarzan story line. (Curtis Books 1/6). This is as close to plagiarism as one can come and still stay within the law, if not within the bounds of writing ethics.

Eighteen of Burroughs' own novels, including PRINCESS OF MARS, CARSON OF VENUS, and sixteen Tarzan stories, are now available as British pocketbooks for 21¢ and 28¢. The Tarzan book, T AT THE EARTH'S CORE is a combination Tarzan-Pellucidar story of sternal interest.

Moneysavers Dept: Flight into Space (Wollheim), Kid From Mars (Friend), Sunken World (Coblentz) and John Carstairs (Long) are now available in attractive pocket-book form from Cherry Tree Books, England, at 1/6 (21¢). This series of four, called "Fantasy Books" is a high-quality paperback which outshines the actual contents in its technical excellence. However, this isn't much of an achievement in view of the stories in question.

Scheduled as the next in the series: Who Goes There (Campbell), Sinister Barrier (Russell), The Last Spaceship (Leinster, and no connection with the fanzine of similar name). More to come if these are successful.

Left Handed Compliments Dept: Marion Z Bradley, writing in OPUS..."a lot of fanzine editors have been very critical of Richalex (Kirs)'s stuff because he can't write yet--but frankly, we think he's worth holding on to and developing. I wouldn't be surprised to see him sprout into a new Ed "amilton..."

Come, come, Marion, isn't one enough?

While on OPUS...I wonder if Philip Wylie will sue Keasler if OPUS survives until its 21st issue?

Nat Schachner, one-time prozine hack-writer, 1930-41, is now a biographer by profession. One of his latest works is a two-volume \$10 biography of Thomas Jefferson which Time called "...scholarly...first-rate..."

Following up the previous item, we found this in the NY Times Book Review as another example of how-the-mighty-are-fallen:

"Author's Query"

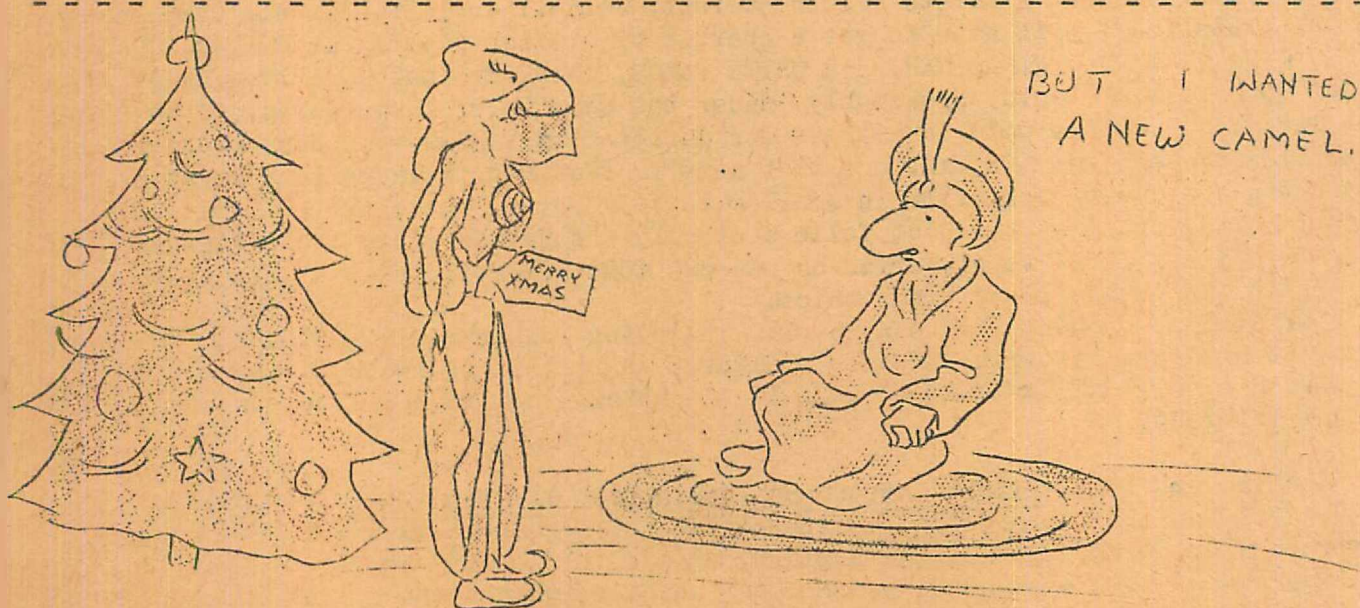
"I am planning a book about public transportation in America and would appreciate hearing from anyone who has had an unusual experience while travelling on a bus, train or plane in this country.

Charles D. Hornig
276 Crestview Place
Bogota, N.J."

Surprising no one has said that Walt Willis' writing is spiced with Gaelic.

