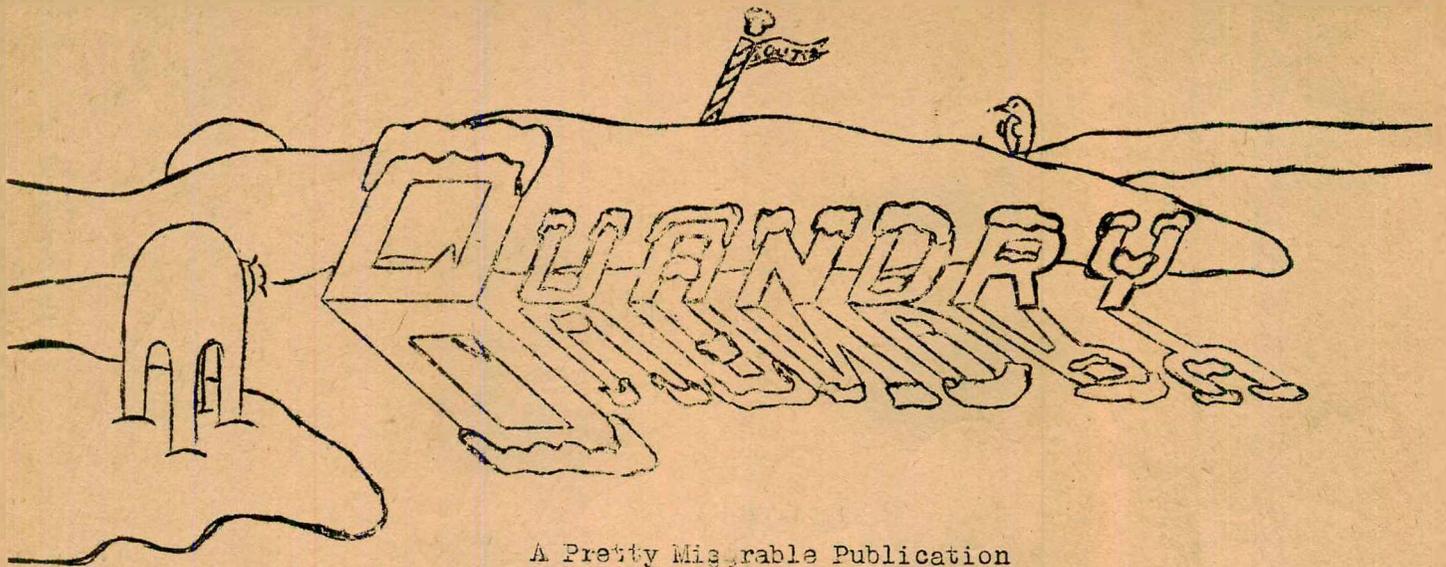


Avandry

NO. 3





A Pretty Miserable Publication

Vol. 1

No. 2

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THE QUANDRY..Vol.1 - No.2 The rest of September and a portion of October(mebbe),
 The anemic green fantazine is printed at the Sign of The Empty Wallet by the
 SaFANnahians. Address; Lee Hoffman - 101 Wagner Street - Savannah, Georgia.
 Edited by QAZ with the kind assistance of WALT KESSEL, HECK TORRIE, and HANK RABEY
 Art work this ish by KESSEL, WARTH, and QAZ.

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FANZINE TRADES WELCOMED

(Please let me know if you want to trade)

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

 Lee Hoffman 101 Wagner Street Savannah, Georgia

DEDICATION

We dedicate this issue
of
the
QUANDRY
to
WALT KESSEL
who
is
the
QUANDRY's ghod-pappy
and
to
FRED WARTH
who is
simiitarily
QUANDRY's ghod-uncle

Our blessings upon them both; may the ghreat You-Know-Who
not bring down his wrath upon their heads for having loosed a
Frankenstein like the QUANDRY upon fandom...

QAZ

CHAOS !

Surprise! Surprise! The QUANDRY has not only managed to come out with a second ish...it's come out early!!! Which all goes to prove that QUANDRY's not just a one-shot. (and that we compose on the stencil). We weren't due to hand you another ish 'til some time in Sept. but we decided to try and beat the NORWESCON. Well, we promise it won't happen again...what with classes, the community theatre, the school theatre, the drama club, and the QUANDRY all calling for chunks of this poor life. And I hope to be doing stuff for some other zines too. How about contributing, huh?

Well, there's no escaping it... a slan's a fan at hearts no matter what-just dangle a mimeograf and a fellow slan before one and watch the fmz fly!!! The "old fan" who's no longer active in fandom is "just going to help the neo-fan...just a little advice...a suggestion or two for the new zine"...there's no escaping it...

How do you like the art work by Kessel this ish???

We'd already started cutting stencils for this ish when in walked Ghod-Pappy all loaded down with lettering guides, shading plates, stylii (er styluses er somethin'), art work, cut stencils, and material. And us sitting there with ONE stylus and a straight edge bemoaning our lack of material...bless you Ghod-pappy...bless you and Mrs. Ghod-Pappy and all the little Kettles-to-be!!!

FIRSTS DEPT: First non-SaFANnahanian to sub to the QUANDRY is Bobby Pope of Charleston, S.C. First zine to plan trade is Tucker's SCIENCE FICTION NEWS LETTER.

