

QUANDRY

#20 A Serious Constructive Publication 15¢

which contains

masthead.	yed.1
Chaos	yed.2
Government Subsidies For Fanzines	F.T.Laney.3
Went Ads.6
A Book Preview (THE LONG LOUD SILENCE)	J.T.Oliver7
WAD With The Crew In '52	Shelby Vick.8
The Harp That Once Or Twice	Walt Willis.9
From Der Voodvork Out	Bob Silverberg13
The Man Who Cannot Die.	anonymous.16
The End Of Dripping Springs (an expose).	Claude Hall.18
Sez You (letters from Harmon, Bloch, Elsberry and Beale)19

Art Department:

Li'l Peepul by Hoffman
 PJK cartoons by Peter J. Ridley
 BoSh-toons by Bob Shaw
 Puffins by Shelvy Vick

Stencilling credits:

article on page 3 by F.T.Laney
 column on page 9 by Walter A Willis

Quandry is published monthly almost every month by the Serious Constructive Element and contains serious constructive articles by serious constructive fans. It is dedicated to fans with fine minds, broad mental horizons, and high moral standards who take the Long View and realize that science fiction is the true answer. Opinions herein should be blamed on the authors, not the editor who doesn't know what's going on anyway, being one of the illiterate masses. We will trade this for other magazines, amateur or professional (H.L.Gold, please note). Ad space herein is \$1.50 a page. Any similarity between the people who write for this magazine and actual persons, places or things, living or dead, is purely coincidental. Prices...15¢ a copy or 3 for 40¢ (

editor-Lee Hoffman
 101 Wagner St
 Savannah, Ga.

British Rep.-W.A.Willis (4 for 2/-)
 170, Upper Newtownards Rd.,
 BELFAST, Northern Ireland

YE OLDE EDITORIAL

CHAOS

Hi, yep, this is the editorial Chaos. Nope, we haven't had our face lifted. It's a different typer. From now on Q is liable to be turning up with alternate pice and elite, depending on whether stencils are being cut on store typer and time, or at home on Underwood. Any objections to variation or such should be accompanied with a sample of the objector's typing, as such objectors will be considered to be volunteering their services as typists. Otherwise Q will be gotten out in snatches of free time, and you, the readers, will have to be satisfied. Or else you can volunteer your services. Of course, it isn't so much the cutting stencils or running off the mimeoing that takes up time. It's the infernal assembling. So if you really want to help, move to Savannah and take over the position of assistant sheet shuffler.

This week's mail brought us the news of the forthcoming London Convention to be held May 31 - June 1. Of course some weeks from this typing, when you're reading it, the con will be upon us. And we hope that shortly thereafter some accounting of the Harp's adventures there will be with us. Actually there is no accounting for the Harp's adventures anywhere, so what will come of this morbid affair we can't say.

As you might assume, this is being typed some time before the publication date. As we said, time is limited to snatches. So we can not offer much in the way of schedule. We will cling to our "monthly" tag and try to maintain a more-or-less schedule, but don't ever be aghast when that fourth week rolls by without a Q mixed in with your monthly bills and statements.

Another request, please let us know if your address is changed. And look see if there is a big "X" for expired on the contents page of this ish. If there is an X there, you get no more Qs unless you make some arrangement (preferably financial). If there are a couple of !!s then you have been getting Q for some reason other than cash (trade or something) and your credit has run out. You must either fork up an ish of your mag, a letter, or something if you want more Qs. Some folk have received little slips of paper with a note about this on them. Some of these folk will also receive this Q. If they make like deadbeats all of these folk will not receive Q#21. Let this be fair warning.

Please don't submit any material except good humor, or timely items until further notice. We won't be able to place much stuff for several months, but we can always make room for something worth the trouble. Beginning with Q#21 we are accepting no material on the basis of friendship, space filling, fairness in battle, or any of the myriad other reasons that we have had for taking stuff that fell short of our wants. If we have to fill space, we will do it in the way we fill space in FAPA.

.....
"But Nellie paid the morgage on the farm...."
.....

GOVERNMENT SUBSIDIES FOR FANZINES

by F. T. Laney

00000*00000

If you play your cards right, the United States Government will subsidize your fanzine. Yes. That's what I said. The business-like fanzine editor can easily qualify for an annual cash subsidy from Uncle Sam.

Digressing, many of you probably do not know that I am somewhat of an accountant, LaSalle trained, and so on. Though I'm not a CPA, I've had a great deal of on-the-job experience, and work in a machine shop instead of as an accountant only because the shop work pays better. Until this year, however, my tax experience was limited to filling out my own return each year--but in February I took a part-time job doing tax work for an independent accountant in Pasadena.

what an eye-opening experience that was!

Boy,

Like any other government-created thing, the federal income tax structure is a fantastic, thru-the-looking-glass, never-never land; operating entirely through capricious and arbitrary rules which you must know by rote. Seek very much logic in it and you'll go bats.

Sticking out through it all, however, are certain key attitudes on the part of the government. One of course is that Uncle hates like everything to be rooked in any way. If you get caught trying to defraud the government your lot is a most unenviable one. In fact, the lurid publicity given to some tax evaders has made a lot of people very leary about claiming perfectly lawful exemptions and deductions.

This of course does not please the government either; the tax people are very anxious that each taxpayer claim every thing he has a right to claim. They don't want you gypping your self any more than they want you gypping the government.

And the federal income tax structure at the present time is very tender towards business. One of the great traditions of America is the fostering of the little guy with a business of his own. And this attitude, as reflected in the tax laws, is meat for the fanzine editor.

Fanzine publishing is too small an operation to be considered as a business? Don't be silly. Any major fanzine published regularly is as big an undertaking as half of the part-time businesses for which I prepared returns. You must bear in mind that there is no law requiring a business to be of any minimum size, or to remain at any stated level. Mighty oaks from minuscule acorns, y'know. And of course there is no law requiring a business to show a profit, either. Few businesses do when they are in the acorn stage.

Say what you will, the subscription fanzine is definitely a business. As publisher thereof you take in money (income) from both subscriptions and advertising. (I might also add that you are in flagrant violation of the federal tax laws if you fail to report this income!) And you pay out money (expenses) in many obvious ways and a few not so obvious.

Very roughly, let me outline the fiscal set up of Joe Phann, Editor and Publisher. His quarterly fanzine costs

50¢ a year and he has 100 paid subscriptions. There's \$50.00 income right there. In addition he exchanges with 50 other fanzines (\$15.00 more income!) and runs a few advertisements (we'll say \$10.00 worth per year). Total income \$75.00. Figuring on a 24 page basis he has as direct expense: stencils \$15.00, paper \$25.00, mailing expense \$12, miscellaneous \$8.00--a total of \$60.00 expense which leaves an apparent even break if we leave out the exchange fanzines.

Joe applies proper accounting procedures to his part-time picture of fanzine publishing, the picture is changed drastically. If, however,

His equipment is all set-up for depreciation on a 3 to 5 year basis. Typewriter, mimeograph, wire-recorder, desk, file cabinet, speed-o-scope--whatever he has that he uses directly for his fanzine, or which he can reasonably claim he would not own if he didn't need it for the fanzine. An average publishing outfit would have a book value of about \$300--depreciated on a four year basis gives \$75.00 per year deductible expense.

Does Joe use his phone in connection with his fanzine? Yes? There is from 20% to 80% of his total annual phone bill available as an expense. Let's call it 50% of \$72.00 or \$36.00.

Nearly all of his correspondence is devoted at least in part to building up his fanzine. Does Joe average a letter a day? Just the stamps on those 365 letters add up to over \$10.00, and don't forget the paper and the envelopes.