And as a parting shot--a 69-year-old friend of my father's in submitting his tax return, noted \$508 for medical expenses during 1951, and then appended a note which read: "Let this be a warning to you--either take care of your health or don't live too long."

-----Bob Silverberg



results of the first official

FAN POLL

conducted through this fanzine and completely handled by J.T.Oliver, to whom
Many thanks. And thanks to the many of you who returned your ballots, 24.7% of the
ballots mailed out were returned. No. of points received in ().

Best Fanmag of 1951

1. Quandry (127)
2. Slant (112)
3. Fanvariety (33)
4. S.F. Newsletter (28)
5. Nekromantikon (27)
6. Cosmag/SFD (25)

Mag With Best Artwork

1. Slant
2. Fantasy Advertiser

Best Humorous Story

1. Stay Out of Saloons-Tucker (3)
1. Inescapant Ghost-Shaw(3)
1. Wellington Varney, V V.-Weston (3)
2. Tragedy of F. McCainius-Hoffman(2)

Best Serious Story

1. Test Case-Clive Jackson (5)
2. Omitted from History-Tucker (3)

Best NonFiction Mag

1. Quandry (21)
2. Fantasy Advertiser (14)
3. SFNL (13)

Best Fiction Writer

1. Clive Jackson (36)
2. Manly Panister (28)
3. J.T.Oliver (19)
4. Bob Tucker (18)
5. Peter Ridley (17)

Best Fan Humorist

1. Willis (91)
2. Hoffman (43)
2. Tucker (43)
3. Burbee (17)
4. Bob Shaw (10)

Best Fiction Mag of '51

1. Slant (27)
2. Nekromantikon (21)
3. Fanfare (13)

Best Newsmag

1. SF Newsletter (20)
2. Fantasy Times (9)

Best Single Issue

1. Quannish (32)
2. Slant #6 (16)
3. Nekromantikon #5 (9)

Best Humorous Article

1. How Dull Was My Weekend-Tucker (9)
2. Gone But Not Forgotten-Tucker (7)
3. Fansmanship Lectures-Shaw (6)
3. Stata of the Union-Tucker (6)

Best Serious Article

1. Why Artists Go But Grey-Bok (8)
2. The Bradburyan Chronicles-Morse (4)
2. Plea for Dianetics-Hershey (4)
2. Nolacon Report in SFNL-Tucker (4)

Best Drawing of 1951

1. Shaw in Slant, p38 #6 (5)
2. Bradley "Lust For Gold" Destiny (4)

Best Columnist

1. Willis (107)
2. Boggs (35) Warner (35)
3. Elsberry (20)
4. BobTucker (19)
5. Lee Hoffman (9)

Best Fan Artist

1. Hoffman (26)
2. Rotsler (23)
3. James White (21)
4. Jerry Burge (20)
5. Max Keasler (19)



POLL (2)

Best Poet

1. Rory Faulkner (14)
2. Orma McCormic (13)

Best First Issue of a Fanmag

1. MAD (14) Cosmag/SFD* (14) *not actually a "first issue"
2. TLMA (10)

Best Regular Dept.

1. Sez You - Quandry (23)
2. Prying Fan (18) - Slant
3. The Harp - Quandry (13)

Best Fan of 1951

1. Hoffman (104)
2. Willis (76)
3. Tucker (27)
4. Max Keasler (25)
5. Ankerman (21)
6. Ken Slater (14)
7. Ian Macauley (13)
7. Rick Sneary (13)
8. Henry Burwell (12)
9. Vernon McCain (11)
10. Redd Boggs (10)

Well, that's how things stand with the active readers of Quandry. And we note that the list of voters contains almost no names that are not active in fandom now. # Additional data on the poll and its results will be supplied upon request to you who took part and voted.

----- LOOKS AT BOOKS

ASTOUNDING SCIENCE FICTION ANTHOLOGY, (Simon & Schuster, New York, 1952, \$3.95, g/j by Leo Manso) edited by John W. Campbell, Jr.

This book contains twenty three of the best science-fiction from ASF. They are arranged chronologically, beginning with Heinlein's Blowups Happen, and include stories by Van Vogt, Asimov, deCamp, Leinster, Padgett, Russell, and a lot of others. To quote Orrin Keepnews, "To readers already familiar with this literature, it is an assured treat; to those who have just wondered about science fiction it should prove a valuable introductory tour arranged by the best possible guide." We concur. This is a really good book to lend to your mature (the kind who return books) friends who are new to stf. And it is a fine addition to any collection.

In a way this book is a study in ASF during the past decade, giving a sampling of its best. And they're not just short stories, like so many anthologies. Several novelettes, etc. are included.

All in all, this book seems well worth the rather steep (for fannish pockets) price.

WAW WITH THE CREW IN '52

as this goes on..."

