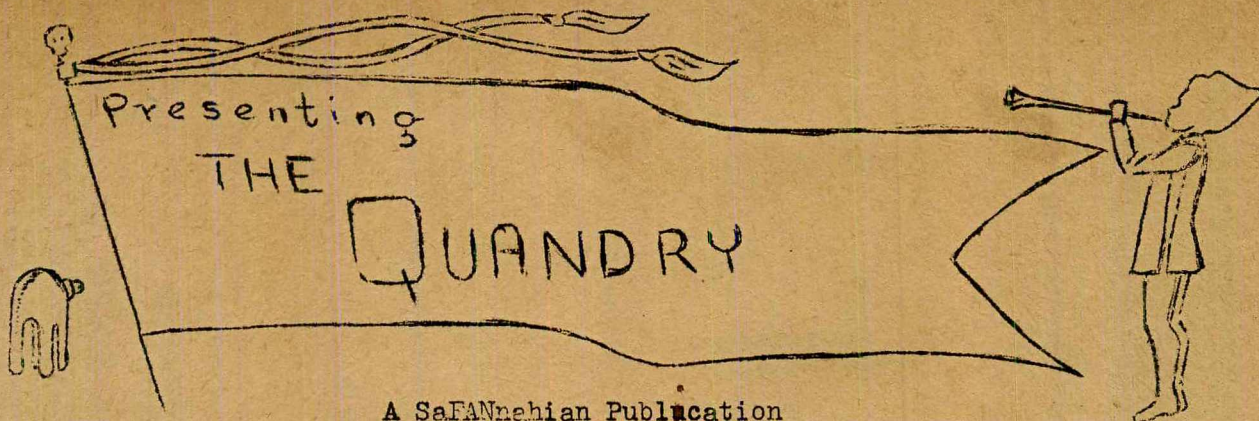


Vol. I

QUANDRY
QUANDRY

No 1

QAZ



Vol. 1

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CONTENTS

CHAOS.....(Editorial).....	3
QUANDRY QUIZ.....	4
THE STORY OF JOE WHO DIDN'T KNOW.....(Fiction by HECK).....	5
HECK.....(a biographical sketch by QAZ).....	6
QAZ.....(" " " by HECK).....	6
FOUR SCENES FROM DESTINY.....	7
DRAWING.....	9
TOP SECRET.....(Fiction).....	11
ENLIGHTENMENT.....(A Poem by LEE).....	12
DRAWING.....	13
QZSDFGHJKL.....(Article by QAZ).....	14
TOMORROW.....(Poem by LEE).....	15
DRAWING.....	17
DRAWING.....	19
THE DEAR ONES.....(see Editorial)	
SEZ YOU.....(" ")	

No 4

THE QUANDRY..Vol.1 No.1 August and a little bit of September, 1950 is a SaFANnahian Publication. It is produced almost monthly by Lee Hoffman at the Sign of the Wild Editor. ADDRESS: 101 Wagner Street. WEST COAST OFFICES: 101 Wagner Street, Savannah, Georgia. Send all foreign correspondence to the west coast address. This thing is edited by QAZ. Associate editors; Hank Rabey and Hector S. Torrie. Single copies - 10¢ Subscriptions - 10 ishs and the Yearbook for a dollar.

(Outside of United States subscriber must pay postage)

AD RATES:

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page - 50¢
1/2 page - 25¢
inch - 10¢

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

Lee Hoffman

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia



THE EDITORIAL

As Heck says "Wheaties and Graelkin!" Don't ask me what this means...I'm not certain...but Heck assures me that it's some kind of greeting anyway it's a "different" way to start an editorial. You know, I'm new at this business.

I guess that first I should apologize for the typing and cutting errors in this zine... I never cut mimeo stencils before.

Would like to take this opportunity to thank Risky for all he's done to help us get this thing out.

I guess most of you have heard some declaration of our policy but for the record I'll tell you again... We're going to try to skim lightly across the stf field and lean toward fantasy, personality, and art.

