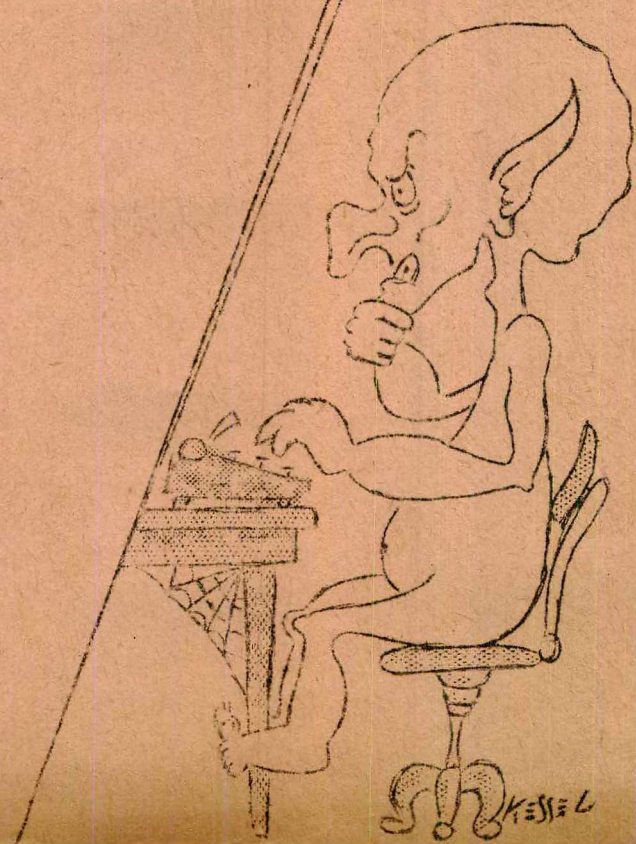
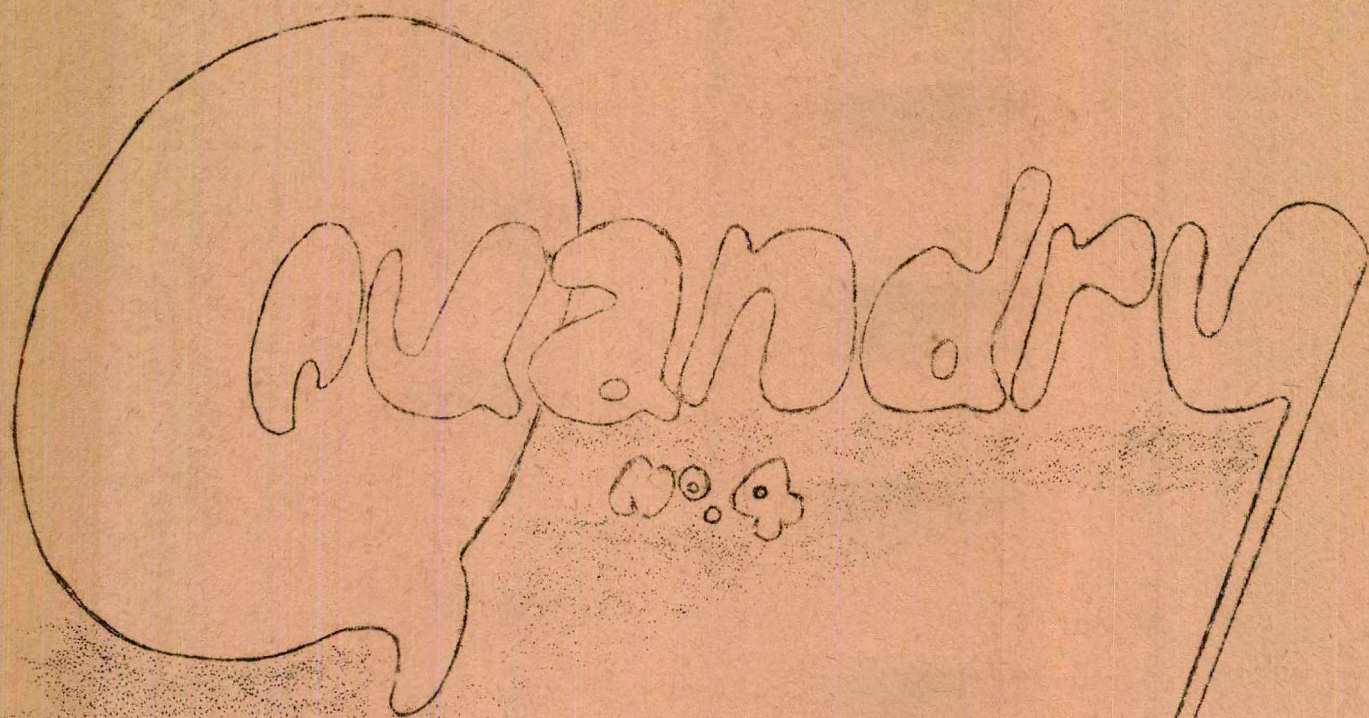
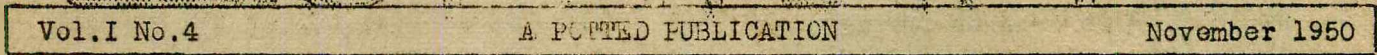


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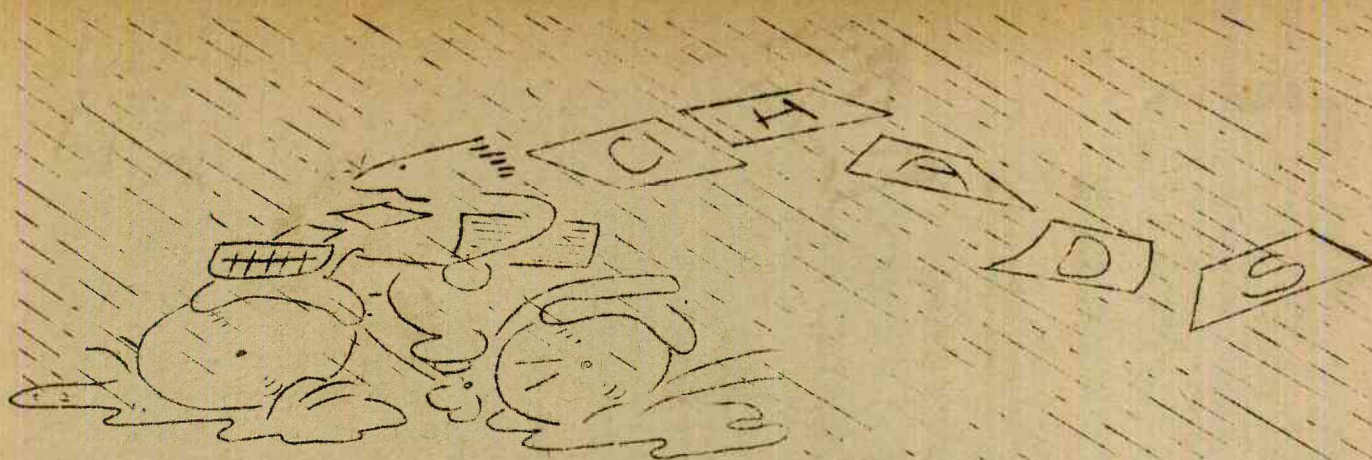


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Screams from 101.....

