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QUANDRY

The Young Fan and Elderly Lady's Home Companion

Vol. I No. 8

March 1951

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Li'l Peepul by Yed

QUANDRY Vol.I No. 8 - March 1951 - whipped up monthly by the member of the Old Quandrinal Sewing Circle and Tea Society in the parlour at 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia. All epistles from our charming readers are considered for publication unless you say "mustn't publish". We would delight in exchanging fmz and recep-ies with you girbs. Ad space in Quandry is 10¢ per inch. Big helpings at lesser rates. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or JWC. And in case you're wondering about our subtitle read the article herein by Bob Tucker.

Lee Hoffman.....Editor Publisher
Lionel Inman.....Associate Editor

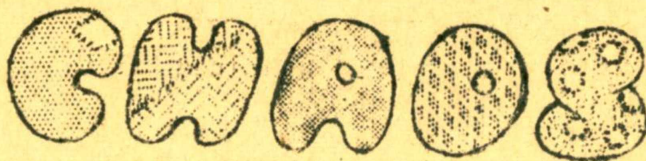
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EDITORIAL



You can thank Lionel Imman, our associate editor, for this large economy size issue. He supplied us with a LYNN HAVENTON DIARY on the stencils so we were able to finance the extra pages. Next issue will be the regular 25 page size unless, of course, another angel like Lionel comes along.

You'll note the addition of Walter Willis to our staff of able columnists. Walt, you know, edits the Irish fanzine, SLANT. If you've never seen a SLANT you've never really lived. Address Walt at 170 Upper Newtownards Road - Belfast, Northern Ireland.

Quandry will no longer carry SFA news or be in any way connected with SFA.

We are bringing you another "thing" by Bob Tucker this issue. We say "thing" because Mr. Tucker does not label them and it is beyond our meager ability to discern exactly what they are. The last one (How To Kill A Fanzine) bore a resemblance to an article...the it did also look alike a letter to the editor...so we ran it as one. If any of our readers figure out what this one really is perhaps they should keep it to themselves. Anyway, since it did not begin with the customary salutation and end with a signature we have assumed that it is not a letter. Since it did not request money we have assumed that it is not a bill, and since it did not contain money we have assumed that it is not for a subscription to Quandry. Ergo it must be an article so we present it as one. Read it at your own risk.

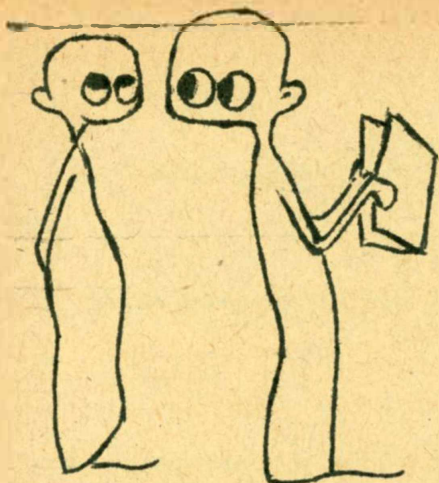
We have more lino blocks by Kessel on hand but we've had to limit space this issue. Hope he doesn't choke us for putting them off...again. He should complain. Did he ever try printing those things by hand?

Duplication problems this ish are due to the fact that we tried a different grade stencil and have been having cutting trouble. Webbe next ish... At least we have a new ink pad on the mimeo. We took the old one off and cleaned out the drum. The stencils we've run off so far have given good duplication but these don't look so good.

It had been our plan to run a sketch along with each Fan File...but the best laid plans... When Bob Hoskins sent a photo to be copied it turned out to be too indistinct. When Shelby Vick cut the stencil of himself he forgot to put in the sketch he promised and we had to stick one in. As we've never met Shelby it may have been far from accurate. Now Vernon McCain has promised us a pic to copy but it hasn't arrived yet and we must to press. Proposed fan #6, Walter Willis has promised us a sketch ready to stencil. We've got our fingers crossed.

Personal note: We are learning to ride a horse. It is very hard on both of us.....yed and the horse.

See ya at the Nolacon.and remember Geechee in '63



SCIENCE FICTION in a NUTSHELL

JOE KENNEDY

Now that hordes of barbarians from the outside world are swarming into fandom thicker than Orson Welles' Martians, all thinking fans will realize that this creates something of a problem. Obviously a lot of these people don't quite know what science fiction is all about. Obviously they are still unenlightened. Obviously what we need today is some sort of brief guidebook which will conduct them through the glittering mazes and enlighten them as painlessly as possible.

Several years ago the National Fantasy Fan Federation tried to do that very thing. They put out a little printed booklet small enough to slide into your hip pocket, explaining in condescending terms exactly what the hell fandom is, what fanzines are, how fandom got started, and lots of other things.

But I have gone the NFFF one better. Having been voted 30th best fan writer in last year's NFFF poll, I consider myself somewhat of an authority on the subject. After months of research, blood, sweat, tears, and excess gastric acidity I have cooked up a little guide through science fiction which ~~not~~ only can be carried in your hip pocket, but which can be hidden in the secret compartment of your Hopalong Cassidy mystery ring, provided you roll it up small enough.

Fledgeling fans should find this guide invaluable. Let us take you, for example. Let us pretend that you are an aspiring young fan who has just read his first issue of OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, and you think science fiction is just about the most wonderful damn thing ever, not counting Einstein's theory of relativity. In the back pages of the magazines you buy, you begin to notice reviews of fanzines. You are intrigued. You get excited. You send for some. You get more excited. You send for more and more fanzines. You're a fan. You're in. Only trouble is, what the hell are you in, anyway?

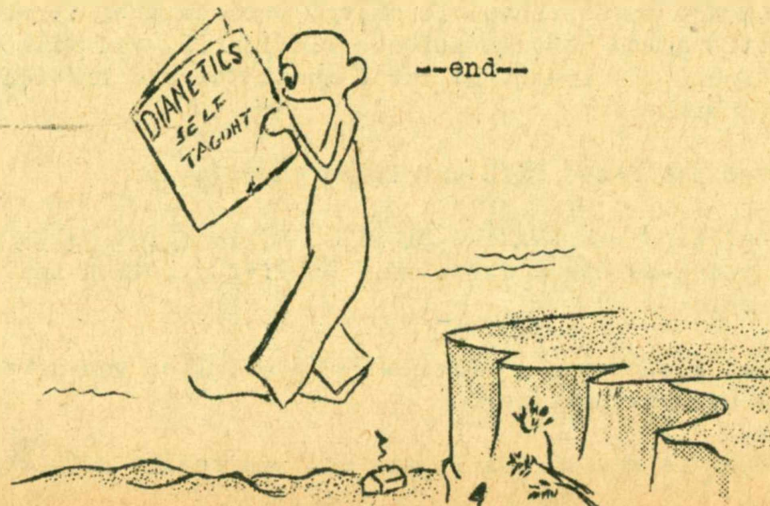
At this point, you may need my little jiffy guide through science fiction, which Mr. Hoffman, the editor of this sterling fanzine, has been so good as to print below. He couldn't have printed it above, because then it would make no sense at all. This little guide through science fiction is, you will note, nothing but a brief list of all the important facts about science fiction which anyone ought to be bothered with:

1. H. P. Lovecraft hated fish and liked chocolates.
2. The first prozine was AMAZING STORIES. This first issue came out in the nineteen-twenties sometime. No living person has ever seen a copy of this.
3. If you find a story in a prozine by some writer you never heard of, it is by Henry Kuttner.
4. Wilson Tucker is really Bob Tucker who is really Arthur Wilson Tucker.

Science Fiction in a Nutshell (con't)

5. S-F is also known as STF. Do not attempt to pronounce this.
6. Ray Bradbury was a fan once.
7. A World science fiction convention is a big drinking party which is held two or three times a year.
8. John W. Campbell does not edit FATE.
9. All the sets for DESTINATION MOON were laboriously constructed of green cheese.
10. Never send in more than 25¢ to a fanzine.
11. In 1941 there were more science fiction magazines than ever before. War broke out. In 1951 there are more science fiction magazines than ever before. Reassuring, wot?
12. Go back and read number 10 again.
13. A hektograph is an instrument of the devil.
14. An anthology is the last three issues of ASTOUNDING in book form.
15. There are several different theories explaining how John Carter got to Mars in the first place. What's yours?
16. All fans have a normal interest in sex. Once upon a time the old MARVEL put out an issue in which all the stories were sexy. Nobody bought it.

---Now that you know all there is to be known about science fiction, you need no longer cringe into a darkened corner the next time somebody asks your opinion of dianetics. I freely admit that it is possible that Ackerman still knows more about science fiction than you do, but this list contains enough useful knowledge to enable you to feel your way around the foggy world of science fiction without bumping the skin off your nose or stumbling over anything.



A LYNNHAVENTION DIARY

By Linwood Carter

The card from Shelby Vick came in June: "HEY, YOU -- yes, Lin, YOU! You wanta come to a real Florida s-f conference?" Let's see, a conference is a sort of smaller convention; can it be that we're at last having a convention in Florida? While I was mentally digesting this, card came from Bill Entrekin in Miami: "I am very glad to tell you. . .at this time plans are being rushed thru to enable us to have our convention on the 2nd, 3rd, and 4th of July. . .fans are coming from four or five states."

A hurried exchange of letters with Shelby brought more data. If I can come, we will provide accomodations, and see that I get from the bus station in Panama city, to his home in Lynn Haven. Surprisingly enough, there was no opposition to this plan either from my parents or from the managers of the theatre at which I work (and to whom I broached my proposal with all the cringing humility of a beaten cur), so all I had to do was pack and go.