We'd like to solicit material...any and all the material you're willing to send. Of course this is strictly a amateur publication and nobody gets paid. Oh how true!!! Don't worry about the length or subject matter. Interest is our big interest and the more material we get the better zine we'll be able to give you. And, like the little stinkweed, QUANDRY'll throw on criticism. How 'bout pouring it on and letting ~~us~~ us know what you want? ?

Would like to thank the following people who have helped more than they know:

Jon Kennedy
Al Weinstein
Bob Tucker
Asj

and our especial thanks to WALT KESSEL on whom you can blame this whole affair!!

NOTICE: Anyone who would like to donate us a litho-ed cover will automatically receive a life time subscription to The QUANDRY (life of the Q, that is)

We'd planned to solicit some material from some of the better known fen and hold a big publicity campaign before we put this thing out but we decided to go on and print what we had in a first issue and give it to you free in hopes that it would do the selling job better than a lot of big words of praise on the back of a postcard or in another fanzine. As an explanation for the undersized pages, the paper was a gift and finances being what they are...! We had wanted a nice cover too... 'til we priced paper... just wait, we've still got to pay postage on these things. PUHLEEZE SUBSCRIBE !!!!!

I'd comment on the fact that Shaver's "...Lemuria" has been put between hard covers but enuf has been said about the deros already.

FANTASY IN THE THEATRE: "The Innocents" by William Archibald based on Henry James' "The Turn of the Screw" (T.P.O.B. S. is not a novel based on a prison guard's revolt) Ed. note...We humbly beg your pardon. As you know we're composing in the stick and sometimes these things slip out!!! Of course we haven't see the play but we hear that it's a spine-chiller. With sets and lighting by Jo Mielziner it should be. We hear tell that the great young author ~~xxx~~ writes in his bare feet. Well, he ain't the only one.

(over)

We had planned to give you a history of the SaFANnahians but we decided that you wouldn't be interested. Would you ?

about the little beestle that's staring at our banner, in case you're wondering. I think no night as a Guelph. Do any of you know?

huh? Say, how do you feel about fan fiction,

ads. Come on, 'scribe and contribute. 3/21

"Why do people become rent?"

GAZ

FOOTNOTES:

[illegible][illegible]

三十一

TEL

This is a gift copy
of

THE GUNDRY

A 1. Who won fandom fame for himself.
N by committing suicide ?

ANSWERS TO THE QUIZ will appear in the next issue in case some neo fan doesn't know them.

THE STORY OF JOE WHO DIDN'T KNOW

by
HECK

Joe paced restlessly up and down between the towering marble pillars. The sweet, soft song that drifted upon the breeze only served to irritate him more. Downstairs there was a party going on. There was always a party going on downstairs. He walked over to the edge and looked down. Below he could see the half-dressed girls and the laughing imps...he felt his nails digging into the palms of his hands. From below came the aroma of roasting meat and the gay laughter of the demons. He could hear bits of a melody that they were singing...he could not distinguish the words but, from the laughter they provoked, he could guess at them. Then he saw IT, the glorious fountain that poured forth every conceivable alcoholic concoction (and a few that aren't conceivable).

Joe tried to remember when he had last had a good drink...when he had last held a girl in his arms... He cursed the name of every beast known to man.

The Old Man put down his golden harp and caught up his purple robe with pale, gnarled fingers. Slowly he moved down the great corridor toward Joe. He stroked his flowing white beard and asked, "Are you troubled, My Son?"

"Yeah," Joe

replied, "I'm sick and tired of this place...it's pure HELL!"

"No," The Old Man gasped,

"This is Heaven!"

Joe shouted hysterically, "Why did I have to paint my soul purple and come to this place? Why didn't I just tear it out and go with those damned creatures down there?" He pointed toward the demons, then with a mad laugh, he flung himself over the brink.

Only the purple mist that was his soul remained above to testify that Joe had ever been there. The Old Man reached out to gather up the poor deserted essence and store it away with all the others of its kind that had been thrown off by their owners but the mist shrunk back and with a shout of "Oh no! I think this place is Hell too!" it leaped after Joe.

The Old Man looked over the edge after it. This was the first time that he had ever beheld the festivities below. He stared for a moment, then cried, "Wait for me!" and jumped.