Okay, which one of youse put the curse of Ghu upon the QUANDRY? Don't deny it. Come time to run off the last stencil and buy stamps for Q#3 we were having a hurricane...well, not quite, the storm was a few miles down the coast but near enuf to stir up a bit of wind and rain. I dunno how much wind but we had better'n 16 inches of rain. Anyway it was on with the raincoat and off to Armstrong on my bicycle to run off that stencil. And Savannah is built on a turntable which is so arranged that where ever I am and where ever I plan to cycle, it's uphill and against the wind all the way.

Apologies to Sid Gluck and the readers of SKYLARK. Read all about it in the letter column.

For Those Who Wish To Get The QUANDRY Cheaper Dept.: Members of the CENTAURIANS may subscribe to the QUANDRY for 75¢ a year instead of a buck.

Coming Next Ish.: A discussion of the present sfantasy comic book trend. It's not too late to get in a few words on the subject yourself.

A moment of silence in memory of SPACEWARP which is no longer. It was among the first fanzine casualties of this war. Palbearers were Laney, Speer, Kennedy, Coslet, Graham, Dewey, Metchette, Burbee, Sneary, Boggs, Watkins, Conner, and Rotsler. They carried out the final ish with a cry of defiance, "I did NOT set fire to my tent."

Note to readers who would like to sub to QUANDRY but who don't have the cash: I will trade subs and/or ad space for old fmz, pfoz, what-have-you. Make me an offer.

Rumor has it that some of you have been mispronouncing this fanzine's title. The title is QUANDRY, not QUANDARY. I beg you, please pronounce it correctly.

You'll find this ish somewhat different from last ish. Of course what appears in a ish depends on what material is sent to the editor. Sometimes an ed will receive a lot of good fiction and at other times none. Subsequently some ishs will be fiction-heavy while others will be fiction short. I ask that you don't judge QUANDRY on one ish alone.. At least not until it has sufficient contributors to assure a balanced and regular flow of material onto the editor's desk. Many things shall happen in the coming issues of QUANDRY.

more over

## Still Chaos

Well, many apologies for the fact that this issue is not out on time. It's supposed to go into the mail on the tenth but at this stencil-cutting ye ed is kinda sick and unable to attend to the matter of getting the rest of these stencils run off. And right now I don't feel like I'm gonna be up for a few days. Worst part is that I'm missing classes too. I know you guys'll forgive me a few days but there's a mess of money tied up in this matter of getting educated and every class missed means that much lost.

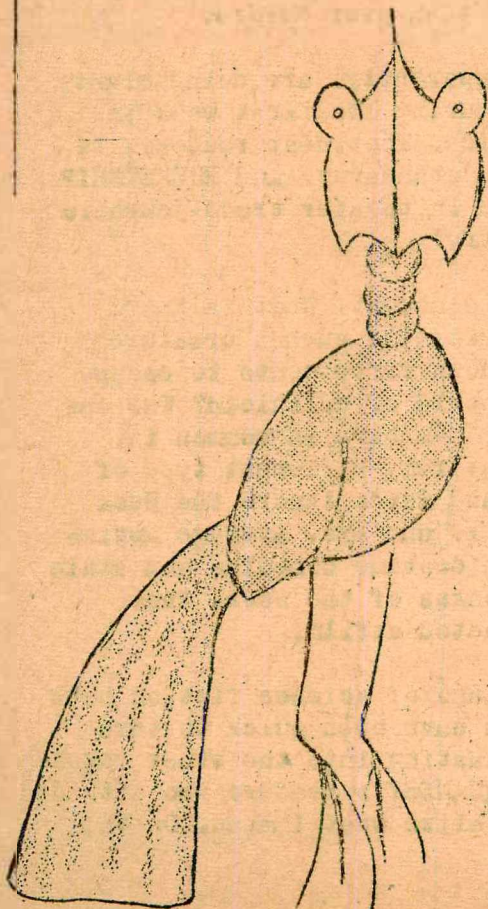
Lee D. Quinn at Box 1199, Grand Central Station, New York 17, N.Y. would like copies of QUANDRYs #1 and #2. Walt Coslet at Box 6, Helena, Montana would like a copy of #1. If you've got copies that you don't intend to keep please send 'em along. And this ed would like Nekromantikon s 1 & 2.

With an up in the cost of stencils down here QUANDRY expenses are taking a jump. This means more subbers or a rise in price or less pages. I don't want the last two any more than you do, so how about making with a sub?

Big news soon! Watch QUANDRY for further info!

Lee

## QUIZ



First the answers to last month's quiz...

1. Surely you remember Dr. Henry Armitage, Librarian of Miskatonic University. (W.M. Miskatonic, Ph.D. Princeton, Litt.D. Johns Hopkins) / Lovecraft's Dunwich Horror /

2. Cthulhu is the cousin of the Old Ones.

And now this month's questions...

1. In what story does the hero, John, pray to the "great god", ASHING?

2. Who edited REUNIFYING STORIES and ULTRA PLANETS? (Mebbe I should use the present or future tense in this question)

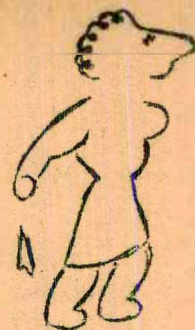
Anyway answers next ish.



LIGHTS...

CAMERA...

JOE KENNEDY



Do you think the day will ever come when the movies will abandon Hop-along Cassidy in favor of Skylark of Space?

Five years ago, I read an article in a fanzine which predicted that such a thing would come about. In fact, the fanzine writer even went so far as to guess that by 1955 all the best stories from ASTOUNDING and UNKNOWN would be transformed into very popular films.

When I read the article, the whole idea seemed so improbable that I laughed like hell.

Today----I wonder! With the announcement that the movie moguls have purchased such yarns as FAREWELL TO THE MASTER and Campbell's WHO GOES THERE?, the day when we'll be able to walk down to the corner movie-house and watch muscular heroes-blasting-beams-to-bits seems nearer than ever before.

The first two scientifilms of the deluge, apparently, are doing mighty well at raking in the shekkels. DESTINATION MOON, during its first week in New York, reportedly grossed \$44,000 at the boxoffice. That, dear readers, is one hell of a sweet lump of cash---even by Broadway standards. And ROCKETSHIP X-M, a much less ambitious picture, has been listed in theater trade-journals as one of the ten biggest money-makers in the country!