Hope you'll forgive all the errors that are sprinkled so generously thruout the zine. I've got two good excuses for them (1) I can't type and (2) I'M ignorant. That explains that...

WONDERMENT DEPT: Hey, how come I'm not getting more mail from you readers(?)?? Here I give you a nice criticizable hunk of crud and where are all the complaints?

FANTASY IN THE THEATRE: Most talked-about fantastic play today is PETER PAN and judging from what we've heard you've heard too so we won't take up your time talking about it.

We hope the mimeoing this ish'll be better than last. Should be...we've got a trained demolition technician as technical advisor.

BUREAU OF MISSING PERSONS DEPT: Can anybody put us in contact with Rusty Gray??? James Russell Gray, that is...

How do you feel about the paper we're printing this on? It's the cheapest we could get.

(There're more of these wordy wanderings on page 4 if you'd care to look)



COLD MASHED POTATOES

Walt Eessel



Talk about dead - - that's what fandom's been in Savannah. Thought what with Warth joining the army and me turning sane(no editorial comment here, please) normal living might be resumed by all. But no. Hoffman has to come along and-- well look.

As for me, all I can do is sit back in my old rocking chair and reminiss(hell, you spell it, hoffman)((Hah!)) about by gone days. And while sitting on my bountious bohunkus I've decided that fanning is still fun if you've got the time to put in it. And time is what I don't got too much of, so thanx to Hoffman for providing this opportunity to paddle around in the puddle again.

Sometimes I envy people like Burbee who have a whole menagerie of unusual people to write about. But who the heck have we got around here? Hank? Well, he is unusual enough. He was at his unusualist one day when I saw him uptown in a coat and tie. "I just got a job," says he. "And when you get your gas bill this month, I want you should appreciate all the work that goes into getting it out."

Or QAZ, maybe? Well, like's been said; "QAZ is a character!" QAZ makes puppets. The one of Hank is a beauty. (Ain't it, Hank?)

Or me, perhaps? Now there's an interesting subject. However, since this column is already half over, we'll have to forego that pleasure for this issue. I need a whole column for me. You think I'm gonna put me away in one paragraf?

I don't know how many fen I'm reaching thru Quandry who used to read Cosmic Dust, but if any of you wonderful people should happen to pick up on this, here, roughly is what has happened in all that meantime. When I got back from California I mailed out CD #10 and retired. A year and a half ago I got mixed up with someting called the Savannah Playhouse. (Okey Hoffman, take two pages of editorial comment) ((Two pages!! You think I'm gonna put the Playhouse away in two pages? I need two volumas!)) There I met a lighting technician who is now ~~the~~ wife. (My first glimpse of her was two legs atop a ladder.) Also got a steady Saturday night job in an orchestra. That's after putting in a week at THE WORLD'S LARGEST KRAFT PAPER PLANT in the printing dept. (No, Hoffman, I will not print Quandry for you.) That, and a considerable bit of mundane bumming around about comprises the interim. (I thought I was going to get a half page out of all that. I sure ain't been doing much.)

What Has Happened To Dept.: Rusty Grey, Jay Chidsey, Dick Hetchel, MJ Nuttall, all the regular CD contributors? Don't all write at once, or I'll never answer you all.

The title? Oh, Hoffman loves them between two slices of bread.



" " Ia! Ia! Shub-Niggurath!! Blessings upon all who subscribe to the QUANDRY !!!
+ : +



Macbeth
edits a
Fanzine



...Are ye fantastical?...	I-1
...A false creation Proceeding from the heat-oppressed brain...	II-1
...The affliction of...terrible dreams...	III-2
...Poor prattler! how thou talk'st...	IV-2
...Thou speak'st with all thy wit...	IV-2
...Thou call'st...a hotter name Than any is in hell...	V-7
...He wants the natural touch...	IV-2
...Their speeches shine...	II-1
...This soliciting Cannot be ill...	I-3
...All is confirmed...which was reported...	V-3
...to the last syllable...	V-5
...Sighs, and groans, and shrieks, that rent the air...	
...a modern ecstasy...	IV-3
...Gern...	IV-1
...Why do you show me this? Another yet...I'll see no more...	IV-1
...I am sick at heart...	V-6
...Of all men else I have avoided thee...	V-8

--by
QAZ
and
Shakespeare

Channel
14

Dr. Hanson assured me that the experiment would be both painless and simple.

"If the experiment is a success," he assured me, "the entire transportation system will be revolutionized!"

I stood and gazed with awe at the intricate maze of machinery.

"When you stand here with yourself pressed against the large piece of glass," he explained, "a cathode ray will begin scanning you and thus converting you into electro-magnetic impulses enabling me to transmit you to any part of the world in a split second!"

Naturally I was skeptical of the Dr's invention. It sounded like utter nonsense, but we had been life long friends and I felt that I must humor him so I stood before the large electron gun. He pushed a switch and converted me into electro-magnetic impulses. I pressed myself against the plate glass. Dr Hanson pushed a switch and the weird operation began. During the few minutes that the tubes took to warm up I began to wish that I hadn't consented to do this experiment. Soon the apparatus was ready to operate. He switched on the electron gun and in less than a micro-second I was wiped off of the glass and hurled thru space!! I was conscious of hurtling thru space. Then I felt myself being pulled down. I "saw" a television antenna coming toward me and then--blackness.