FINIS

by Hector Torrie
and QAZ

.....

AN EXCERPT FROM THE PHILOSOPHY OF THE GREAT 'THINKER LEE HO
dedicated to the cost of mimeo stencils...

"...What good is happiness if you
can't buy money with it..."

HECK

by

QAZ

Ran into a fascinating character the other day... lad named Heck Torrie. Seems I was wandering around in the Lovecraft section of the public library. Heck was doing the same. I managed to spill about half a shelf of books onto the floor and Heck was kind enuf to help me replace them. We struck up a conversation and I found out that he was interested in fantasy too. That to myself, "Here's a prospective fan." We had a coke together and I spied fandom. He showed signs of interest so I invited him to my home.

We had a glorious confab and Heck dreamed up the story of Joe. He told me the idea and I typed it up the next A.M.

He's a fascinating character whose great interests in life are cards (games and tricks), old stories like folk tales 'n' such and industrial efficiency and safety. (That's what he's studying)

He's about six foot with brown hair and eyes. And his pet hate is pop corn in movies.

42

[illegible]

GAZ

by HECK

Q_A¹² is a character,.....

HECK

II Ed. note...This story was obtained from the Author over a pay-fone.
It is quoted direct...completely uncut. III

[illegible]

BeardMutteringsByTheGreatPhilosopher
LEEHQ

If I were a fish I would no
Doubt swim across the ocean
or sit and mutter to my beard.

[illegible][illegible]

Page 37

6

Four Scenes on Destiny

by

Lee

(1)

Somewhere in the world, many years before the rise of the Roman Empire, two certain men met and **agreed** to be **friends**. Thus began civilization. As soon as two other men met and entered into a similar contract nations existed and it was possible to wage wars. But soon a man arose who said that war was not good.

"I can end wars!" said the man, "I can end wars!" He showed the people a stick which was held bent by a strip of leather and a stick which had feathers **in one** end and a point on the other. "...For this is a weapon so horrible that wars will be outlawed. And he demonstrated the bow and arrow.

The people carved pictures on the walls of their caves to commemorate the man **who made peace**.

Rome rose and Rome fell. The earth was red with blood and the fields were made fertile with the **bodies** of men.

Within the walls of a great castle a sailor begged audience with a nobleman.

"Well?" asked the noble, "what do you wish?"

"Sir,"

said the sailor, "I can end wars!"

"What?"

"I have a weapon **so horrible** that wars **will** be outlawed!" and he showed the nobleman a weapon like a **metal tube** and a powder which he called "gunpowder".

(3)

The mighty Emperor of Japan is no longer a god and the mighty city of Hiroshima is no longer.

A great machine has been built which is called the Betatron and another which is called the "Mechanical Brain". This is a monument to the advancement of civilization and to the high intelligence level which man has reached.

In the laboratory of a great physicist two men are talking.

"Do you think the Reds will really start a world war?" one asked.

"Naw," replied his friend.

"But

on the video last nite the president said that war was a possibility."

"Only a

possibility," said his companion, "not a probability."

"Oh huh," his companion agreed.

"Besides the H-bomb is a weapon so horrible that wars will be outlawed." He struck a match and lit a cigaret.

(over)



JOIN THE NAVAL RESERVE



PAGE

Four Scenes on Destiny (con't)

(4)

As calculated by Christians the year would be 2000A.D. But the inhabitants of the vast desert that stretched from horizon to horizon do not calculate thus.

Two of these desert-dwellers sat together under one of the coconut palms that dot the vast area of sand. Suddenly a coconut fell from the tree and struck one on the head. With a yelp of pain he dashed off. Then his companion picked up the nut and looked into the tree. Then an expression of excitement crossed his face and he exclaimed aloud, "OGGLA! Gobly, oggle gloop gagga phoff! Yobber poo!" which is freely translated, "Fellow Monkey-People, this is a weapon so horrible that wars will be outlawed."

THE END

Do you like king-sized cigarettes?
_____ standard sized cigarettes?
_____ butts?



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Mohair! ! !