Does Joe use his car for his fanzine? I imagine he does. He runs all over town, picking up paper and stencils, delivering bundles to the post office, hauling visiting fans he hopes to get articles out of, maybe driving out of town to visit a potential contributor. I'd say 33-1/3% of his total car expense would be a very reasonable and conservative deduction. You can deduct from 5 1/2¢ to 8¢ per mile, depending on the age and value of the car and thus its depreciation. Let's say 12000 miles a year total driving and 5 1/2¢ per mile. There is 4000 miles, or \$220.00.

Is there a local fan club to which Joe belongs? Its dues are deductible as a professional expense, as are NFFF dues. \$10.00 a year maybe? Does Joe go to the convention? At least part of his total expenses (travel, lodging, food, drinks, auction (really a donation), tips, etc.) are legitimately deductible. It depends on the individual case. A pro author, or a wouldbe pro author could legitimately deduct his total convention expenses, because he went there to talk shop, make contacts, arrange sales, be anthologised, or whatever.

How about mimeo and typer repairs? Ribbons? Ink? File Folders? Lithographs? on and on. All deductible.

Let's see. Just on named expenses, there is \$351.00. Let's be conservative and shave this to an even \$300.00 net loss from business operations.

Reporting this on Schedule C of form 1040 makes this total loss directly deductible from any other gross income before taxes. If Joe Phann worked on a job from which he had income tax withheld on form W-2, it means he can get back ALL his tax paid on \$300. At 1952's rate of 22.2% this is a cash return of \$66.60. Worth getting, isn't it?

Or maybe Joe's a bit younger, and his folks are still using him as an exemption on their return. This means that he must earn less than \$600 a year or it really costs his folks some dough. If he publishes a fanzine and reports it right,

he can earn \$900 on his job, still get back ALL his income taxes reported on W-2, and his folks can STILL use him as an exemption!

At this stage, I can imagine some of you wailing, "But my fanzine is a hobby. It isn't a business."

There is no law requiring you not to enjoy your business or occupation. Most of the more happy people in our milieu are happy simply because they derive their greatest pleasure and satisfaction out of their daily work. Right in our own field of science-fiction and fantasy, consider names like Ackerman, Campbell Palmer, van Vogt, Bradbury..... I'd offhand say that any of these men derive fully as much pleasure from their definitely professional and usually quite lucrative connection with stf as Joe Phann. And you can bet your bottom dollar that these boys are claiming every legitimate business expense in the book. One of them, I happen to know, is claiming the depreciation on his expensive TV set, because he uses it to "study the medium"--and he was moreover told to do this by the Los Angeles office of the Bureau of Internal Revenue.

So let's treat our fanzines as part-time businesses (which they are) and if some of us get into a solid enough position financially to turn "professional" (like The Fantasy Advertiser) it certainly is not apt to spoil the fun.

There are three basic points with which the business-man-fanzine editor must comply:

(1) This setup applies ONLY to subscription fanzines. If you circulate in FAPA it is not a business but a hobby. And your masthead should not say anything about being an amateur magazine. (Strictly speaking, you're not amateur anyway--not if you accept cash subscriptions.)

(2) You have to be able to justify your expenses if the tax people want you to. This simply means that you must have an account book backed up with sales slips or other proofs of expenditures, you must actually have the equipment you are claiming depreciation on, and you must have actually done business during the year. Simple enough, isn't it?

(3) To get all you have coming, and not try to get something you don't have coming, you should know what you are doing--what deductions are legitimate, and so on. Any tax accountant should be able to fix you up with the necessary information.

For that matter, I myself will be very happy to help you. For \$5.00 cash and a life subscription to your fanzine, I will make up for you a simple, practical account book tailored to your individual needs; provide general instructions for its use (you won't have to know anything whatever about bookkeeping to use it easily and successfully); and will moreover be available for a reasonable amount of consultation.

In other words, I'll do all the preliminary work that will put \$50.00 or more in your pocket next March 15. In return you'll only have to send me a fanzine (to which I am always likely to contribute an article) and give me 10% or less of the money I will help you make for yourself.

If you live in California, and want to make it \$10.00, I'll also prepare your Federal Income Tax Return for you (State Return too if you need it) if you'll get all the information to me by February 1, 1953.

These offers apply only to bona fide fanzine editors. (Most tax men will charge \$7.50 and up for the Federal Return alone.)

I'm willing to work so cheap only because I do happen to be very deeply interested in fanzines. I can afford to do it only because I will do the work in my spare time at home.

If you are writing professionally, or trying to, you can apply similar techniques to even greater purport. You may be able to save as much as several hundred dollars by the use of the proper income tax procedure.

I'll be very happy to prepare account books and do tax work for pro authors, be they beginners or full-time professionals. The fee for authors depends on the individual case and how much time and work I have to put in on it, starting at a minimum of \$10.00. Why not write me, and see what I can do for you?

Incidentally, I might add, any fees you pay me will be fully deductible from your income tax!

Any takers?

(my address: 816 Westboro Ave., Alhambra, Calif. Phone AT 1-0426)

-adv.

"And a copy of the December Unknown to the gentleman who'll send me..."

Sustaining Program:

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

Full-length Articles
Numbers 1 and 2

Or any other Speerzines I need -- Ramblings; Matters of Opinion; Mercury series; Investigation in Newcastle; etc. -- or various copies of Spaceways; Shangri-L'Affaires; or LeZombie. Let me know what you'll trade me for the above mentioned Unknown (or any other Unknowns).

I'll also pay cash for any and all of the above listed mags, if you prefer.

Redd Boggs,

2215 Benjamin Street N.E.

Minneapolis 18, Minn.

-adv.

-adv.

WANT TO SELL THOSE STACKS OF FANZINE?

I want most fanzines new and old. I'll pay $\frac{1}{2}$ cover price on all items. Will pay 50¢ for Quandry #13 and 15¢ for all other issues of Q. Please state cover price of zines involved only.

Richard Bergeron
RFD #1
Newport, Vermont

-adv.

THE LONG LOUD SILENCE

A Book Preview

THE LONG LOUD SILENCE. By Wilson (Bob Tucker). Hinehart, Summer or Fall, 1952. 60,000 words.

This story begins with our hero, Russell Gary, lying in the bushes on the Eastern side of the Mississippi River, watching an old lady try to cross the bridge to the Western side. He is calmly speculating on how far she will get before the troops stationed on the West end of the bridge machine-gun her.

With this shocking opener, Bob Tucker goes on for 60,000 words, to tell the most realistic "end-of-civilization" story I have ever read. This is the real thing. Our hero does not run around the country organizing armies, rebuilding democracy, or rescuing beautiful ladies, to finally marry them at the end of the book. When Gary wakes to find the Eastern third of the country virtually wiped out by enemy A-bombs, bacteriological warfare, and poison, he is a fairly decent sort of guy; a corporal in the US Army. But before long he discovers that it's a matter of kill-or-be-killed. He has to fight looters, surviving farmers, the army, women, and everybody else, because in this new world, everybody is an enemy.

He tries to cross the Mississippi River, to go over to the Western part of the country, where the bombs and germs did not fall. But when he gets there, he finds the Army in charge. They can't let anybody from the contaminated area cross the river because, being "common carriers" they would spread the plague.

Discouraged, Gary turns back into the contaminated area. His adventures there make up the book. Some of them are tragic, some are humorous, but all are exciting and realistic.