Richard Eney

Excerpt from Isvestia, 3 September 1952

Capitalists Bungle Experiment
Blame Party Interference

That the guilt complex of the Yankee imperialists extends even to their scientific experiments was demonstrated when an explosion in a Chicago laboratory was blamed on action of the American Party.

An experimental lot of chemicals intended for use as drugs in the licentious orgies of Wall Street Robber Barons exploded and wrecked the laboratory in which it was being made. The fact that a political action rally had been held in the next block previously made it plain to the would-be exploiters that sabotage was involved. This belief is inaccurate. Party operatives are careful never to actually kill capitalists; this would leave no-one to make mistakes for us to take advantage of...

Excerpt from Le Moniteur, 4 September 1952

U.S. Research Lab Wrecked By Blast
Sabotage Possible

Russian material has caused the destruction of an American research laboratory. A convention of scientists was endangered when an explosion shattered one of the subsidiary laboratories engaged in producing vital material for the use of the assembled intellectuals. The scientist in charge of the laboratory, M.K**sl*r, pointed out that Russia had expressed disapproval of the Convention's activities and suggested that the explosion was due to deliberate addition of foreign material to the mixture being prepared. Security Office officials connected the blast with the recent explosion in...

Excerpt from the Washington Post, 3 September 1952

Russian Materials Explode in Chicago Laboratory

One of the rooms at H*t*l M*rr*s*n was wrecked Monday by the explosion of a quantity of chemicals said to be of Russian origin.

A scientific organization, in an experiment involving rocket-like propulsion of anesthetic substances, succeeded sensationally. M*lv*n K*rsh*k, a leading Chicago Publisher, explained to reporters that the explosion was caused by what Mr K*rsh*k described as "an experimental combination of liquid and powder fuels". W.M.K**sl*r, inventor of the new fuel, described it as "having more kick than I'd thought possible." and stated that Russian-made materials were responsible for its sensational success. (Air force officials explained that Russian advances in rocket research were due to their capture of Peenemunde, the...)

Excerpt from Fantasy Times Extra, 2 September 1952

Fans Brew Smoke In Cannon
Get Half-Shot

(By telegram) Fandom discovered today that you don't even need to drink some types of likker to get a kick out of them, as an explosion shattered room 770, H*t*l M*rr*s*n. Questioning revealed that M*X K**sl*r, unsatisfied with American vodka, had determined to brew some from Ukrainian wheat, using for this purpose a Civil War cannon belonging to L** H*ffm*n, notorious female derrick operator whose attempts to raise the South again caused the recent Savannah earthquake. When the brew had reached an advanced state of development J*ck Sp**r Washington barratrist, taunted with the lack of fireworks, poured a pint of black powder into the stew and applied his cigaret to the touch hole. The subsequent blast.....

---Richard Eney

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE OR

13 TIMES



by

Walt Willis

H. S. C.



cartoons by

Bob Shaw

Fan Face 200



I don't suppose anyone noticed, but The Harp is a year old this month. Since March 1951 there has been one lurking somewhere in every Q except the two Nolacon hangover issues, and my absence from those wasn't entirely due to my retiring disposition. Lee evidently didn't think her readers were strong enough to face a Harp so soon after Room 770, and the Post Office threw all its lack of resources into keeping me out of the next one.

Against those there were the three instalments of The Harp in England, probably the longest Convention Report that was ever garbled. (Except of course for James White's WORK IN PROGRESS whose 40 pages now take the reader right up to 8.30pm on the first day of the Preliminary Sessions, and which would set some enterprising faned up for life.) I got a shock when I saw how long mine was—I thought I was just transcribing a few notes off the back of an envelope. I do tend to run on, don't I. I got the same shock when I saw the last Harp. Honestly I'm sorry for hogging all that space. What happened was that Lee called for that Harp in a hurry so that she could go off to Cuba and start a revolution or something, so I dashed it off in instalments on three air mail forms. I wondered if I had sent enough. Now those three little airletters seem to have expanded into five pages of Q. Lee must have injected them with some of that rebel yeast of hers. I can sing the praises of her product. "I was meant for you: you ferment for me."

But it won't happen this time, if only because I'm stencilling this myself. Which explains why these pages are disfigured by the obscene scrawls of that fellow Shaw, the Irish Harry Schmarje and Sole Member of the breakaway movement known as the Heels of IF. He has evidently run out of lavatory walls and is making a convenience out of my column. But what an opportunity this is for me too! I can have one Harp without typos for Bloch to point the finger of corn at. I can expose Lee Hoffman in her own magazine for suppressing all my egoboo and writing me fiendish notes about how people have said nice things about The Harp but she can't find the letters. I can make the most brilliant puns without fear of their being jealously sabotaged. The only trouble is that I can't think of anything to say. I know this has never stopped me before, but then a terrible thing has happened.