JOIN THE NAVAL RESERVE

QUANDRY SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUANDRY SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUANDRY SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUANDRY SUBSCRIBE

WHY NOT TRY WRITING???

WE NEED MATERIAL...

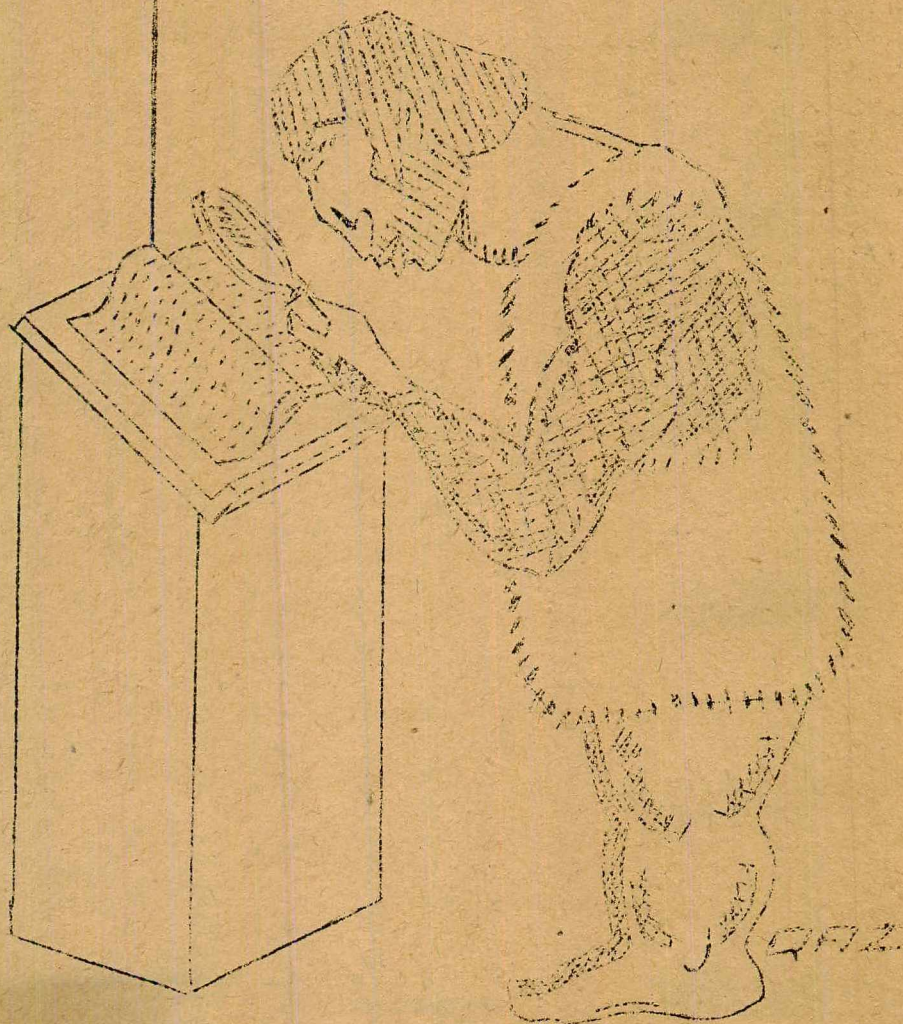
PUBLISH IT!!!

THE QUANDRY
Lee Hoffman
101 Wagner Street
Savannah, Georgia

PAGE

8

PUBLIC LIBRARY
ANTHROPOLOGY
DEPT.



TOP SECRET

When the government sent us to that God-forsaken hell hole that the men called "Eden" we were told that our work was to be top secret. Top secret, Mister, there were ten of us on that base and in the eighteen months that I was there I saw exactly nine people besides myself. Women, you ask...as far as I know there ain't no such thing.

We were picked for the operation because we were all single and without parents living. And we were told that we were gonna be in on the biggest thing since the atomic bomb. We were gonna be the top guys with the top secret...a secret so top that even we didn't know what was coming off.

We spent weeks doing paper work that we didn't really understand and learning to control boards and instruments. We studied all kinds of stuff about atmosphere and space.