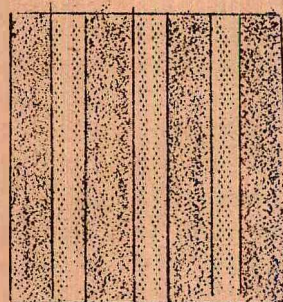
Let's consider these two space-operas for a moment. What is there about them that has appealed to the typical movie goer (if such a creature exists)---the average Jack or Flossie who plunks down fifty cents to escape for a couple of hours into a pleasant little dreamworld of celluloid? The one element which both DESTINATION MOON and ROCKETSHIP X-M have in common is, it seems to me, pure novelty. They are simply an entirely different type of story from anything Hollywood ordinarily spawns---and let's ignore the Buck Rogers and Flash Gordon abortions. In my opinion, Mr. and Mrs. Average Movie-Goer have got so utterly and completely fed up with costume comedies and stale gangster mellerdrammers and bang-bang-shoot-em-up sagas of the West, that they'll welcome virtually any well produced, well acted stfilm.

Then, too, the rocket-ship-and-raygun trappings of science fiction have been natural fodder for the ballyhoo. Publicity men have been quick to take advantage of the fact that a gleaming spaceship blasting into the ether makes a nice, unusual-looking newspaper ad. And those of QUANDRY's readers who attended the showing of DESTINATION MOON in New York will realize what I mean. On the



# THE JAUNDICED EYE

OR DIARY IN A PADDED CELL



M. G.  
BAXTER

Hi-you all. The following is a series of loosely connected thoughts, as scribbled on the wall of my beautiful pink padded cell. I have to write surreptitiously, 'cause if the keeper catches me, he'll put me back in that nasty straight jacket - and that thing never did fit; the sleeves are too long, and no matter how often I tell them, they never bother to have it altered.

The slot in the wall just opened and a package sneaked through. I'll have to hide it before I continue... Ah, that lovely slot in the wall. My little friends with the green ears and tentacles designed it and nobody but me knows it's there. They manage to smuggle in all the latest stf mags and mail all my letters which get published now and then, to the great suprise of my doctors. Yes they read sf too but they've never been able to figure out ~~how~~ I do it (the door and all). There's only one difference between me and them. They don't believe sf; they laughed at Shaver, they laughed at Forte, they laugh at Bradbury and Lovecraft. But ME they didn't laugh at, ME they put in this pretty pink bird cage. I wonder why...

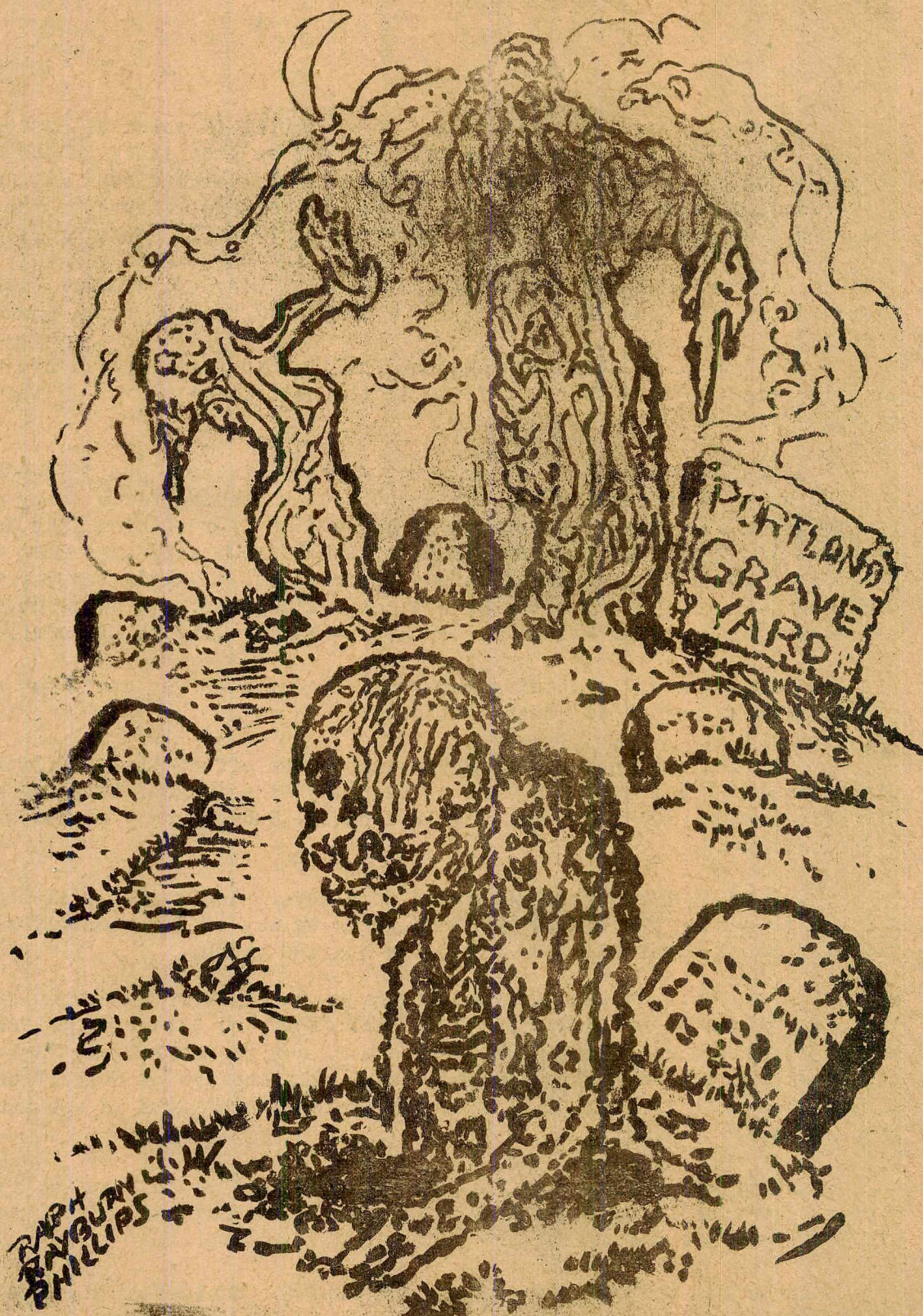
Speaking of Bradbury, he's in the Sept. 23 issue of Saturday Evening Post. I'll have to read that mag. Congrats, Ray. Must make a note to tell my gremlins to swipe a copy.

Galaxy, Galaxy, Galaxy, --- wunderbar!!! dah - - pardon the interruption, Folks, but I just had to ~~to~~ express myself in my typical fashion. AT LAST the high priced fantasy classics in \$.25 form, and such form! You guessed it, that wonder story by E.F. Russel, Sinister Barrier --- if you missed it, go bang your head against the wall... pardon me while I turn handsprings. The story is a thriller from start to finish. It literally never slows down, and me, at least, it left as breathless as those handsprings.

Uh-oh, what's that!? Sounds like the guard comin', got to sign off quick. "Hey, Oscar" (my pet green bem)"copy and mail this quick, will ya, that big dope'll be here in a minute....."