"If you have read this far, you are now caught in the most intricate trap ever designed for one individual." I wish I had remembered that quotation when I got that letter from Redd Boggs. But it started so innocently. "I enjoyed your film notes in PERDULUM," he began disarmingly. Egoboo, you notice, cunningly designed to make me drop my mental screens for the insidious attack which followed. "A fanzine came the other day without a Willis manuscript sloppily reproduced in it...What's the matter? Are you all burned out?"

Of course, I thought little of it at first. I laughed infectiously. (I had a cold at the time.) But my laughter had a hollow sound. I tapped it with a hammer just to make sure and made a few cracks. They weren't funny. What if it were true? Little doubts kept nibbling at my brain. It was a gnawed sensation.

Then one night the blow fell. I had just dashed off a moving article, without looking both ways to see if there was anything coming. (I know it's a dangerous thing to do, but I thought the paper was stationary.) Suddenly my eyes lit up like Gort's in one of the stills from *The Day The Earth Stood*. Flames came shooting out of my mouth, smoke out of my ears, and there was a smell of burning insulation. It was ohm cooking. Boggs' diabolical ruse had weakened my resistance. I was burned out.

And now here I am a mindless hulk, living on synthetic egcboo and growing weaker every day. Even the medicine Keasler so kindly sent Madeleine for me seems to be doing more harm than good, though to make sure there are no impurities in it the dear girl washes the glass after every dose. I fear I am not long for this world. Something tells me-- I think it's Keasler--that my doom is sealed. But before I start playing a harp I must try to write one more. Is there no one's sex life I can super-
vise, no racket I can expose?

Well, there's this fellow Venable, a beardless youth who is guilty of the most barefaced robbery. Look at the contents page of his mag, published "bi-monthly." He starts to give the sub rates as follows: "15¢ a copy. 2 issues for 25¢. 4 for 50¢." So far so good, but he is using subtle psychology. Having lulled his victims into a false sense of security he goes on: "One dollar for a year's subscription." Feeding this data into my electronic brain (it lives on data sandwiches) and assuming that even in America there are only six bi-months in a year, I find that dollar subbers are paying almost 17¢ per issue, or a full 25¢ a year more than two halfdollar subbers. This is the sweetest racket I have come across since Banister told me about the bloke who earned the easiest of livings by merely inserting the following advertisement in magazines.



ACT NOW!

DON'T DELAY!

Send one dollar immediately to....

Hurry! Tomorrow may be too late.

This genius escaped the clutches of the law because since he didn't promise anything he couldn't be prosecuted for fraud. But of course he had no fearless crusading columnists to expose him. Down with venal Bill!

HAPPY RETURNS The Harp is nearly as fit as a fiddle now, thanks to that nice birthday present from all you nice people. Returns in the Q Poll which have been smuggled over by my spies show that the Harp leads all the other columns by a nose.--A rather long nose. Too kind, too kind! Have I any words of encouragement for aspiring columnists? Yes. This just goes to show what can be accomplished through hard work, sheer brilliance, and the fact that Boggs hasn't written a FILE 13 since May 51.

Much the same applies in the case of NEKRO, which was a better fmz than / is. But I seem to remember that NEKRO got a first place in a poll for 1949 despite the fact the first issue wasn't published until early 1950. The balance has been redressed. Newsmags. I'd like to have seen how Vince Clarke's SFM was placed.

No.1 Fan. This is the first time the No.1 Face has been pretty. Congratulations, Lee.//It's also the first time a foreigner has taken the No.2 position or anything near it in an American Poll. I hope in time to work my way up to No.1½ Face.//It says a lot for Ackerman that he is still figuring prominently in fan polls so long after he stopped intensive fanning. //I'd like to have seen Burwell and Boggs placed too.

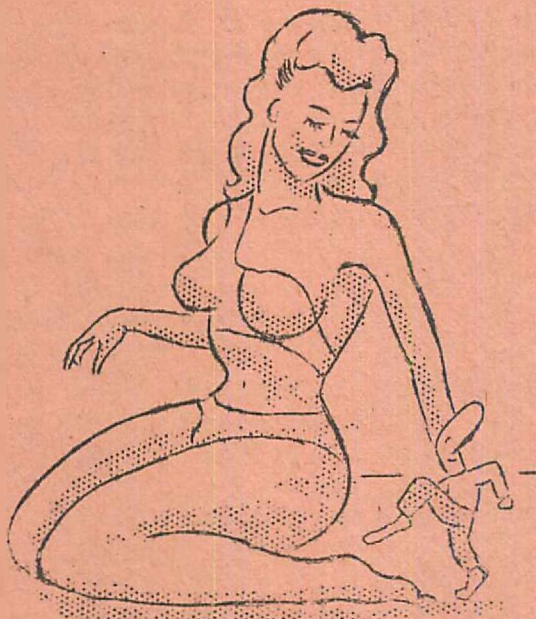
Humorist. Burbee and Keasler should have been at the top.