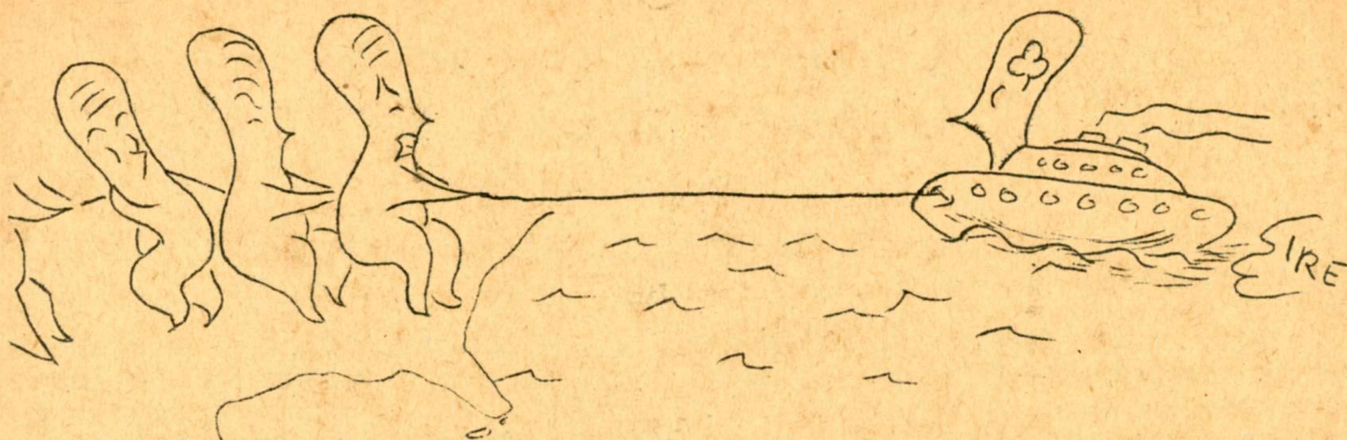
I found the characters quite interesting too. First, Gary meets a girl named Irma Sloane. She claims to be nineteen, but Gary doesn't believe her --- until one night in a deserted hotel.

The next person Gary meets is a former high-school science teacher named Jay Oliver. They decide to become partners, and share several chapters of adventures.

Then there's Sally, a hill-billy gal, who agrees to be nice to Messrs. Gary and Oliver, in exchange for food and protection.

The Hoffmans are present in abundance, including a fourteen-year-old boy-type critter name of Lee. (Serves her right, for fooling us.) Lee is an intelligent kid who apparently read Astounding, because he knows how to fix generators and stuff.

There is never a dull moment in this book. Something is always going on. The writing is the best Bob Tucker has ever done, and that's saying plenty. The plot is exciting and interesting and above all, it is realistic. This is Tucker's finest work, completely different from anything he has done before. You'll like it.

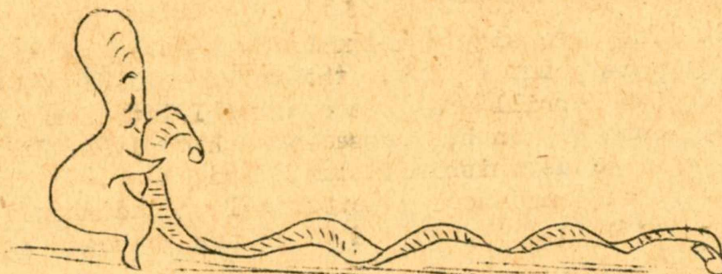


(WAW With The Crew In '52!

By now, I don't suppose there's any need to explain that WAW is Walter A. Willis, that the crew is fandom, and that naturally the big event of '52 is Tasfic (no need to explain either, that Tasfic is the Tenth Annual S F Con to be held in Chicago, August 30-31, Sept 1st.)

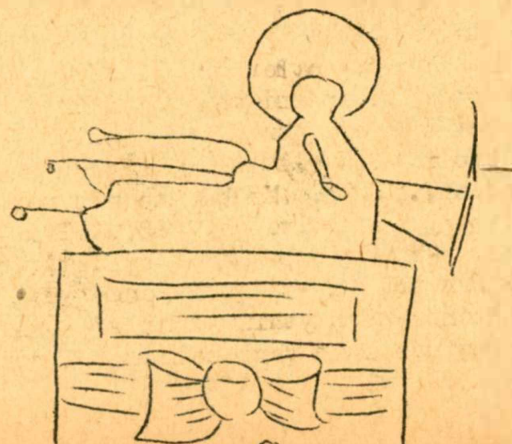
So I won't.

This is just to be sure all you G readers know of the project.



What would you get for helping bring Willis over? First, your name will be on the scroll to be presented him. And those who attend the Tasfic will get the chance to meet the tall man from Ireland. And, on top of everything else, there is an opportunity for a fan to get a superb electric mimmy-o, donated by Manly Canister -- cabinet model with automatic slip-sheeter and 300 slip-sheets. This is the machine that was used to turn out Nekromantikon, so you know the quality of work that it can do.

For further
details write:



WILLIS CAMPAIGN
Box 493
Lynn Haven, Florida

THE FANDOM

by
WALT
WILLIS
H.S.C.
cartoons by
BoSh

I got a fascinating letter this morning from Jim Harmon about my defence of GALAXY against him. He starts off by pulling my leg with a lifelike character study of the poor little LNF being unfairly persecuted by the brutal BNF---which might have fooled me for a minute if I'd been a bit more conceited or had forgotten his own hardboiled (and often brilliant) column in PEON---and then goes on to say more cruel and hurtful things about Gold, including an accusation that he told lies about the reason he didn't have a letter section in GALAXY. According to hardboiled Harmon it seems he never really meant to have one and just pretended he was going to so as to enlist the all-powerful support of fandom; once he had our irresistible might committed to his side he made up that yarn about his readers saying they didn't want a letter section. Thus racket-buster Harmon. Now, it so happens I have some confirmation that what Gold says is true. I don't like quoting his private letters, but if it'll do Gold any good with fandom I'm willing to take the risk he'll be sore at me. I like Gold. If you can ever judge people by their letters he is absolutely sincere and honest, and one of the nicest people I've come across since I entered fandom.

About the letter section business, I'd wondered if he'd found that actifans wrote in as much without the prospect of seeing their names in print. He said:

Active fans do write in, regardless of the fact that there is little prospect of egoboo. They are simply outnumbered about 10 to 1....When I was challenged on this point ((i.e., the votes against a letter section)) by Isaac Asimov, Judith Merrill and some others, I let them slog through the crammed files, month by month, and see for themselves. It amounts to a mandate, the vote is so astonishingly large and clear. I was somewhat tossed by it too....I had announced a letter column and hastily had to cancel it when the protests I'd promised to listen to began steaming in.

Well, I suppose I may as well be hung for a whole hog as a lamb, so I'll quote some of Gold's last letter too:

...I'm not sure I can go to Chicago for the Convention. If the disability I got out of the Army with can be cleared up enough for the trip, I intend to go, of course...

...Fandom was perfectly right in complaining about my horn-tooting. Bill Temple correctly diagnosed it as uncertainty, but that's only part of the answer. Besides my need to produce a better magazine than Astounding, I had some behind-the-scenes conflicts with S&S that goaded me all the more. Those are pretty well out of the way now. In fact, only a few weeks ago, John Campbell and I worked out a problem that threatened to become a festering ulcer. We've talked to each other on the phone about an hour at a time and are getting closer to an understanding so we can eliminate the unhealthy competition that is endangering us both.

He's not a bad guy. I've known that all along, of course, having worked with him since 1938, off and on.....My battle was never with him. It was with the....attitude of some executives of S&S....I'm glad it's all behind us now and so is John. S-f can't be built by destructive internal wars. It isn't quite us against the world, as it once was, but this is a critical time in its development and anything that weakens it is wrong. The contrast between our magazines is a personal one. I concentrate very

heavily on individual problems and conflicts: he's after the Big Picture. Both are evidently needed---readers almost invariably buy both books. I wouldn't be surprised if the ultimate solution is a synthesis of the two approaches. Actually, I'm trying to achieve that synthesis in GALAXY now.