FINIS

" " " " " " " " " " " " " " "



# More from ME

Sure, I know I've already had an editorial in which to express myself. So can I help it if I'm in a talkative mood. I've been stuck in bed the last couple of days. In fact I still am. The typer is perched over my knees and tottering slightly. I have blankets up to my neck and every time the door pops open there stands my mother with a glass of (grrr) milk and a pill.

Ah, the mail has just come! And with it a copy of Duggie Fisher's ODD On the back is saying "Your the cat's meow!" along with a check mark. Hummm...

How you like the Ralph Rayburn Phillips in this ish?(It had better get in this ish. If it doesn't it'll be in the next one.) thru the courtesy of Hank Rabey.

I know you've all heard about Manly Banister's pub,"EGO-BOO". Any of you who haven't reacted to hearing about it by sending for a copy should be confined for stupidity. ~~anybody~~ who'd pay a dime for a thing like this and let a chance to get a fan collector's item like EGO-BOO slip past when the book, EGOBOO, is free for the asking defies description. Manly's regular zine, NEKRO-MANTIKON sells for a mere two-bits a copy. Y'oughta try a copy. Oh, yes...the address: Manly Banister - 1905 Spruce Ave. - Kansas City 1, Missouri.

This editor is needing material. (Naturally) Why don't you send an offering? Also needed is cash. Ditto.

Terrifying rumors are circulating to the effect that A.B. Dick is discontinuing the real cheap line of stencils like QUANDRY is being cut on. Higher expences mean more money or less pages. Subsequently ad rates have been lifted slightly.

Ah, NOLACON'!! Much happiness down heya. You gwine? I'll be looking for'ard to seeing you there. Anybody going by way of Savannah? If so watch for the hitch hiker with the mimeo-ink stained thumb.

A sudden, mad thought that occurs to this editor under the spell of dastardly microbes (er something): for all of it, no editor, or writer for that matter, dast speak against EGOBOO since M.B. sez in the forward "Specifically it is desired that a particular individual will observe of himself the caricature herein,...Such individual will have only to open his mouth in rebuttal to show that he does." Hummm...

Any of you fellow fmz editors who feel that you'd like art from this corner, don't hesitate to call upon this one. I'll cut the stencil too. (But you gotta pay for that...not the service, the stencil.)

Gives the end of this stencil and time for another pill so until next time...

I remain quandrically yours,  
The Feeble One

# phantasy of the night

GERRY DE LA REE

Goddess of the night, bewitcher of dreams, it is to thee I write...

I see a star -- cold and infinitely small from where I stand, and yet in reality a blazing orb of size majestic.

I see thee -- warm and human and easily within my earthly reach, and yet distant and forever beyond my grasp.

I look to the night and to the stars for comradeship -- for thou art born of the night.

Darkness is thy cloak and dreams art thy playthings. Moonbeams and stardust art thy weapons against man and his solitude.

No rest have I known since thou first spun thy wondrous webs of star light and hope about my seething brain.

Vainly I seek release from thy nocturnal hold -- but I fear my efforts are not sincere.

So strong is the desire, so utter the futility. . . But still I am unable to dispell thee from my thoughts.

New worlds hast thou revealed to me -- worlds which thou frequentest but I may never tread.

As the night is thy serf, even do I bow to thy beauty and mastery.

And as the darkness deepens, I do fall even further under thy enchanting spell.

But when the groping fingertips of the golden dawn spirit thee from my presence, I am left alone to again face the dreamless reality of another day.

So know that as each treasured second with thee multiplies into hours, and the hours in turn to days, and the days to years, that even so does my love for thee multiply.

Our phantasy of the night . . . born of a futile hope, enduring through an unavailing love . . .

finis

\*\*\*\*\*



# HOW TO WATERPROOF YOUR FANZINE

by JOHN-BLYER-ESQ.

## INTRODUCTION BY AUTHOR

Knowing of the perennial interest of fan editors in improving their fanzines regarding mechanical materials and the methods of assembly of same, and the fannish passion for innovation we deem it possible that the following unique article may be of interest to fan editors and would-be fan editors. These faneds, who are in business now with ordinary run of the mill zines, beat their poor cortexi to distraction trying to figure ways and means of improving their fanzines and increasing their circulation, or vica versa, and have small success.

This article is predicted to incite anticipatory interest in certain fans who up to now have shown marked reluctance to subscribe to even the better zines; ie, QUANDRY and a few others. In this classification of "reluctant etc." fans are; Venusian Fans, fans residing NEAR Innsmouth, certain fans and percentages in groups on the West Coast and those who swim up from the sewers beneath Pershing Square in LA.

These last mentioned fans are really interestion characters. These are they who mingle inobtrusively with the crowds listening to the park-bench-orators, picking empty pockets and lifting fanzines from overcoat pockets in their never-ending quest for pornographic literature. (Incidently some of these soap-box and park-bench speakers are interesting, too.)

Inspiration for this article came while listening to a radio commercial about a pen that would write underwater. "Who in Hell," I snorted disgustedly, as have thousands of others, "Who in Hell would want to write under water?" (The fact that ANYBODY in Hell would want most fervently to do anything under water, nice cool water, has no bearing on the above exclamation.) Any how one thought begat another until the idea written below had evolved.

\*\*\*

The ingredients necessary to waterproof a fanzine are three in number and amazingly simple to obtain. They are Borax, shellac, and water. Compounding the ingredients is astonishingly simple. Measure out 2 parts of Borax, dump in 2 parts shellac, mix well and stir into 24 parts of water until the shellac-Borax mixture is thoroughly dissolved. Apply the solution with a sponge to the publication previously printed in the usual manner. Daub each sheet thoroughly on both sides. Saturate 'em. Dry in low oven, in the sun, or just let them dry by themselves. Be careful to arrange them to prevent adhesion.

How would you like to have one of fandom's few zines printed on glossy paper? Treat your zine as above. Then brush with a soft brush. That's all there is to it.

## How To Waterproof Your Fmz (con't)



A zine treated thusly will be more durable, longerlasting, and can be washed without injury to printed matter or pix. If anything dirty gets into your zine you can wash it before placing it in the hands of the postal authorities. Pornographic pix can be coated with an attractive shade of calcimine and an ordinary spaceship drawn thereon so that you will be safe. The calcimine can then be removed at the discretion of the reader by the thrilling operation of applying a wet sponge or rag at one corner and proceeding teasingly in the manner of an anxious but patient poker player until the pic is startlingly revealed.

\* \* \* \* \*

You can put down that sponge. I assure you there's nothing calcimined over in the QUANDRY.



\* \* \* \* \*

This MAY be the first in a series of How To Improve Your Fanzine articles to be presented in the public interest. That is, if the public is interested.

#####

## BOHEA

by  
Tom Covington

Through the dark and sloggy swampland  
Through the swampland - silently  
Slithered, crept the awful terror,  
Slithered, crept the foul Bohea.

Toward the little lonely village  
Toward the village - stealthily  
Crept the dread, decadent monster  
Crept the form of foul Bohea.

