

._***A PECULIAR PUBLICATION***__

Vol.1

No.3

CONTENTS

CHAOS	.Cyrlindrical Comments by the Ed3
THE WOLLE	.A Drawing.
JONATEAN	.a. Short Stury by Kermedy 7
A TERRITYING TALE	.True Confessions of a Dope8
QUANDRY QUEZ	
DIREFUL INTROSPECTION.,,	.poem by Freunät
TOMORBOW ?	.Questions for the thinking fan ll
THE FACE ON THE EUROPIAN FLOOR.	.A Pale by Tucker
OWED TO A NOBLE PUBLIC SERVANT.	.peru. by Heck
GLIMPSE	.oy Dave Hammond
MOMEN'S IN ETERNITY	.Fragments by Freundt16
THE MUSIC	.a poem
THE CHICKEN	.by Pcpe
THE IMMORTAL BEARD	.by Froundt
SEZ YOU	.letters from youse-all20
THE VAMPIRE	.A Drawing25

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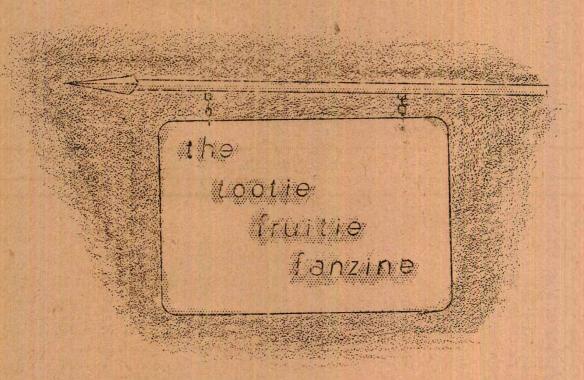
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FANZINE TRADES

WELCOMED

(Please let me
know if you
wish to trade)

How about writing? Wanna Subscribe? Contribute material? Exchange 'zines?



chaos

Cylindrical Comment by The Editor

has managed a third issue (by the fire of its stencils). This ish should be a beauty what with rose, lemon and lime colored paper printed with blue, green and yellow stancels. There's more art in this ish, too. This the li'l fellow on this page. He's one of a pair of "Foo Dogs" I got for my blith ay, thousand what I named the other.) They're the benevolent protectors of my fanactivity...the right one watching over outgoing mail and the left one watching over the stuff that has come in.

And speaking of mail, whith I'm getting is plenty interesting, but there isn't enuf. I'd like some criticism of the QUANTET. How can I know what to print if you don't express your opinions?

Didja know that in the 1946 Beowulf Poll Bob Tucker, Forcest J Ackerman, and John W. Campbell, Jr. all picked 1950 as the year for the first space flight? And Campbell suggested that a possible sponsor of the trip might be a movie company... Willy Ley picked 1960. And out of the 67 persons polled only one did not feel that space travel would be possible. That one was Raymond A. Palmer...

You know, it's funny but the more I hear against fan fiction the more new fiction zines I receive. Could be ever y body likes to write the stuff but nobody wants to read it? Oh well...QUANDRY's a general zine.

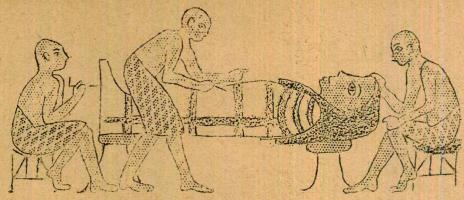
ever y body likes to write the stuff but
nobody wants to read it? Oh well...QUANDRY's
a general zine.

And about the spelling of this zine's name...QUANDRY...I know that
Webster spells it quandary...but who's Webster that he can push fen around?? He
never even heard of fandom. He takes very few of the fen's pet words into account.
So why should we succumb to his domination? RISE IN REBELLION...SPELL IT QUANDRY!
QUANDRY: QUANDRY: QUANDRY:
So there...

If you're still interested just turn the page.

CHAOS (con't)

More Cylindrical Comments...



on this page are copies of Fryntian temb paintings. This one is from the temb of Nefer-hotep (Eighteenth Unsaty). The other is from the temb of Apy at Thebes. (Thirteenth Century)

It did know that after a corpse has been wrapped the embalming shop was swept and all the scraps of embalming material, etc. were put into a jar for storage in the temb. Twas a good thing too...for Egyptian undertakers were a careless lot and stray toes and ears that might come off during the long embalming process were often mislaid among the scraps and swept up with them.

Can't you picture some KA waiting impatiently while his deceased Earth brother rummages thru the sweepings looking for a misplaced tow?

While on

the subject of mummies, just think...comeday perhaps you too may be a display in a museum! ... "Hey, Mama, Lookathe furny lookin' geezer wit' the big beak! 'Early Atomic Age Man.' Is THAT one of my ancestors??!! "Such is fate....

Which

brings me to the fact that some of the letters in our letter column should have been in last ish's...but since last ish came out early they didn't make it. The rest belong in this ish, which they are). You're welcome to figure out which are which...

Any of you ex fan-eds have old lettering guides, shading plates er stylii you'd like to dispose of at a slightly reduced price? Both the FANatic FAN and I are in need of equipment. Naturally I've got first call on anything in response to this but in case of duplication I'll pass the word (er stuff) along to him.