MACHIAVELLI Some warped genius must have been working on that fiendish scheme for months. Even now I'm damned if I can see where I made the fatal mistake that landed me into this mess. It all started with a letter no bigger than a man's hand. It was from George Wetzel, asking for a sample copy of Slant. Well, I'd already started returning subs and besides I'd already sent a free copy to the Enoch Pratt Library where the Baltimorons met, so I just sent him a contents page. Next thing was a copy of the Club's new fanmag with a comment that I must be of Scottish descent. Well, this was a fmz, and I'd promised to exchange with fmz, so I sent them an exchange copy of Slant, "with the compliments of W. Angus MacWillis." Then came the cleverest move in this diabolical plot---a postcard from Allen Newton saying among other things that he was surprised to hear I was of Scottish descent; he'd been thinking of asking me to write an article on sf in Israel. Of course, I took the bait: I never could resist a joke. Falling into the spirit of the thing with a horrible splash, I suggested jocularly, "Why not a series of articles--a sort of Jew's Harp?"

When this fateful postcard arrived in Baltimore Newton must have toured the town with a loudspeaker van. The whole city was alerted. Action stations were taken up. Envelopes full of sealed orders were opened. The well-oiled machinery swung into action. Within six hours yesterday I received (1) a long effusive letter from Allen Newton giving me full details of deadlines and wordage requirements, (2) a gift of a new pocketbook (Beyond The End Of Time) from the editor of their fmz, and (3) a very sincere-sounding letter of thanks from their President about how he'd heard from Newton of my offer to contribute to their fanzine and how nice of me it was to give up my time and what a big help it would be to them. And I'll bet that's only the start. I tremble to think of what's to come. For one thing, a copy of the club fmz announcing me as a regular contributor. What am I going to say to all those editors (including one minor pro) to whom I've pleaded shortage of time? Look, Baltimore, I'm a heel. I admit it. I also admit I've been outmanoeuvred and outwitted and that you deserve to win. But I'm not going to take on another column, not for anything. Except maybe Allen Newton's head on a charger.

PART
TWO OF

WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA!

(In the last instalment (CONFUSION 8) our heroes were arrested by the New York Immigration Officers, all fanatical devotees of Ghu. Willis rashly reveals himself to be a worshipper of Roscoe, the true faith, and he and Vick are disarmed and chained in the hold of the Immigration Office launch. They are now being transported to Ellis Island.)

"Your Immigration Service not only disarms me," says Willis, "it sends me into transports."

"Oh shut up," says Shelly crossly. "Ghosh I wish I had a cigarette." He paces up and down the narrow hold, the ball and chain at each ankle clashing about as he walks and



making his remarks sound like a Stan Kenton vocal arrangement.

"It's a good thing I'm a chain smoker," says Willis, puffing reflectively at a link of mild steel. "While you've been stalking up and down there throwing your weights about I have figured a way to get us out of here."

"How?" asks Shelvy, pulling up his stalking.

"We'll bore a hole in the side of the ship," explains Willis.

"What with?"

"With one of my boring articles, of course." He takes the deadly thing out of his pocket and presses it against the side of the ship. It makes very little impression. "That's only to be expected," says Willis. "It had the same effect when it was published. Everyone said it had no point. Here, we'll try this very cutting one I wrote about Ruez Watkins."

This time the article rapidly bores its way through the ship's timbers. In a few moments it cuts completely through. A torrent of water pours through the hole, rapidly filling the hold.

"Humm," says Willis, "something would appear to have gone wrong. Wonder if I have another article with a good plug in it?"

"Puns!" shrieks Shelvy hysterically, "at a time like this. We are trapped! Trapped, I tell you, trapped like traps in a trap!"

"Speak for yourself," says a passing rat, swimming confidently through the hole.

"Humm," says Willis, "I could have sworn that was Edwin Sigler."

Abruptly the inrush of water stops, and the hold is flooded instead with liquid notes of music. It is some strange denizen of the deep.

Shelvy stares in disbelief. "I must write to Willy Ley about this," he says, "I never saw a fish playing a banjo before."

"Don't be ridiculous!" says the unexpected visitor, wedging himself further into the hole. "This isn't a banjo---it's a guitar."

"Oh, that's different," says Shelvy, "But what are you doing here?"

"I was the only one that escaped of that band playing at the quayside," explains the stranger. "We played our very best, but we were drowned by the cheering crowd."

"You must have been playing in the wrong quay," says Willis. "But what's your name, and what do you want?"

"I'm Ted Sturgeon," says the stranger, "and I'd like to help." He proffers a fin.

"Keep your filthy money," says Willis proudly. "As a true fan I would never accept money from any vile pro----" He stops abruptly as Shelvy kicks him violently on the shin. There is a muttered conversation in which the words 'five dollars' can be heard. Willis rapidly divides by 2.80.

"On second thoughts," he says, "I've decided that since you are not a filthy huckster we can accept your help. We'll send you to rouse fandom on our behalf. I'll just dash off a brief note telling them of our plight."

Two hours pass, and Willis is still battering away at the typewriter. Shelvy goes over to him. "All you need to do is ask for help," he complains. "You don't have to write a column about it. And what's all this about the April 1943 ASF? How will that get us out from behind bars?"

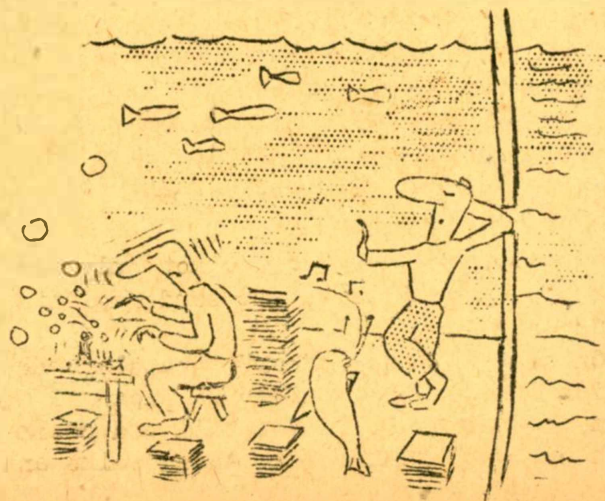
"Well, it would give me a complete file," pouts Willis, "But all right. There," he says, tearing a small piece of paper from the roll in the typewriter and handing it to Sturgeon, "Go!" He points dramatically in the direction of the Sargasso Sea. "Toll Fandom!"

As Sturgeon wriggles out of the hole and darts away, the sea begins to pour in again. The water level in the hold rises. The ship takes on a heavy list, which is checked.

"As if things weren't bad enough," groans Shelvy, "they have to take aboard the Don Day Proline Index! What'll we do now!"

"I think we should bore another hole and let the water out," suggests Willis brightly.

"That's absurd," cries Shelvy. "That's to stop the water coming through both holes?"



"Easy," says Willis. "We'll label one hole 'IN' and the other one 'OUT'. Any water worth its salt will be able to tell the difference."

"I don't think it's just as briny as that," says Shelly doubtfully.

They are still arguing when the ship grinds to a shuddering stop and cries of panic are heard from above. The ship is sinking rapidly.

(What has happened to the ship? Will the brave Sturgeon get through with his vital message to fandom? Will fandom be able to rescue Willis and Vick from the clutches of the savage hordes of Ghu York? Watch your fanzines for further thrilling instalments of this stirring saga.

Part III in CONFUSION 9 --Shelby Vick, Box 493, Lynn Haven, Fla.)