Packing was a problem. I'd be away five days, two days on the road. I had to decide what and how many clothes to take, how much money, and if I wanted to donate anything to the auction. At first, I thought to take an original. . .that St. John wasn't so hot, or maybe I could get a tidy sum from that McWilliams I won from Planet. I decided I couldn't part with any of my pix, so a book would have to do. By the painful process of elimination, I finally decided on the one book in my collection that I wouldn't care to own and that didn't look to crummy to put up for sale. "Tarrano the Conqueror" by Ray Cummings was my sole contribution to the auction.

So Saturday morning, July 1st, I left the St. Petersburg bus terminal with happy heart, full wallet, and bulging suitcase. The nine hour trip was uneventful, if not boring. I'd thoughtfully carried along a copy of Other Worlds to pass the time, and got half way thru "The Justice of Martin Brand" before I fell asleep.

Shelby met me in Panama City that afternoon and drove me over to his library before going home. Vick is a gaunt, scholarly-looking fellow with a baseball cap and thick-rimmed specs. We had met before when he had made an earlier trip to St. Pete and have been corresponding for a couple of years. I had heard a lot about his library and was glad to get a chance to see it. As City Librarian, Shel has the unique power to get almost every book he asks for, and he's apparently trying to turn Panama City into a fan community. I saw Bradbury's "Martian Chronicles" and Heinlein's "Space Cadet" as well as the new Asimov thriller "Pebble in the Sky" in the few minutes I was there.

On our way over to Lynn Haven, he told me something of what to expect at the conference. The Lynnhavention (as it had been dubbed) was jointly sponsored by the Florida Flames in Lynn Haven and the Miami group, the FSFS. "We decided on a three day con," Vick remarked as Harry B. Moore later pointed out on the Wirez spool, "because we couldn't as people to come two or three hundred miles for a convention of one or two days. It had to be of some size to be worth coming that

distance for." I learned Fred Hatfield, Bill Entrekin and his charming wife Christine were driving up as a delegation from the Miami group, that Harry B. Moore and Paul Juneau were coming from New Orleans, and Lionel Inman from Ripley, Tennessee. Lin Carter from St. Petersburg, I mentally added, and Shelby Vick, Charles Heisner, Joe Green, Lloyd Land and others from Lynn Haven and environs.

When we got to Lynn Haven, which was a rather small town and surprisingly un-astonished or awed at being descended upon by the cream of Southern Fandom, we dropped around by the postoffice to check on mail. Shel had written to several magazines and a couple of artists whose addresses he knew, and was hoping to get some originals for the auction. Then we went to Shelby's place, and found Joe Green and "Sandy" Land ensconced on the living room couch. It seemed I was the first out-of-towner to arrive.

I parked my gear, unpacked, and we began exploring Shelby's collection. He had several old Amazings and a Cap Future I'd not seen, but before I could sit down and look them over, Shelby wanted to show me the combination radio-phonograph-wire-recorder-and-player which was his pride and joy, and the machine on which Wirez was published. We talked about making some recordings of the conference, to preserve it for fannish posterity.

Vick showed us the originals that had come in so far, and it was quite a thrill to handle a real Finlay, the first I had ever seen. Several pix had been sent in by Mary Gnaedinger: some Finlay's from "The Time Machine" issue of FFM (including that magnificent double-spread on the first page), a Lawrence from "The Adventure of Wndham Smith," Finlay from "The Starkenden Quest," and a Final Lawrence from "Donovan's Brain." Almost all of them were exceptionally good, and I was surprised to find Finlay does his art the exact size it is printed in, rather than doing it a size larger as most magazine illustration is done. Also on hand, but not up for auctioning, were some John Grossman and Gaughin originals from Shelby's newest enterprise, which is still in its birth throes, Galaxy, a science fiction comic magazine which is to be newstand-distributed. The title, by the the, was thought up before the new Gold prozine hit the streets.

Sometime during that evening, Harry B. Moore and Paul Juneau arrived from Ne Orleans, and Charles Heisner, a good-looking local fan, dropped in. Moore was a tall, chunkily-built fellow of perhaps twenty-five, who rather needed a shave. After introductions and originals had been passed around, Harry Began unloading his treasures from "The Triumphal Chariot of Cthulhu," his car. We brought up his movie projector, a couple cans of film, a recording made by the Portland fan group, some copies of the cloth-bound "Dianetics" and the Cinvention Memory Book.

Then we played the disc, which was labelled "A Day at Amazing." It was really hilarious. The record began with Palmer's honey-voiced secretary cooing "One o'clock, Your Excellency. Time for coffe and sweet rolls." His stooges, Pete Bogg, Alexander Blade, et cetera, line up and sound off. Easily the weirdest bunch this side of Bellevue they scatter shrieking when Shaver stomps in. "What's the matter, don't you know I'm irresistible?" he demands. Later Rog Phillips enters saying he's found a cave. How, inquires Palmer. "Once I solved the

Ether Drift, it was easy," Rog says condescendingly. They all troop off to the cave entrance, which they discover is disguised with fiendish cunning to look exactly like Union Station. "Bottom Floor!" cries the elevator girl. "Stim-rays, bene-rays, first cave to your left!" I wish I had the space to describe this very amusing recording.

Later Fred Hatfield came up the stairs, to announce the arrival of the Hatfield-Entrekin expedition. Fred is a slim, dapper sort of chap, with kinky hair. The rest of Saturday evening was largely bull-session. Chaz, Joe and the others left late, leaving Shelby to put Harry, Paul, and me up for the night. Fred and the Entrekins had been loaned Shelby's grandmother's house to sleep in, Granny being away. Juneau we left encamped on the living room couch, and since Harry thought the front room a trifle too humid, we lugged half of the couch out on the porch, which is a sort of balcony affair protruding from the second story over the sidewalk.

We all had a hard time getting to bed. We'd get a shirt or a shoe off, then think of something else to say and all get together in the hall and talk again. When we finally got to sleep we were talked out.

I got up that morning about eight, probably the first time in history I've risen at such an ungodly hour unless under duress. Vick and the others were still asleep. I tiptoes around to see if Harry was awake. There he lay on his back, hands folded on his chest, with a neatly folded handkerchief across his eyes to keep out the morning sun which illuminated his windowless, wallless boudoir with a pitiless glare.

After breakfast we lolled around the house, Harry, Paul, Shelby, Chaz, and myself. Somebody went to the corner drugstore for the Sunday paper, and we read it sprawled about the porch. Cholly found a notice on a back page about our convention. Nice little article, though the writer called us "science writers." I got interested in a Cap Future and propped myself up against a porch rail to read it. Later, on our way to the beach, we dropped by to see how Hatfield and the Entrekins were making out. We found Chris getting dressed and Bill and Fred off somewhere. Telling Chris how to get out to the beach when her men got back, we set off again in the Triumphal Chariot of Cthulhu.

The Panama City beach is a sort of poor man's Coney Island, with all sort of shooting galleries, dance halls, skating rinks and concessions. We spent a few hours there, Shelby and Chaz Heisner skating and Moore, Juneau and myself swimming. When we arrived back at the Vick mansion some hours later, we cleaned up. While I was taking a bath, somebody arrived, but I couldn't tell above the uproar who had descended upon us. After getting dressed, Harry introduced me to someone, whose name came through vaguely like "Yinstin." I searched my memory files for a fan named Yinstin. No Yinstin. Not wanting to make a fool of myself by asking again, I just let it ride. A little later, Shelby came in from somewhere, and I told him we had a certain Mr. Yinstin in the living room. Might be Leroy Eastin, I reflected. As it turns out, Yinstin is one Lionel Inman, publisher of some ill-reputed fanzine whose title escapes my memory. We played the Portland record for Yinstin-Inman, and let him handle the Finlay's for an appropriate time.

That night we all tramped over to the convention hall, which was a no-longer-used theatre, a battered-looking two-story wood building. We cleaned her up and arranged the folding chairs, set up the movie screen and so forth. Hatfield had brought some rented film with him from Miami, so that night we saw a private showing of that classic fantasy film, "The Shape of Things to Come," from the HG Wells novel. The movie starred Raymond Massey, with Sir Cedric Hardwicke, Ralph Richardson and Ann Todd. "Things to Come" I had always wanted to see, and it was possibly the finest science-fiction film I have ever had the pleasure to see, even better than "Destination Moon." A fine story of the Third World War, it told how generations of constant warfare brought about the complete collapse of civilization without bringing victory to either side, then showed the rapid re-construction of world civilization. It was full of marvelous photographic effects, weird costumes monster underground cities, gigantic machines and had a wonderfully stimulative effect upon the imagination. After the feature, we even had a Woody Woodpecker cartoon.

It was rather late when we had finished the movie. We sat around and talked a while, then dispatched to our separate sleeping quarters. Next morning after breakfast (this was Monday, by the way), we went to the beach again, Shelby, Lionel, Chaz, Sandy Land and myself. This time they got me out on the roller rink too. It had looked like such fun yesterday that I wanted to try it for myself. Only fell down once, too. After an hour or so of this, we went across the street and played pee-wee golf for a while. This, we proclaimed, was the only science-fiction convention to be held on a golf green. Once back to Shelby's house we found most of the others off to a meeting at Grandma's house, a sort of organizational affair whose purpose was to whip Southern fandom to a white-heat of activity. We four didn't go for some reason, either we left for the beach before they decided to hold it, or we figured we had little to contribute to such a meeting, all of us being willing to go along with the crowd. ((Stenciller's note: we were not in on the meeting for the simple reason that the more mature intellects became bored by our juvenile antics on the rink and left us at the beach while they returned to Lynn Haven. I recall we all had lunch together at the Casino and signed our names to a stencil belonging to Lin. Harry Moore ordered a seafood plate, and remarked that it was very good.))