I must have been unconscious for a millenth of a second for when I woke I was being pushed thru the video amplifier of someone's television set. After flowing thru all the tubes, resistors and mica condensers I was finally hurled with tremendous speed onto the face of the kinescope!!

I hit with such impact that my whole body was infused with pain. I tried to run but only succeeded in knocking myself against the sides of the tube.

The nite was long but soon the dawn came - I could see into the living room of the house which would be my home for the rest of my life, for I was a prisoner ---locked inside the cramped 12½ inch kinescope!!

If you would like to see me just tune channel 14...and I have been teletranscribed for re-broadcast off the co-axial.

So, until we meet again...

Bon Video!!!

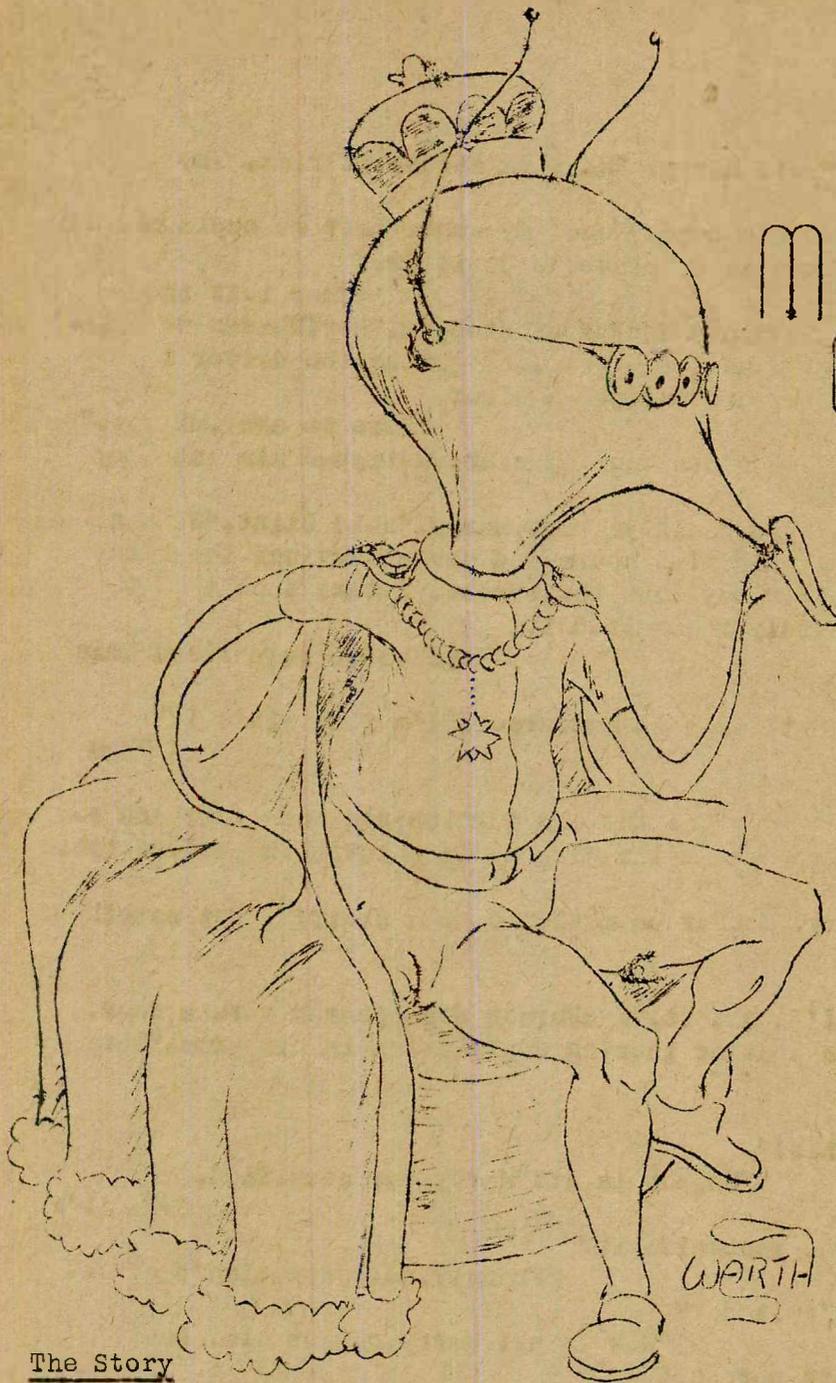
by
Kirby

A MARTIAN ODDITY

by
Stanley Wiedbottom
and
Joe Kennedy

(A Note of Explanation:
This story was written
more years ago than we
wish to remember-for the
Ann-ish of Cosmic Dust,
I imagine...anyway it
didn't come out so we're
presenting for the first
time(I hope) the great
tale of adventure which
was beleived lost to the
eyes of fankind.....Ed.)

ABOUT THE AUTHORS...
Mr Wiedbottom, as you no
doubt know, is one of the
biggest men in fandom.
He has written many books
most of which are now in
the hands of collectors...
Kennedy is some obscure fan
from New Jersey. He is
beleived to have had some
connection with the now-
defunct TTTT.



The Story

Clinton MacFurson beamed with pride as he stepped into the bar. He was dressed in a flashy new suit that bespoke his newly acquired fortune. "Scotch and soda," he told the bar-tender. Then he turned and searched the faces of the crowd for someone he knew. He grinned as he recognized Harry Bemly, an old college friend.

"Hi ya, Harry," he called. Hearing his name, Harry turned to the bar.

"Clint! You old sonofagun! How are ya?" With rapid steps he pushed thru the crowd. They shook hands heartily, grins splitting their faces. The bar-tender brought the drink and MacFurson ordered another for Harry.

"Boy, yer sure lookin' good," said Harry. "Hear ya struck it rich. Who was it? An uncle?"

MacFurson shook his head. "Nope! My aunt. Left me cupla million tom'on. We gotta celebrate an' this is no place to do it ~~tom~~."

They left the bar and walked down the street. Suddenly MacFurson stopped. "Hey! Whadda we talkin' for? I'm rich now!" So saying, he hailed a taxi, and giving the driver the address of the 49 Club, settled ~~himself~~ and enjoyed a cigar.

"Here we are, Mister," the taxi driver interrupted their conversation. MacFurson tipped him and they strolled leisurly into the ~~club~~.

"Order all ya want, Harry," said Clint, "We can eat our fill tonite." And eat they did. Two hours and seven servings later two groaning but smiling men made their way into the street. A taxi took them to MacFurson's home. Harry ~~Benny~~ hardly recognized it.

"Boy! You've sure fixed this place up. Yeah man!!!"

"Well, why not?" queried MacFurson. "I'm rich ain't I?" "You sure must be," was all Harry could say.

All the old furnishings were gone and some of the most expensive substituted. The walls were newly painted, in fact, everyx thing was new.

"Have a seat, Harry," MacFurson motioned to a chair. "I got something to show ya."

"Yeah, wot?"

"Wait I'll get it." MacFurson disappeared thru a door. A minute later he returned with a queer looking contraption in his arms. "This!" he said triumphantly.

"That?"

"This!"

"Uh, wot is it?" Harry was stupified. "Why, it's a ultra-beam deflector. Don'tcha recognize it?"

"Frankly, no. You wouldn't object by any chance, to my asking wot's it do?"

"Not at all, Harry, not at all. But I'm surprised that you don't see its purpose!"

"Uh yes," said Harry, "I guess I'm just stupid."

"I guess you are," grinned MacFurson.

"Look, I still wanna see wot's it do. Ya gonna show me or not?" asked Harry good-naturedly.

"Okay, just hold yer ~~horses~~ horses. Here... gimme a hand."

Harry crossed the room to where MacFurson was and helped him set up the apparatus.

"Looks like a lotta junk ta me," scoffed Harry. MacFurson just grinned and went about his work with Harry getting in the way trying to help.

"Here, hold this a minit. There, now we're all set."

work, I'll bet."

"Wot ever it is it won't

"Wadda ya mean wot ever it is?" I told you it was a ultra-beam def;ector. Com're. Stand over here. There. Now be still and I'll show ya." Clint moved to the machine and his hands darted over the various controls. As his fingers touched the activating stud Harry Bemly began to glow. He started to utter a startled exclamation but before the sound reach his lips he was...gone! Then from the next room came a shout. The door burst open and in strode Harry, his face a mixture of surprise and anger. "Hey, Wassa idea? You think yer funny?"

"Ha ha! Boy! I wish you could see your face! Oh, ho ho!!

"Cut it out 'fore I bash you one," stormed Harry. Then quieting down, "Say wot's that thing anyhow?"

"I tole you. It's a ultra-beam deflector. I don't know exactly how it works. I just put it together according to some plans an old feller sold me. All I know is that it deflects wot ever it's ~~xxxxxx~~ directed at. Just like it deflected you into the other room."

"Just like that, eh? Hummmmm. Ya know, ya got something here."

"That's wot I been teilin' ya Stoop. It's not stuff!"

"Ya ain't told me no such thing. All ya said is 'watch'."

"All right. Let's don't argue. The fact is remaining that we've ,ya notice I said we, got something here. Yeah, I'm cuttin' ya in. We been pals a long time an' I want cha to share muh' fortune with me. Now lissn: here's what we're gonna do..."

On Mars things were running peacefully. That is until one day when the Minister of Police came running into the throne room of Emperor Schmoor Poorr III, his tendrils quivering.

"Yer Madjesty! Yer Madjesty! Two monsters are running loose around the Royal Park! Queer looking things with two legs! Two legs you hear? TWO LEGS!!!"

Emperor Schmoor-poorrIII looked over the rims of his five-lens spectacles at the trembling minister.

"Two legs?" he asked, "Come now, Bromo-Tal, don't be preposterous. Who ever heard of a being, even a beast, with two legs? Humm?" and so saying he coiled his 15 legs in a more comfortable position. "Calm down now and tell me just what they look like."

"Well, yer Madjesty, as I sed, they have two legs on which they walk, and instead of tenacles they have strange two-jointed limbs...and a head with only two eyes, and a queer opening in the face under two sort of slits in a protruding piece of flesh." He concluded with a sigh, tendrils twitching.

"Hummm. Strange indeed. And you say they are loose in the royal Park? Hummm. Well, you must capture them at once." As the words faded from the Emperor's antenna Bromo-Tal shakily left the room.

Soon he re-entered and approached Schmoor-poorr III. "It is done, yer Madjesty. They are in the royal cage. Wot shall I do with them?"

"Bring the cage to me. I wish to see these strange monsters."

In the royal cage the "strange monsters" were talking.
"Ya nean ta stand there
and tell me ya can unnerstand wot they're sayin'?" Harry's voice was strongly
weighed with doubt.

"Sure."

"How?"

"With this." MacFurson indicated a small box. "It's
plans came along with the plans for the ultra-beam deflector. It's a speech
interpreter. The felja, a code is to use in case I went to a foreign country."

"But

I ain't heard 'em say anything at.

"Stoop! They don't 'say' anything. They communi-
cate with brain waves. Didn't cha see them antenna?"

"Issat wot they're for?"

asked Harry.

"Sure, wot'd ya think?"

"I thot they was for decoration, mebbe..."

"Stupi

I...wait! They're sendin' again. We're to be taken ta see the Emperor...er at
least for him ta see us. I thot that would happen."

Five Martian guards took hold
of the cage and rolled it into the sarone room. As the ponderous cage rolled
along the carpeted floor the Emperor was momentarily impressed by the thot that
he was loosing his sanity. Yet...oh, blast it all! Two-legged beings were an
utter impossibility. Long years (on Mars the term is dfroghua) ago the great
scientist Klax-Agon had conclusively proven that any form of Martain life other
than the familiar 15-leg species was sneerky incredible...why the natural forces
that rule supreme would never, no, never allow such a thing.

And yet the creatures
in the cage were definitely and unmistakably bi-peds. Emperor Schmoor-poorr III
could not do anything but take the evidence of his five good eyes for granted.

"Fugroorobliaag," he ordered to the liquor-bearer standing by his side.

The
liquor-bearer immediately handed him a serving of a vile-tasting amber fluid of
undeniable potency. The perspiring monarch downed the tumbler instantly, groaned
and ordered another.

Harry observed the process with interest. "hey," he commented,
licking his lips, "I wish they'd pass that stuff around to their guests."

"Shaddap!"
said MacFurson, "Y'know, to them we're nothing but monsters. Peculiar alien monste
To them we seem strange...yeah, it's a funny sort of thing..."

Harry snorted. "The
critter on that throne--well, I wouldn't call him Dorothy Lamour."

Regaining a shr
of his lost dignity with the aid of fugroorobliaag, the Emperor rose unsteadily
to his feet, all fifteen of them.

"Hrrumph," he cleared his trachea.

Harry snorted.

MacFurson remained silent.

"What manner of strange curiosity have we before us?"
wheezed the emperor. "Can it be some native life of Mars as yet unknown to the

tireless men of research who make Martain science the greatest in the universe?"

His words were clearly intelligible to the Earthlings. "What good's that thing of yours if we can't talk back to them guys?" hissed Harry angrily.

"You mean the speech interpreter?" asked MacFurson.

"Yeah."

"But we can talk back to 'em!"

"How?"

"Simple, Stoop. They're not ACTUALLY speaking. As I tole ya before they're merely using brain-waves."

"Go on."

"Sure. So all we hafta do is twist this handle down another notch and we raise our own brain-waves to the plane of that energy they're usin'. In other words, er rather thots, we can ~~now~~ talk to 'em."

"G'wan."

Yer kiddin'!"

"Nope."

"Then lemme try it. Lemme see if I kin talk to 'em." Harry looked dubious.

"Okay then," returned Clint, "I'm adjusting this thing st that you can talk to them. Here goes. There...now go on, talk."

"Martians are stupid," Harry bellowed, "just a bunch of panty waists. Fifteen legged spiders. That's all they are. A bunch a8 brainless apes."

The courtroom was in an uproar. Shouts arose of "Kill the intruders"... "Daring to insult the sacred Martian culture"... "The beautiful Martian fifteen legged body"... "Puny bi-peds"... "How can they stand on their silly little legs?"... "Insult us, will they?"... "Are we gonna let 'em get away with that?"... "We'll show 'm"... "Cast 'em into space"... "That'll fix 'Em!"

"Gaw," whispered Harry, "Did I do that?"

"Ouch," MacFurson groaned. He ran his fingers thru his hair. "You....." His remark ended in a hopeless sputter. "Can't ya have some sence once in a while?"

Two revolutions of Mars passed. Harry and Clint found themselves strapped firmly upon the outer shell of a large rocket. A robed and wigged Martian was droning out in a flat voice... "...And since the prescribed method of exicution of Martian law, instituted by the all-wise and knowing Ghloc-quertfdg IV $\frac{1}{2}$ is unanimously stated by the consulars as being; the convicted parties shall be shot into outer space by means of rocket where they shall meet doom by freezing cold, lack of air, and similiar conditions as solomnly stated and reverently determined in part 54689 $\frac{3}{4}$, sector ghy-1-xyb-cubed, and may almighty ~~at~~ Glopp have mercy upon their unfortunate suols..."

"Damn it," said Harry.

"Shaddap," said MacFurson.

Glumly they watched the fuse of the rocket grow uncomfortably short. Abruptly it was no more. There was a great cry of approval from the assembled Martians as the projectile was hurled skyward with enormous velocity.

Harry and Clint wore conscios of great speed. The rocket revolved. They noted that they were growing dizzy. The surrounding air became colder. And colder.

"Ulp," gulped Harry.

They soon found difficulty in breathing. The rocket was reaching the last atmospheric region of the red planet and icy gales whizzed about. The rocket's passengers found themselves becoming coated with sub-zeroic ice.