ODDENDA Ken Potter, whose one-copy mag was reviewed here two months ago, reports that NEW WORLDS artist Clothier is painting him a cover. L'audace, tou-joins l'audace! (Anyone know Bonestell's address?) Also that his future issues may be printed. He is going into collaboration with rising London Circle-ite (and first second-generation fan) Tony Cooper....Voting now under weigh for second International Fantasy Award. Judges include Boucher, MacComas, Bleiler, Davenport, Derleth, Merrill, Willis, Carnell, Gillings, Walsh and Gallet. Prizewinners to be announced at London Convention May/June. The prize is again to be a table lighter, though why pro authors should have this urge to light tables is beyond me....."Intergalatic (sic) Publications--high caliber--628 subscribers--recipricants--1100 copies--International Scientifictional Council." Are you there, Claude?..... Hey, Bob Silverberg, Manly Banister used that Gaelic-garlic joke. Write out 500 times 'I must read my Q more carefully'.....FANS! Good old Bob Tucker has asked for bricks for his Fan Hotel and Hucksters' Hostel, and Taurasi's favourite fan Rich Elsberry has urged fandom to send him straw so that he can make his own. But what use are bricks by themselves? Tucker needs mortar too! He can dig sand and make water by himself, but he still needs lime! Forry Ackerman will lend him a Fantasy Foundation if we do our part. Rally round, fandom! The London Circle is sending him lime juice, but that won't do. I urge all fans to mail Tucker some lime! Don't wait to put stamps on it--send it collect. The need is urgent. Hurry! Send it by airmail! Mark it Special Delivery! For the good of fandom, Box 702 must be filled with quick lime!

Fannouncement:

At last!

PROXYBOO PRESENTS

BOOFUL

The Egoboosting Crudzine

No fiction! No poetry! No articles! No artwork!

JUST EGOBOO!!

Fans! Do you keep getting fanzines which are just so much wasted paper? Are you tired ploughing through dull stuff about science fiction looking vainly for your own name? Subscribe to BOOFUL and be sure of finding it!

The Directors of Proxyboo Ltd. have carried out extensive surveys among their clients. Preliminary results show that fans prefer egoboo to any other kind of reading matter! Exhaustive tests revealed that 98% of neofen carry around with them any fanzine in which their name is mentioned for an average of 3½ days. 68% take it to bed with them. Among BNFs, 85% were observed to fling petulantly to the floor a fanzine in which they were not referred to. 53% burst into tears. 1% committed suicide. Proxyboo Ltd., ever eager to serve their public's slightest wish, have therefore decided to publish a fanzine devoted entirely to egoboo. BOOFUL will consist entirely of enthusiastic and unrestrained praise of its subscribers, written by experts trained under the personal supervision of Rog Phillips. Write immediately for our scale of charges, ranging from a one line mention to an entire 'appreciation' issue. (Pro author clients apply to our San Diego Branch.)

Note: in case the "Willis Discovers America" serial overflows Harp and Plinth would interested faneds please mail me firmdeadline and publ.n.dates if possible. ---WAW

FROM DER VOODOORK OUT

In their Dec 10, '51 issue, Time printed an article about an unnamed member of the British Interplanetary Society who had printed up a "British Stellar Passport" and distributed it to a few friends and colleagues. With each ticket went a ticket on the "Flying Saucer Service" and the entire affair was done in a deadpan manner which made it seem completely authentic. The Time story went on to state that someone gave the news to a London tabloid who splashed the passport across half a page and many people took the whole thing seriously. Time also appended a footnote listing some members of the BIPS, among them "Philosopher William Olaf Stapledon". I took issue with his listing, as an active member of the BIPS, and wrote to Time, receiving the following reply:

"Dear Mr Silverberg,

You're right. William Olaf Stapledon, whom TIME listed among the "learned members" of the British Interplanetary Society in its Dec 10 story on the group has already received his passport to space--on Sept. 7, 1950, as you said. We're most grateful to you for taking the trouble to call this fact to our attention."

(After querying the Stapledon entry, I went on to ask if the unnamed member had been Art Clarke, knowing Clarke's reputation as a wag.)

"Arthur C. Clarke, had a hand in the stellar passport joke, but it wasn't he who thought it up. William Courtenay, a member of the society and aviation correspondent for the Daily Graphic, made the passports. Clarke was so delighted with them that he called in the press. And then the trouble began..."

* * *

Correction: In reviewing Lilith Lorraine's new collection, Wine of Wonder, I was at a loss for the address and, trusting to my usually reliable memory, put down an address which seemed correct. Unfortunately, it was close to the mark, but not close enough. The correct address of the publishers of Lilith Lorraine's book is: Book Craft, 606 South Akard St., Dallas, Texas. The cost is \$2.00, which strikes me as downright reasonable for a limited edition of this quality.

* * *

Quote from the jacket blurb of the first edition of Heinlein's "Red Planet":

"Many thrilling adventures come to Jim and Frank, two boy colonists, and to Willis, who is a Martian roundhead. Willis is one of the most fascinating characters we have met--and there hasn't been a character just like him in any book. Willis is unique."

* * *

I think the unique Mr Willis has already suggested as a fanzine title: "Abdomen: The Fanzine With Guts," but has anyone thought of "Neuron: The Fanzine with Nerve," or "Bladder: The Galling Fanzine."

* * *

Postscript to last issue's note about former hack Nat Schachner, who has turned to American history and has won a new reputation in that field: Released last December was A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF THE CONFEDERACY (Crown \$5) by Lamont Buchanan, veteran associate editor of Weird Tales who was given the gate by WT several years back. If this mass conversion of ex-stf men to history continues, I shouldn't be surprised to see L. Ron Hubbard emerge from hibernation to do "The Life of Millard Fillmore" or some such title.

* * *

And they tell the one about the copyboy in the small Arizona newspaper who wanted to

Silverberg (2)

see just how many people actually read the long lists of football scores printed in the Sunday paper and inserted these three mythical scores in the list before it went to the printer:

Texas Laughing Academy 14.....The South 7
Electoral 24Shallrise 0
Anaheim 6Again 3

* * *

Talk about artists having monopolies over prozine covers is just idle chatter when you're discussing Rogers, Jones, and Bergey. Those guys are just transient residents when you consider these statistics:

1. Leo Morey did every cover on Amazing from Feb '30 through Apr '38, except for one in 1930 and a seven-month spell in 1933. What's more, he did every interior pic but one from August 1931 through April 1938.
2. Frank Paul painted every cover on Wonder Stories from 1929 through 1936, a total of 80-odd consecutive covers. Bergey's best steak was only 38, broken with the Oct '51 TWS after six years and 27 straight on SS up to the Nov '51 issue, 44 out of 45 on SS.
3. Howard Brown (no relation to the Z-D boss) held a stranglehold on ASF's covers from Dec '33 to May '37, 44 in a row. After that, he transferred his talents to TWS and painted covers from August '36 through August '40, 29 more in a row, until he was succeeded by Bergey, who has done 90% of the covers since then.
4. The same Frank Paul who painted more than 80 covers for Wonder Stories, eleven for Air Wonder and 14 for the quarterly without any other artist ever doing a cover for those mags, also painted Amazing's covers from Apr 26 to June '29, 40 in a row.
5. Hubert Rogers painted 28 covers in a row on ASF from Apr '40 through June '42; William Timmins painted 47 out of 49 covers from 1942 through 1947.

* * *

A Must for the fantasy fan's record library: "Night on Bald Mountain," by Mussorgsky (Victor 45 rpm 49-0722), as orchestrated by Leopold Stokowski for Disney's Fantasia. Anyone who has seen that film will long remember the final sequence showing the devil unfolding from the top of Bald Mountain and being worshipped by all manner of eerie things that flood from the town graveyard, only to be dispelled by the churchyard bell. The Victor recording is not the only one available of this piece, but is the best both from a fantasy collector and musical standpoint.