Then one day we were all called into the briefing room. The General was there with his brass shining like Broadway neon.

"Gentlemen," he said to us, "you are about to become the makers of history. To-nite a new era begins...and you men shall begin it."

"As you know, this nation is at war. To-nite that war shall end. This country has created a bomb that will bring our enemies to their knees. And you shall have the honor of dropping this bomb."

When he finished talking we filed silently out of the room and over to the hanger.

Top Secret was in that hanger. Top Secret in a ship that would carry us beyond the Earth's gravity out of danger from the explosion. And it was my job to see that the ship would be in such a position in space that the Earth, moving on its orbit, would pick us up in its fire and get us back onto the ground.

The kid who'd been taught to handle the controls of the ship seated himself before them.

"How do you feel?" I asked him.

"Kinda sick,"

he replied and I knew what he meant.

I seated myself at my work table.

Somebody counted and then we moved, shot up into the sky. I couldn't see anything outside the ship; the only ports were up front; but I was conscious, for a moment, of great speed. Then there was no feeling of movement. And the silence...I could hear my own heart beating and the blood pumping thru my body. "Faster than sound," I thought, "that's a Hee-luva speed to travel." Sure, I'd been thru the barrier plenty but not anything like this Tin Monster. Then a silly thing came to my mind..It was a thing that happened when I was a kid. I'd had a pet white rat and one day I'd gotten mad at it, the way kids do, and I'd set off a firecracker right under the poor beast. The whole event kept repeating itself over and over in my mind.

Then I heard the voice over the I.C. "Zero minus five...minus four...minus three...minus two...minus one...zero..." I didn't see anything but I felt it. There aren't any words to tell you what I felt. I sat there a moment and listened to my heart beat. Then I heard the pilot's voice over the I.C.

"Do you know what's happening?" he asked.

"No,"

I replied.

"Do you remember what the Brass said about ending the war?" he stammered,

TOP SECRET (con't)

"And beginning a new era?"

"Yeah," I replied questioningly.

"Well, he was right in a way," his voice sounded funny, "Come up here and look."

"Are you alright?" I asked, "Not air sick?"

"No," he replied, "I'm alright." He was almost giggling but not with humor, "We started a new era alright? Yeah...we started a new era...We've just blown up the whole damn planet!!"

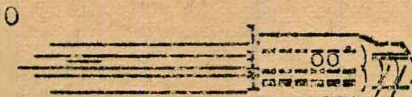
ENLIGHTENMENT

I dwelt within my mind
And dreamed my dreams alone
Until I found another
Who had dreams like my own.

I found that there were many
Modern thinking men
Who thot and dreamed together
And called themselves The Fen.