Early Monday evening we held our auction in the convention hall. We arranged the table (which was a raised platform against the projection booth to the rear of the little theatre) with another smaller table atop it, which we covered with a woven-fibre grass rug and set the magazines along the front of the platform, with the books set at the ends and the originals in a row standing on top of the mags, leaned against the smaller table.

Shelby Vick was auctioneer and he made a professional looking one at that; he pushed a battered fedora back on his head, thumped a slat from the back of one of the folding chairs for his gavel, and we were off (with Bill Entrekina keeping the books).

Considering our total attendance was twenty, our auction was rather big. We had an almost complete file of Astoundings, a fine selection of old FFM's and Fantastic Novels, also dozens of Planets and recent pulps. I got a mint copy of the volume 1, number 1 Startling for quite a low bid. The Hatfield-Entrekina safari had brought

a couple dozen books to sell, including the new "Ship of Ishtar," Derleth's "Strange Ports of Call" and others which helped the auction greatly. Also, I donated my "Tarrano the Conquerer." The auction adjourned early, and we all returned to Vick's house with our books and mags. That night we recorded a wire spool of the convention, which was later distributed as Wirez #3. We -- or rather I -- lugged the eight-ton recorder over to Grandma's house where we would have more room for the recording session. First off, we recorded the final part of the soundtrack of "Things to Come," which consisted of background crowd noises and the set-up for the first moon rocket in the "space-gun." I came on saying that this was Lin Carter, your Wirez reporter, on the spacefield watching the preparations for firing the space-gun, and so forth. Then we dubbed in the thunder of the take-off, and a fadeout to the stirring and eloquent afternote by Raymond Massey on the future of man. After this magnificent speech, Shelby and I as emcees introduced everybody and wheedled a few brief words out of them. We then recorded a brief and rather Bradburian fantasy by Bill Entarkin, with Bill and his wife as the male and female leads, and myself doing the narration. Then more small talk and hasty anecdote-laden attempts to summarize the convention. I tried to interview Yinstein on his proposed book of Tucker's Hoy-Ping-Pong-isms. All I got was -- well, sample dialog:

CARTER (introducing): And here's Lionel Inman, publisher of Southern Fandom and incidentally one of the name-fans of our convention.

INMAN (sleepily): Some dirty dog knocked the props out from under my eyelids and I can't see!

CARTER: Lionel, what about this book of Tuckerisms you were thinking of?

INMAN: No comment.

CARTER: You aren't going to do the Tucker book?

INMAN: No comment. -- Who's Tucker?

VICK (chiming in): Who's Inman?

CARTER: Who's Carter?

UNIDENTIFIED KIBITIZER: How do you know you're sane?

-- interview collapses in confusion --

We knocked off rather early, leaving some room on the wire for Harry and Joe Green, who weren't present. Those remaining held a general bull-session till about four, when they all collapsed in corners with the beer.

Tuesday morning a great event happened: more originals came. Shelby and I went to the postoffice early and found a package from Edd Cartier, containing two of his fine illustrations from Astounding. It was a really fine thing that he did, sending us free originals and paying the special delivery air mail postage out of his own pocket. We all wrote him letters of thanks later.

We carried the originals over to Grandma's house and showed them to Bill and Chris and Fred. Later that morning we finished our recording and got those who had missed out on the first session to say a few words. Harry gave a brief talk, explaining that our con wasn't in competition with the Norwescon (fearing the Lynnhavention might get the same angry reactions as the Hydra Club thing did, both being three day conventions), and that it was strictly an organizational and get-acquainted meeting. Joe Green made a few Greenish remarks, and we added some comments on the auction.

Later that morning we went to the beach skating again, and after a couple hours got a bus into Panama City and went to Shelby's library. There they fooled around for a while as I finished typing a letter to Planet on the library typer. Shelby's parents were in town in their truck and we figured to promote a ride home. Being a bit late and fearing they might have gone already, Cholly and Lionel waited on the corner for the bus and hitched a ride. As it happened, we were in time to catch the truck, so Shelby and I piled in the back with the oil tins and spare tires -- and later as we drove, we sighted a Flying Saucer! This is the first s-f convention to have a Flying Saucer as feature attraction! No OTHER convention can make that statement!

Well, it wasn't really a Saucer, of course. But it was certainly a queer sight. We spotted a disc of rainbow light in the evening sky on the same level as the sun, but a few degrees to the left. Just an unmoving, rather distinct spot of light, tinted brightly with the spectrum's hues. It couldn't have been a segment of the rainbow, for the rest of the arc was not blocked off by clouds; the sky was clear above and below it. We drew over to the side and watched it for awhile, until it slowly faded from view. Funny thing was, none of the conventioners would believe us afterwards . . .

After a hasty supper that night, we hurried over to the convention hall. We still had loads of books and pulps, plus all the originals to auction. I took over the gavel this time, and for the next couple hours managed to get some high prices. I soon learned there was one fault with Carter the Auctioneer. I had the old spirit all right, but I wasn't satisfied with the bids I was getting and kept trying to jockey them higher and higher. The result was, while I did get better prices for the articles I sold, the auction dragged out so long my audience got weary, and we never did get all the mags sold. One item I got sold: "Tarrano the Conqueror," my deluxe, mint, boxed, autographed edition with the uncut pages, originally from the collection of Margaret O'Brien -- to Charles Heisner. For two bits.

After the second auction, we had another showing of "Things to Come," plus an interesting planetarium film Harry Moore had brought from N'Orleans, that showed how the constellations would change in the ages to come.

After this, the conventioners began to leave one by one. After a wonderful bull-session that lasted late into the night (during which we discussed over cold watermelon, "Destination Moon," dianetics, Cap Future, prozine letter columns, the United Southern Fandom, and the proposed Nolacon), people started to leave. I think the Hatfield caravan left that night, with Bill and Christine. By the next morning almost everybody had gone with the exception of myself and Lionel.

who were the last to leave.

Charles, Shelby and I locked up the hall that night and helped each other carry their auction-loot home. We went over to Grandma's house and helped the Entrekins clean up the place, empty the ashtrays, make the beds and vacuum the carpet. Then they were gone, and there was just us three left. We sat down in the empty house with nothing to do, not feeling like going to bed. The wire recorder was still there, left over from the recording sessions, so we played Wirez 3 over again. As there was miraculously a few minutes of empty wire left on the spool after the formal end of the program (which was the flushing of a toilet, the gurgling drowned out the voices and died away. This we dubbed in during a moment of elfin whimsy), we turned it on and recorded a little small talk and reminisced some. After we'd used up the leftover time, we just sat around and talked, but the talk wasn't very lively and the atmosphere of the empty house was depressing. I guess it's like that at the end of every convention; you are left with an empty feeling when you realize the fun is over and only the goodbyes are left.

We got up early Wednesday morning to see the last of the conventioners off, and I packed my stuff and hung around till it was time to go. Shelby and played the convention spool again and talked a lot, reliving the feverish excitement of the conference. Then he drove me over to Panama City, and I caught my bus for home. The Lynnhavention consumed five days of my time and left me three pounds underweight, and ate up fifty-six of my hard earned dollars, but I didn't mind. It was worth it. I'd had the time of my life, met and mingled with other fans, bought rare old magazines and new books and some fine originals, and it all felt mighty good. We know now we did get the 1951 convention, the Nolacon, and it will be wonderful. But the little, unimportant Lynnhavention will always be a memory for me to cherish all my fannish life.

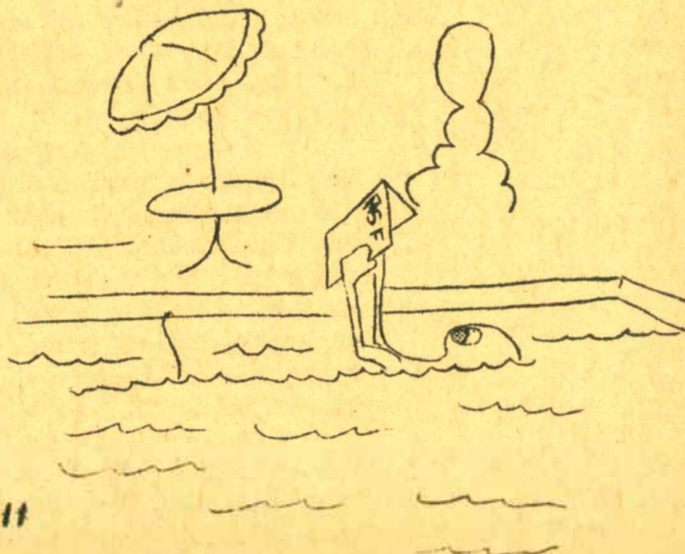
See you at the Nolacon!

t h e e n d

ISFCC

One of fandom's leading clubs, International S-F Correspondence Club, publishes THE EXPLORER, a bi-monthly 0-0 with a trading column, a collector's column, and material by many of the leading fan writers. No club dues... merely 50¢ a year subscription to the EXPLORER. For complete info write to ISFCC c/o Lawrence Kiehlbauch-route 2 Box 223-Billings, Montana (Pres.) or to Ed Noble-Box 49-Girard, Pennsylvania..

-adv.



THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE

Romantic Ireland is covered with a soft mantle of slush, and peace reigns over the whole land---except, of course, for the muffled sound of Nationalists knocking the Partition---as I sit here wondering what I can say that would be suitable for a magazine published in Savannah, Ga. That "Ga." had me fooled for a bit by the way---I always thought the name had been patented by Sid Gluck---but I quickly realised it meant Georgia and probably expressed your editor's astonishment at finding himself in such a state. Very little is known about Georgia. Hastily cashing a check on my memory bank I examined my vast store of inaccurate information. Georgia is, of course, in the Deep South, where for some reason they don't like to be called Yankees and where they fry chicken and have a White Problem. It is supposed to be hard to get off your mind, probably because Josef Stalin was born there, and apart from that everything is peaches. Now that I come to think of it, that's funny about Joe Stalin having been born there, but it's true enough because I read it in a book. Tiflis, Georgia, it said. I used to read books that weren't s-f you know, and I picked up a lot of useless information like that, about things that have already happened and all that sort of junk. I suppose Joe's parents were some of those liberated Slavs there was all that trouble about we heard of in GONE WITH THE WIND. I used to go about with Margaret Mitchell, but I don't think it was the one who wrote the book, or if she did she never mentioned it. Come to think of it, I never asked her, but what I can't figure out is where she could have got the time. But this train of thought has left me up a siding. Perhaps I had better get on with the column.

NAKED FRAUD: All fanzine editors must be grateful for one thing in Mr. Browne's attack on us in the February **AMAZING**: he didn't mention any of us by name, so we can all say, "Ah, now if only he had seen MY zine..." But in spite of Mr Browne's kindness, there is one point I would like to take him up on. He is righteously indignant because some fanzines which have criticised his magazines for having half-naked women on the covers have naked women on their own covers. Apart from the fact that on his own admission the fanzines obviously give better value Mr. Browne's attitude is unreasonable. Fanzines have naked women on their covers for two very good reasons:--

1. Fans being human---or at least humanoid---like looking at naked women and, being broadminded, are willing to admit it.
2. Fans like drawing naked women, mainly because they are pretty easy to draw.



Now far be it from me to say anything about Mr Browne's personal approach to naked women, but the reason his magazines have, or had, them on the covers is very different from either of the above. Their bodies appear on s-f magazines for the same reason that George Washington's head figures on the counterfeit dollar bills, and they are just as much of an unprincipled fraud. The sex-starved adolescent, the publishers think, will snap up their magazines if they make them look like **HUGH HENSL**, and once he has put down his 25 cents he is not very likely to say he wants it back. This may be good business though I doubt it, but it is also rank dishonesty. I admit that some prozines have made some effort to make their stories live up to the covers, but any pornography I have ever seen in any of them wouldn't graph even the tinnest porn. Pornography

is the word. The publishers would probably retort to this charge with the immortal Goldwynism, "It rolls off my back like a duck" but they should ask themselves if their magazines might not make better sales in the long run if people stopped being ashamed to be seen reading them. Sexy covers give s-f a bad name, and that's why fans resent them. Their own fanzine covers are not seen by the public, so they can be obscene for all the difference it makes. The fan editors can put what they like on their covers, and if what they like is naked women, well, so much the better for the future of the race.

RUBE GOLDBERG, Esq.: Among the attractions at the Festival of Britain will be an "Eccentrics' Corner" where fans will find some of the few inventions which have not been anticipated by any s-f author. If you are in London for the Festival (and the World Science-Fiction Convention, May 10th to 13th, 1951) it might be worth your while to have a look at the collapsible windmill, the rainbow generator, the bottled circus, and the wave machine. This last is just what it's name implies. It doesn't wave hair, or goodbye, or rules, or aside, or anything crude like that. It is an elaborate apparatus of curtain rods, sawn-off hatpins, cotton reels, doorstops, and other components which does nothing but wave, and this it does to perfection--langorously, beautifully, unmistakably. As a smoke-grinding machine grinds smoke, so this machine waves. If you have never seen a smoke-grinding machine there will be one there too. It grinds smoke in coarse, medium, and fine. What else? But even more important than any of these useful inventions and filling an even longer felt want, is a Morale Raiser or Ego Booster, a machine which might have been designed for fanzine editors. Worn on the back, it emits through a phonographic arrangement a constant commentary of "Well done!" and "Bravo!" and "Good show!", and accompanies this encouragement with continual pats on the back and loud clapping. I predict that this will take the place of the old-fashioned "Clubhouse". Every man his own Roz Phillips.

THE BEST FANZINE WE HAVE NEVER SEEN: Almost every evening two silent figures can be seen, and probably are, cycling to an old dark house in the suburbs of Belfast. They ring their bells outside and a door opens silently. They make their way upstairs and lift their eyes hopefully, plaintively, at their host. "Has it come?" they ask in mute entreaty. The haggard figure gestures despairingly at the days mail on the table, surrounded by torn pieces of frantically opened envelopes, wet with tears of disappointment. The newest and sexiest CANAL, seven fan letters, six subscriptions including an 1879 issue of HORRIBLE ADVENTURES with mustard on page 95, another unacceptable MS from Robert Heinlein with an accompanying letter threatening to commit suicide, and 137 fanzines marked "Exchange?" They gaze at the pile, broken fan. Then, pulling themselves together, they start to work. For hours they toil, burning the midnight megawatts. In each mind burns the Thought: we must make our fanzine good enough to exchange with IT; we must get on Johnson's mailing list. A bouillabaisse, Mr Morwin calls ORB. How they long to see a fanzine that looks like a fish stew.

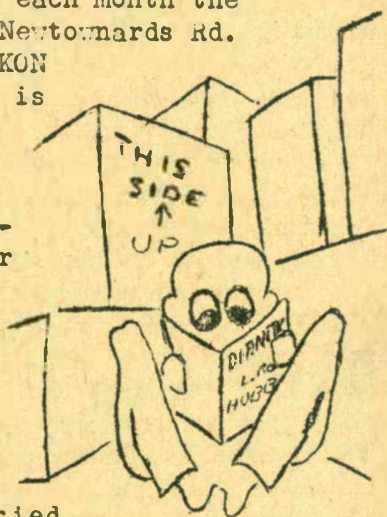
THE OTHER SCIENCE FICTION (I) : Twenty years ago s-f was a much more international thing than it is now. The old quarterlies used to be full of translations of long novels by French and German writers, and even reprints from Jules Verne. Very dull they were, of course, and used only because the translation rights could be bought for a song, but they did have their influence. So did European s-f films, until the advent of the talkies killed the international cinema. Small though it may have been, this influence had its effects, if only to make readers realise that there was always the possibility that the Earth as seen from space might possibly show something else besides the continents of North and South America and that some other flag might be the first to be planted on the moon. These ideas gave us the same healthy shock as we get when we realise that the French think God said, "Que la lumiere soit" and not "Let there be light."

(more over)

The Harp That Once or Twice (con't)

But for many years now s-f has evolved by itself in America, and I want to show that it has developed some of the faults as well as the virtues that might be expected from inbreeding. In future columns I will, at the slightest provocation, say what I think has been happening to American s-f, and compare it with the s-f of other countries, principally England, France, and Russia. An indigenous s-f exists in all of these countries, and shows very interesting divergencies both in style and content from what we subconsciously accept as the norm. There I go: I mean it's not the same as what we're used to.

LUCKY DIP: If Lee doesn't mind, I'd like to review here each month the last fanzine to have plopped through the door of 170 Upper Newtownards Rd. Belfast, N. Ireland. This time it happens to be NEKROMANTIKON #4 (Manly Banister 1901 Spruce, Kansas City 1, Mo.) which is lucky because I would have wanted to mention it anyway. This is another remarkable issue of a remarkable magazine but it's especially noteworthy for two revelations. The first is that Banister can make with the column commentary with the best of the "indivdizine" people, and the other is that John Blyer is, as I have occasionally suspected, a genius. His POETIC VENDETTA is nothing less than a masterpiece, and leaves Stanton Coblenz's story in the same issue standing at the post. In fact it's better than anything in NEKRO yet except maybe Marjorie Houston's HULLING and that is saying something. I might also mention that there is a very funny cartoon by the Rev. R.R. Phillips, which took a great weight off my mind. I'd always been worried about my failure to appreciate the Rev. Phillips' drawings: if only I had known they were meant to be funny all along.



ODDS AND ENDS: So it's war to the knife between Gold and Campbell. Seems Gold got the needle over not getting the NEEDLE.....I hear Merwin is to be allowed to throw off the cloak of nominal anonymity (say that quickly) he wears over one shoulder in TWS and SS. Well, he'll just have to print his good stories in his own magazine now and peddle the crud elsewhere. He did write a good story, you know--JUDAS RAM in G.L.L.Y.....What's all this indignation about INCINERATIONS? Fandom getting stuffy or something? People who get indignant about Davis's opinions should admit that theirs might be just as irritating to him. Only they're not usually just so pungently expressed, unfortunately.....as far as I can see, people who subscribe to TWS or SS are mugs. The mags are on sale on the newsstands weeks before the subscription copies are posted. Do subscribers get the unsold ones of what?..... Campbell had an article out the other month explaining why it was impossible to send out sub copies of ASF in envelopes and then Gold goes and does it. How tactless.....Has MARVEL got no best friends who MIGHT tell them?.....Don't look now but SUPER SCIENCE is breathing down the top two's necks.....More Hubbard in ASF, still plugging dianetics. Wish someone would plug Hubbard. Dianetics is either science or fiction but not both.