* * *

While leaving the post office the other day after mailing a package of magazines Australia-ward, I was startled to hear a voice from somewhere in the back of the post office bellow, "Bob Tucker! Phone call!"

I kept on moving toward the door and did not realize the true significance of these awful words at once. My first thought was, "Hey! that's interesting--they've got a guy with the same name as Tucker working here." But as I moved out into the street suddenly I realized the full import of those four fateful words. The truth is out at last! Poor Friar Tuck, having been forced into squalor by rising expenses of fan publishing, has been forced into living a double life, eking a miserable pittance as a Brooklyn post office clerk while maintaining a fictitious residence in Illinois. This residence does not extend beyond the confines of Box 702. The unfortunate Tucker shows his real starbeggotten fannish spirit, however, by gamely carrying on whorking for the Chicon and by spending most of his poor salary in bribes for Bea Mahaffey, Erle Korshak, and others ((Bloch, Korshak, Bshbach and Evans)) who know the Truth.

Perhaps you ask how I can be heartless enough to expose poor Bob after saying that he has devoted his wages to keeping the secret? My motives are wholly altruistic. I realize that Bob would not want cash donations, for he has not yet been degraded to the level of charity. But I think we can do this much for the grand old fan; send your old prozines to Bob Tucker, Box 702, Bloomington, Ill. (I'm unable to locate his

Silverberg (3)

Brooklyn address, but all mail is apparently forwarded by his Illinois cohort.) Fandom can do nothing to alleviate the sad financial condition which fanzine publishing has forced upon Tucker, but we can see to it that he is not deprived of the literature which has formed his life's blood for more than twenty years. After reading your Amazing or Planet, wrap it up and send it to poor old Bob, who, after all, can read it and then augment his meager earnings by selling them to the salvation army.

(On the level - Tuck -- your namesake helps to handle the Silverberg mail in the Brooklyn 13 P.O.)

* * *

New fanzine: Second issue will be out shortly of TYRANN (Bert Hirschhorn and Henry Ebel, 853 Riverside Drive, N.Y. 32 NY) selling for a dime per. This is a dittoed mag 8½x11 (as opposed to the half-sized pubs favored by the junior varsity) which shows a good deal of promise. #2 is supposed to contain a lot of color dittography, and sounds real nice as described by editor Hirschhorn over the phone. These lads will probably turn this into a top-flight mag before long, and they're starting early. Send 'em a dime and see.

* * *

Might as well say, for the benefit of those who have asked, that I will not (due to circumstances beyond my control) be able to attend the Chicon this year. Those of you who cared to see me can do so in 1953 if they'll vote for a con someplace east of the Mississippi, and the rest of you can do the same thing and then move west.

* * *

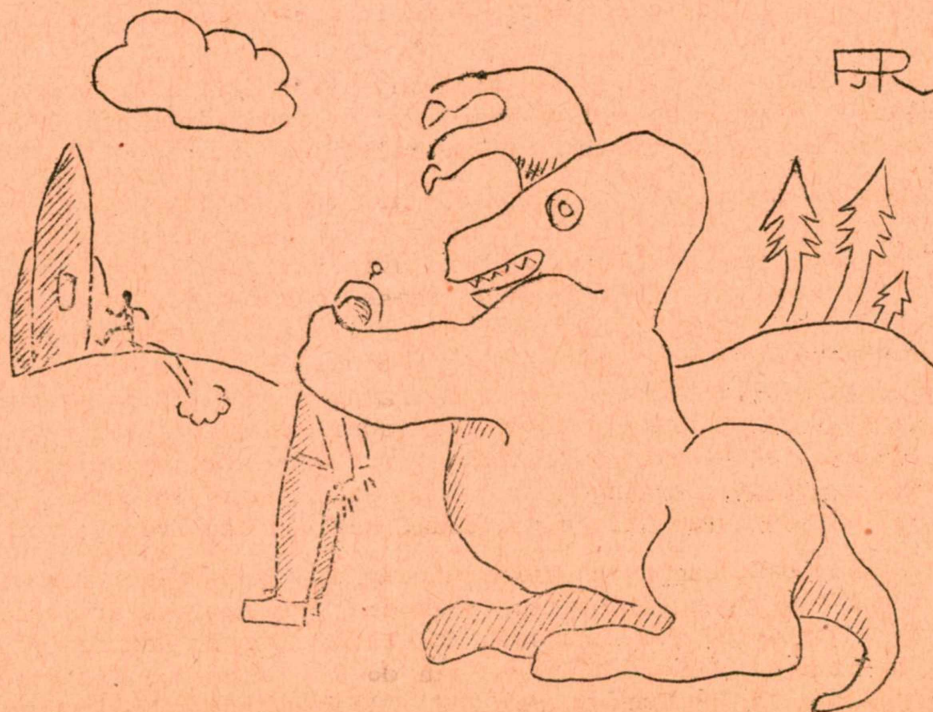
I should include a plug here for the 40-page Third Anniversary Issue of Spaceship, which I'm happy to peddle at 10¢ per copy, but it's not strictly ethical and so I won't. Back into the Woodwork for another four weeks.

---Bob Silverberg

* * * * *

"I'm getting tears in my ears from lying on my back in the bed while I cry over you"

* * * * *



"AW, QUIT
FOOLING,
FRED"

THE MAN WHO CANNOT DIE

Editor's Note: I have been asked to withhold the name of the author of this story. The author is a well-known fan who is interested in seeing what the reaction to this story will be if its readers do not know who wrote it.))

I cannot tell this tale from the beginning, for men would not believe that matters of such strange import could come between fan and fan...

And so I begin my story on a sunny afternoon of 1989, at the entrance to the huge building which the Hydra Club in New York, built after Henry Kuttner died and left his immense fortune to fandom at large. About the sumptuous built-in bar on the steps, where Insurgents were gulping down beer, regular fans were sipping whisky and the little neo-fans were slurping chocolate milk through straws, a crowd of fans is gathered, discussing the forthcoming convention to be held in Rochester, Texas, under the sponsorship of grandmotherly veteran ~~some~~ fan "Mama Bradley", when suddenly a little neofan, his propellor-cap awry and his zap gun falling out of its holster in his haste, rushed up. There were tears in his bonny blue eyes and chocolate milk was dribbling down his bib all over his copy of Buck Rogers. His lips trembled as he gulped "Say, fellas, goshwowboyoboy, have you heard the news? Have you heard the news? It's just terrible! It's just awful! Aw,gee..." and tears began to dribble down to mix with the chocolate milk.

"There, there, little man," Bob Silverberg said, in a fatherly manner, thinking of his own twelve children at home, "Don't cry. Tell us what's wrong."

"Bob---Tucker's---dead!" wept the little fan. "I just heard it on the T-V! Prominent Author Dies in Bathtub!" He broke down and began to sob, uncontrollably.

A few unkind souls from the outer reaches of the crowd began to laugh, while the little neofans began reverently to take off their propellor-trimmed caps in a body. Sam Moskowitz pulled his beard, frowning.

"Who is responsible for this child's education?" he asked sternly, while Bob Silverberg tried vainly to comfort the little fan with a promise of a Vol.1, No 1 ASTOUNDING for his very own. This made the fan stop sobbing, but his lip still trembling.

A tall scholarly gentleman came out of the crowd. He put an arm around the small neofan and faced Sam Moskowitz shamefacedly. "I'm sorry, Sam, I'm responsible. I should have told him these things, but he seemed so young and innocent...I didn't believe anything like this would happen for a few years yet."

"Joe Kennedy," Sam said sternly, "You are guilty of a severe dereliction of duty. You should have informed him of these minor facts of life. By failing to do so, you may have caused him severe shock and traumatic experiences. The offense is worthy of public admonition, and I fear it is my duty to report it to the Laney Council For Preserving the Standards of Fandom."