Intent upon the playing children  
Intent upon the playing three  
Were the red eyes of the monster  
Were the eyes of foul Bohea.

He was hungry - terribly hungry  
Hungry was the foul Bohea  
Oh, how well I know he hungered  
For, you see, I am Bohea.

# AND SUCH IS THE KINGDOM

M. Baxter

They promised him the world, once they subdued it. His to rule for life, they said, as the reward for his cooperation. All he had to do was reveal the plans and hiding places of the last of his stupid contrymen. It was almost too easy. Alas for the crowded, brutish population of the Earth, he thought jocularly; first, World War Three and then the Aliens. Well, it served them right, always pushing him around just because he was small. He never got an even break, he thought bitterly. Well he'd show them now, just wait and see! The Aliens had said that the planet would be subdued, hadn't they? Well, this Master would see that it remained that way!

Justified? Certainly he felt justified...and very proud of himself. He was so proud when they tol him that the Earth was his at last. The Aliens were fair and truthful, like children. Th were mentally incapable of falsehood...the fools! He might as well be polite and hide his glee during this, his last night aboard their miserable space ship. Think, tomorrow he was returning to his home, his planet, his KINGDOM. He felt the eagerness of a Child on Christmas morning!

Dictator of Terra! Nobody would bully him now. No one would even dare breathe without his consent! He, who left the planet a virtual slave with everybody against him, laughing at him, he was returning as its master. He was greater than them all. He was divinely chosen, even the peculiar Aliens admitted that in their ridiculous phraseology, when they called him a "gift of the Gods." How glad he would be to plant his feet on Earth's soil again.

The next morning, after a short farewell ceremony, they returned him to the planet he had betrayed. His deed and the fact of his dictatorship were no secret. They warned him of that before he left. As a matter of fact, they had told him, the entire population of Earth knew it. They, smiling, they bade him goodbye.

Such fools they are, he thought on the way down in the space launch. They took only some stupid radio-active metals and ores. They never touched the valuable things...the gold and silver and precious stones. But who was he to halt their folly? His mental laughs gave way to verbal ones as he thought of all that was his. He still couldn't quite believe it. Oh, the plans he made during that short trip down. Revenge against those who persecuted and brow beaten him when he was an insignificant clerk. Thoughts of the palaces and beautiful women and rich foods he would indulge in swam in his brain. He grinned broadly, completely drunk with joy and wrapped up in his dreams. The Alien piloting the boat returned his smile, obviously indulging in thoughts of his own.

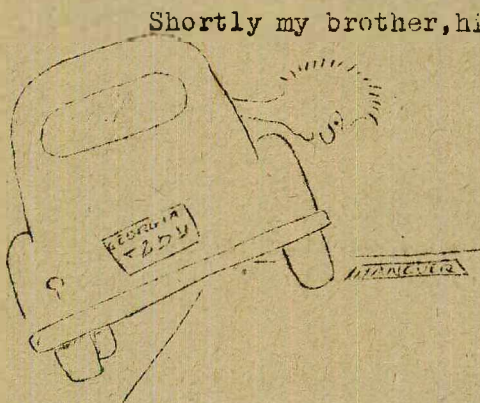
The landing of the launch fulfilled the Aliens' promise by returning him. To their way of thinking it was an unusually cheap price for his aid.

The population of Earth knew about his deed, yet there were no reproaches. No one called him traitor or even laughed at him. The space craft was gone. He stood there alone surveying the gutted ruin that was his domain. And all about him in that colossal graveyard, there was silence.

1

# THRU CHARLESTON with gun and tripewriter

On the morning of Labor Day last, my phone rang and, oddly enuf, I answered it. 'Twas my brother calling to find out if I wanted to join him and his family on a drive. Gleeeful at the opportunity to try for a position on the lists of Labor-Day casulties, I accepted.



Shortly my brother, his wife and their three year old son and the car arrived. We departed for the wilderness. The drive was uneventful except for the fact that one of the tires came apart.

Finally we arrived in the city of Charleston, So. Carolina. In this city exists, among other things, one of my close correspondants. (Close, why he doesn't even buy envelopes. He just writes on the backs of the stamps.) On reaching the business section of the city we discovered that all of the streets were one-way. After going

around the same block five times we found a place to park. Then, on foot, we searched out an eating place. We ate.

Then we decided to look up my fellow fan, Bobby Pope. His address is merely SW Hill & Hanover Sts. While looking for these streets we made an interesting discovery; the street signs are set into the sidewalk. Appalled at the thought of having to stop the car at every corner we decided to play it smart and phone Bob. We located a phone booth and phoned a Michel. Naturally there was no phone listed under Pope at Hill and Hanover. So we asked a filling station attendant where the two streets were. He told us that one was one way and the other across town from it. The second person we asked told us that Hanover was somewhere near Columbus Street or some such. She'd never hear of Hill Street. Another character assured us that the two streets did NOT meet. Aghast we decided to find the general vicinity of Hanover St and ask every person we saw there until we found it. And soon we did find it...by stopping at every corner and looking for the plate in the sidewalk. Once on Hanover we rode it from end to end and at the far end met an unlabelled street that had to be Hill. It was.

I knocked on the door of the house numbered "0" and Bobby's mother came to the door. She recognized me from a picture that I had sent Bobby and from the fangs that showed when I smiled. Aghast, she invited me in. I accepted.

I entered.



My eyes met those of the Charles Fan and we stared at each other.

I spoke. "Hullo."



THRU CHARLESTON...(con't)

His reply was equally witty, "Hullo."

I sat down. He remained seated.

We looked at each other.

He stammered a question about QUANDRY. I stammered an answer. He realized that there was no alternative. I wuz there. No amount of blinking would remove me. So he gave in.

We conferred on the price of paper and stencils. We pondered the influx of stf comics. And we discussed a certain Golden Garden Spider.

Suddenly Bobby excused himself and disappeared into the labrynth-depths of his home. Soon he returned wearing a ghastly gangrene expression that I later learned was a rubber mask.

The subject of conversation strayed from cemeteries to fantasy to ego-boo and in due order to who had received the most. This last point is still undecided.

Eventually evening came and my brother's family and I left.

I returned home all full of ideas, inspiration and Ginger Snaps.

\* \* \*

Which just goes to prove that if you write to fans within a thousand mile radius, you're liable to be dropped in on, any day - any hour....



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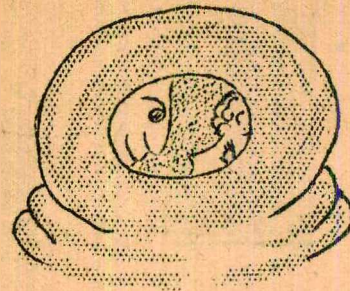
THE FANATIC FANZINE

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

OUR

# SPACESUIT BUILT FOR TWO

(Song)



The skies over Mars may be purple  
Or they may be an Earthly blue.  
But we won't dream  
About the color-scheme  
In our spacesuit built for two!