Depts. This was a confusing question. Both of those here who filled up the form (by some mischance only two copies of that Q arrived instead of the usual three) thought this meant editorial departments only, in which case the Harp shouldn't have counted.

GRANT'S TOME I suppose I had better review that CHAOS IN MINIATURE thing after talking about it last issue. You remember, it's the book that was supposed to be about me. It still is, but H.J. Campbell has sneaked behind my back and changed the hero's name again, this time to Willy Grant. I am beside myself with rage (Hiya Walt!) over this, especially after me thinking up all sorts of merry quips about Cornwallis and whatnot. I do think Campbell might have had the grace to drop me a note about it and save me making a lyre out of The Harp. It's not as if he had to worry about libel actions---the book is disgustingly inoffensive. In fact it's as dull as John Foster. (This joke is my contribution to the Democratic Party. I know they're boring too, but Truman seems the lesser of two weevils. Have at thee, Burwell!)

I come into the story when the Belfast Parliament Buildings vanish into thin air. For some reason I am annoyed about this---maybe I was hoping against hope that some day something would vanish into thick air---and I "comb the Press reports" for an explanation. This seems lots better than just reading them because I uncover the plot behind the affair quite soon. I'd have found it even sooner if I'd taken my comb to the February 42 ASF, where it was first used. (Not to be confused with the April 1943 issue WHICH IS STILL NOT IN MY COLLECTION! Cries of 'Shame!') Anyhow off I go to the site where Parliament used to stand and scrabble round for a miniature Parliament Buildings only one inch high which I promptly pick up and pop into my pocket. This I can do quite easily, for fortunately it's not until much later that Campbell mentions that the reducing process doesn't affect the mass of the object reduced.

With 166,000 tons of New Model Parliament in my pocket I track down the person responsible for belittling our Government. It is a girl, the heroin of the book. And I mean 'heroin'---she's a dope. She tries vainly to do away with me by turning the reducing ray on me and giving me a quick run over with a vacuum cleaner. Like a criminal hunted by the FBI, I am a fugitive from Hoover. However, I beat it as she sweeps as she cleans all around me, and take refuge on her shoe. From this point of vantage I hopefully survey my prospects. Unfortunately, no matter how hard I stare all I can get an eyeful of is "two glittering columns"---no, not the next two instalments of The Harp, but the girl's legs---which end in nothing more interesting than an "incredible haziness." (The things girls wear nowadays!) There isn't even a ladder in her stocking up which I could escape from instep to stepins and attack her in the rear.

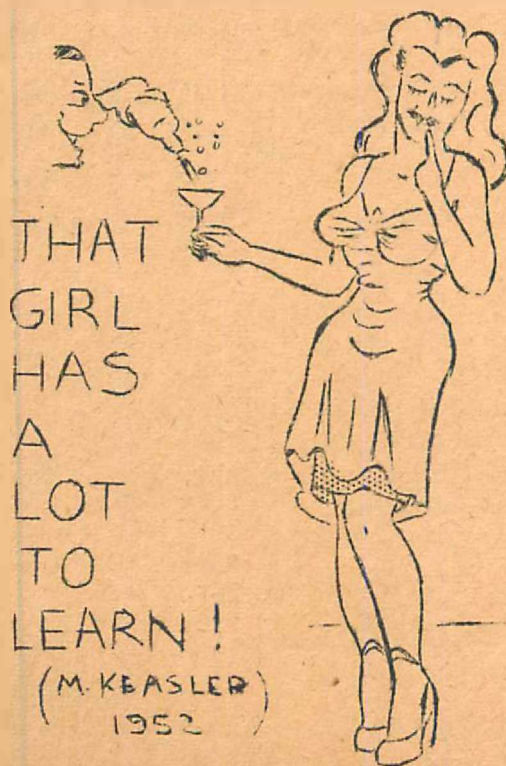


This is the most exciting bit in the book, but some of the dialogue is remarkable. For instance, in describing the conversation at London fan headquarters Campbell mentions that "An argument was going on about whether it could rain on Venus." This fascinating subject keeps popping up throughout the book as the sort of thing fans are supposed to talk about. On page 76 Willy Grant is in Canada telling the heroine about the fan they are going to call on (I wonder is it Bill 'Purple Blooming Ree' Morse?) "I told you he was a science fiction fan," Willy smiled. 'You just drop in any time and you're welcome---aslong as you talk about rain on Venus or something like that.'" And again at the end, as civilisation itself is crumbling, "Still there were ((in the 'Black Mare')) fragments of conversation about the possibility of rain on Venus." All I can say is that the old 'Black Mare' ain't what it used to be, or else Campbell is knocking about with some very peculiar fans. I'd like to assure American fandom that no self respecting British fan would be heard dead talking about rain on Venus, apart from an occasional drip.