Joe quailed in his tracks but he was brave. "Do your duty, O Moskowitz," he said valiantly.

"You are hereby deprived of the privilege of guarding this innocent fan, and he shall be turned over to another. Mr Silverberg, you have children of your own. Take this child away and tell him the facts of life."

"Come along, sonny," said Bob and he led the sobbing little fan away.

* * *

At the hangout of the Outlanders, in South Gate, California, a neofan was making a speech when a bulletin was handed to him by a telegraph boy. He ripped it open, read it, then gasped with shock.

"Fellow Outlanders, " he said with dismay, "I have just received a very sad bulletin. Bob Tucker has just died. I--I suggest we observe two minutes of silence in respect to the memory of this great writer."

He opened his mouth in dismayed amazement as the entire crowd burst into wild laughter.

* * *

Every major fanclub in the country sent a delegation to Bloomington on the day of the "funeral". A few neofan clubs were sincere; but most had come to deride. After all, they thought, four such hoaxes was too much. Bob was showing very poor taste in carrying the joke this far.

The coffin, as it lay in the parlor of the funeral home, was the scene of all kinds of ironic horseplay. Someone laid a wreath of skunk cabbage in the pall. A procession of fans carrying onions and shedding tears ceremoniously laid their zap-guns in a pile at his feet, and when the body was born through the streets, it was followed by a parade of yelling, hooting fans. Beer, whisky and chocolate milk flowed like oil in Texas. And an auction of the "dead man's" was held over the grave. That, they felt, would teach him to try to fool fandom with such childish tricks. As the coffin was lowered into the grave, a salute of a hundred zap-guns was fired.

The convention that year was a big failure, as most fans had spent their convention funds to travel to the Big Funeral, and only fifty fans showed up. However, as Mama Bradley had been at the Funeral too, she didn't care much about the convention failure. But the Big Tucker Funeral was talked about in fanzines for two years, and they all waited impatiently for Tucker's comments to show up. They all expected that he would fool them by acknowledging the hoax in some small pinding neo-fan's fanzine, so a number of the meofen got rich on subscriptions to their inferior crudzines and were able to buy new automatic mimeos. Then that fad died but Quandry, Slant, and the revived Nekromantikön went on and on and on.

Almost five years after the Big Funeral, an article appeared by the Venerable Redd Boggs, one of his usual cynical writings, in the November, 1994 FAPA mailing, entitled IS TUCKER REALLY DEAD?. He had the insolence to suggest that after all, even Tucker must die sometime and that five years was too long to wait for a dead man to come to life. He even suggested that delayed respect should be shown to the fan, for after all, no more new Tucker books had come out, there had been no issue of Fantasy Jackass or SENL and all the mail sent to Bob's address was returned marked "Deceased".

The results of that FAPA feud are still rocking fandom. Mama Bradley sided halfheartedly with Redd, and curiously enough so did Fran Laney who was getting mild in his extreme senility. But the current crop of "new blood" felt that these oldtimers were simply jealous of the miraculous success of the hoax, wishing they'd thought of it. As a result a brand-new Insurgent group was started by little Joey Kennedy, aided my young Scotty Drummond and Gil Austin. Michael Slater and Stevie Bradley Jr sided with their parents, and Les Cole's oldest girl almost was thrown out of the Elves, Gnome and Little Men because she wrote an article suggesting that the post office might really believe that Tucker was dead. And the rest is history. Everyone knows of the feuds that have racked fandom for the last years and the TLO is so much a part of fandom that everyone knows it stands for Tucker Lives On.

I have written this story to tell the truth of the New Findings in the Field of Immortality. I tell you, there is no truth in the rumor that Redd Boggs ordered an excavation and proved by dental work that the skeleton was really that of Tucker. Now as the 21st Century is at hand there is no room for doubt. TUCKER LIVES ON! He will always live. Beyond all doubt, he will appear at the 2000 Con. Ten years after the Big Funeral I say it, TUCKER CANNOT DIE! He lives, somewhere, waiting to come forth and reclaim his world anew. Ia! Ia! Hoy Ping Pong Immortal. Send today for your Free Sealed Book of the Tucker Mystery. You too can take part in FANDOM IMMORTAL! And I adjure all not to believe the ones who say they have seen Tucker's ghost.

Shucks, nobody believes in ghosts, nowadays.

.....

THE END OF DRIPPING SPRINGS

"There's going to be a hanging tonite, Slim." I said, as I rode up on my horse.

"Yeah. Who?"

"Old Ben Connors from over at Dripping Springs."

"Gosh! No kidding?" Slim said, amazed. "Why?"

"Wrong kin folks."

"Honest injun?"

"Silly, no injun was ever honest."

"Oh!" Slim said dully.

"Yep! Wrong kinfolks. That's what done him in."

"How's that?"

"His third cousin's boy by his fifth wife's uncle's mother put in a bid for Dripping Springs next year at that durn fool convention held by these scientificinatic monsters over in Lousiana last Sept." After that speech I had to lean back in my saddle and catch my breath.

"Why are they going to hang him for that? T'weren't his fault."

"Yeah! I know, poor soul. But he deserves it."

"How so?" Slim asked.

"Stands to reason, you durn fool. If he'd never been born then there wouldn't be any one for his third cousin's boy by his fifth wife's uncle's mother to be kin to. So ben wouldn't be no kin to so his cousin who wouldn't be his cousin couldn't vote for Dripping Springs in '52."

"Yeah. Stands to reason." Slim said, "But I can't see why they're gonna hang him now. After all, They didn't vote for Dripping Springs in '52."

"But his cousin will probably go to the con next year and his bid might be voted or

"Oh!" Slim stated, as if he understood.

"Let's ride over to Dripping Springs and see if they've got the grave dug yet .
Climb on my trusty steed, Kitnolemystemic."

"What! This is a name for a horse?"

"Shhhhhh---. Not so loud. I've been telling her she's a motor scooter to save on feed bills. She doesn't like gasoline so I save money all the way around."

"But how does she stay so fat?" Slim questioned.

"She's not fat. She's just bloated from all the hot air around here."

Twenty minutes and three miles later we rode up. "Look!" I exclaimed, pointing to the springs. "They're going dry!"

"Yeah. Now Dripping Springs is just a Dropping Springs. The thought of a s-f convention scared them dry."

"Well, I guess the hangin's off." I said, disappointedly.

"What? After all this trouble!"

"Yeah. Now we'll have to change the town's name to Dropping Springs. So---."

"So---?"

"So, all those durn fool scienthifinatic fools couldn't find it anyway." I answered, "And if they can't find it, they can't raid our hotel, change its one room to 770 and play poker all night long."

Slim meditated this, then said suddenly, "I know how we can win the war. "

"What?" I asked, "How?"

"We'll send a map of Russia to Quandry. Everybody'll see it. Only we'll change New-cow-con-Baloney to Dripping Springs and Stalin will go crazy trying to keep up with Max Keasler and Bob Tucker and the rest of those goons all at the same time. "

"Slim, you're a wonder." I said, with my hat in my hands in reverence of Joe Stalin.

"Yeah, I know" he said, "I'm Ben Connor's boy by his fifth wife's uncle's mother's nephew's sister-in-law's grandson."

"Oh," I said, "But I don't get it!"

"Neither do a lot of people."

---Claude Hall.

SEZ YOU

This note is quoted in its entirety:

Jim Harmon

427 East 8th St

Mt. Carmel, Ill.

Dear Miss Hoffman: I see that I am not goodd enough to appear in the hallowed pages of quandry, am only a fit subject for aneering nasty remarks from a big name fan like Willis. I guess that's how things are when you are sick and poor ... and forgotten ... too ill to stand the strenuous and tedious work of fan publishing and writing reams of copy and too poor to afford all those supplies and postage. One thing you can't accuse some fans of is-being afraid to hit a man when he's down or of having an anyoing spark of human decency.