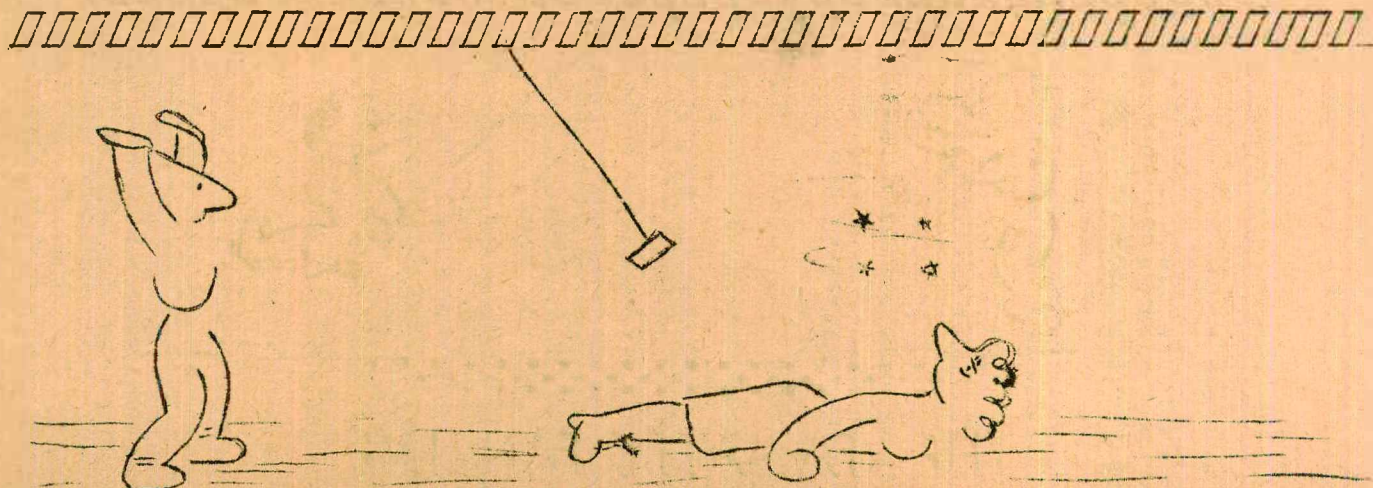
The Martians may be unfriendly  
The vegetation may be rank  
But we won't care  
About the lack of air  
Sharing one oxygen tank!

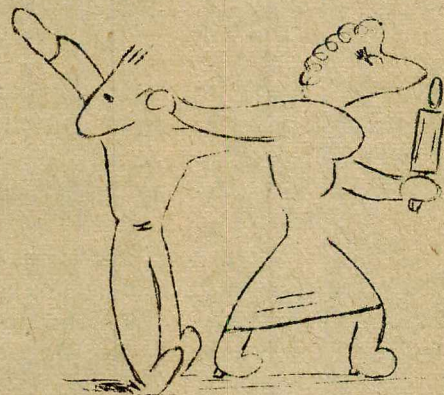
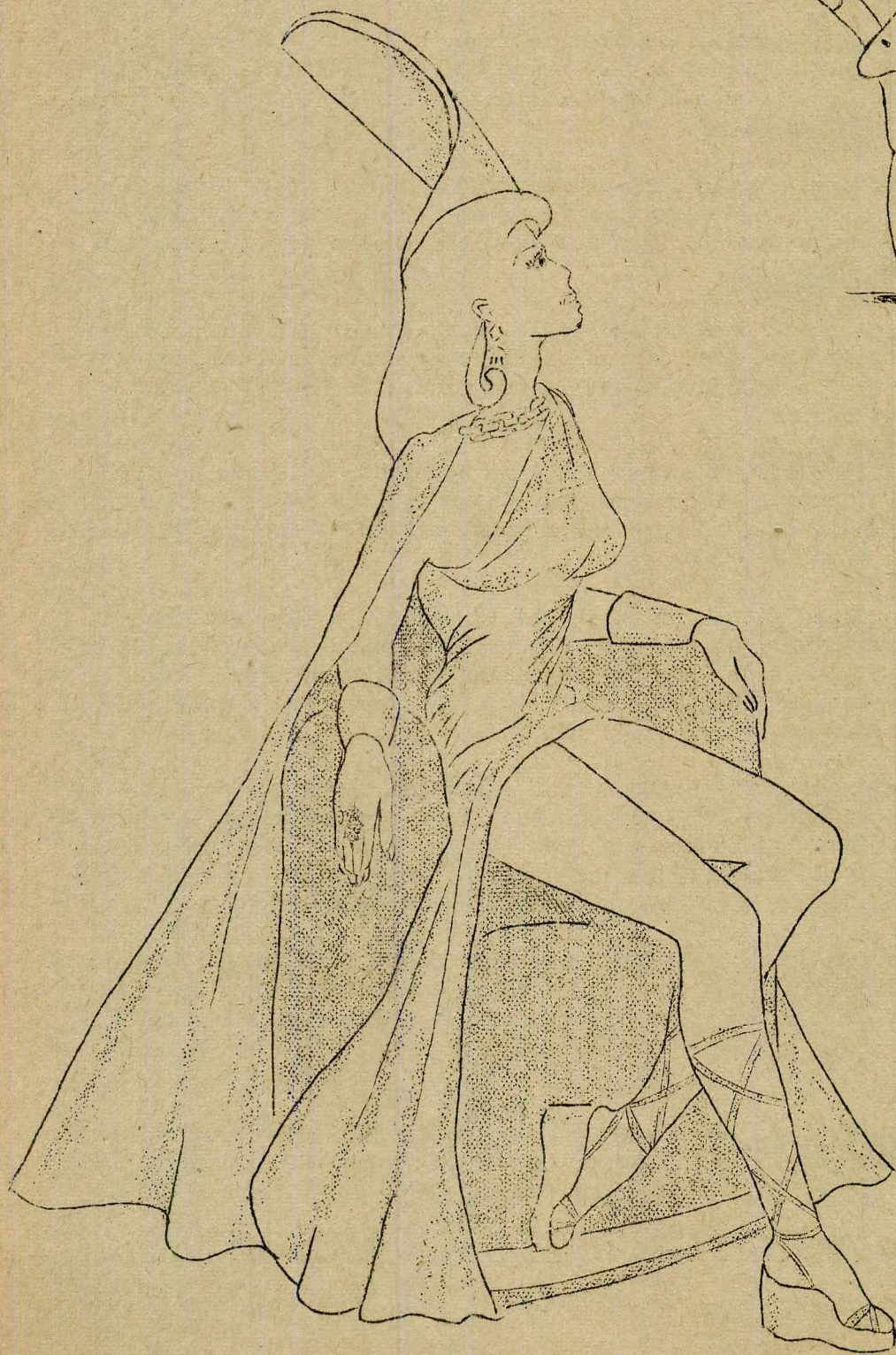
You can whisper sweet nothings in my ear  
And please don't tell me any fibs.  
I have one request to make of you, Dear...  
Take your elbow out of my ribs!