REVIEWS THE OUTLANDER, No.9. From Rick Sneary, 2962 Santa Ana St., South Gate, Cal. Irregular. 15p. This has another of those beautifully designed covers and the usual genius-type Outlandish nonsense. What more could anyone want?

OOPSLA 2. Gregg Calkins, 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah. Every 6 weeks. 10. Big improvement on the first issue, and that was enjoyable. Calkins has a policy of publishing his deadlines and sticking to them. If he carries this out it will revolutionise fan publishing. I hear he has already snared Tucker, the man himself, for the next issue due out 25th March. McCain, Vick and Banks feature in No.2.

ODDENDA Dave Ish thinks my review of BEYOND in the last Harp might have hurt Ken Potter's feelings. A kind thought, Dave, but Potter is no shrinking violet believe me...AUTHENTIC SFD is now featuring a regular news column by Forrest J Ackerman, whom Bert Campbell describes as "a big gliding fellow with a voice like Chopin's music." He also ascribes to him the incredibly appropriate nickname of '4SF.' It wouldn't have been Campbell if he hadn't got it wrong. It should of course have been 'piano4e.'....In Burwell's SFD letterzine Harmon accuses HL Gold of imitating ASF by using pocket size, three part serials, small scattered illos, etc. Well, of course, Horrible Horace should have used a nonstandard size to get him in good with the newstands, grouped all his illos together in a supplement, and split his serials into 17 parts. Such an unscrupulous fellow! Furthermore, I believe he actually has the nerve to print his magazine on paper with ink! Can plagiarism go further?...I wonder what ever happened to that lo cablegram I sent to the Nolacon on behalf of Irish fandom? I don't like to ask poor old Harry B. Mends. He's got enough to worry about, or I'm a Dutchman. Hasn't he, Hannes?...Could anyone sell me a copy of Laney's AH SWEET IDIOCY?...The inimitable



Keasler writes: "Nancy Gerding typed your article. I didn't notice it had know type error. That girl has a lot to learn. Will have to sp to her about this. What's she trying to do, s otage me? Imagine a whole article in my magaz without any error. I tell you fandom is going the gods."...F.C. ('Incinerations') Davis is tering in Florida, a climate where, he says, is possible to live out of a suitcase--provid the suitcase is full of money. He says he was threatened with a \$5000 dollar fine or five in prison. Reason for the banning of his mag of course the notorious Christmas Card...Dave of SOL (most upandcoming of the young faneds) big plans for the next few issues. Subs to 91 Hammond Rd., Ridgewood, New Jersey....Latest ERATION FANTAST is just chonk full of interes news and reviews. It has also an article by V leroy McCain about dianetics. Seems that Hubb himself is aberrated all to hell and that he covered dianetics more or less by accident, at that his original technique is useless and th McCain and his friends have discovered the ri way to go about it. This makes everyone look foolish, doesn't it? But everyone....

D-E-A-R
E D

SEE YOU



Richard Eney - RFD 1 Box 239B -Alexandria

Dear Hoffman-type swamp critter:

You-all don't grasp the really stupendous potentialities inherent in the idea of a dignified convention. Us of Washington and Wafa developed this plot for a reaction...

(This proposed convention) will be a dignified convention. But dig. Fans who are properly interested in the future of our field... everybody, even Laney... will act accordingly. And since they will, the convention we visualized will be like this:

Naturally, since appearance is all to an outsider, fans will appear dignified. First off, they'll dress dignified (tux, topper, and cummerbund for the men; evening gowns and appropriate flowers for the femme.) Second, they'll emphasize--in a quiet dignified way--the fact that they're valued members of their community (girls, wear your YWCA cards, boys, your merit badges). They will not dress in loud or garish colors (Redd Boggs will dye his hair brown for the con) nor mention sex in terms that might offend outsiders (rumor has it that Keasler is studying conversational Chinese).

Behaviour will also be important in the fan-participation part of the program. Round table discussions of "New Developments in Stf Publishing" (discussed by Bloch, Korshak, Esbach, and Evans), "Rare and Out-of-print Books in the Stf Field" (discussed by Korshak, Esbach, Evans and Bloch), and "The Problem of Professionalism" (discussed by Esbach, Evans, Bloch and Korshak) will be supplemented by fan speeches on such subjects as "On the Elasticity of non-stifal Type Metals", and "The Unknown Paper Shortage".

Look for me there. (You'll recognize me by my intellectual appearance.) I'm going to deliver a paper, too, tho not on any of the above subjects. I want to aid in the cause of bringing home to the outsiders the fact that stf has grown up and is taking a place in world affairs.

The title of my talk will be, "The Influence of Science-Fiction on Sex."