--Walter Willis

Read **S L A N T**...Edited by Walter A. Willis - 170 Upper Newtownards Rd.
Belfast, Northern Ireland

And attend the **NOLA CON** in New Orleans....the 9th World Sff Convention.
Membership in the NOLA CON is merely a buck. For that you know what you get...
membership card, convention publications, etc. etc. Send that buck to Harry B.
Moore - 2703 Camp Street - New Orleans 13, La.and we'll see ya there!

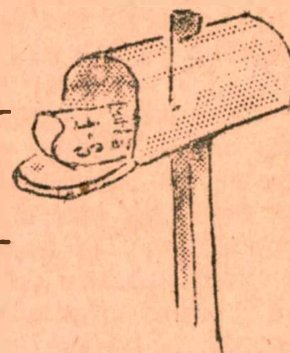
THE STATE OF THE UNION

by BOB TUCKER

It isn't the lack of originality in titles which is harming the new fanzines, driving them deeper into the slough of mediocrity, as that Texas fellow Ron Banks seems to think. The sad truth is that fan editors and publishers as a group are an uninspired lot, a collection of lazy, ignorant and uneducated louts. (Not you of course--Quandry is a nice nema.) These other humdrum chaps are content to plod along in slow fashion, using such dull and uninspired titles on their publications as Fantasy Review, Fan Fare, Spaceteer, Utopian, Universe and other insipid labels. They don't seem to realize that a really sparkling, eye-compelling title will at once lift their product far above the monotonous average.

Like perhaps, the Science Fiction Sheepherder.

How gay! How different! What vast vistas it opens up to the browsing reader! Science Fiction Sheepherder, plopping into the mailbox like a fresh breath of mountain air from Wyoming. The alert fan editor will at once grasp the possibilities of promoting such a title, of making a warm place for it in the hearts of fandom. He will lay plans for the bombastic appearance of the first issue. He will select a suitable slogan, perhaps "The Fanzine You Can Spend Time With" or "The Lonely Fan's Delight". Science-Fiction Sheepherder, "The Only Fanzine With The Built-in Hole". And of course he will thoughtfully make a perforation in the center of each copy with a paper punch, to provide the touch of novelty.



What about Fantasy Jackass?

Hundreds of fans will clamor for Fantasy Jackass, tearing each incoming copy from the arms of the mailman, who himself will be reading it as he makes his daily rounds. Think of the colorful possibilities for slogans with a title such as that, slogans which will increase each press-run until the poor overworked editor is turning out five hundred or a thousand copies of each monthly issue. Fantasy Jackass, the cover might read, "The Fanzine for All the Fans". Read about your friends in Fantasy Jackass.

The nearest approach to a living, worthwhile title I have ever seen on a fanzine was an ancient sheet called Black Star. The name in itself was as nothing, but the editors and its readers fondly referred to it by its initials. I seem to recall reading a letter or an advertisement somewhere, in which the writer put it this way: "Want something different? Let BS flow into your mailbox every month"

A Canadian fan and myself fell into an eager discussion of fanzine titles not long ago, a discussion which began in quite an innocent way when he misspelled the name of Space-Ship, while criticizing that Brooklyn fanzine. After considering his criticism, he decided not to correct the error and went to press with the misspelling intact; he had used a "t" instead of a "p" at the end of the title. At last reports the post office people hadn't noticed it and he was merrily grinding them out.

But it directly resulted in our conversations on titles.

With shame and remorse I must confess I made up a list of other such unlikely but highly colorful titles and submitted them to him for consideration. My

The State Of The Union (con't)

list included Fantasy-this and Science-Fiction that, of which Sheepherder and Jack-ass were the mildest, for sissy editors only. He countered with another list which made my innocent ears burn, my childish eyes jump with shock. There is no point in naming them here. Quandry wouldn't print them anyway. Nice elderly ladies read Quandry; they feel at home while immersed in it. Also young fans.

And so we regretfully move along from the subject of fanzine titles, barely touching on Science Fiction Peristaltic (which is an adjective and not quite applicable here.)

Somewhere about my desk I have a confidential report from my secret agent planted in New Orleans; this agent keeps me abreast of coming convention plans and thus I am in a position to know all before the news leaks out to the common herd in fandom.

My agent's latest secret report dealt with dianetics. Harry Moore not only plans a "workable" demonstration of dianetics on the convention program, but he will outfit the hotel itself with suitable propaganda and fittings which call attention to the new science. Some space will also be devoted to science-fiction.

As the visiting fan (or plain citizen of New Orleans) enters the hotel lobby on his way to the desk clerk, he will at once discover a soft, inviting couch situated in the exact center, lit by subdued spotlights. Naturally curious, he will draw near. An attractive young lady and a handsome gentleman (my agent reports Harry himself is considering this position) will be in constant attendance beside the couch. As the fan approaches, the lady will step forward, introduce herself with a brief announcement that she is clear, and would he care to lie down and be audited? If he hesitates at the publicness of the place, she will assure him that there is no charge, that she can positively irrigate his engrams, and that the management has thoughtfully provided screens to be placed around the couch.

Harry feels, my agent tells me, that every fan will leave the convention a sure-fire convert. In fact, it will be the South's greatest conversion since the last Baptist revival-preacher stormed through.

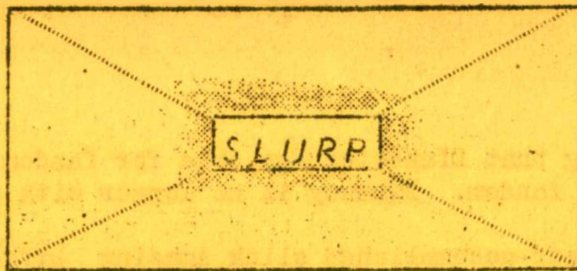
A long time ago when I was young and owned my first automobile, I thought it would be fun to drive from Illinois to Philadelphia and take in one of Philly's annual science-fiction conferences, an event which is a small convention in itself. To keep costs down, I made the mistake of taking along three fans from Chicago as passengers. I was nearly arrested in Chicago for cutting a corner too sharp and driving over the curb. I was nearly arrested somewhere in Indiana for running a stop light. I was nearly arrested in Ohio for running a stop light. I barely avoided a head-on crash in the mountainous country of Pennsylvania. I lost my juice and my battery along the way when the generator froze up for lack of oil. I was nearly arrested in Philadelphia for parking on the sidewalk. I put up with a great amount of back-seat driving and heckling the entire trip. In typical fan fashion I shrugged it all off in the sacred name of science-fiction.

But I balked when the mother of one of the Chicago fans made an unusual request of me.

Before entrusting the boy to my tender care for the trip, she made me promise to see that he took a bath every night.

I suspect all fans are dirty. (But not you of course --- Quandry is a clean name.)

end



the ultimate column

I'm feeling a trifle mellow this time. In fact I don't even have a gripe. Main reason for all this sweetness and light is that I just finished seeing DESTINATION MOON this afternoon. Where do these sly Hollywood reviewers get off saying that the pic had poor acting. Of course none of the players will win an Oscar for his part (nor probably even be nominated for one) but the acting was near perfect from where I sat (about midway between front and back on the right hand aisle.) Probably due to those snide reviews, the pic was consigned to the smallest of the local Interstate movie houses. Because of this it didn't draw half the crowd it would have gotten at the larger movie. Its attendance (unless most of the audience were invisible men from Mars) was probably not even half that of 'Rocketship X-M', which showed here about two months ago. As far as I'm concerned, the acting in X-M can't even remotely compare with that in DM!

One alarming thing has happened of late: fen seem to be fastening themselves solidly onto the words of some columnists (notably Redd Boggs) and believing in their writings moreso than some archaists believe in the Bible. This is a very deplorable state of affairs. Boggs says fanfiction is lousy, so over half of fandom immediately takes up the cry..."Down with fanfiction!"; dozens of fanmags stop publishing fanfiction. Rich Elsberry ("Nothing Sirius") writes that Jack Vance is in reality Kuttner. This has been denied before in Startling, but several (nay, dozens) of fen decide that Vance is Kuttner. Boggs states that Astounding is falling apart, and immediately fandom assumes that that is happening. Astounding's circulation may fall off a bit, but it generally goes right on. Most critical readers say there is no drop in story quality, but still--if the great Boggs said it, it must be true; so Elsberry caps the insult in his column by saying that most of the stuff sent to Astounding is Galaxy rejects. Niel Wood, the other Corsicana fan, has stopped reading fanfiction; pans Astounding endlessly; believes fervently that Vance is Kuttner. Ghu protect us!

In case of total war the Nolacon, several lesser promags, and many fanzines would have to be suspended. The Nolacon because of travel restrictions; the mags because of paper troubles. The chances are very great that this will happen, but fen can always hope for the best and look on the bright side of things.

Lets boost the Nolacon, it's recently been knocked from several quarters because of the planned Dianetics session. I think this is quite unfair, the Norwescon featured a Dianetics session too, and didn't come in for any criticism until it was all over. A certain columnist (whom I shan't name again) has said that an Astrology session might be more welcome. But waitaminit, we have talks on rocketry, and such, so why not Dianetics? Accomplished, or even theoretical rocketry has no more to do with science fiction than DOD (Dirty Old Dianetics). I'm not a Dianetics fiend, but I see no reason for banning it, just because "the name fans" are annoyed by it. Nolacon in '51 (or later if necessary!) Washingcon in '52!

As a postscript to my tirade against Boggs and Elsberry I'd like to say that JWC has left the way open for a new attack on him and the mag. He has done this by offering those few back issues in the Feb. number of ASF. Now just watch that sadistic little gang say that the mag must be going broke!