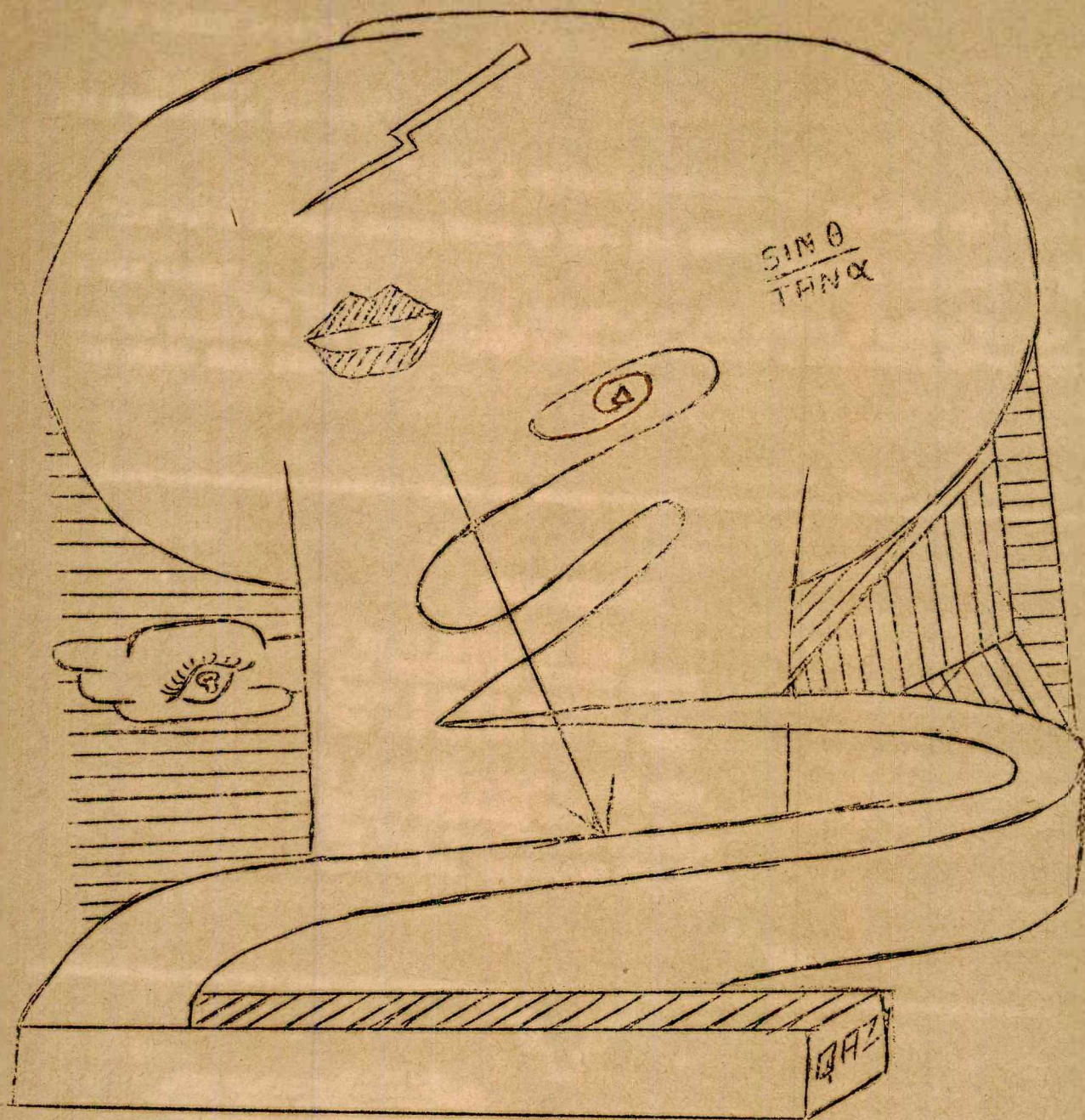
by
Lee

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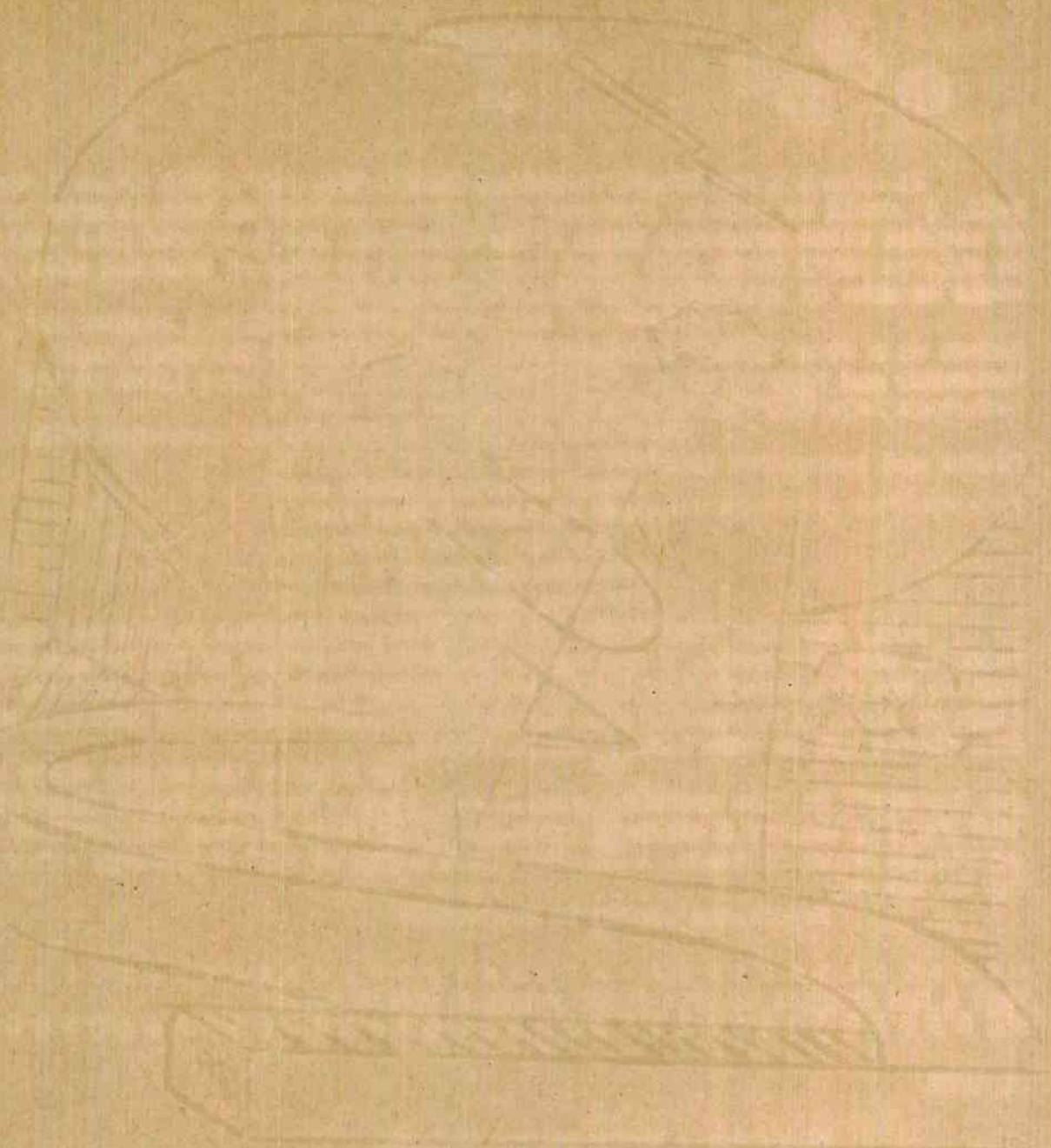


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Li'l
Spaces
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Know



A MENTAL IMPRESSION OF
TWO GOSTAKS DISTIMMING
A DOSH —



MENTAL IMPRESSIONS OF
TWO EASTERS OF THE
A DOSE



Then I started my career as a stage hand. "First," my boss said, "Dutchman the stage right tormentor and then go up on the pin rail and lower the long lines on the downstage legs and trim the teaser."

Now I ask you!

get the stuff to turn out this zine_____can I buy a couple a dozen mimeo stencils
May? No, I gotta buy a choir. quire. Ed. II (Stop showing off..Author) du
paper...it comes in reams. Well, what about a jug of ink? Jug, shmug, ink you
buy by the lb.

Thot I had dummied on that first paragraf didn't you!!

There was a young writer (a lunk)
Who wrote science tales that were punk
His stories were hack,
The pulp zines sent 'em back
So he sold a slick-zine all the junk.