"I have an invention that can create artificial heat, air, and water..." gasped MacFurson. "I got it from the same place that the ultra-beam deflector and the speech interpreter came from..."

"Great!" cried Harry with relief. "Where is it?"

"In the place where the other stuff came from," said MacFurson.

That was the last thing Harry knew before the rocket broke the last trailing bonds of gravity and plunged into outer space.

THE END



Quiz ??

The answers to last ish's questions are (1) Earl Singleton and (2) nine Vamps were issued.

This ish's questions are...

1. What fnms were known by the following nick-names?
 - a. Acky
 - b. Shaggy
 - c. LeZ
 - d. VoM
 - e. Groggy
2. Where was the fifth world S-F convention held?

Answers next ish...



BY HECK

Joe Schmirks, the fan ed,
Used stencils by the quires,
To turn out lotsa fanzines
That made grand fires...

SLANS

Are your tendrils coarse and dry?
Is your reception poor due to an excess
of dandruff?? Try Wildrut Tendroil

Or as the old demon said
the to
young
demon - Listen as I unfold my tail.

symbolic synthesisism

A Fable
by

Steffn Samlan

I had read so
much about Breachau
that when I met him

at the recent exhibition of his latest works it was like the fulfilling of a life long ambition. At all gatherings of artists his name would always be mentioned -- always a long discussion about his school of painting. I found it impossible to pick up an art magazine without seeing a reproduction of one of his works.

Let

me quote in part from a recent article.

"Breachau, a Symbolic Synthesist, terms 'The Aesthetic Value of the Space-Time Continuum' his greatest work. It is without doubt one of his finest. He achieves a quality of bi-chromial diminution rarely seen these days. The dynaesthetic variations and unusual composition combine to create an air of pleasant dejectivity equaled only by his handling of the many contrapuntal color harmonies. Of this painting he says, 'I feel I have at last reached the goal I have been striving for...namely, the recounting by means of abject abstractions the symbolic interpretations of all that concerning this particular intra-directive torrent of multi-faceted concepts. The symbolism I have employed may be termed tri-perceptive in that I have eliminated any reference to the ago old concept of sublimation.'

"Breachau may seem to some negativistic, but a thoro study of his works and a personal acquaintance with the man, himself, will reveal a luminescence of idealistic retrogression not found in other artists today."

I was introduced to him as I was admiring this particular painting, and since the symbolism could hardly be understood by a lesser man than himself, I asked him to explain it to me.

"This painting, you understand, belongs to the school of Symbolic Synthesisism. That is to say, all symbols must be synthesized.

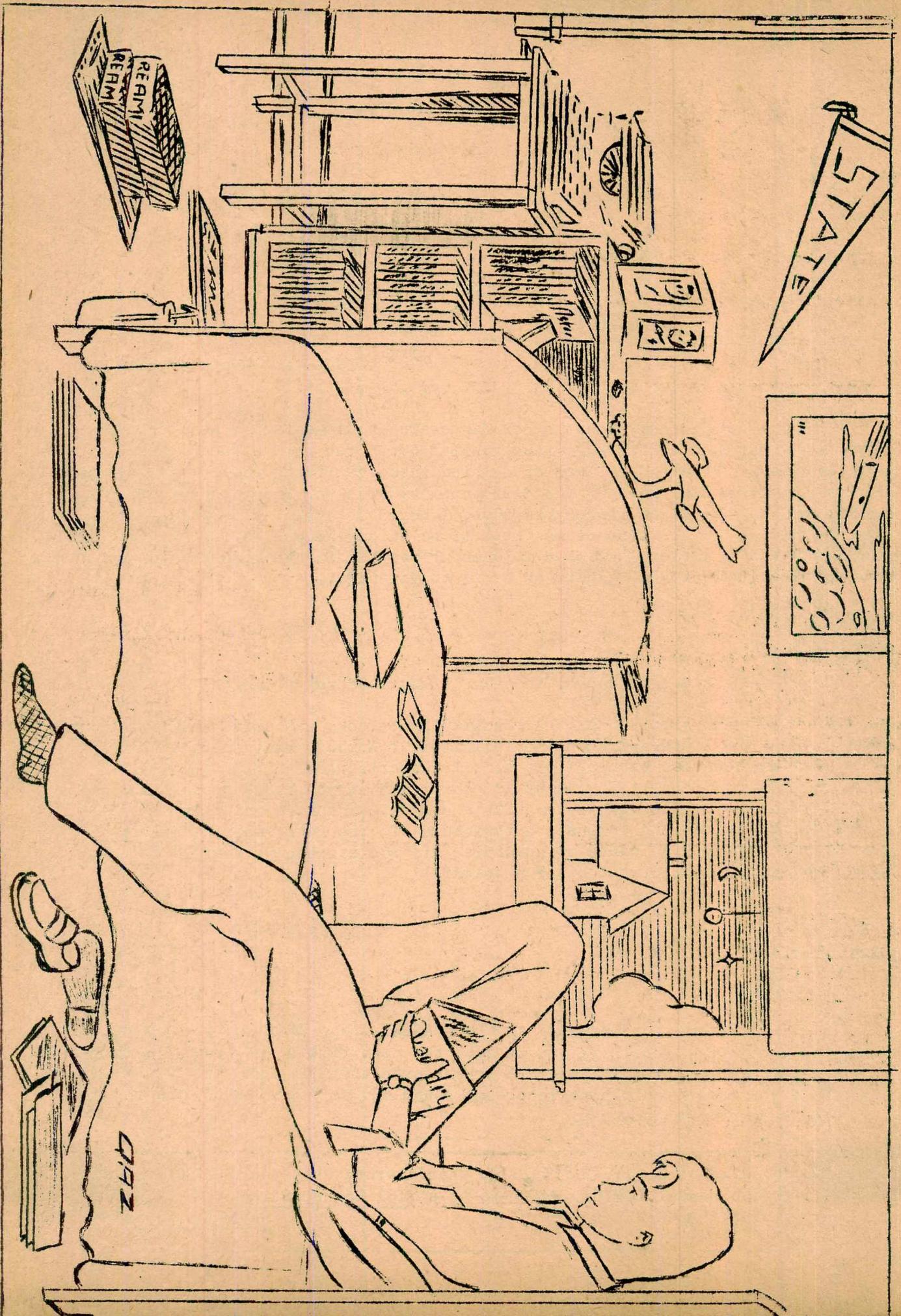
"Here," he pointed to a battered alarm clock, "is my symbol for the time element fo the space-time continuum."