We can share our vitamin pills  
We can share our water supply  
But we won't bother  
With pills or water  
When we share just you and I!

There's not much room in a spacesuit  
But we'll still pitch woo  
So dislocate your neck and kiss me  
In our spacesuit built for two!

- Pike Pickens





Hoff 2

# THEY

The autumn air was crisp and sharp and scented with the smoke of burning leaves. There would be snow soon. You could feel it coming. Soon the empty lot next door would be covered over with a fine scrim of white. It would be soft and crunchy under the feet.

When the soft white snow lies on the ground they have to go indoors. They move into the big house and live there instead of out in the fields, for their feet would leave marks in the snow and then the people would know about them. That would never do.

- - - - -  
He slammed his hand down on the table. He had heard it again...the soft patter on the stairs. He knew it was on the stairs but when he looked there was nothing. At first he had thought it was mice. He had put out poison and set traps, without success.

They didn't like him. He knew that. He had known it since he first moved into the house a month before. He had sensed it, the feeling of intruding. But houses at such a low rent were rare and a young writer seldom can afford to be choosy.

He struck a third match and cursed as it went out. They were doing it. The old house was growing very cold under the attack of wind-borne snow. He had stacked up firewood in the grate and now he couldn't light the fire. They kept putting out his matches. He was certain now that they were intelligent beings. What else, he did not know.

He looked around at the shadows that a low sun threw onto the walls and at the flecks of color that fell through the stained glass strip that arched above the bay window. They were there. He knew it. He couldn't see them but he could sense their presence. Suddenly he screamed, "I know you're here. I know! And I know what you want. You want the house but I won't give it to you!"

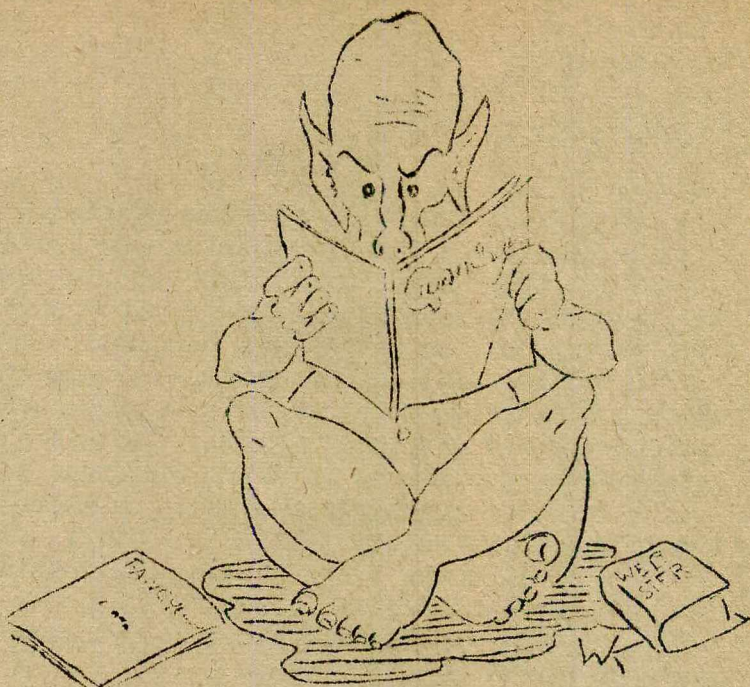
They stared at each other. The human knew about them and he refused to give them back the house. They had only meant to drive him out. They hadn't meant to let him know. The humans must never know. There was only one thing they could do.