Best Wishes, [Richard Eney]

Ken Boulle

115 E. Moshulu Pkwy.

Bronx 67, N.Y.

Dear Lee,

....I have heard a rumor (which I will not be rash enough to state as fact) that this gentleman ((Lemuel Craig)) is really Paul Anderson hiding behind a pseudonym. Remember he used "A.A. Craig" already, in Planet). The more of his stuff I read, the more I can believe this, despite the no-doubt deliberately misleading references to pros. as in his current article. I note that he mentions the names of men he's never met, while not mentioning people like Sturgeon and del Roy of the Hydra Club in whose company I've seen him. He doesn't lie, just misleads.

Fantasincerely,

[Ken Boulle]

Charles Lee Riddle, PNCA, USN US Naval Underwater Sound Laboratory
Fort Trumbull, New London, Conn.

Dear Lee

....about the Fan-Vet Convention we're having here in New York City on April 20th... featured at this convention will be the usual auction, and the unusual part will be the guest panel who will talk briefly and then have a question period from the

Eiddle (2)

floor. Featured on this panel will be such persons as Sam Mines and Jerry Bixby of TWS, etc; Mary Gneadinger of FFM; Mort Weisinger ex-ed of TWS; Charles D. Hornig ed ed of Wonder; Howard Browne, Shaffer, and Leo Summers of AS; Bob Lowndes of SFQ, Future; Mrs H.L. Gold of GSF; and possibly Hugo Gernsback (he has promised to be there if he is in the city). This will be the first time this sort of thing has been done in a fan convention, and I think it will be the best yet. The purpose of the con is to raise money from the auction to help defray the expenses of Fan-Vets. As you know, we are sending packages of sf and fantasy to any member of the armed forces who requests it--free of charge to the requester. Our main problem has been how to raise the necessary funds. And we did realize about \$100 from our last convention. Then, too, the Nolacon voted us \$50. We haven't received the \$50 as yet--only one third of it. It seems that after the Nolacon, the group down there folded up and the three remaining members (Harry Moore and two others) divided the remaining money between them. After a series of letters, Harry has come through with his third of the fifty dollars, but we haven't heard anything about the rest. They conveniently forgot about the Fan-Vets which makes me pretty boiling man.

This leads up to the problem facing us with this convention---we need some funds badly to help throw the convention--and if you can tell this to your readers--any type large or small, of a donation will be appreciated. We are receiving more and more requests for packages from our guys overseas so any amount of cash any of your readers would care to send me will be greatly appreciated. They can either send it to me or to Jimmy Taurasi.

Sincerely yours, [Lee]

Tucker Research

P.O. Box 702

Bloomington, Ill.

FANS ARISE!

The annual convention time is coming again. Once more we will make the journey to the convention city, once more we will spend an enjoyable three or four days with our fellow fans. But WHAT is the fly in this ointment?

The high cost of hotel rooms!

Most of us travel on modest budgets, must spend wisely while at the convention to stretch our money. But the high cost of hotel rooms takes the biggest slice from our funds! After setting aside hotel costs, very little is left for fanning --- and eating. Therefore, hotel expenses must be done away with!

Fandom will build its own hotel!

This is not a chain-letter come-on. This is not an appeal for money. Do not send a single penny.

But we will build our own hotel and live in it free at all future conventions. How will we do this? By appealing to the fans now.

Make three copies of this letter and mail it to three of your fan friends. Each of those three must do the same, and mail copies to three of their friends.

After that, mail one brick to the convention committee in Chicago. If each fan continues the chain, if each fan makes three copies of this letter for his friends, if each fan who reads this will mail one brick to Chicago, we can build our own hotel on Labor Day!

Help build fandom's hotel! Mail a brick!

AN ELECTRIC MIMEOGRAPH FOR \$2.50

That's what some lucky fan will receive. The mimeo is described in the latest PI from Confusion. The raffle tickets are \$2.50 each and all the cash goes to the WAW with the crew in '52 fund and the mimeo will go to some lucky fan. WAW will go to Chicago. So send your \$2.50 to Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla. Or write him for further info.

Lee;

It is the desire of several fans (not forgetting to include myself) to have available for all fans, pros, and other interested attendees of the coming convention in Chicago, a similar layout in which to repeat and surpass even the enjoyment and merriment which was had in the now well-known and historic 770.

This, from indications can and will be done, surpassing anything previous if convention history is of any indication. There will be no need to quiet down the riot of noise inherent in any such gathering, there will probably be even a surplus of space, and there will be, among additional benefits, the prestige attaches to the event of the parties, considering the plan centers on the quarters for the events being no less than the penthouse of the convention hotel.