It came to me like a flash. I couldn't understand why I hadn't seen it before.

"here also is another symbol for the time element. Omar Khayam's 'bird of time'. You'll notice it is on the wing."

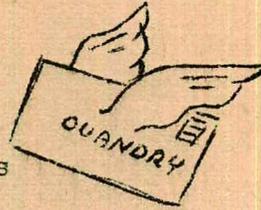
"That six-inch rule - what does it represent?"

"That," he explained, "is space. You'll notice that it is not a true straight-edge. That is because space is curved. This spot where you see nothing is symbolic of the common definition of space - 'That in which there is no matter'. With these lines which seem to mean nothing, I have actually



See You

Letters
and
Letrz
from



YOUSE-ALL (both of ya)

I was sitting in my den t'other day starching some limp rice I'd swept up after a wedding and at the same ting rinsing out a few things when I heard a bell ringing. "The fone!" I cried dashing into the living room. I grabbed the receiver and shouted "hullo". The dial tone answered me. Then I heard the ring again. "Msh ears must be ringing," I thot. I heard it again. T'was the mailman ringing the door bell... (he rings three times at our house). Giggling hysterically, he handed me a letter. I ripped it open. T'was the first communication concerning the QUANDRY... I present a portion of it to you now...

Bobby Pope
Charleston, S.C.

Hey Heck (or Lee or QAZ or To Whom It May Concern) ((QAZ))

Why not review the prozines in the QUANDRY? Huh? There are quite a few to be done o'er... ((He lists fourteen)) ad infinitum. ((Anybody want to do a column of prozine reviews for us, huh?)) Yeah. I'll subscribe (BUT PLEASE CUT OUT THE SPACE WASTING HORSEPLAY) ((Why, Bobby, I'm surprised at you... the horses on our staff WORK...)) ((Mr Pope continues with a comment to the effect that the 1988 Krantz is not so hot and includes a typicture of the Pope 2033 DASHERDUST rocket ship. If Mr Pope wants to advertise his rocket ship we suggest he buy space like other people (whut other people?))

Heck Torrie
Savannah, Ga.

Dear QAZ,

Thanks for the copy of the QUANDRY... How dād I get on the staff? ((Are you kidding?)) I'll give you my buck the next time I see you. ((Bless you)) I advise you against printing anymore trash ((crud, that is)) like the limrick. However if you be so foolish to ignore my sound advise you'll find some more of my poetic endeavorings enclosed.....

How about dropping us a line...? Tell us what's wrong with the QUANDRY... (but don't forget the postal laws)... Write to us at 101 Wagner Street

quandry

Savannah, Georgia

A few lines from a letter from

Donald A. Wollheim
Forest Hills, N.Y.

Dear Lee;

.....I'll look forward to seeing ^{your} fanzine THE QUANDARY (spelling?)
((Nope, we spell it QUANDRY...no second A)) For the most part I've given up
reading fmz; I'm afraid they are over my head for the most part....((Don, we
promise the QUANDRY'll never get over anybody's head!))

Best wishes.

A collection of comments from

J. Blyer esq.
Ashville, Tenn.

Lee the Quilted Editor Hoffman;

Just now enwt((could this mean went?)) through a Quandry, Thanx. Iffen
'tweren't one week from payday and me strangley twisted and most emphatically ~~br~~
broke i would send a bit more than thanx. I do want to assure meself of the next
issue of Quandry. And the hell of it is, come Friday I will not be thinking of
Quandry. ((Try, Man, try!!)) However i may be in one.

...You ruined the first editorial by apopogising. ((ruined the second one
that way too.))

...What do you mean by "undersized pages? ((I mean those pale white ones
that some of the art was on))

...Your parenthetical comments on "The Turn of The Screw" is what makes
us like people like you. ((Gorsh, thanx)) Who wouldn't be interested in a history
of the SaFANnahians? ((Hah!))