- - - - -  
They are happy now. The house is theirs again. No humans to bother them. Of course it is a bit inconvenient having to go around the body that lies in front of the fireplace.

~~~~~

SEZ YOU

the  
reader  
writes



Firstly a letter received just after assembling QUANDRY # 3

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

Dear Lee:

I am currently feeling like an extremely low louse. I sure owe you a big apology. In the new FAPA mailing which came last week there was a mag published by Sid Gluck called SKYLARK which contained---oh Ghod have mercy on me---"Jonathan". Like a dolt, I forgot I sent him a copy of it about a year ago and it has been so long since then that I did not even remember doing it. Oh woe.

I didn't do it on purpose, honest, I didn't.

Kindly kick me.

If you haven't stencilled Jonathan already, please tear him up.

Oh death where is thy sting?

Dolefully,

[JoKe]



(Sneary,beware! Your spelling ability is challenged by...)

J. Blyer Esq.  
Rt.# 1  
Ashville,Penn.



FrenLee;

Today the #3 Quandry has arrived.

How is a fan grizzled? I mean how does one go about grizzling a fan? I mean not that anyone would particularly want to go around grizzling fans, but though having varied experiences i have yet to be able to say that i have ever been grizzled by anyone. (Hey,Kennedy!)

Spherical sayings now, about some stroics appearing in Q#3. The JoKen-eddie job startled me no end. I have long been an admirer of Kennedy (if from a distance)...You can take your Jonathan, his sharp winter air, and his short black stick and banish him to the fireproof fanzine proving grounds.

Terrifying Tale: No where, oh where did you get the inspiration for this, I wonder i do, i really do, yes i do ????

I like the Freundt character, I think.

Tomorrow? Well,,, seemed like well done crud but it's so old...!?

What can be said about bob Tuckers writings, except "Shuckins, he makes money at it"???

Glimpse, hah, if she is all that Dave said she was i don't blame the Greeks for groping for her. They tried anyhow. Very excellent imagining by Hammond.

I have a strange feeling that the Freundt character is familiar with certain Cultis writings.

The Chickex; Short, inspired and not too hard to pick on. Inspiration here was blind. Should have been worked over, i beleiv, and had this been done it would have been a very commendable piece of work.

I do not beleive it wise to comment further on the light headed Freundt..

Iwonder why all the furse about a missing "a" ???

((I sob that it was necessary to omit so much of this letter. It rambled on for four fascinating pages.))

Abruptly,

[J.Blyer Esq. Phd.]

Phoctor of

Dilosphy

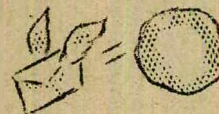
From "Lunar Base 9. - Launching Cradle Set #73 - Cradle # 4 (tr) Terra Space Patrol - Office of the Adjutant General

(Translation;)

Bob Farnham

104 Mountain View Drive

Dalton, Ga.



Dear Lee - - I received QUANDRY # 3 and really think you have a darned good mag. I especially like the picture of the editor on page 6. Thought it was a very good likeness of him.

I get a big kick out of so many telling you that Quandry ought to be spelled with another A, ie; QUANDARY. They are all wrong! You spell it wrong! Webster spells it wrong! The correct pronunciation is : QWANDREE (look it up-- Old English spellin' circa 1640....)

Best wishes of Good Luck,

[Bob Farnham]

AWRK!

Okay okay; so it's QUANDRY! QUANDRY QUANDRY QUANDRY QUANDRY QUANDRY!!! Third QUANDRY came and I did enjoy it much more than your first issue. Had read THE SNOWMAN before but JOKE is good and worth re-reading. What is the meaning of the title; THE CHICKEN? Of course "chicken" is (I think) high-school (or lower) slang for dastard, but even in a fanzine some semblance of the English language should be used. (Even in a fanzine that spells, purposely or not, its name wrong)

Letters & stories were good; MOMENTS IN ETERNITY was cute and nice in spots; Hammond's was okay, but Dave needs a bit more practice and some theory in story-writing. No real conflict and you have to think a bit to figure it out; and people who read pulp stories don't enjoy thinking, they want the authors to think for them---otherwise they wouldn't read pulp stories; and fans are pulp story readers.(( ))((Fill in appropriate comment)).

Cordially.

Paul

Issue three was the best yet. A little fiction-heavy, maybe, but everything was readable -- and there were several highly enjoyable items. Especially liked "The Face on the Futurian Floor" and your editorial.

The Egyptian tomb paintings were --- I hesitate to use the godawful word "cute" but that's what they were. The Foo Dog, too.

The quiz threw me for a loop. I give up---who IS Doctor Henry Armitage?

"The Chicken" was a curious piece, which for some strange reason I liked alot. Its ending, tho, was the biggest anti-climax I ever read. I'm not entirely convinced that it would be so horrible to spend the rest of your life sitting on the moon with nothing to do but eat and sleep and read and consort with women, either. If Pope had left out the reference to women, the heor's fate might have seemed horribler.

"The Immortal Beard was likewise an odd item. I believe I should wear a beard were it not for the fact that I would look like hell for a month or so until I had grown a decent crop.

The letter section was pleasant. I wonder how Dave Hammond ever got hold of that copy of BLUE BEN COMICS.

Ever the best,

[ Joe ]

Sez

Bob Hoskins  
Lyons Falls, N.Y.

NORMAL!

Dear Lee,

"A Peculier Publication". How true, how true.

With the one exception of the third word. This is a publication!?? Oh well. I knew I'd see something like this eventually, so I'm resigned to the fact. But I suppose it is just a normal fmz. To date I ain't had too much experience along this line.

Not much comment on the ish. Best part of it is the "Perm By Heck" and the worse is a tie between Joke's messerpiece and the resurrected piece of crud that some skunk passed off as being written by some guy by the name of Tucker. Robert Arthur Wilson, you couldn't actually do something that bad, could you?

FANzineatically,

[Bob Hoskins]

\* \* \* \* \*

J.T. Oliver  
712 32 St.  
Columbus, Ga.



Dear Lee,

Where've you guys been hiding? I heard there were fans in Sav. but I never heard anything out of you. Nice to see Ga. fans doing something.

Your ol' mag is pretty good, in general, but I think you take up too much space with illustrations. Full pages are too much.

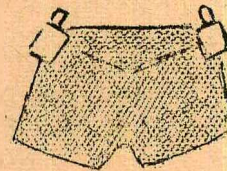
Glad to see Kennedy is back. Pretty short thing tho. See if you can't get him to contribute something longer---about 1500 words maybe.

Hey, is Kennedy slanting? I just noticed the people in his story ate SUPPER!!!! I thot them damyankees ate dinner! Or was this a Southern snowman? But that's an insult; we don't have snow in Ga. Anybody who says we do is a no-good meteorologist!

Yours,

[Jay]

Muriel Baxter  
1760 Union St.  
Brooklyn 13, N.Y.



SELECTED

Dear Chienious,

Thanx for the free copy. I just love to get things for free, especially when they is supposed to be worth money, (hint, hint) Am as much of a thinker (I'm shore I spelled that one rong) as JoKe, as will be priven by my en-clothes- your of two bits in silver.

In past payment for this mag (or rag, depends on who's a-doin' the callin') I'm enclosin' a short my me. I have a lovely line of selected shorts, some of which I can't even give away!

(Con't over)

Baxter Blabs On

Weather or not you use it is up to you, but if you don't, will you send it back as I am runnin' short of wall paper an' that story is typed on quality bond.

About the General Format (salute when you mention his name) it isn't too bad, considering with what it is produced, an' I mean everything. Wish you best of luck anyway. You should go fat, and no, that last is not a dirty crack. ( For a real dirty crack try a sidewalk expansion line)

Well, that's all for now - Goomby all,

Signed (and not with an X )

Yourses trooly,

[Muriel Baxter]

Bob Silverberg  
760 Montgomery St.  
Brooklyn 13, N.Y.



Dear Lee:

Thanks for the two copies of QUANDRY which have arrived at my house recently. ((TWO!!)) I'll send you a copy of my fanzine, SPACESHIP in exchange for them. ((Whew!!))

The third issue was an enormous improvement over the first. Glad you have cast away that "toilet paper" and have started using regular mimeo paper.

The entire mag was most interesting. I think that if you cut down on some of the more juvenile items the mag would have a more mature tone and be far more interesting...and I think it would help to publish more longer stuff and a less fragmentary one-page material.

Keep improving your zine...if necessary, go bi-monthly to maintain quality...a monthly fmz is eventually forced to cut size or print crud...unless you happen to be a Rapp.

Yerz,

[Bob]

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



Dear Lee,

QUANDRY #3 in hand now. Comments: (1) Cover: neat, not gaudy. (2) "Tootie Fruitie" fanzine? (3) Chaos: cylindrically. Chaotic. Good. (4) JoKe's short: Oke, to the point. (5) "Terrifying Tale": Gwad, you're so right! (6) Who is Dr. Armitage? Ain't CTHULHU a sort of gate-watcher, barelf able to see the Old Ones himself? (7) T'MR'W: Hmmm? (8) Poem: nice (reflection) (9) Tucker's Tepid Topic: ? (10) Glimpse: Oke. R'minds me of tale in SIRIUS # 1. (11) Pope's tale: liked it (12) "Sez You" Look, Ma, I got in a letter column! O'Boy! (13) Good mimeoing. (I got troubles!)

[Stan Serxner]

Thanks alot for letting me see a copy of your fanzine QUANDRY. I enjoyed it very much...what a list of authors on your contents page! Quite an array.

Question: Who wrote "A Terrifying Tale"? ((QAZ)) It was one of the few pieces of fanzine humor that I've ever read that was funny.

All in all you put out a swell issue...congratulations!

Your servant,  
[Lee]

[illegible]

I agree with you. Webster isn't, or wasn't so smart. Have you noticed how Rick Sneary, by advoiding Webster dogmas, can say more in ~~ten~~ words than Webster has said in his whole dictionary? DOWN WITH WEBSTER!

I wish I possessed your talent for illustrations. I don't mean mere ability to draw pictures. I mean the ability to conjure up a picture that will fit the material, and then draw it. The illustrations saved the material. Now it's up to your staff of writers to measure up to the illustrations.

Sincerely,  
[R A Bradley]

Gorsh, thanx to all of you who wrote. I'm sorry I couldn't print all of the letters received. You know, letters mean a lot to a fan-ed. Again, thanx. Seeya at the  
NOLA CON !