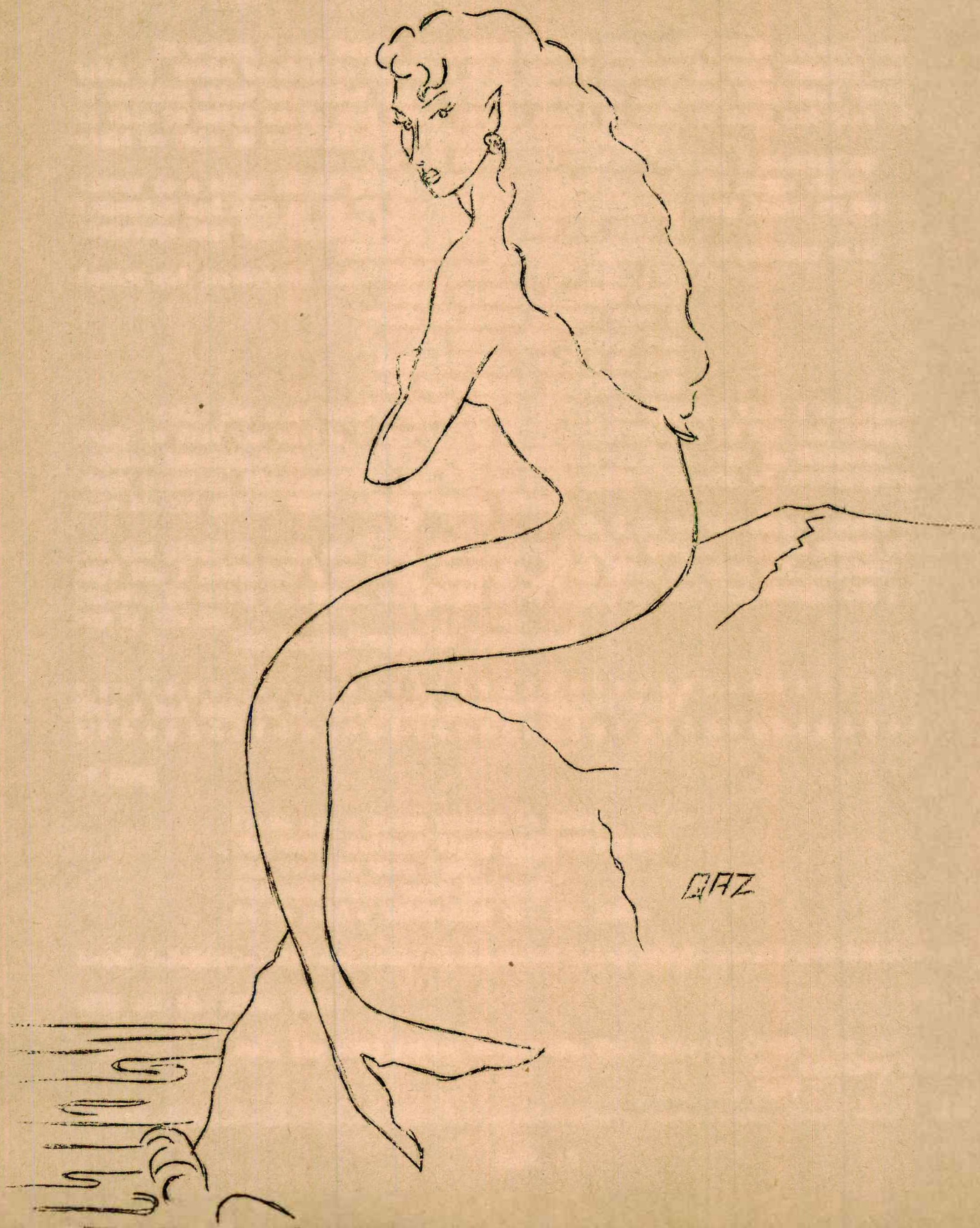
RICE AND OLD SHOES DEPT.

July 15; Wray Potter became Mrs Walt Kessel. (Walt's an old friend
Ed. Remember Cosmic
Dust ?)

TOMORROW

I saw Tomorrow rise from the cosmic
As Lazerus rose from the dead...
I saw the space ships and the comets
Circling over his head.
I felt the surging strength that flowed
As blood flowed thru his veins
And knew that he would travel
Thru distant, unknown lanes.
I felt that I could be there
And travel them with him
But as I stood and wondered
The glorious image grew dim
And in a sudden micro-second
The vision faded away...
I stood alone on a desolate plain
With nothing to touch but Today.

by
Lee





SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUANDRY TODAY.QUANDRY.....SUBSCRIBE TO THE QUANDRY TODAY

Lee Hoffman (Hoffman; that is)
101 Wagner Street
Savannah, Georgia

ish - - - - - 10 ishs and the YEARBOOK for a dollar!!!!!!

How about sending us some material too?

DO YOU THINK OF THE QUANDI ??? WANNA SEE MORE OF IT??? LET US KNOW!! HHH.

??