(more over)

Slurp (con't)

One good thing that Dianetics has done for fandom is get another of this dirty little crew out of fandom. FFLaney is no longer with us.

Besides the never-accomplished slick Amazing Ziff-Davis has been repeated sneered at for the current Amazing policy of aiming its fiction at the newcomers, the kids just up from the comics. They've called it everything from blasphemy to downright unorthodox, but they don't consider that there is no major mag currently aimed at this large group. I probably wouldn't have gotten half the enjoyment I ultimately have out of stf, or even kept coming back for more if Startling and Planet hadn't had something of the same policy in 1947. Of course there are many minor publications: Out Of This World Adventures, Marvel, (soon-to-be-published) Dynamic, Future; but all of these combined probably don't have anything like the circulation of AS. During a time of great expansion, I think it is only right and fitting that the oldest of the stf mags cater chiefly to the needs of the newer readers. After all, we can still read Bixby's Planet, Asf, Startling, TWS, Galaxy.

The current boom in pulp stf is being equaled, if not surpassed, by a similiar boom in the comic book field. "Capt. Video", "Flash Gordon", "Marvel Boy"; dozens of others are being literally hurled at the comic reading public. This is an alarming situation, for while it is preparing the general public for stf, it is presenting stf in its rawest form. This will probably extend the pulp boom for a longer period of time, and consequently increase the strain on our already overworked pros; encourage new writers not capable of quality stf. It will make the boom less enjoyable, and the inevitable "bust" all the more horrible!

With A.Merritt's Fantasy off the Popular active list we can expect to see his yarns back in FN. What a prospect: reading the same yarn by the same author every six months or so. Ghu protect us!

Some suggested changes in the scheme of N3F Laureate Awards are: have a separate award for the fan columnists instead of the current grouping of them with the fiction writers; give a separate award for the best single piece of fan fiction published during the year. As for whose suggestions those are, I'll admit they are mine, and wait for the attacks of the anti-fanfiction boys. Also, it might be well to choose the best fan letter published during the year, or the best letter writer, after all, doesn't letterwriting make up a very important (and large) part of fanactivities!?!'

All for this time!

R.J. Banks, Jr.

Have you read DUSTY-KNEE
The sandzine....

Published by Weaver Wrong
Box 260
Saudi Arabia

Price: 2 camels per issue
3 harem girls a year.

The only fmz that's carved on clay tablets.
DUSTY-KNEE is really dirty.....

ADV 18



AHEM

Richard Elsberry to R.J. Banks...and the fan-world c/o Quandry

Dear Mr. Banks:

In your column entitled "Slurp" (which I assure you is a most appropriate title) in Quandry #6 you bring up some interesting points about ASF. You feel sure that JWC is not losing his authors to Galaxy because he's such a nice guy. Taint so, Mr Banks, taint so. An author must eat and he'll sell his stories to the magazine that pays the highest prices, which happens to be Galaxy right now.

Let's take a good close look at the situation. Up until 1950 ASF was the best paying science-fiction magazine. It payed a minimum of 2¢ and somewhat better to it's top authors. Asf was also the most mature of the stf magazines and had the largest circulation. These were added inducements for the authors to sell their stories to this magazine. It was every fan's secret desire to some day sell a story to ASF. Forinstance I know one stf author who is well known and has many sales who first submits every story he writes to JWC. He now has 39 rejection slips and no sales!

Campbell isn't as close to his authors as he would have you believe. In fact he is on the outs with many of them. Poul Anderson and Cliff Simak used to submit their stories nust to JWC and if they were rejected they would not send them elsewhere. You've noticed a change in this of late. Simak has been annoyed with JWC for some time for rejecting some of his best stories. Forinstance: "Time Quarry", a sequel to "Eternity Lost", and sequels to the "City" series. These stories will now be appearing in other magazines. And there are others who are on the outs with JWC but sold their stories to him because he paid the best in the field--at the time.

JWC has good points as an editor too. He furnishes his author with plenty of good ideas and he gives new authors a break. JWC is always trying to get new authors for his mag and consequently he will often buy a story that is not too good with the hopes that the author will do better in the future. The first stories by DeCamp and Heinlein weren't world-beaters but these two authors certainly lived up to JWC's hopes.

But Galaxy really has ASF over a barrel on one point. It treats its authors right. One thing that Street & Smith have consistantly not done. Galaxy buys only first serial rights. This means that the author can sell his story anyplace after publication and thus enrich himself. Byt S&S do business much differently. They buy all the rights when they buy the story. Thus you cannot resell the fiction. But S&S can do so and rake in an additional profit. The author probably gets around 25% of the total selling price. This is quite a bit less that the 100% he would get it the magazine only bought first serial rights. Because S&S are very difficult to deal with, many anthologists tear their hair and try to use stories out of other mags. Getting the rights away from them is like trying to make them give a pint of blood.

And so long as Galaxy continues to pay those high rates and treats its authors right ASF looks like second choise for authors. If their stories are rejected by Gold then they'll go to JWC, where two years ago it would have been the other way around.

ASF will continue to be a good magazine, but JWC had better think of something drastic if he wants to remain "King of the mountain". Dianetics and DeCamp aren't helping any. Bothe of Hubbard's articles have said nothing at great

19

(con't over)

FAN FILE #5

VERNON MCCAIN

I was born at a very early age in November of 1927 of two parents, half of whom were female, the other half male. I have tried for years to read some deep significance into this mathematically exactly even division of the sexes in my ancestry but so far have come up with no solution. Being the youngest, by seven years, of seven children, I found myself growing up as an only child in a family of adults. This made me schizoid. As a result I naturally became a fan. I first started reading sf mags regularly in the fall of '44, shortly after graduation from High School when I got my first regular paycheck from Western Union. I still work for the same company, but like all fans, I stay outdoors during electrical storms just on the chance of getting struck by the same bolt of lightening that hit Ray Bradbury. I have many other interests (which used to be hobbies) but since I entered fandom a year ago I have gradually had to give them all up for lack of time. Favorite pro-mag: GALAXY - favorite authors: Brown Sturgeon, Leiber. - favorite illustrator: (not counting Bonestell) Calle - Favorite fan-mag: QUANDRY (natch, I want to get this printed, don't I?)

Physically I'm prematurely balding and a bit oversized in most directions. Luckily, the FBI has failed to chronicle any identifying marks.

(con't)

length and the DeCamp serial cluttered up four perfectly good magazines.

One would think that JWC's judgement would get a little sharper with the Dianetics treatments he's been taking. ASF continues to excell Galaxy in only one department -- artwork. I think Gold will remedy this situation soon!

At the beginning of that paragraph on ASF you mentioned something about GOS and Campbell's wife appearing in another column. Perhaps this column could have been "nothing sirius" from ODD? I seem to remember something about that in the magazine somewhere.

Yours respectfully,

Richard Elsberry
Richard Elsberry

THOUGHTS AT MIDNIGHT, DECEMBER 31, 1950

by Gerry de la Ree

I stepped from the warm interior of the living room into the cold, clear night air, leaving behind me the world of light and sound, the multiple voice of Man ushering in another year, and, above all the hollow shell of happiness and hope.

As the noises of Man making merry drifted into the distance, I drank deep of the chill air, attempting to cleanse both my lungs and soul of the heart-break that is false hope.

I looked to the heavens for solice. And a thousand winking eyes, wonderous white and infinitely small, stared coldly back.

"There is the future," I mused. "Behind me lies yesterday, a long path of sadness and sorrow, bloodshed and death. Out there is Man's destiny. . .and who is to say that he shall make better of it than he has of his pitiful attempt here on Earth?

In Korea a man has just been killed. Matters it if he were white, or black, or yellow? Matters it if he died under the banner of democracy or communism? I only know he was a human being and that he shall not see tomorrow. For him even yesterday is gone.

He joins a soldier who fell at Chateau-Thierry and another who sacrificed his life at Guadalcanal. Or perhaps a citizen of Lidice or a Japanese who unwittingly ushered in the Atomic Age at Hiroshima. And what did they die for?

The skies are black and the stars are white, even as the past is irrevocably dead and the hope of the future brilliantly alive.

A cold wind sweeps in from the west, while a sudden flare of light in the northern sky is mute evidence that some visitor from the far reaches of space has met its abrupt demise in the envelope of air that circles our globe.

In cities all over the world Man raises his voice in a salute to tomorrow knowing not whether it brings him peace or war. The never-ending game of life continues.

I stand beneath the star-sprinkled canopy of hope, knowing that Man must go forward. Where he has failed on Earth, Man must not fail out there.

And echoing out of the fathomless void of space come the memorable words of H.G. Wells:

"Rest enough for the individual man. Too much of it and too soon, and we call it death. But for Man no rest and no ending. He must go on -- conquest beyond conquest. This little planet and its winds and ways, and all the laws of mind and matter that restrain him. Then the planets about him, and at last out across the immensity to the stars. And when he has conquered all the deeps of space and all the mysteries of time -- still he will be beginning."

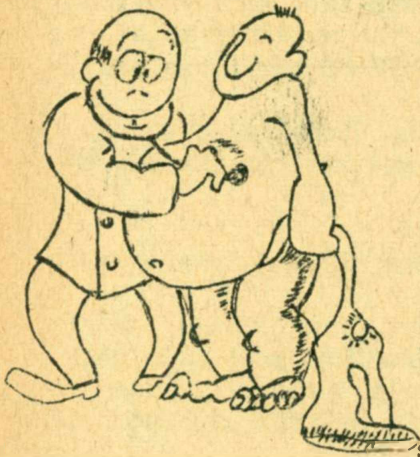
To turn one's face from tomorrow can be disastrous. The past is a beckoning temptress, ever-present and ever-capable of destroying progress. But Man, Master of the machine and failure at the attempt to fathom his own mind, must not fall victim to its lulling charms.