Sincerely,

Jim Harmon.

((Some time ago Jim submitted a bit of fiction to Q which was not published. That was the only material he has submitted to this magazine....yed))
g

Robert Bloch

Dear Shirley:

As an old vampire, I want to say something right off the bat.

I am not writing this letter to stir up any controversy!

I agree with your editorial hole-headedly...whatever we do, we must avoid taking issues (except of QUANDRY, naturally).

However, a circumstance has arisen, removed its hat, bowed politely and deserves to be recognized.

I refer, of course, to a letter printed in the last Q from Tucker. Tucker's proposal, you may recall, is to have every fan mail a brick to the convention committee in Chicago, for the purpose of building a hotel for fandom.

Now I don't question the worth of this idea for a minute. It's practical and it's sensible...and judging from the many personal reactions I've had from fans for years, they've all got plenty of bricks to spare. Some of them may be a little short on marbles, but bricks they have aplenty, and cast them with impunity.

But I say this -- Tucker hasn't gone far enough. ((Some folks say he's gone too far.)) He hasn't carried this idea to its logical and obvious conclusion.

I would therefore like to amend his suggestion an follows: Every year considerable time is wasted at Conventions by the puerile practise of holding so-called "sessions!" Actually, some of these "sessions" serve a worthy purpose -- because they afford an opportunity to introduce Tucker, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans, and Bloch -- but aside from that, too many of them are time-wasting and detract from the real business of a Convention, which is to hold parties in 770 while somebody crouches in the bathroom, looks through the keyhole, and makes notes on the proceedings (the proceedings outside the bathroom, that is. Generally, anyhow)

Now, to those of you who are still following me (including the native bearers) I want to emphasize that my proposal, if adopted, will (excuse the expression) eliminate

at least ONE of those tiresome, troublesome sessions and leave that much more time for filling up paper bags with water--provided, of course, that the note-taker in the washroom will let someone in to use the hot-water tap.

The session to be cut out will be the long, tiresome wrangling one where they decide WHERE TO HOLD THE NEXT CONVENTION.

(I can see that most logical, thinking fans are already way ahead of me, now. That's good. I hope they stay there. Let's you and I crouch down here in the bushes until they are out of sight, and then I'll go on with my plan.)

As I was saying, we can eliminate the need for choosing a new Convention City each year by merely extending Tucker's plan. Namely, and to wit:

Why stop with building a hotel?

Why not have the fans send in enough bricks to BUILD A CONVENTION CITY?

Yes, why let a few extra bricks stand in the way of progress? A COMPLETE CITY is the only answer to future fan conventions. I have in mind a central location, somewhere in an area easily triangulated by Bloomington, Belfast, and Savannah. It can be laid out and designed by fan artists to include all of the necessary convention conveniences--a bar, a bus-station, a bar, a railroad terminal, a bar, a airport, a bar, a large newsstand catering to sf magazines, a bar, a newspaper to print proceedings, a bar, a burlesque show, a bar, and of course a fine Convention hotel. (Memo: Don't forget to build a bar in the hotel!)

The details I leave to other hands. But I think it can be done, should be done, must be done. At any rate, I know that I am.

Hoping you are the same,

Robert Bloch

((On the other hand...))

Unknown author

Some street or another

Somewhere

COUNTERATTACK!

Once more the annual convention time is coming again. And once more we have the insidious profiteers amongst us. That fan so low, that he would attempt to make a profit from a poor, unsuspecting fandom. Already the vultures are in our midst! Right now, one of these profiteers, living in the city of Bloomington, Ill. and posing under the thin pseudonym of Tucker Research Inc., is carrying on a campaign to get fans to send him free bricks so that he can build a hotel.

Why?

At first glance his seemingly innocent scheme might seem perfectly all right. The bricks will be used to build a hotel where wayward fans in Chicago can stay during the convention--free!

But what of after the convention?

Ha! That is were this crafty operator comes into his own. After the convention is over he will own the hotel--lock, stock and barrel, and will undoubtedly reap tremendous profits.

Are we going to let him get away with this?

No! This cad and bounder must be taught a lasting lesson so that no more will he try to impose his will on a defenseless fandom. Tucker Research, Inc. (Pseudonym) must be chastised.

THIS IS NO GAS! Make three copies of this letter and mail it to three of your fan friends. Each of those in turn must do the same, and request their friends to do likewise. Then mail one small bale of straw to Tucker Research, Inc. care of the convention committee.

Let Tucker make his own bricks!

However, I must warn all fans to make it an extremely small bale of straw. This man is a screwd operator and if he receives too much straw he will undoubtedly throw

Unknown author (2)

over the hotel idea in favor of starting a stable. And that would be the last straw.
Help fandom quell the rebellion! Mail some straw!

.....
And now to less pleasant problems...

Edward Wood, one of the most reasonable persons we've ever dealt with, has forgiven us a couple of snide remarks we should never have made, and has very kindly consented to let our words in the last issue about futile feuds put a finish to that pointless discussion. We offer sincere thanks, and apologies for snide and unfair remarks.

Ken Beale, on the other hand, has asked for the opportunity to say a few last words. In the name of fairness we have consented space, tho we begrudge it. Herewith his words. Please do not write to us to reply to Ken.

---lh

Ken Beale

115 E. Mosholu Pkwy.

Bronx 67, N.Y.

To the readers and editor of Quandry,

I must confess, I was surprised by the reception given my letter in Q#17. It was written, not with the intention of starting a dispute among those not in a position to officially confirm or deny it, but rather to bring certain matters out into the open. I do not relish the position of central figure in a fan feud, nor that of the prophet crying "Doom!" at the feast. Therefore, I feel that I should make known the following facts: Quandry columnist Bob Silverberg, and fans Morton D. Paley, Alan H. Pesetsky and Joel Markman, as well as two professionals I do not choose to name here, all were at the Philcon and heard Korshak make precisely the statement attributed to him. My association with newsmags has made me very cautious indeed about printing reports or rumors unlabelled as such, and you may rest assured that I would not have reported the statement if I had not heard it from several sources--and reliable ones.

The same applies to the other statements in my letter, with the possible exception of "...having several events going at once (at the Chicon), one for the fans, one for the outsiders, etc...partitioning us off from the rest..." On this I was not called, but I would like to state that all my sources did not agree on the interpretation of the several-events-at-once scheme (tho the scheme itself is definitely part of the program) and that it is possible that on this point they may have been wrong. But it was they who jumped to conclusions, not I. In other words, I did not knowingly distort facts, spread rumors, or attempt to start a rumor campaign against Chicago. All my statements were those of Korshak himself. My intention was to bring these things out into the light now, as they would eventually be brought anyhow. If there are certain items on the Chicon program which cannot stand the glaring light of truth then there is something radically wrong with that program.

In conclusion, I will say that this is the last on this subject you will find in Q from me. I refer those interested in carrying the matter further to my address above and to the third issue of my own publication, Beware.

----KEN BEALE

.....
((The above-mentioned unknown author has been identified as Rich Elsberry, noted fan, columnist, writer, critic, straw-farmer. The address is some street in Minneapolis'
.....

WHY was the name Hugo Gernsback mentioned on the Boy & Ray show on radio on the evening of April 26th?

Don't be half-safe!
subscribe to Shhhhh-Boo Inc.

Random's Leading "Monthly"

QUANDRY

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

MIMEOGRAPHED MATTER ONLY

RETURN POSTAGE GUARANTEED



Eric Bentel: H

47 A11d's St

Woodsmore - Stockport
Ches. England