This plan, formed within days after 770 proved so spectacularly successful, already has several enthusiastic supporters, including among others one of those who was a host at 770. However such a plan at this requires more than 4 fans, as was the case of 770. It requires (this depends on data to be received concerning the possible accommodations of the penthouse) approximately 15 fans. With rates for it being \$75 per day, it is quite easy to figure out, it would only cost each fan occupying the quarters \$5 per day, equal to the lowest rate for a single room. And, a penthouse being what it is, there would be lacking one of the chief drawbacks which plagued previous convention parties, there would be sufficient space so one room could be reserved for the fans living there who would desire to sleep before a party broke up. ((This one is going to break up before the con is over? The last one didn't)) It wouldn't be necessary for one to sleep midst the riot, as Roger Sims did for several hours in a chair in 770.

We need several fans, who are definitely attending the convention, to complete the quota to make this plan a practical one. It is still tentative, as I said, depending on possible accommodations, therefore no action is desired other than letters from those definitely attending the convention, who will go along with this? And we have to hear from you now.

Also, those fans who are definitely attending, and are for the idea but cannot for some reason be one of those occupying the penthouse, I'd like to hear from you too. It's important.

Yours,

[Frank]

((Chalk up this editor as one of the latter, Frank.))

advt.

LOOK

SCIENCE FICTION NEWSSCOPE, the fan's monthly newszine announces a new policy starting now and it requests:

- 1) All big name and little known fans who have fan and/or pro contacts and who would be interested in joining Fandomain Press's extensive news gathering service to contact the editor of SFNS. Join with other unpaid correspondents in making up fandom's largest news service. Hurry, you too can become a fan of distinction.
- 2) Suggestions for making SFNS tops in the news-comment field. All suggestions will be carefully examined and considered.
- 3) Fanzine editors to send us their zines for exchange. We want to receive all fms, not only to read them but also for the ideas, news items, and features they contain. A well informed news editor must know what is going on with his contemporaries.
- 4) Subscribers: This should go without saying. The cost is only 5¢ a copy. A full year of SFNS and other Fandomain Press material for only 50¢.

Anti-climax

Remember the LASSFS? We got a package from them in March. It contained Shangri-Las. One, numbered 23 and renumbered 24 by hand, we already had. The others, 25, 26, and 27 were the issues the dear old LassFass has been owing us for so long. Bless the Lass Fass, better late than never. Take faith, Sam and Rog Dard and you others. 'Tis possible that even now your long awaited copies of Shangri-La are on the way. Seriously, if you others who have been patiently or impatiently waiting for your Shangri-las get them, how about letting us know so we can keep our fascinated readers informed of the state of the union. If the LASSFS really intends to buckle down and give their associate members a fair deal, we'll all too glad to publicise the fact.

If you move and don't send us your new address, most likely you'll miss some or even all of the issues of Q due you. We got a few Q's back marked "moved, no address" fairly often. We pay two cents to get them back and then check the address with the one on our books. If we misaddressed it we send you another copy. If the address is the same one to which your Q's have been going, we pass it along to someone else. ~~(Maybe three or four months later we see a notice of your change of address in some other fanmag and re-commence sending you Q with the current ish even tho you never notified us of the new address. This is more than the SatEvePost would do. But then we get complaining letters from you asking why you never received those other issues, that we paid 2¢ each to get back from the p.o.~~

If you have a sense of humor like Charles Addams, Robert Bloch, Roger Price and/or Walt Kelly and have some talent, that is can draw, write, sing or tap-dance why not become on the the happy millions who write for Quandry? Other fanmags publish the finest in fan fiction and fan poetry. We seek not after these. We seek after the spark of genius that makes men like those mentioned above. Being modest and unassuming we want to publish work by author other than ourself (this is grammar?). But mere talent in writers is not enough. Every day we turn hundreds of merely talented writers away. We want true genius. If you have it, by all mean express it (F.O.B.). It is your duty to your fellow man!

Now you too can become a member of the Tucker Is Our Hero Club of Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Central United States and America. Just send \$2.50 for a personally inscribed copy of THE CITY IN THE SEA to W.B. Read & Co. Bloomington, Ill. and stand by anxiously for THE LONG LOUD SILENCE, meanwhile watching for the issues of MoF&SF which will carry stories by Tucker soon. Be a member of the TIOHONSENCUSA!

Well, the end of this issue is in sight now. It's been a long hard pull uphill, what with Cuba and FAPA distracting us. But at last that editorial "we" can be for real. There are an extra pair of eager, helpful hands around the Hovel, Charles Wells. As of this typing he's been helpful only in so far as depleting our stack of of duplicate, and rare, fanmags, but he has promised to show up in time to help assemble this.

Well, hang by your thumbs and remember the Maine! See you (literarily speaking) sometime in May, with Q&S. ((Who said you couldn't chop out the centers of letters when you used film stencils....))

Fardon's Leading "Monthly"

QUANDRY

101 Wagner St
Savannah, Ga.
U.S.A.

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