Answers to the quanau; One: depends on what is
meant by psuicide. If is meant pseudo homicide, the answer is Ben Singer who
committed this act on the personality of Bob the Tucker thereby earning for
himself one of fandom's greates awards and undying fame as the first winner of
the Fugghead-of-the year certificate. Two: who's Kennedy? ((See page 9, this ish))

The story of the non-knowing Joe was a well written little appreciated
bit of shrunken moral. Page six, no comment. ((Heh)) Foyr Scenes on Destiny,
what i could read of it i liked. I dunno why but I did. ~~WIM~~ (something leads
me to believe that the editor was once employed as a swab pilot and paint
chipper) How come yez didn't print all the sheets on both sides? ((The mimeo
fed sheets thru in lumps every so often - quite a no. only got printed on one
side.)) Nice filler on page 8 ((Thanx again)) Top Secret was read in vain.
Amusing, in a quaint way, was the poem on page 12. Page 13; Do you mean to tell
me that --- ~~WIM~~ Qaz is the end result of two gostaks having distimmed a dosh?
((Could be)) Page 15; I, too, want to school, but i knew i couldn't speak and
understand english when i got out... So i had ~~least~~ a fresh and unbiased mind
which was open and had plenty of room within for all types of learning (and
still does) and was not at all shocked when i found myself where doors become
hatchways, companionways, etc; floors became decks, walls became bulkheads and
something else just head. Then, i, too, found out that buying a choir didn't
necessarily mean hiring some songsters for a wake and that a beer can of ink
was an lb.

Blyer (con't)

I wooden dare ask who aCkerman is, would i? Some of those west coast lada are sensitive. I knew a brand new lady fan who made the sad mistake of admitting that she didn't know who Burbee was. The end result of subsequent actions and letter writings was that said fans career as a fan was nipped in the well known and much heard of bud. ((Rose-bud?)) In short, a set of circumstances were set into consecutive occurance that caused her ultimate drumming out of fandom. ((Gorsh, We'd better study the Fancytlopedia some more))

What happened to pages 2, ((no stencil))9((It was there))14((same as 2))17 and 18((Gorsh, wasn't they there)) the first who has inquired about them. Well, for the sake of those who for some unknown reason didn't get these pages, they werel7 a beautiful mermaid and 18 nuttin''))

Don't have any pity on those typer keys, next time you cut stencils. Beat the hell outta them, friend, hard. ((The weak printing was the fault of a poorly inked machine))

Most Sincerely,

((Thanx, pardon for leaving out some of the letter but as you say you DO ramble on - and I enjoyed every ramble - I hope ish #2 meets with your approval.))

AND THANK TO ALL OF YOU WHO WRITE, ARE WRITING, AND EVER WILL WRITE!!!

alone

One, alone, is a wanderer,
Kin to none but the rain,
Walking alone thru the land,
And, tomorrow, gone...
Like the rain.

Lee

PLUG

Bobby Pope tells me he's planning a fanzine to be titled THE FANaticFANzine. His address is SW Hill & Hanover - Charleston, S.C. and I hope he pays me for this plug!!!

QAZ

.....

QUANDRY - the up and coming young fanzine - can be had for a mere dime an ish!!

WRITE; Lee Hoffman - 101 Wagner St. - Savannah, Ga.

AFTER THOTS

You think YOU'VE got problems!! Not to cast aspersions on some of the fine frustrations in fandom (nor their sources) but ghuuuuuu!! I imagine there may have been fanzines that were harder to get out than the QUANDRY but I'd pity the poor publisher... let me elucidate...

The first ish came out...illegible perhaps...but at least it came out. Now the second ish didn't come out...it was dragged out.

First we found a mimeo we could use. That wasn't too hard. Then we scraped together enuf money for paper and we cut the stencils. All fine so far. Then, ah yes, then we went to the mimeograf. And discovered that the roller was worn. "Let's quit for today" Walt suggested, "I may be able to fix it up with masking tape tomorrow." So we quit.

Bright (the morning, that is) and early the next afternoon I lit out to town on my trusty bicycle. ~~ooo~~ I planned to buy a roll of masking tape and a copy of the Avon Fantasy Reader. First I went to the mag. shop Nobody ever heard of the A.F.R. Then I try to get the tape. All out. None of five shops had the Reader. The third shop had the tape. Oh well... So I went over to Armstrong to use the mimeo. Now since I know nothing of Mim.s Walt was gonna come in after work and help me. While I was waiting for him I wandered down to the room in which the mim was kept. I flicked the light switch and nothing happened. Finally I decided a fuse was bad so I looked up the maid. Well, to make a long story even longer the regular janitor was on vacation and his stand-in didn't know what to do. Eventually the President of the college, the janitor and I were looking for a missing fuse box. Finally we couldn't get the lights working so the Pres. called an electrician and Walt showed up ready to start printing. We (Walt and I) dragged the mim out thru a couple of doors into some light and started printing. The roller was still worn so he built it up and still the mim didn't work right. After several hours of suffering Walt came up with a brilliant idea and talked the Dean's secretary into running the rest of the stencils off on the school's ~~machine~~ machine. You see what I mean?? Only one question...how are we gonna get out ish three???

??

Oh, yes... mustn't forget to give Kover Kredit to Kessel

WANTED - Avon Fantasy Readers. Write Lee Hoffman, 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga.

There was a little sprite
Who came out every nite
Just to scare the people...
He'd climb up on the church
Then with an awful lurch
He'd slide right down the s

OH, HECK !

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