.

The mundane sound of laughter destroys the silence of the night. A dog howls his defiance at the headless stars. . . And the stars hurl down their endless Challenge to Man. . .

"...FROM DER VOODOYORK OUT"

Under fire right now are the many reprint mags. They've reached a position where there are nearly as many of them as there are origimags. And now, one mag, Astounding, has very neatly foiled its toughest competitor, Galaxy, by clamping down on the copyright to "Needle". This deed was in the best villain-forclosing-the-mortgage style since "Needle" was to be distributed only three weeks after Street & Smith discovered that they were in a position to stop publication. This they did with utmost haste, causing a serious loss both to Galaxy and to Hal Clement.



Let's poke back a few years--to 1940--and see how many reprint magazines there were and from whom they secured copyright.

There weren't many; the Munsey company was publishing FFM and EN, but since both mags were reprinting from their own stories, there was no copyright difficulty.

Then Standard had two. CAPTAIN FUTURE in 1940 set an all-time record by running a year-long reprint serial "The Human Termites" by Dr. Keller. This took up the first four issues of CF, then a quarterly. STARTLING STORIES, the companion, was running Hall of Fame stories. Since both mags were reprinting the Gernsback stories to which they owned copyright, again no trouble.

There WAS trouble, though, with the SCIENCE FICTION QUARTERLY, which reprinted a Gernsback Novel from Sci Wonder Quarterly without the copyright permission. This caused some slight trouble, after which SFQ took pains to secure copyright. They wound up reprinting a load of Ray Cummings novels anyway. This quickly killed SFQ.

Outside of those five, there were, strange to say, no other reprint mags. WT occasionally ran a reprint, but only a short story at that. Wollheim started the whole thing, as is a habit of DAW's, in 1947 with the Avon Fantasy Reader, an inconspicuous mag that featured reprints of stories of the 1925 - 33 period.

Then, in short order, followed: Fantastic Novels, Fantastic Story Quarterly, Wonder Story Annual, A. Merritt's Fantasy Magazine, Future, Super Science, Other Worlds, Worlds Beyond, Marvel Science, Galaxy Novels, Two Science Books, Fantasy&SF, Fantasy Stories, Fantasy Book, Planet Stories; the incredible total of 15 reprint mags. (Though it's comforting to note that of these, five reprinted only 1 story, two are now dead, and another is abandoning reprints.)

Reprints are dangerous to the pro writers. Will Jenkins told me that he hadn't heard that his story, "The Laws Of Chance", had appeared as "Fight for Life" until I told him! Most reprints, though, are authorized...at 1¢ per ten words or something like that. It's a tough business. We'd like to see some more mags fold or stop reprinting.

-bob silverberg

((Ed. note: This column is somewhat shorter than usual this ish due to the obvious space limitations. We hope that in the next issue it will be its usual self.))

KONNER'S KORNER

This almost didn't get wrote. I prepared a copy and took it to the Little Monsters of America meeting in Charleston, January 21st, hoping to present it to Lee Hoffman in person, but he couldn't make it. ((Cuss a previous commitment that couldn't be broken.)) I'd like to report that the meeting was a success. Though it would have been better had more people shown up. ((Typical southern reaction --- none.))

This isn't the original Korner that I intended to use. I lost it, so I'm forced to write another. Charleston probably inspired this anyway.

Charleston is a beautiful city and would make an ideal spot for a national fan convention. However, there aren't very many active fen there... certainly not enough to promote and prepare for a big affair. But if you are looking for a very unusual place, with a unique atmosphere, to hold a meeting, to just get away from it all, Charleston is the place. ((Editor's "bright" comment: Charleston is not nearly so unusual as Savannah which has a very unique atmosphere especially around the Bag Plant and Fertilizer Factory. If you want to gafia Savannah is a good place as there is nothing here. Now I shaddap.)) Nice bathing beaches, pretty girls, historical shrines, pretty girls, wonderful architecture, pretty girls, beer, whiskey, pretty girls, fine hotels, night clubs, pretty girls...well, it is a good place for a stf - con. ...it has everything except fans. And with the aid of Bobby Pope and other live-wires, who knows but what Charleston may become, one day, as hot a stf bed as Los Angeles. Charleston resembles this California town on a small scale. Certainly the climate is as good---and without the smog. So, if you people in the Beaufort, Charleston, Savannah areas will get busy and join a good fan club--like the Little Monsters of America--someday you may be host to a national fan convention--an honor any city can be proud of! ((Pardon us, but wot people?)) ((Let us ad that the one other fan we have been able to locate in this city of better'n 150,000 is no longer active---we mean George Warren. Friend Walt Kessel has long been retired from actifandom. The rest of this city is still living in the pre-Civil War days ... we have said a dirty word. Down here it's the War Between The States. Do you want to visit the past? Why bother with a time-machine? Just hold the 1952 stfeon in Savannah. Mebbe Charleston is still alive. We dunno. We turn that question over to Bobby Pope. Now we shut up again and give this column back to Mr. Conner with apologies.))

(More over)

Konner's Korner (kon't)

According to Erskine Johnston, NEA Hollywood columnist, the science-fiction motion picture, John W. Campbell's, THE THING, may undergo a title change. You guessed it: the reason for such a change: the current song craze by the same name.

From the same source comes another interesting bit of info: a stf film titled "The Man From Planet X" has been released. Said the producer, Aubrey Wisberg, ((a Savannahian, by the way)) "No mention of time or distances---meaning the distance from "Planet - X and the time needed to come from there to here--- "has been made. This was one purpose. We feared some 12 year old with a slide rule would come forward and prove just how much we were all wet!"



We reported, on information secured from a good source, that Worlds Beyond's first issue would be the last. However, it seems we were wrong. The third issue is the last, we are told. Too bad. This was one of the best, with great promise of becoming THE best, of all stf magazines. Truly adult in appeal, it would doubtless have brought about some great changes in our favorite literature.

So you think you can write for TV? Well, the market is wide open for fantasy and science-fiction, according to the January Author and Journalist. If you can give LIGHTS OUT a usable original, they'll kick in to the tune of 400 bux...or, if you do an adaptation, you'll get 200. A few words of caution: always send for a RELEASE --- an instrument to protect the producer from plagiarism suits ---before you send your script. Be sure and get the FEE of the show by viewing it a few times. This goes for any show. Use only a couple of sets. They are expensive and TV budgets aren't very high. Use a minimum of characters; they come high too. LIGHTS OUT is produced at NBC by Herbert Swope Jr., and the address is 30 Rockefeller Plaza, NYC. Send a self-addressed envelope to LIGHTS OUT, etc., and request a release for submitting material. Several other shows use fantasy occasionally, but as far as I know, LIGHTS OUT is the only one using either fantasy or science fiction all the time. The competition is tough, though. But if you have a flair for drama, try it. You might cash one of Admiral's 400 buck checks!

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERS: Don't ever try to write a kolumn while watching TV....Konner did, and you can see what a mess he made....

Wilkie Conner

-30-

WANTED: copies of QUANDRY #1, #2, #3, #4 and #5. Write...

Franklin Dietz
P.O. Box 696
Kings Park, L.I.
New York

Lionel Inman
Ripley, Tenn.



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Dear Lee:

Your latest effort was somewhat of a letdown from the previous number, due mainly to the inferior material this time. But it was quite enjoyable at that.

For top honors, I would pick the letter section, which continues to improve right along. Redd Boggs' letter was the most interesting to me, because he said more than anyone else and said it better. His rebuttal to my remarks about the so-called degenerate state of Southern culture set me to thinking. First, just how degraded is the South in relation to other parts of the country? The North (a very inaccurate term, but it will have to suffice) boasts of its racial tolerance; why was there a race riot in Detroit? Is religious intolerance and persecution confined to any one section of the nation? It is true that the South was originally founded upon a rotting aristocracy, but that has all been over with for a long time. One must admit, however, that traces still linger on. The South has been primarily a farming section, and its economy has been agricultural. Educational standards in agricultural sections have been notoriously low. In general, farming is an occupation followed by those not fitted for something better. As such, it has always necessarily attracted persons from the lower mental and educational strata. (It is perhaps worthy to note that the very drags of humanity are to be found in the big cities, like New York.) Vast strides have been made in the South even since I can remember. With the growth of industrialization, education has made steps foreward, becoming more efficient and reaching more. During the last ten years, farmers have been more nearly receiving what their produce was worth, and that fact is probably even more important than the industrial growth.

Neither of the two columns showed very keen perception of the subjects they discussed. I was particularly griped with Wilkie Conner's illogical refutation on communism. I am not questioning his right to an opinion, for I too disapprove of communism as practiced by the Russians, but I wish he would make his arguments sound less like those of a red-blooded, flag-waving tool of the capitalists.

All of the editorials were adequate, as usual. Keep up the good work, and in a few years Quandry might just possibly be as good as Al Weinstein's AD INFINITUM used to be -- he thought.

I almost forgot to mention the little hoax you tried with the Ralph Tyro position-wanted ad. One must be alert these days or be taken. ((Quite true))

Sincerely,
Lionel Inman

((Which brings to mind the fact that we would thoroughly enjoy another good article on fan hoaxes.....and what ever happened to Claude Degler?? ..--Ed.))