FANTASY IN THE THEATRE: A really good play with a fantastic touch that any theatre-minded fan should enjoy is "The Madwoman of Chaillot". It's the tale of four "madwomen" (the I suspect that they're the sanest ones in the play) and the way they go about curing the worlds ills. It's simple, light comedy on the surface...easy to read and enjoy... It has a moral but unlike

many morals, this one is not shoved into your face. It's just there - you can take it or leave it.

4

*******Nope, there's more to come yet!!!



Even More CHAOS

Continuing Cylindrical Comments

Since I'm in a talkitive mood I shall blab on.



FALSE TEETH AND RHEMMATISM DEPT: Think back, Ole Man, remember VAMPIRE? (You should, Kennedy). Well, the last ish (June '47) carried the following statement: "It is ironic and inevitable that a year from now Vamp'll be legio with the rest of the defunct fan brainchildren; while by the convention of '50 a fan who recalls such an obscure journal as Vampire will be a grizzled veteran to the hordes of newcomers who are going to make tomorrow's Immortal Storm." Eh, what's that? Gotta get this danged ear trumpet tuned. (No, I'm not one of the grizzled... are you?) Lessee

Some of the material in this issue by Freundt may seem a bit odd...but then, so is Freundt. "The Immortal Beard" may seem to have little connection with stfantasy but then again...

Look, youse-all, this is the third ish of this thing and I haven't gotten many communiques with definite suggestions for improvement. How'm I gonna know what to do when you don't tell me what you want?

And THANX to all of youse who have written. And to those of you who have offered advice about the mimeoing. Anfew kind words here to the Review Co. (local A.B. Dick dealers) for all the advice and aid they've given me.

A bit of advice to those of you who are as unfamiliar with mimeos as I am. If you have the trouble that I had with pages 3 and 4 of this ish mebbe your ink pad is clogged. Take one end of it loose and wiggle it. That's what I did and it worked. Breaks up the clot of dried ink.

Didja go to the NORWESCON? Write and tell me about it. I'm one of the poor unfortunates who can't manage cross-country trips.

COMING NEXT ISH:
A department devoted to the BNF of
tomorrow. 'Twill be the neofan of
today who who is the Tucker or Laney
of tomorrow. So QUANDRY, the ENZ of
tomorrow, will bring you biografies
of lesser known fen. And a public
service of the QUANDRY will be the
announcement of coming neofanzines.
Any of you who are planning new fmz,
just drop us a line and we'll gladly
announce it gratis. And in the line
of this new policy we are announcing

CONVENTION OF 1960

the FANatic FANzine edited by Bobby Pope. Address of Hill & Hanover Sts in Charleston, S.C.

any of you BNF of tomorrow who'd like the ego-boo of a biog. in this zine...drop us a line.





NAHTANOL

by Joe Kennedy

Jonathan was a snow-man, standing quistly in the sharp winter air.

Red and Stinky had built him, rolling the great globes of snow carefully, so the globes would be round and hard. They had placed two lumps of coal in the center of his head, for eyes; they had placed a frozen carrot which they had dug out of the garbage-can into the middle of his face, for a nose; they placed a short black stick underneath the carrot, for a mouth, they had placed small snowballs one on each side of the head, for ears.

When they got done, they stood back and proudly inspected their work. "What'll we call him?" said Stinky. "We'll call him Jonathan," said Red. "Why Jonathan?" said Stinky.

"Because that's as good a name as any," said Red.

Then Mom called them to supper. After supper they played with the electric trains, in front of the fireplace.

And Jonathan was left alone in the sharp winter air.

Now Red and Stinky were not alive any more.

If Jonathan's lumps of coal had been real eyes, he wouldn't have seen anything, because the Invaders didn't show themselves. They moved invisibly from house to house, like waves creeping up the seashore at night. Thay drifted through each house, and drifted on.

If the carrot in the middle of Jonathan's face had been a real nose, Jonathan would have noticed that the winter air was clearer, sharper than ever before. There was no dusty smoke from the factories, because the factories were empty, and would never be full of people working and the chimneys would never spout thick, oily black smoke again.

If Jonathan's small snowball ears had been real ears, Jonathan would have heard nothing. No motor cars, no people pacing down the street; no bells (there was no one to ring them); no children to shout with laughter and rattle down the snow-crusted hills on rattling wooden sleds (the sleds stood quietly in cellers and garages and attics, and no children touched them).

If the short black stick had been a real mouth, Jonathan would have screamed.

But Jonathan was only a snowman, standing quietly in the sharp winter air.

A TERRIFFIRE TALL

"Science-fiction?" he repeated the words after me, "Oh, you mean that Buck Hogers stuff?" He fingered the copy of the QUANDHY as the were trying to avoid opening it. "And this...?"

"It's a science-fiction fanzine," I

said brightly, "That is, a fanzine."

"Fan? Like movie fans?"

"Not exactly,"I told him, "You see there are hundreds of people all over the world who are interested in the same type of literature, Science-fiction and fantasy, and the only link between some of them is the post office. They write to each other and lots of them publish fanzines. Some of the cluos distribute the zines of the members to each other."

"How many of these clubs are there?" he questioned.

"Dozens,"I

replied, "Some national...."

"D that fandom was the only national club, "he

interrupted.

"No, "I explained, "Fandom is the whole of the thing...all the clubs and individuals combined."

"Oh, "he sighed but there was no understanding in the

sigh.

"And there are conventions too."I went on.

""Conventions?"he asked, "But

who goes to them?"

"The fen and pro writers and editors and such,"I said.

"Pro,"

he questioned, "You mean professional?"

"Uh huh," I replied.

"You mean they actually

go to these conventions?" he asked doubtfully.

"Sure," I was slightly indignant

"and some of the prozines have columns reviewing the fanzines."

"Prozines?"he

puzzled" are they those dime novels?"

"Not exactly, "I moaned," They are pulps.

You've seen them: Astounding Science-fiction ... Imagination ... "

"I read a story

once, "he said, "A man from Mars kidnapped a scientist's pretty daughter and stole the plans to a super cosmic bomb. He put the girl in a pit that was guarded by a big monster with eyes like a bug. But a young scientist rescued her and got back the bomb stuff. Is that the kind of story you mean?"

Not exactly." I

groaned. "Alot of the stf in the pros is written by technicians; man who know what they're talking about. Some of it you need a college degree to unnerstand!"

"And you read that stuff ???"he stared at me.

"Uh huh. "I gulped self-

conciously.

He politely tried to budge the conversation, "This - er - QUANDRY," He motioned with the fmz, "what is it for?"

2

A Terrifying Tale (con't)

"It's a fanzine, "I grinned gleefully.

"Do you sell it?"

"I try to, "I re-

plied.

"And, "he smiled knowingly, "you make a nice profit ... "

"Hah!" I snarled, baring my fangs, "I should live so long. People don't make money with fmz. Getting out one of these things takes your last pennies, your few free hours and your life's blood!"

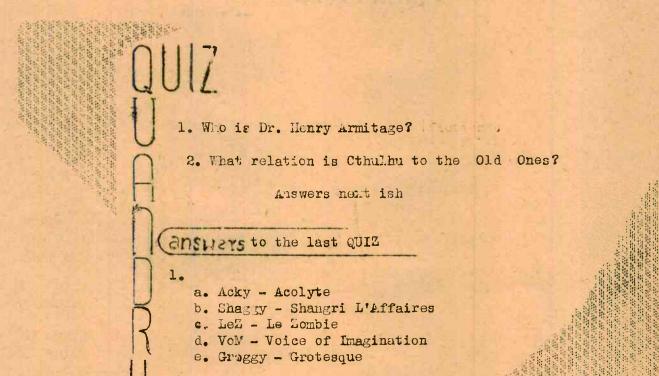
"Then why?????" he asked, apalled.

"For the ego-boo and the

pleasure." I replied somewhat innocently.

"Pleasure??? Doing THIS???" He exclaimed waving the zine. He stared at me for a moment, cleared his throat and gulped, "I think I gotta go now." He grabbed his hat, flung the zine onto the floor and exited mumbling, "Buck Rogers!"

And that's the last thing I remember, Doctor ...



FAN FAN, the Fanatic FAnzine - c/o Bobby Pope - SW Hill & Hanover Sts - Charleston sc

2. The Philcon in Philidelphia

DIREFUL INTROSPECTION

Into a darkened room I crept
With candle in my hand.
It was a frightful night outside
While darkness veiled the land.

My opened eyes, since terrorized,
In darkness played a trick:
Up loomed an image dread and draar
Before I shook a stick.

The image horror it inspired;
My courage fear did daunt,
But trembling, gathered nerve to say:
"These halls no longer haunt!"

The vision made reply to me:
"Get lost! That which you see
Is simply your reflection !!
A mirror. I AM THEE!"

--Freundt

UDMDRRDW ...

QUESTIONS FOR THE THINKING FAN...

The ships landed and found that the NEW WORLD was rich and fertile. The beings that inhabited it were mostly strange woodland creatures. There were bings with some type of culture...a wild primative race.

ship of pilgrims arrived and each family moved onto its land grant. They cleared out the vegatation and killed the creatures that had made their homes in it. From the natives they learned to use natural amterials. They built their homes and farmed the lands, growing the vegatables which were native to this land, and adapting themselves to their new life. for the journey to the Motherland was long and hard and filled with danger. As the families grew and as more pilgrims undertook the venture the government granted more and more of the land. The colonies grew and grew ... pushing the natives back into the notlands where the sun shone so fiercly that they could grow few vegatables, find few animals. They grew hungry and angry at the invaders...so they rose in war...attacked the colonists. But the newcomers, with their mighty weapons that could wipe out whole villages, drove the natives back and forced them to submission. But the kind government of the Posherland granted bits of the hotland to the natives on which they could make their homes. And the colonists took the good lands...cut down the vegatation, and made barren the once fertile fields ...

A story of the future?...Or of the past? When the American colonists moved in on the natives...the Cherokee, the Souix, the Apache, the Navajo, the Hopi...all of the red men who lived in the forest and fields of this country....they had grants from the king alotting them land. But where did the king get the right to grant the land?

Who owns

the moon?

"But, "you protest, "what if the moon is uninhabited?" So what? There are other planets...alien forms of life... You would consider a planet inhabited if it had humanoid life on it - humanoid life which might be capable of communicating with Earth men...life with weapons equal to those of Earth men.

Ants have a civilization of sorts ...

If humanoid inhabitants of another planet welcomed us and let us carry our wars to them, let us steal their land and exploit their children, then-good. If they resisted what? Would the government grant land as did the kings? Would we force our way of life on them?

We've ruined

our own planet...let the earth erode...worked the soil to death... developed new ways to kill each other... We can't live in fruitful peace with our next door neighbors, none the less our neighboring nations...what will we do when we reach our neighboring planets?

11

THE FACE ON THE FUTURIAN FLOOR

BUT FIRST ...

bob tucker

BY WAY OF EXPLAINATION.

The Midsummer's Eve moon had just rised and I was taking my usual evening stroll thru a neighborhood cemetary when I found myself before an ancient tomb which bore the inscription, "Here Lie Tales of Fandom past". Even as I read the great door swing open and the monlite spilled into the room. Some strange power draw me in. I stared around at the many coffins that filled the vault. Many were made in the shape of mimeografs - some were in the form of pans of jelly and some bore the shape of the tripewriter. In a far corner of the room, ranging from the ceiling, were a group of VAMPIRES which screamed "Joke!" Stacked in the center of the room were a number of SHAGGY sheets of paper bearing the letters LASFS. On top of them was a red bound volume on which a purplish ghu had been smeared. Standing by the door was a ZOMBIE in oriental costume, holding a RCSEBUR. And on the floor little COSMICS were chasing each other in LIGHES.

Aghast, I stepped back, arxious to be again in the pleasant surroundings of my room. But I felt a bony hand touch my shoulder...and I fainted.

I was lying on the floor of my room. Clutched in my hand was a piece of paper. On it were the marks of a tripowriter and a drawing. Some inward force, stronger than I forced me to print it in this ish of the QUANLRY.

So with the plea that both Mr Tucker and Mr Wollheim forgive me, I present this tale from fandom past... Editor

THE STORY (written by Bob Tucker circa 1944)

I went to Sunday School regularly --well, fairly regularly--when I was a little shaver. ((Richard 8. --?)) And once, one particular Sunday about sixteen years ago I learned something. Something sinister that cropped up in fandom ten years after that Sunday and nearly frightened the daylights out of me.

Because I

thot Wollheim had got religion.

But--that particular Sunday: I was sitting in a small boys class of some sort, listening to a boring male thacher remble on concerning the vittues of Christian Character....when suddenly the teacher did an arresting thing. Whipping out a piece of chalk, he began to draw a funny picture on a movable blackboard.

"Hah!" I suppose I murmured to myself at the time, "has you good brother shot his last remaining bolt?"

But no -- he continued on talking monotonously about good old rugged Christian Character, the world's hope and standby. (We both know better now, I assume.)

Slowly the outline of a fat man's face took shape. Elongated ears were added, then the fuzzy sidewhiskers, the low sad eyes and

the drooping mouth. Little did I realize it at the time, but I was being sucked in by one of the oldest con games in the world. I was eagerly in- and exhaling Christian Character.

Arrived the climar. The face was complete at last (as illustrated here in position one), and nearly so was the lecture. It backed only the punch line. I have forgotten what that punch line was, but it must have been telling. For at the same moment the teacher whirled the blackboard around, upside down, and there was the same fat face staring at me, but in a new light. (See position two) Perhaps this was to point out that a Christian could be two-faced if he chose. I was stunned at the cleverness.

And that brings us tripping down the uncarpeted stairs of time to an unremembered but not unremarkable date some ten hazy years later Sometime around 1938 or 1939 the Futurians. published a single, thrill-(and crud) packed fanzine they called Flabbargasting Stories. It had an illustrated cover.

POSITION TWO

Position One

face! There, staring at me from that cover, was the same face my Sunday School teacher had drawn on the blackboard!

The

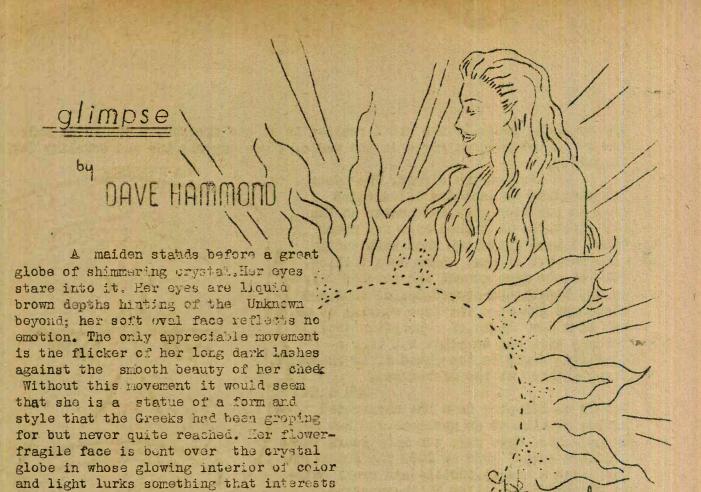
Wollheim probably went to Sunday School.

BY HECK

OWED TO A NOBLE PUBLIC SERVANT

Nick is our postman, We like him much For he brings us letters And fmz and such

Nick smiled last week And he'll smile again But he'd smile more often If 'tweren't for fen.



Suddenly a frown crosses the faultless face. Is it something revealed to her within the pellucid globe that produces the change? Or has she become aware of watching eyes?

her.

Surrounding the maiden are shifting clouds of grayness that pulse with inner life-their pulsation produces a rhythm which defies the powers of man to analyze. It is a rhythm which swells and ebbs--following no earthly rule of music. This rhythm which overpowers the senses and turns them to its will follows every conceivable combination of patterns. They are strangely exciting-and impossible to recall later.

The beautiful maiden moves her head, shifts her gaze--she looks directly at you. Her lips part in a smile and in that instant you realize that she could never be a statue; she could be nothing less than a living, breathing woman, but could there be such a perfect woman on Marth?

She is about to speak; she is about to reveal to you what her eyes have seen within the transparent rainbow depths; and then ---

The gray ever-clouds move forward! Shift! Their vibrating depths choles enclose the maiden of mystery. The inevitable combination of rhythm patterns has occurred!

Fear clutches your consciousness at the mere thought of losing her and not hearing those words which you know mean everything to you.

The grayness deepens into darkness; a darkness like that beyond the Universe of Time and Space. All is silence; even the rhythm has vanished.

You wait. Slowly a strange tingling sensation becomes apparent to you. It lengthens into a period of torrible, mounting suspence. Slowly it becomes mightier and into audibility. The blackness is broken by erratically flashing

glimpse (con't)

and exploding points of light following the dictates of the terrible rhythm——
the points of light are like suns bursting into nova; they seem to erupt within
your brain driving away your reason and leaving you a mass of quivering flesh.
You feel yourself plunging, whirling: a mad Descent into the Maelstrom. And as
you fall, red lips appear and huge luminous eyes of brown. In the eyes is a
deep concern—the eyes of a goddess pitying a dying animal.

The ruby lips part and words come--words that you know you MUST hear, but the vast overpowering rhythm distorts the words and drowns them out making them impossible to understand and yet you think that if you concentrat a little or harder you may be able to comprehend.

But then the lips vanish, only to appear again. The eyes and lips vanish and appear in time and at the crescendees of the rhythm. Words are spoken--incomprehensible words. Darkness more profound than the gloom of Erebus overtakes all. Lights glare from the blackness.

Through it all surges the forses of the rhythm—the rhythm is ALL—the Cosmos is a rhythm ticking away the agons.

Lips whisper from beyond the barrier of Time and Space.

Then the rhythm increases its frequency. Louder and louder. It rises from the lowest notes of the scale to the highest; it passes into the realm of sound beyond the audible, it approaches the boundries of Infinity!

The Universe around you bursts into flaming splinters of light! You close your eyes against the terrible sight!

Your eyes open and about you is darkness, but not absolute darkness. You are in a room. It is a bedroom. You are in bed. Now you are awake. You still recall chronologically the thoughts. The memory is bright, but as you grope for rememberance the thoughts move clusively and become dull shapes, impossible to grasp.

Then you abandon the attempt. You dismiss it as a dream. You smile and turn over. A few minutes pass and you are asleep.

Even as you sleep the maiden calls from beyond the Universe. Her call will echo down through all time directed to those who are sensitive enough to grasp it and mentally capable of remembering it.

That call has come and is coming to you and shall come throughout all Eternity? Perhaps she is not hampered by the barriers of time and space which inclose your little universe.

Is she human at all? Perhaps she is some other-dimensional creature which we are able only to partially see as a beautiful girl.

Sômeday, perhaps, someone will heed that voice and, with the aid of the fair maiden, destroy the barriers that enclose our thoughts and make us FREE.

Yes, that day may come, but, for now, you sleep on.

FINIS

in

eternity

WANDERING IN A DREAM...

I saw the universe in a dream. Yes, this was the universe of space, though not the one we know. There was only one body in this universe; it was the planet of infinity, on which were the continents of existence and nonexistence.

I had to be alert in order to find the great sea of time, for, indeed, it closely resembled the continents. Nevertheless, upon close observation, I found the sea, and with it, the fleet of beings near the mouth of the river of ages; but there was a stray vessel.

Watching this wandering ship that had gone ahead of the others, I followed it to the harbor of destruction on the continent of nonexistance.

The name of the ship was Man; the captain Invention.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

THE END OF DARKNESS ...

Somewhere, off into infinity, where eternity and space meet, it is said that light and darkness are holding an unheard discourse; but I can hear it through Mind, the great master. Perhaps this conversation should rightly be called a debate, as both are making strong claims.

"I am more important," says Light, "as you are but the absence of me"

"That is so, but I am more spacious," replies Darkness.

"How can you

say that? I am life; without me there is nothing."

"Nevertheless, #says

Darkness,"I am Death, and Death is always triumphant in the end."

"I am

Resurrection, the servant of Jehovah." On hearing this, Light's last statement, Darkness slowly becomes oblivion, to suffer the fate of his master, Satan, while Light Flows into the space where his foe was.

* * * * * * * * * * * * * * * *

"Our sister Earth, "said the beautiful Venus to her other brothers and sisters of the star, "is growing old and diseased; we must help her."
To this all but the planet Cerebus, who was too far away to care, agreed.
She can no longer control her nations and peoples, "continues Venus."

"She is loosing heat and muct come closer to Father Sun, "said Mercury.
"Oh no, "responder Pluto."The heat is even now too great for her.
"She must come with me and change her temperature."

"You are both wrong, "explained the planet Mars, "She is diseased for her people will not live together in peace. I am healthy for my people co-operate."

Agreeing, they turned to their sister, ... and found her dead ...

the music

The music of my soul is brown,
Brown and gold
And the colors of autumn.
Rich, warm colors...
For the music
Is rich
and warm,
Like gold coins
in finclight.

And then....

It is lonely

And only gray.

A thing of lonliness

Like the smoke of a sigarette

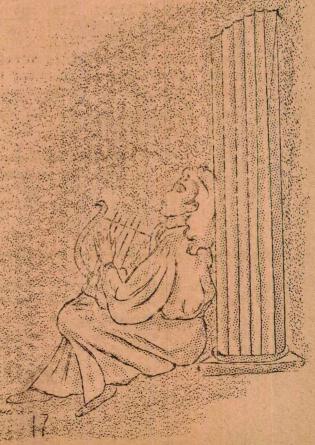
... a lone sigarette...

The pale blue smoke

Rising in the sunlight

Soft, sophisticated,

and lonely...



THE CHICKEN by Bobby Pope

"B minus 1 minute," the monthonous voice of the announcer droned. Captain Russ Fregehn sighed, then tensed himself. One minute and they would be blasting off -- the first man-bearing craft ... space travel! It had been hard work getting the post of Captain of the first interplanetary voyage. Of course the chances of return were non-existant, since the ship would not carry enoughtfuel for a two-way trip. No, they would be stranded on the moon for the rest of their lives, what with synthetic foods and artificial means of procuring air and water.

"B minus 45 seconds," said the announcer. There would be movies and microfilm books. And women... But there would be no return unless a twoway ship were perfected before their death. Most of the crew didn't care for earth life much anyway. Most of them would be content to sit and read.

To sit and read...and eat and sleep...and sit and read...

"B minus 30 seconds." But the glory of it all! The captain of the first rocket to the moom! Why, he'd go down in history. CAPTAIN RUSS FRE-GEHN, FIRST ON THE MOON! Of course he, the captain, would be the first to emerge from the ship once it landed.

"B minus 15 seconds." But how lonesome it would get, even with woman companions and all of the games and books... He would not be lonesome for people for there would be plenty of them -- children too, but how he would long for the Earth!

"B minus 10 seconds." Once that announcer says "B Minute" I'LL never see Terra again, he thought to himself. I really don't want to leave Earth now. No, I don't want to leave my home. I didn't realize that I'd chicken out but now I can't go!

"B minus 5 seconds." But it's too late! I must go now. I couldn't get off the ship in time! I've got to go to the moon whether I want to or not.

"B minute."

The rockets were suddenly forced to full power andwith a dull thud ... thay exploded !!! Leaving the damaged ship flat on the ground! Captain Fregehn was carried away ... hysterical with laughter ...

> A squirrel looked at a fan-ed, Then his mother's eyes did meet. "Yes, Darling, "said the mama squirrel, "But he's not the kind we eat."

> > Swiped from

Dave Hammond

Harken to the furtive chlatter of the corpusches!! Kennedy galops again!! Would you have your name appear within these pages? Send material to ... LEE HOFFMAN 101 WAGNER ST. SAVANNAH.GEORGIA

THE IMMORTAL BEARD

by "Pen Point" Freundt

We must face the fact: the fact of the face.

Throughout the history of man is found the face and, of necessity, the beard. The terms man and beard suggest one another. Think of man and unconsciously in your mind's eye you picture a bristled face. By man I meanthe popular idea, a strong and dominating character; thing of a coward and immediatly the image of a puny, ((I am not!)) clean-shaven individual appears.

The beard is the focal point of a man's vanity. The a weeman may consider her face to be herefortune, her beauty, and the center of her vanity, there is little in common. The man prides himself on his natural beard; the weman, with the possible exception of the bearded circus lady, prides herself also on her face, but it is an artificial pride, as artificial as the make-up with which her face is covered.

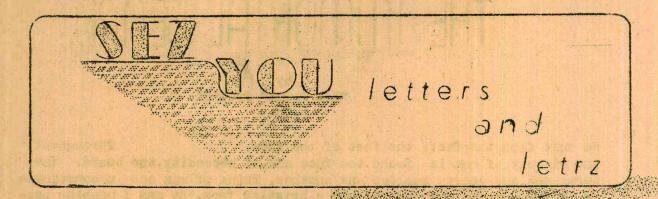
The man is proud of his strength-signifying beard. The dear old fellow of the ancient school with his unfaltering convictions often sought to cover his entire face((take note)) with the hairy growth; he would expose as much of the brush as possible. Hah! No one would ever call him a sissy! And if he suspected an outsider of rediubling his hairful excess on the chin, he would supplement this with capillary growth from the patal extremity. The poet well said:

"Hair today; Groan tomorrow,"

Altho it is not my purpose to enumerate here the various beard styles——a complete listing is found in Grothmoore's Beards: Hints on Their Upkeep, Care, and Styles (Illustrated)———it may not be out of place to mention a few that have endured the test of time. There is the famous parted middle, the rounded edges, the square corners, and the nest design. The nest style is the most peculiar to the Anglo-Saxon mind the in certain sections of northwest Asia it is actually the custom of those who have reached the age of seventy—three years to furnish their beards as homes for the poor, nestless song birds.

"The bede, the Venerable Bede, "quoth the sage of Elizabeth drama --- "Bede" being Old English for beard, --- and surely he was correct. The beard is man's most faithful companion. It will be the last to desert, remaining with him, in fact, til man turns upon his own self with the sharpened razor.

Oh, Venerable Bede, You have stuck thru Thick and thin; Do not desert Us now!



Joe Kennedy 84 Baker Ave. Dover, N, J.

Dear Lee:

IT'S NOT TOO LATE! YOU CAN STILL PULL OUT OF SCI-FANTASY FANDOM AND CONTINUE TO BE A SAME NORMAL INDIVIDUAL!! (("continue to be..."???))

But if you continue in your mad, inevitable course you i will

probably have fun anyway.

QUANDRY #1 I enjoyed, Just looked it up in the dictionary. Mr. Webster spells it QUANDARY. Oh well, ((Who's this character Webster?)) Here is two bits. This should entitle me to two and one-half issues. Boy am I trying to foul your bookkeeping up. My first impressions of the magazine are that it looks as if it were thrown together by a punchdrunk Eskimo during a black night in the Arctic Circle. But QUANDRY is intellegent. ((Huh?)) It has a personality already. ((That's a polite way to put it)) There were a lot of things in the issue I liked.... Judging from the first question of your QUIZ on page 4, you have been reading the FANCYCLOPEDIA.

As for question two...jeez.I couldn't

answer it myself offhand!

FOR GAWD'S SAILE USE MORE INK!

Has getting married charged Kessel any?

Enclosed will be a stinking story for your consideration; if you don't want it, rip it up, you won't hurt my feelings. Honest.

The best to ye,

Bobby Pope SW Hill & Hanover Sts Charleston, S. C.

Dear Lee,

...First I would like to corngradgeyulate you on the improvement of Q#2. Twenty-one pages numbered in order from 1 to 21. That's improvement no.l Secondly, the mimeoing was slightly better. Fifteen pages were legible to the full extent. That's five better than #1.((Legible? Gad, we'll have to start printing better material!))

MORE OF WHAT YOU SEZ

Bobby Pope (con't)

Thirdly, of course, the material was better. I liked "A Martian Oddity".

That pic of Kessel's on page six is a good'un. ((Toldja I'd get some good stuff))

Yes, QUANDRY shall hold its own in the near future, if improvements
continue at the present rate. ((Its own what?))

How about a guest short story or article from you for the FANatic? ((The FANatic FANzine, Bob's pub. the first ish of which should be out about now))

I'll wurk on sumpin' for Q 'n' see'f you like it.

You tell Joe Kennedy that if he can punch a drunk eskimo in the Arctic Circle at night better than the Q., DO IT: ((Joke, consider yourself told))

As the werewolf said when his head was blasted off with a tommygun, "You got me there."

hopintobehearnfrumya, Bobby

Robert & Marion Bradley P O Box 4 3 1 Tahoka, Texas

QUANDRY (isn't there an "A" missing?) shows promise of becoming an excellent fanzine once you overcome the problems of getting ink in the right places... If you are using a brush-inked mimsograph - try a heavier bodied ink and watch the margins. A good ink will turn out about 200 copies without re-inking. . if you cut your stencils deep.

/ Robert & Marion Bradley / ((The Bradley's publish a mature quarterly zine called MEZRAB. They send out MEZRAB free and trafe with anyone))

Stan Serxner 1308 Hoe ave. Bronx 59,N.Y.

Dear Sign of The Empty Wallet,

Quandry 2 recvd. Good, wot with mimeo trouble and all,

Either we are operating on the same wave length or all fen are the same. I have the same money and mimeo trouble. ((Shall we compare operations?)) If I may be permitted to wail a bit louder, more trouble, since I run SIRIUS alone. I am currently 'at liberty' too. tch tch. Ask some kind fan to forward a rezer to slit my antennae with.

The Quandry set up is good, insides a plus.

Sincerely in SF, Stan Serxner/

SOME OF YOU SEZ THIS TOO

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

((The punk

junk

Dear Lee; -QUANDRY((#2)) arrived yesterday; got slightly beat up in the mail, too. Wish I could gush all ever the place as to how much I enjoyed reading the mag, but unfortunately I didn't come across anything that proved interesting. You expect some typing, spelling, and gramatical errors in a new fanzine, but you had enough for two or three. ((Some of the errors in this dept. belong to the writers and not the ed as we try to print what we receive))(

Walt Kessel's illustration on page six was well done, but the rest of the artwork was undistinguished. You killed most of your space by talking about QUANDRY, which actually had nothing in it worth talking about. I trust you'll improve with future issues. ((I hope so)) As long as you're going to put out a fanzine, why not take a little more time and effort and do a good job. ((Typos sometimes slip past the best of us)) Lots of luck... Sincerely,

Gerry de la Ree ((Thanx, Gerry, it's honest criticism that'll help make QUANDRY a zine worth reading.

Dave Hammond 806 Oak St. Runnemede, N. J.

Dear Lee, ((This is a composite of three letters from Dave))
You want material, et? Enclosed is a short story for Quandry. ((Glimpse))
I hope I'm"in a Quandry soon!

Your statement on policy fits in well with my own ideas on the subject. "SF lightly & lean toward fantasy, personality & art."

(1) The fantasty story inclosed shows I favor it. (2) I like to do art work (3) and as for personality and character—I am definitely a character.

I'll subscribe, but it can't be right now. No money. ((You too?)) But rest assured, you'll get some before #2 comes out. I hope you will, anyway. ((So do I)) Some of the pages in #2 are legible... That sounds like a novel idea.

((Just you wait. Someday we'ld learn to run this Mimeo.))

JoKe is OkE---I have a thing he published called Blue Bem Comics ---right cute.

Say, what is this QAZ business? They don't look like your initials. ((They aren't))

Incidently your fanzine is the first to accept for publication any material from me.

Conit

GAD, YOU HAVE SEZ-ED ONTO A FOURTH PAGE!!

Dave Hammond (con't)

Someday when I am writing best sellers translated into 57 languages (including Braille for the blind) you can tell everyone you gave me my first start...you are saying as you grow rich by publishing my stories.

Soon to be in a QUANDRY, /Dave Hammond/

Albert Froundt
Box 211
Savannah Beach, Ga.



Der Lee:

Wats a mata with u, ani-how? U QAZZY?

I hav not neva had ani trubl with u or ani-how like u b-fore-so whi the QUANDRY? ((Huh::::????))

R.J.Banks, Jr. 111 So. 15th St. Corsicana, Texas



Dear QAZ,

The first thing I noticed about QUANDRY #2 was the cover. It was a definate improvement over the last one (any illustration is better than no illustration) (half an illustration is better than no illustration) (etc) anyway having a portrait of the editor on the cover is a good idea.

Next saw the contents page, no! That's not right, the next thing was the blank back of the front cover. But to get on with the commentary: I see you have some new contributers and a different heading. Nice; nice!

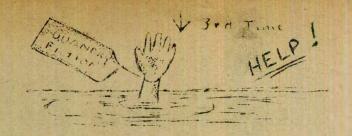
K-Oss (the editorial, stupid) is not only better written than before, but is also more alive. ((then step on it quick!))

CMP ((Cold Mashed Potatoes)) by Kessel: Glad to see you have a column now, m'boy, but it left me just the same as the first word of the title. To wit:cold. I hope this improves as much next time as the editorial did this. If so you'll have a first class column, and that plus your nigh perfect artwork is half the battle for a top notch zine.

Macbeth Edits A Fmz; Nuts to Shakespeare; same to you!

Channel 14 was the best yern this time, though it was far below the level of quality one expected after seeing the first ish.

Con't



Banks blabs on!

A Martian Oddity: Kennedy can write about the best of fan fiction, but this resurrected monstrosity is a disgrace to him. ((Don't blame it all on JoKe)) No more of the ancient abominable cruddies, please!!!!

Now to the Quiz, QAZ: Either a longer quiz, or none at all. I haits theez hear liddle bitty two question quizes. ((Anybody else have any feelings on this subject?))

Filler was snappy, and maybe even a little better than last time. Good!!! More: more: morE.

The Samlan thing was utterly unreadable. I managed to wade halfway through it, but could get no farther. There is no profit in publing a fanzine if your writers have no ability. Let's have more of your own work in the future.

Is "Nothing" by Pope a yarn, or an ad for QUANDRY??? If it was a yarn, I rate it far above "C-14". If an ad, I say make QUANDRY an adaine.

Sez You was deader than dead. That's in general, but J. Blyer, esq. is a lad after me own heart, ah yes. His letter was such a masterpiece of panning and conceit that I am not sure that even I, who am exceeded only by Redd Boggs and F.T. Laney in this art, can surpass him. Speaking of "esq", that's the small time little mag that's been running a lot of Bradbury lately. Oh well, Ray's a great guy, but I wish he'd shoot for something BIG when he sells to other than the pulps.

Last but not least, to use a time worn phrase, was "After Thots". This far exceeded your editorial, and I hope you retain it as a regular feature or incorperate it into the regular editorial. ((You mean comments on the mimeo EVERY ish?))

As a whole your zine has improved greatly. The mimeography is 100% better, but the fiction quality has sunk abominably; the blank pages which were scattered throughout the mag also detracted from the zine's punch; your paper is HORRIBLE. (('Twas free too))

Yourn in all fancerity, _R.J.Banks,Jr.,asf./

A Few More Lines from Joe Kennedy

Dear Lee:

QUANDRY #2---all right, then.down with Webster:---was up to snuff, and the duplication lots better'n #1. I liked Kessel(s Mashed Potatees good heading, too), "Symbolic Synthesism" end the delightful last page account of your struggles getting the issue out. Was interested to see that horrible old ODDITY resurrected. The letter section was intriguing what ther was of it, and how come you rate mail from Wollheim? The snatches from Stakespeare were good for some belly-laffs, some of 'em were quite apt. I gawk with admiration at your patience in plowing thru the whole play just to excerpt it thataway. Will be looking forward to #3.

Ever thine,

[Joke]