(more letters over)

You Sez More

Al Weinstein

Dear Lee:

I was really impressed with the quality of Quandry #6. A really excellent issue. Try to keep Kessel doing those little cuts. And if he does any more, I'd suggest that you get a heavier grade paper. The mimeoing and layout were extremely good, and the material itself was a good deal better than in #5.

Number 7 was maybe a little lower than the standard set by #6, but I know you can't put out a top-notch issue all the time. Still, you have a darned fine magazine.

I like your editorials much more now. You've cut out a lot of the lollypop stuff and while there's always room for improvement, it seems to me you're making more sense.

Sincerely,

[Al Weinstein]

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

Dear Lee:

Received QUANDRY #7 yesterday. Guess the P.O. department didn't like this number, for they beat hell out of it. This issue did not reach the high peak attained by #6, but still gave me 15 or 20 minutes of entertaining reading.

Conner, in his column, mentions that WORLDS BEYOND folded after one issue; you note that issue #2 was the last, while I have #3 at hand and have heard that this is definitely the end, although the lineups for the next two issues are mentioned in the current number.

Glad to see Shelby Vick's autobiog. Six foot tall and only 140 pounds. Gad! What say we chip in and buy this lad a good meal?

McCain exhausted a lot of words and said very little in his prose effort, "Ring In The New." I wonder if he actually fears the future as his hero did? Can't rightly see how any science-fiction fan would prefer to live over the past instead of waiting for tomorrow, regardless of what's in store for the world.

Silverberg's column had some interesting bits. I agree with him in that AMAZING has hit a new low since Browne took over. F.A. did perk up for a few issues but seems to be back in its old rut again. Hamling's reported to have bought IMAGINATION from Palmer and I, for one, am hoping he can bring back some of the UNKNOWN type material.

Sincerely

[Gerry]

((Gerry de la Ree, you recall, is the man who will pay MONEY for those old zines))

Ken Beale
115 E. Mosholu Pkwy.
Bronx, 67, N.Y.

Dear Lee,

Newest Q arrived today, surprising me somewhat. I hadn't realized just how often every month is. Since my last letter obviously arrived too late for publication (can't over)

More of Yer Seizing

BeAle blabbers on!

lication, I'm dashing this'un off now, so as to get it in.

Well, this ish was definitely not up to the last one. Pleasant enough, but nothing outstanding. Of course, after the Tucker & Warner articles, I guess routine stuff would seem tame. Nice story, that one by McCain. It's refreshing to read a piece of fan fiction that shows some sort of literary form, and is not that type of thing that editors have to rewrite before they can reject. (Okay, so it's a pretty tired gag---for a lousy fanzine you're expecting Groucho Marx?) Refreshing, too, is the word for the Silverberg column ('lo, Bob). Keep it up. That anti-NY thing made my blood boil. This is the sort of thing that makes me believe that fans are almost as bad as people.

Only improvement over #6 in this ish was the McCormick poem. This time it was readable. Konner his usual mediocre self. I vehemently protest his references to Communism, Stalin, et al. Politics of any type have no place in any fanzine, let alone one so light-hearted as Q. If I want this sort of thing, I'll read Time.

Rest of the ish per usual (whatever that is.) Not dull, not exciting.

Anet this vanVogt business---has anyone yet pointed out the unmistakable similarity between much of vV's stuff and the Doc Savage yarns? Not only in style, but in many other things, they are quite alike. I particularly recall "The Beast" by vV in a '43 ASF, a startlingly Doc Savage-ish piece..

Scientifantasticalightly (whew!)
yours,

((The illo? It came with the letter.))

[Ken Beale]

Pat Eaton
c/o Otis Cafe
Otis, Oregon



Dear Lee,

Received ish #7 of Quandry and enjoyed it very much, especially the li'l peepul. They get more amusing every time I see them. Your ads were interesting too.

Vernon McCain's "Ring In The New" was ----- well, there aren't any words to describe it, but if it takes a change (er -- pardon, deviation) in policy to get more of them, maybe you'd better deviate.

Orma McCormick's verse in ish no. 5 weren't what you'd call striking, but her "Guerdon" in this one was swell.

Keep Koner's Korner. It's interesting and different.

Here is a question that is important to me, for I am getting to look forward more and more to Quandry's monthly arrival. Is the draft of paper shortage going to affect Quandry, and if so, how much? ((None))

You have a very nice line of articles in Quandry, and here's an idea for one more. Now there was a time when I could justly state that I was subscribing to, or had at least investigated every prozine on the market. That time is long gone for me, and I suspect, for most other fen, both old timers and the numerous newcomers. How about having someone who is willing to spend a lot of time and effort write up a prozine review devoted to the pros who have popped up in the last

The rest of Eaton-comments

year or two?

See you next month.

Sincerely,

[Pat Eaton]

Fred Hatfield
2320 NW 102nd St
Miami, Florida



Hi there -- !

How about a sample copy of your zine as listed in Amazing? I understand there is a piece in it by Bob Tucker. As you may know, I am a collector of Tuckerphilia -- meaning that I will pay fabulous prices for zines with Tucker's work in them. Which is why I am sending this dime for Q UANDRY.

Incidentally, who would I contact for some back issue fanzines?

Sincerely,

[Fred Hatfield]

Burnett R. Toskey
3933 15 th N.E.
Seattle 5, Washington

IMPOSSIBLE

Dear Lee (at least that's what everybody else calls you),

I received your Mag called "Quandry" with the words "Sample" and "Trade" encircled on the back cover. The trade had a question mark on it, so I presumptuously took that for a request for mine own little effort in trade for your glorious publication.

...I am sending the first three issues of Impossible, for which I hope you will accept in trade for the next three issues of Quandry, unless you request me to pay for the first one I received also, which I will be glad to do.

Quandry strikes me as being a very worthwhile effort, since it is directed against that crazy mania going through circles of stf on Dianetics and the like. I particularly enjoyed Konner's Korner and From Der VoodVork Out. The story was a worthwhile piece of work, and with a little polishing and lengthening could have sold somewhere methinks. Not that "Ring In The New" was badly written. for it was n't, but was almost up to professional standards of certain pulp magazines. It WAS just a wee bit too grim for a fanmgz, but I enjoyed it.

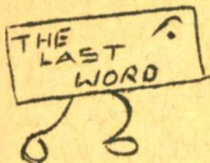
A member of our local club, The Nameless Ones, Richard Frahm, received a letter from Anthony Boucher saying that Jack Vance was definitely NOT Kuttner. Also notice the notice in March 1951 Startling.

We up here think the "The Dying Earth" is the most terrific piece of fantasy to come out in the last ten years. What do you people think?

[Burnett Toskey]

((That'll have to be all the letters for now.))

THE LAST WORD



as usual goes to the editor.

First our apologies to Wilkie Conner for ad-libbing all over his column. We get carried away at times. Second: due to our usual fuggheaded manner of production page 16 is where 15 should be, 17 is where 16 should be and there is a 17 where 17 should be. Subsequently 16 is where it belongs. Okay? Our face is a fetching shade of fuchsia with embarrassment. Third: new fanzine in our mailbox is IMPOSSIBLE from Burnett R. Toskey - 3953 15th NE - Seattle 5 Washington. 'Sgood.

Among friends snatched away by Uncle Sam is the publisher of SIRIUS, Stan Serxner. Just what will happen to SIRIUS is not known at present tho one more issue is expected to appear.

On looking over the books we wonder if we might no be able to give you a couple more pages regularly. 'Tall depends on the response to this ish. If enough money and good material comes in before the deadline for next ish to warrent an increase in the regular size of the zine from 25 pages plus covers to 27 or 29 pages plus covers we'll increase. So tell your friends about Quandry...where you get the most for your money.

Only bacopies of Quandry advailabile from this dest now are #7 and a few #6 that are not up to standards technically. First come first serve.

NOTICE OF IMBGT: Quandry is not expecting to be affected by the draft, for though ~~we are~~ 18 years of age and as sound mentally as the next fan, if not sounder - all depending on who the next fan is - we do not meet (or come close to meeting) the government's physical requirements. In case you happen to be drafted, though, be sure to send us your change of address.

So far Quandry has felt no effects of paper shortage. But if any production problems do occur we'll let you know about them.

A point of interest to all but, perhaps A.E. Dick; one can make very effective wheel-styli from old clock or watch works. The fine dooted lines in this ish were done with such a stylus made from a pocket watch wheel and a pen handle. In case you're wondering, a doot is a ~~small~~, messy, misspelled dot.

Duggie Fisher, the guiding light of OOD - address: 1302 Lester St, Poplar Bluff, Mo - is sending up the smoke signals for material so if you're a good writer and you hate yed, send that super-story or hyper-article to Duggie. Of course, we would appreciate first crack at it if it's that good. Hummm...mebbe we'll write something for this Fisher lad ourselves. Right nice li'l zine he has...plenty nice.

PREVIEW OF A COMING ATTRACTION: What was the number one column in the number one fanzine before Art Rapp answered his country's call? That's right, FILE 13. Do you miss File 13? Well, don't. Subscribe to Quandry and read Redd Boggs' File 13 regularly. Be here next month for the first Quandry installment of File 13...at regular prices!

P.S. We suppose you've heard the new "pop song" titled DESTINATION MOON.

cash
contributor
sample
trade

QUANDRY

101 WAGNER ST
SAVANNAH GA

mimeoed matter
only

SPECIAL EXTRA BIG
LYNNHAVENTION DIARY
ISSUE

TO:

