

QUANDRY

Vol. I No. 11

"Dedicated to The Fannish Way of Life"

June 1951

The Contained Herein

Contents	Oh yeah?	1
Chaos	Sez we.	2
The Harp That Once Or Twice	Walt Willis	6
A Fairy Story	Peter J. Ridley	9
FanFile	Richard Elsberry	13
From Der Voodvork Out	Bob Silverberg	14
By Way Of REVIEW.	Two New Books Reviewed.	16
For Which We Strive	Gerry de la Ree & ShelVickl7	
Stf Stills.	Advertisement	18
The War America Lost.	Pat Eaton	19
The Harp In England(Con Report)	Walt Willis	21
sez you	You were expecting...?.	24
Xray Discovery	Orma McCormick.	28
Al Fin.	Whomelse?	29
Bacover	a thing of beauty is a joy30	

Art by Shelby Vick, William Rotsler, Walter Kessel, and yed

Quandry Vol. I No. 11 is dedicated to fandom as a way of life and to all the young-fen who have died for the cause with the cry upon their lips "Defy the Deros with Dianetics!"*** It is perpetrated approximately monthly at the Sign of Soggy Stfan" three blocks down, turn right at the carise flying saucer. Printing offices at the beautiful Armstrong mansion. Editorial offices at Hoffman Hover - 101 Wagner Street - Savannah, Georgia . It is costing stateside fans a dime a copy or a full year's supply for a buck. Non-US fans can have it for a letter an issue or in trade for fmz, etc. Almost all trades welcomed (see Al Fin). All letters received will be perused for publication unless the writer protests and lists specific threats to our happiness. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or J. Arthur Rank and what columnists say must be blamed on them. Ad space is sold at the rate of 10¢ per inch or 80¢ for a full page. Joe Kennedy, just in case. Any similarity between this stuff and mimeographing is purely due to the ink and must under no circumstances be blamed on the typer. Mail all contributions (cash and material) to editorial offices. Mail all complaints to the deal letter office. Return postage with manuscripts is appreciated. Ghu is ghod.

Lee (the Great Ego) Hoffman - EA-Publisher

Lionel (who's he?) Inman -Assoc.Ed

10¢ per copy

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101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia -USA

**Redd Boggs



Firstly about that job we mentioned last issue: we won't have it. When we found out that the employer-to-be wanted us to work a full time job commencing in June and take commercial courses in night school at the same time. All this in a Savannah summer, which is somewhat like a spring afternoon on the warm side of Mercury. So we are no longer being stared in the face by the prospect of manual labor. But at the same time, we are no longer looking forward to money to spend. So there will be a super annish if we have the money to finance it. Would any of you guys be willing to take a story or article and put it on stencils for us? We will need it ready to mimeo before the first of July. We will also need material and cash contributions. Everybody who comes through will be praised and heralded. Better'n that ever we'll burn a candle to Ghu for you all.

This typer is a real individual. Up until a few minutes ago it had no neutral. In other words, we had to take the ribbon out to cut stencils. But no longer. We came into a bottle of carbon tetrachloride today so we decided to take the typer apart and clean it up in hopes of improving it's action. Well, we didn't improve its action much but we did discover the secret of stencil cutting and why our machine wouldn't. So we have devised a miraculous device consisting of a piece of wire about three inches long that enables us to type stencils without taking out the ribbon. This makes us real happy as the lack of neutral was our main reason for wanting a new typer. But this one does have its other faults. Its keys stick occasionally when we are typing our fastest (around 40 words) one will stick and we keep typing the same letter over and over. One of its other idiosyncrasies is gleefully backspacing twice when we press the key once. When it does that we type over the letter ~~to~~ just finished typing. Other times it doesn't back space. Then there is the space bar. It occasionally jumps two ~~sp~~ more spaces. But despite all this the main reason for typos in this fmz is our inability to type and ditto to spell. And also the fact that we are absolutely no good as a proofreader. We automatically overlook typing errors when scanning a page. Sometimes it frightens us.

But enough of that. We have just received the latest issue of COSMAG, one of our fellow Georgia zines and we feel that it deserves comment. We know that you don't pay much attention to fmz plugs in other fmz but regardless we are listing COSMAG's address. It's a dime a copy from Ian Macauley, 57 East Park Lane, Atlanta, Ga. We hope you'll send for a copy. So does Ian.

Thumbing through material on hand for the annish and Q#12 we find several good articles and some swell fiction but we don't have enough. This annish can handle a lot of good material of length. How about writing some for us? And if you are willing to put your material on the stencils for the annish please say so when you submit it. Time is of the essence now, you know. Associate Ed, Lionel Inman advocates a short annish of high quality whereas I had suggested quantity. Vernon McCain has come up with a compromise that we'll try for; a quantity of quality material. Come on, give.

If we seem to be monopolizing this issue, it's merely what is known as APitis and results from an overdose of FAPA and SAPS zines. No, we aren't a SAP, not a member of the organization at any rate, but we are a FAPAN and we've caught the fever which results in excess loquaciousness or rather loquacity. But regardless, perhaps it is just as well for there is no File #13 this ish and so far, neither a Konner's Korner nor a Slurp. The cause of shortage of the latter two is no doubt our badly battered schedule. Neither Wilkie nor R.J. can figure out just when a Quandry will be going to press and so neither has sent in a column for this ish. Redd, on the other hand, may be just as much in the dark about publication dates but he has other reasons for not being here this month. For one, when he came in to Q he had neither plans nor hopes of getting in a File each month. For another he is planning a super File for the annish (#13) and has notified us to anticipate no more Files until then.

So, unless mails of the immediate future bring some unexpected columns this ish of Q will be third cousin to a plain, old fashion individualzine. Hope there's not too much objection.

This month sees the addition of something new. Book reviews. Books (and magazines) sent for review should be sent to yed, Lea Hoffman, 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga. Fanzines for trade should come to yed. Fmz for review should be sent to our columnists.

Apparently this is another bad month for li'l peepul. Guess we drew ourselves out of ideas last month.

Well, we told you last month that if we had time to get out a super annish we'd ask you for the money. So now we've got the time. How about the money? We're not proud. We'll accept gifts of cash or money for ad space, as you choose.

Guess we finally broke. Saw Destination Moon too often, we suppose. Anyway we've begun to hear musical saws. Somewhere in the distance we could swear a saw is playing the Mars theme from Rocketship X-M. This isn't really the first time though. One day we were standing in the Dean's secretary's office at school and we suddenly heard bag-pipe music. But so did she. Turned out someone in the French Room was playing the bagpipes. . .not a bagpipe record but the bagpipes. But we kinda doubt that somewhere in the suburbs of a suburban town like Savannah someone is learning to play the saw. . .especially in Wagner Heights. Possibly it's some poor spirit in one of the two neighborhood cemeteries but we don't think so. We're pretty sure that it's one of our engrams finally gone mad.

Another FAPA mailing came today. In it we are listed as owing 8 pages, altho in the same mailing we have a 10 page pub and three pages in one of the other pubs. We know that all will eventually be straightened out but regardless, we are discouraged. It's not as if this was the first time such a thing has happened. It always happens. Over a year ago (must have been over a year because it's cost us over a buck) we joined N3F. We got a lot of mimeoed stuff and letters. . .and then we were forgotten. Even Walt Willis in the wilds of Ireland received a copy of Fanspeak. But not us. . . And then there was the time lang ago when we sent a certain fmz ed a dollar. He wrote back and said that his zine had folded and that he'd mail us our dollar back. Shortly thereafter he enlisted (no, not Rapp - he returned the cash he owed us). A little later he wrote us from Camp Gordon, Ga. and send four bits for Quandrys which he received. But we never got our buck back.

Moaning Our Fate

Then there was the time we borrowed one of the library's two copies of GREYFRIAR BOB (this was some years ago). They tried to charge us for not returning the other copy.

Once we sent \$2.00 for membership in a club (non-stf) We got our membership card and were told that we would receive the club bulliten in a month or so. That was five years ago.

And there are little things like the fact that we are envariably the odd person at parties. This lead us to give up parties some years ago. (Around the age of seven)

Then there is the LASFS which we joined last year. It is perfectly possible that they have held no special meetings and published no Shaggys since I joined but they should at least show associate members some signs of life every three or four months. . .tho we really imagine that it is just a case of the same old thing.

But enough of fan's inhumanity to fan. . .

It is so hot in Savannah now that you could fry an egg on your bald head, if you have one and are in Savannah. We are sitting at the typer with our shirt off and our feet bare. The heavy odor of carbon tetrachloride is hanging in the sultry air and the natives are chanting for rain. But soon it will be the monsoon season. . .pardon, wrong script. I am chanting for a spot of rain but a spot of anything damp would suit me.

This typerwriter has been in the family as long as we have but it was second hand when they acquired it. That makes it over twenty probably as we are soon to be over nineteen. It is an Underwood on which the capital , is a ? and on which the ribbon rises along with the roller when one shifts into upper case. Subsequently when we are cutting stencils the letter following a cap may not be cut clearly as the ribbon doesn't always come back down along with the roller. Anyway it is better than having to take it out altogether as we do not get as far behind in our correspondence while cutting Q anymore.

The other day we said "The mimeo works pretty well for me anymore." Everybody laughed. Apparently this is a local expression (the "anymore"there placed). It is probably one that we picked up in our early days in the mid-west. But now we are confronted with a real problem: what would a cracker say? "Nowadays the mimeo works pretty well for me"? Ah reckon.

Don't laugh at us when we don't mean to be funny. It hurts our feelings.

May we quote from GALAXY #1? ". . .No reader will be ashamed to carry GALAXY." Now said magazine has a fascinating ad on its back cover that you've probably noticed. We don't know how you feel, but this ad embarrass us. Perhaps we're exceptionally easy to embarrass! Possibly there is a strategy behind Mr Gold's bacover. Possibly he hopes that fans, hiding the bacover without tearing it off, will inadvertantly display the front cover thus advertising The Egozine. But regardless of motives, Mr Gold, we are embarrassed!

While on the subject of bacovers, our humble admiration to Tony Boucher for managing to put out a mag without a bacover ad. And our vote to MoF&FS for the best bacover in prodom.



CONGRATULATIONS

. . . to HANK RABEY who finally got his comission as a private in the United States Army. Hank is not well known in fan circles but he has contributed to fandom by writing a bit for a fanzine or two and by getting out Q#9 when yed was confined to bed with a sprained back. His aid and moral support will be missed much by Quandry.

Saturday before he left, his "greetings" was celebrated by what was supposed to be a stag party until shortly before it began when Hank invited a young lady to come. But entertainment consisted of a showing of the somewhat stfish "It Happened Tomorrow" which she and the men present all enjoyed. After the feature (a rented 16 mm sound pic) the host came up with a battered print of the original TARZAN starring Elmo Lincoln. Despite the fact that the film had degenerated to a series of ten and twenty foot lengths that had to be threaded in individually it was really fun.

Unhappily, Hank's being drafted has put an end to plans to wirecord an episode in "The Adventures of Captain Putrid" for Wirez. . .or at least delayed such plans.

.

Speaking of wiresponding we are being forced to give up ours until we are able to finance a new mike. When this time comes we will gleefully wirespond with any of you who are willing and able to supply the wire. We barely have enough for the limited wirespondence we carried on before the demise of our mike.

Just finished reading LIFE Magazine's coverage of fandom and am bewildered. It seemed pretty tolerant and relatively accurate. I am amazed (or should I say Astounded) to learn that there are 19,999 more of you guys. Only 19,900 of you sub to Quandry. What's the matter with you other 99 guys? Sick or somethin'? Maybe you are the guys who hate Bradbury because he writes science-FICTION instead of SCIENCE-fiction. Seeing as how LIFE says there are 20,000 of us I don't see how they can make such absolute statements about us. Hummmmm, although I am a fanz ed I do indulge in some communication by the old fashioned method of letter writing. Guess I'm not a true fan. Two things I think LIFE should be acclaimed for, no matter what: expressing the fact that we are not the same people who devour Lars of Mars, and plugging SLANT, the Great.

Wonder how we came to use I throughout the above? Suppose it was because that portion was so definitely personal opinion.

Noted today: The Thing is coming to Savannah. We are looking gleefully forward to it.

Also today, we found a small shop that happened to have some old asFs for sale. Hithertofore we have not collected that noble magazine with avidity mainly because we had relatively few back copies and we did not feel that we could afford to start trying to be a completionist on so little. But now we have filled in all the gaps since Oct. '48 except for three recent ones: Jan., Feb., & May of '51. If you have any of these three and would be willing to part with 'em we'll give a four month sub to Q apiece for them. That four months would, of course, include the annish which is scheduled for the latter half of July.

Which brings us to the bottom of this page and 'nuf said . . .

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE



Whipped up by ceaseless propaganda in books, magazines, films and radio, the interest of the great British public in sf has mounted almost to the point of indifference. No longer does the man in the street say, "But what do you want to go to the moon for?" No, he has now progressed to the what-does-the-rocket-push-against-if-there's ano-air-up-there stage. From hostility to ignorance is a big step, and it will be dreadful when any of the morons studying to be halfwits who read the popular press are liable to start and try to tell US all about sf. They will probably refuse to believe us when we say we practically invented the stuff. Ah well, such is the fate of pioneers, but did you ever think that one of the basic appeals of fandom is that it is a very exclusive and almost persecuted minority? When everybody is a fan we shall just have to start producing nonfanzines.

In Britain the number of new magazines is very much less than in America, but there has been one development which is quite unique---the first fortnightly prozine. Some months ago there appeared among the mess of juvenile sf which currently infests the newstands a sequence of pocketbooks with a connected series of stories. Suddenly the pocketbook began to call themselves SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY, and soon developed into a regular prozine with editorial, reader's letters and finally fan news. The editor says he wants to help fandom in any way he can, if in return fandom will help him with their honest criticism. This is a very fair offer indeed, and the symbiosis can certainly do fandom a lot of good. SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY is edited by L.G. Holmes and H.J. Campbell and published at 1 & 2 Melville Court Goldhawk Rd., London W12. The sub rate is \$1.50 for six issues. The mag published one book-length novel each issue by new British authors. Some of them are remarkably good, and the standard is constantly improving.

CAME THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR I see that in DAWN & THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR that well known litterateur, Russell K. Watkins, has something to say about my remarks on fanzine nudes. (Unfortunately he doesn't mention just who made the remarks, thereby reducing the egoboo content by about 80%) He says it's ridiculous to say that nudes are easy to draw. Speak for yourself, Russell. Even I who cannot draw an egg can draw a recognisable nude. I admit that I'm not particularly interested in eggs. Mr Watkins goes on to say that the squalid material of some fanzines is bringing fandom a "disreputable name". I say, that's bad, isn't it? We could have stood any sort of a name but a disreputable one. He then calls on all "high-minded fans" to help him form a "censor bureau." This is what I resent. The world is already cluttered up with pompous busybodies who think they are fit to decide what everyone else should read. Usually their minds are so high that they smell. If Mr Watkins wants to improve the standard of fanzines let him start nearer to home on zines that print things like this about DESTINATION MOON.

"In the outer space scene when one of the crewmen floated off into space why didn't the ship leave him behind with all its speed? It was going thousands of miles an hour."

This, in a science fiction fanzine! Though the rest of the zine is pretty good I cannot forgive this. Mr Watkins: the earth itself is hurtling through space at thousands of miles an hour, yet if you jump off it won't leave you behind. Unfortunately.

(more over)

The Harping Harp Harps on

PAGENT OF PAGE ENDS Fanzines may lag behind the prozines in format, legibility, artwork, and even somethins material, but there is one department in which they reign supreme. Their fillers. Take the fillers in AMAZING, for instance, which through some miracle of editorial don't-know-how contrive to be even worse than the stories. Maybe this is being hard on Howard: it could be that these fillers are a cunning ruse to force the readers to realise that the stories could after all be worse---like the restaurant in the old joke which employed midget waiters to make the portions look bigger---but I doubt it. I don't believe Howard Browne even knows what goes on. I think that when the printers find they have a blank space left over they just measure it carefully and tear off at their convenience a strip of filler of the correct length. It is not generally known that rolls of this filler material are supplied at so much a mile by Messrs. Endpapers Ltd. ("We serve your ends"), a firm originally founded by an eminent doctor to brighten the lonely hours of sufferers from constipation. The material itself is written in a basement factory by a few miserable wrecks of humanity who have been driven to madness through having been rejected by every fanzine in existance.

Fanzine fillers, on the other hand, are sometimes so goof that I suspect that whole sines have been published just to work one of them in. Or maybe it's just that the harassed editor is in such a frenzy to get the stencil finished that the genius which lurks in the subconscious of every true fan takes over. Anyhow there are scores of fanzines which are memorable only for their filler material. I suppose that it's too much to hope for that fanzines should consist entirely of fillers but I would like to see an anthology of them.

Here's one that I would nominate for a start. It's from a prewar British mimeoed fanzine called NOVAE TERRAE, whose title, translated into English as NEW WORLDS, became that of Ted Carnell's excellent prozine. Ted Carness was associate editor of the fanzine, along with somebody called Arthur C. Clarke. Among the fan contributors, and later to become another associate editor, was William F. Temple. In the June 1938 issue the following appeared at the foot of page ten.

Letter to the Editor from William F. Tumble

Dear Sore,

I am $\frac{1}{2}$ sorry to see that another of my artikles in the plast issue of NOVAE TERRAE has been spoilt by by careless typing. How can a writer put hisn work in-to his heart when foonsant misprintf mike it appear ridiculousy? Please try to do@ butter in future.

William F. Simple

(EDITOR'S NOTE: Sorry, Mr. Pemple. Garet care has been takken to ~~ilimin~~ ~~illumia~~ cut oyt such erryrs in this $\frac{5}{4}$ issue. Menawhile we would say ~~knastand~~ ~~knayem~~ and ~~knayem~~ and sickerely wish ~~knastalt~~ to you.)

BAD SPELL It occurs to me that at the moment there are precious few faneds who could have been trusted to reproduce that last piece without adding a few errors of their own. ((Us included - tho, we did get through with only one change from the original. Where we have $\frac{3}{4}$ there should be a five-eighths, but we don't have one.)) It's all very well to mis-spell for effect, as Sneary does. His mis-spellings are inspired. Some of them like "rockous voice" are better than the original. But nowadays we are getting a lot of faneds who are just plain careless. Even if they really can't spell themselves they should be able to copy someone else's stuff accurately. But look what happens to a contributor in one of these zines:

(Look on the next page)

Still Harping on the Same Subject

"the shirking universe theory." (I'll bet the theory doesn't work either.)

"The only way to describe Bradbury's writing in this piece is poignant."

(Go on, you can't really have been trying.)

"What a scared cow stf is becoming." (This editor deserved the Scared Order of the Brass Neck.)

LUCKY DIP THE RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkeley 4, Calif. 25¢
Recently I thought I detected from Berkeley a strong smell of folding fanmag. But no, it was something cooking, and on the front burner too. Here is the DIGEST back again on the upswing, with a new editorship that has already lifted the magazine straight from the grave into the groove. This is the most adult and intelligent of all non-fiction fanzines, and is one of the very few you can show your non-fan friends with confidence. Blumenson, Murr, Willis (oops! did I say they need material?) Silverberg and Fabun write in this issue. Artwork by Beetem and Goulart. Production mainly by Don Fabun, and a good job too.

ODD ENDS Seems to me from Wilkie Conner's column in Q9 that his neighbours in Gastonia have about the same degree of understanding of science fiction as he has of political realities. I don't want to spoil Lee's zine by arguing politics, so I'll just say that someone seems to have been feeding Wilkie a lot of lies about conditions in Britain. I saw DESTINATION MOON in London, and extraordinarily enough, the wretched slaves there seemed to be able to take a more intelligent interest in the film than the really civilised people of North Carolina. No jeers or vacant laughs, though I did hear a few technical arguments going on here and there in tense whispers, one in front of me about escape velocity and one in the back row about zip fasteners. It was pathetic to see these poor English people looking so healthy and contented, ignorant of the fact that their country was staggering under red dictatorship to bankruptcy. I can hardly wait for Wilkie and his friends to "Whip the whole red earth" and introduce the remnants, if any, to the North Carolina Way of Life.....I apologise to everyone for the lack of eyeballs in my picture on page 6 of the last issue of QUARRY. Guess it's my own fault for having female eyes....By the time you read this Irish fandom will have invaded England en masse, for the World Convention in London. The organisers asked me to do my best to help the Con, but I refused to stay away.

--- Walter A. Willis

.....

HEY YOU!

Yes, you there. When you walk down the street with a copy of SS under your arm, do people point and say, "There goes a little monster!" Be a real li'l monster. Be a Little Monster! Join The Little Monsters of America, fandom's upest and most coming club. Little Monsters publish TIMA and THE LITTLE CORPUSCLE. And they cause numerous fan meetings.

You too can be a Little Monster or America! Just send a buck to

Lynn Hickman (Guiding Light and Chief Heap Big Monster)
408 W. Bell St.
Statesville, N.C.



A FAIRY STORY

by PETER J RIDLEY

"Nurse Smith," said the little girl, whose name was Eva. "I've just seen a fairy."

Nurse Smith looked down a long, sharp, virginal nose at Eva. "Nonsense," she snapped. "There are no such things as fairies."

"But I saw him," persisted Eva. "A small man, dressed in brown with a long red cap."

"There are no such things as fairies," said Nurse Smith. "It says so in the book."

"But he's here right behind you, Nurse."

Nurse Smith looked around the long ward of the State Creche for the Under Fives. Seated in the edge of bed number 3,000 was a tiny man, his thin legs dangling ludicrously.

"It's rude to stare," remarked the little man in a surprisingly deep voice.

"I wasn't..." Nurse Smith broke off; she knew what she must do. Rising to her feet she went to the telephone in the wall and dialed for Dr Brown, the psychiatrist. "Dr Brown? This is Nurse Smith of the Creche, Ward 2,567. Can you come over right away please. One of the children has seen a fairy."

"Oh, that's nothing to worry about, Nurse Smith, an upset stomach no doubt. She'll soon have forgotten all about it."

"But, Doctor, I've seen it too," Nurse Smith's rather manish voice cracked to a squeak on the last syllable.

"I'll be right over."

In the ward, Nurse Smith stood rigidly by the telephone. The fairy continued to sit nonchalantly, while Eva crouched in bed clutching her nightie around her.

Dr. Brown entered the Ward in his usual cheerful manner, without noticing the little man in bed no. 3,000. "Now Nurse Smith, what's all this about fairies? You really need a holiday I think. We'll have to see the Principal about it."

Nurse Smith emitted a faint squeal and pointed to the fairy.

The cheerful smile on Dr Brown's face collapsed into ruin. "Dear me," he remarked, and took off his glasses to polish them. "Something on my lenses, no doubt." He replaced the glasses and peered closely at the fairy who remained obstinately visible. "Herrr Humm, a dwarf, my dear Nurse Smith, but certainly no fairy."

With a malicious grin the fairy unfurled a pair of wings and took a flight round the ward, for all the world like a huge bluebottle, and making a very similar

A Fairy Story (con't)

noise.

Dr. Brown sat down hard on a convenient bed. The fairy flew down near him. "I am a fairy," he said in his deep voice.

Sweat popped out all over Dr. Brown's fat face. "This is a matter for serious thought, something which demands a conference; after all it has been clearly stated by many eminent authorities that there are no such things as fairies!" He tottered over to the phone, shuddering as the fairy zoomed into the air and politely handed him the receiver.

The door of the ward flew open and a cavalcade of white coats trooped in, led by Dr. Jones, M.D., A.S., S.C.V., M.H.B.N., A.S.S., the Chief Physician. "Brown, what is this rubbish you're jibbering about; flying dwarfs, indeed." The serious face of Dr. Jones cracked into a smile and the white cavalcade sniggered in concert.

Dr. Brown gestured at the fairy, who was now sitting in top of a cabinet.

"A dwarf certainly," boomed Dr. Jones. "But he doesn't appear to be flying. Have you been at the medicinal alcohol, Brown?"

A dutiful chuckle rose from the kite tail.

Dr. Brown gave the fairy a pleading look and to his relief the little man obligingly unfolded his wings and took a short flight.

The tail looked agitated and waited for a pronouncement from the head.

Dr. Jones stroked his nose profoundly. "It would appear that your description is not as inaccurate as I at first supposed, Brown." he remarked inadequately. "This case must be investigated."

"Must be investigated," echoed the tail.

"Some kind of mutation, produced by close proximity to atomic experiments undoubtedly."

"Ah," said the tail, satisfied.

"I'm a fairy," said the little man.

"It is well known that atomic experiments produce mutations," repeated Dr. Jones in a loud voice.

"I'm a fairy."

"The result of an artificial reshuffle of the chromosomes and genes," bellowed Dr. Jones.

The tail murmured their encouragement, but as their whispers died away the fairy reiterated his claim in a deep voice.

Dr. Jones looked baffled. "We must send for the Principal. He'll know the right line to take."

The Principal was vaguely worried by the obvious excitement in Dr. Jones's usually suave voice. It was with steps somewhat more hurried than usual that he

A Fairy Story (con't)

proceeded to the Ward.

As the Principal entered the ward he was confronted with an amazing sight, at the hour of 8:15 pm the Under Fives Ward was crowded with white coated doctors, all chattering and talking, while the children sat up in their beds equally excited. Singling out the senior scientist, he addressed himself to Dr. Jones. "What is the meaning of this disgraceful scene, Dr. Jones. I hope you have a good explanation."

Dr Jones detached himself from the now silent group of doctors and hurried over to the Principal. "Ah, my dear Principal, hrrr hmmm; a most curious situation. A dwarf, who appears to have the power of flight has been discovered in the ward and he, hrrr hmmm, insists that he is a fairy."

"I sincerely hope that this is no kind of joke, Dr. Jones."

"I assure you, Sir, that I am not joking; indeed, I wish I were." He led the principal to the center of the crowd, where the fairy sat on the foot of Eva's bed and chatted with the Doctors.

"Do you mean to say that this midget insists that he is a fairy? Ridiculous! Impossible! Have him locked up immediately."

"But Principal..."

"Am I to be defied? Obey my order at once."

The fairy, who had been eyeing the Principal with considerable distaste suddenly stood up in the bed. "I am a fairy," he declaimed loudly.

"Careful," warned the sprite, "or it will be the worse for you."

But the Principal was roused now and he advanced on the fairy, red of face and as menacing as a politician fat and forty could look.

Seconds later the assembled crowd looked with dismay at a large warty toad which occupied a small part of the space formerly well filled by the Principal. They looked fearfully at the fairy who remarked somewhat shamefacedly that it was self defence.

Meanwhile Nurse Smith had stolen away from the crowd round the fairy, unnoticed she reached the phone and got through to Commander Green of the People's Police. Commander Green was not disposed to believe her story but he was aware of the necessity to investigate any suspicious events.

The Police arrived outside the Creche in a caravan of long black cars, and they quickly had the Ward blocked off from the rest of the Creche.

Commander Green, an automatic under his arm entered the ward, flanked by two of his men. "Where is the Principal?" he demanded, and when they pointed out the toad he declared that they were decadent reactionaries. The fairy, though somewhat frightened by the violence of his welcome spoke up. "I am a fairy and I turned your Principal into a toad because he threatened me."

"There are no such things as fairies," growled Commander Green. "It is clearly stated in the book that such things are fripperies to deceive the people."

"But there is one before your eyes," expostulated Dr. Jones.

"Re-actionaries, all of them," said the Commander. He gestured to his men and they opened fire on the crowd in the ward. The fairy disappeared and within a few screaming seconds the Ward was quiet.

A Fairy Story (con't)

"There are no such things as fairies," said Commander Green. He turned to his two men. "You didn't see one, did you?"

"No sir," they chorused, aiming his gun. "There are no such things."

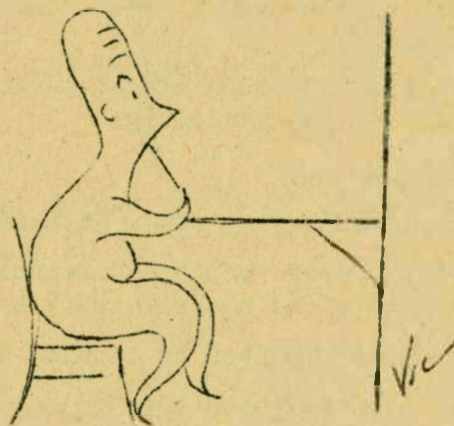
"I," said the little man, "am a fairy."

Commander Green turned to the men again and spoke one word, "Fire."

There was some screaming, and quite a few moans after the machine guns were quiet again. But, as Commander Green proudly noted, the fairy was gone.

.....

SOMETHING TO COGITATE ON. . .



Okay, you slans, here's something for you to cogitate over. Take the words in the left-hand column below, and by replacing one letter at a time, each time forming another word, change them to the word in the right hand column, in as few steps as possible. And if it takes more than five steps for any of the first three, there's a descriptive adjective in the middle of the fourth one that fits. . . Example: SLAN to slam to slim to STIM

FAN to BEM

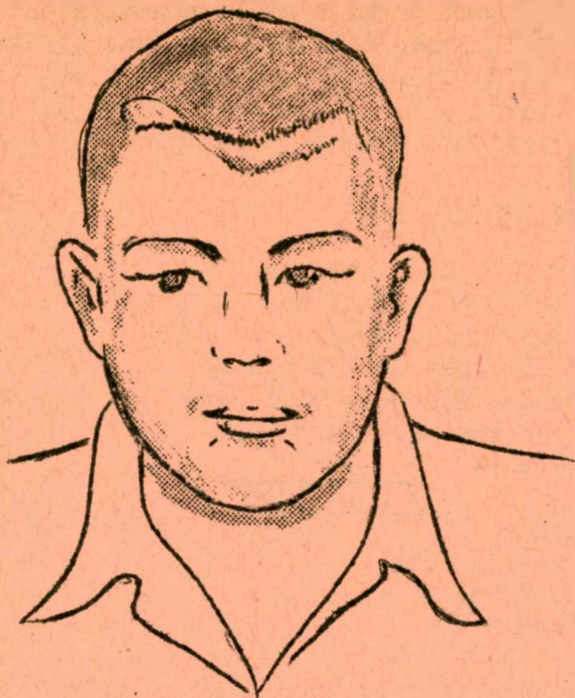
SUN to RAY

STAR to ROCK

SAM to RAP

. . .by Shelby Vick

((Send your solutions to Sez You))



(sketch by Walt Kessel from a photo)

* * * *

RICHARD ELSBERY

I was born -- so the story goes -- on Oct. 22, 1932. That makes me 18 now in case you're too lazy to figure it out. For years I lived in blissful ignorance of STF until one day in 1946 when I somehow got hold of a copy of "The Best of Science Fiction". From that moment my fate was sealed. My stamp collection has gone to hell, as have the other hobbies I once had. I didn't discover fandom until early 1949, which means I've been active about two years.

Statistics: 69 inches tall, to the toledo at 200 plus lbs., blue eyes, blond hair (crew cut), and an appendix scar (this is for identification purposes only). Have worked in a body shop, clothing factory, interior decorators, and as a soda jerk.

Right now my main occupation is studying. I'm a freshman at the University of Minnesota majoring in Chemical Engineering. I wonder how many fans take scientific courses?

Hobbies: Naturally STF is first. Reading, that is. Then comes writing for the fanzines. Chess is my next ranking hobby and collecting Stan Kenton and other jazz artists also take up my time and money. Going to MFS meetings and functions constitute most of my local fan activities. MFS is Mpls. Fantasy Society. And I recently found out that some of the members actually read STF now and then.

Am a member of SAPS and FAPA for which I publish Snulbug, Vice-President of ISFCC, Co-Editor of ODD, Editor of the MFS Bulletin, and in the staff of the Minnesota Technolog. Have also been Welcome Chairman of UM, and Trade Manager of ISFCC. About the only thing I do with any regularity is to write "Nothing Sirius" for ODD.

Peeves: dianetics, sloppy mimeoing, Wollheim's magazines, amz, people who dislike Stan Kenton because "he's too loud", richard s. shaver, fan fiction, and poeple who say "Astounding is going to hell".

Ambition; To get to New Orleans this summer.

yhos,

Rich

..from der
woodvork
out

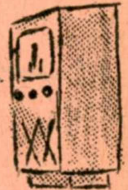
I. Last week, a small mimeographed post-card found it's way into one of the bulges of my overloaded mailbox. It was hand-let-tered and a bit hard to read, but I'll present it here in the public interest:

"ATTENTION SCIENCE FICTION FANS

If you enjoy S.F. Radio-T.V. shows such as 2000 Plus---Space Cadet etc you'll want to become a member of the R.T.S.F.I. ~~Wd/Wd~~
(For a small fee) you will get our club book containing news and stories. Members will sign petitions for more S.F. on the air. Just send 10¢ name - address - age to:-



ONLY 10¢



Radio & Television Science
Fiction Inc.
2026 Amber St, Phila 25 Penna
Harry Schwenderman President"

This is an identical copy so far as I was able to reproduce it. Now it seems to me that some young fan who hasn't reached his teens yet is sponsoring this club. Maybe he's a friend of Ernest Kinoy, the chap who used to write Dimention X. He could be, however, a fan who's been reading stf since Jules Verne, and is now in his second childhood. Far be it from me to disparage some twelve-year-old--I'm not too far from that age myself, and I wasn't much older than that when fandom hit me in the face--but I'd like to offer Mr Schwenderman some kind of advice. There is no easier way to lose interest in fandom than to try to start a fanclub a week after you've bought your first copy of Out Of This World Adventures. You'll find it'll become quite a headache, Mr Schwenderman.

But nevertheless if anyone wants to join the RTSFI, he's welcome. I've included the address above as merely another service of this department of QUANDRY. Tell your kid brothers about this; it's probably peachier than Amazing Stories!

II. Fanzine review: Taking a cue from the guys who write the other columns in this mag, I'll review the last fanzine to get under the wire before I get this out. Lucky boy this time is Ken Beale's new production "Beware" the first issue of which is now out. "Beware", which sells for 10¢ (115 Mosholu Parkway, Bronx 67, N.Y.) contains 20 odd pages in an unpretentious mimeographed format which does little to enhance the material inside...though it needs little enhancing. Doubtless the top piece in the mag is "THE GREAT FAN PLOT" which is a documentary story of a fabulous inner circle working against fandom and which was only recently unmasked. Every fan interested in keeping fandom alive should read this article in "Beware". The other material is fine, too, but "THE GREAT FAN PLOT" is something of importance to every active fan in the nation. Must warn you though--Ken tells me that supplies of "Beware" are low, so it's a good bet to get the dimes off to him quickly.

III. The British fans have been swamped with pocket-books of an inferior nature lately..sample titles: "The Avenging Martain," "Captive of the Flying Saucers". However we've recently received the first eight copies of a new British pocket-book and magazine combination called Science Fiction Fortnightly which bids fair to raise the caliber of British science fiction to the level set by "New Worlds" and the lamented "Fantasy".

SCIENCE FICTION FORTNIGHTLY appears, as the name seems to imply, every two weeks and sells for 1/6d (21¢). Each issue (126pp., pocketbook style) features a book length novel plus editorial, letter-column, science articles, book reviews, etc. The first seven novels were written under some sort of pseudonym (Lee Stanton, Roy Sheldon, Jon Deegan) but the current issue (#8) contains a story carrying the by-line of the magazine's editor, H.J. Campbell. (No relation to JWC, Jr.) Stories are of a very British nature, but are well written on the whole and far above the usual British s-f of today. Not a bad mag, and it has a progressive policy of giving review copies to US fanzine editors. The cost for an American subscription is \$1.50 for six issues. SFF is certainly refreshing after an overdose of US pulps--for instance, the novel in #8 is told in the second person!

IV. To Al Weinstein: Sorry for using slight sarcasm which seemingly you missed. I apologize, and from now on any irony, sarcasm, or aposiopesis which I might use will be carefully marked as same.

V. Several years back, someone said that one out of every six actifans will sell a story if he tries hard enuf. Checking through recent promags, we find stories by or mention of stories to come by the following stfans or exfans:

Joe Kennedy, Les Croutch, Bill Venable, Evan Appleman, Chad Oliver and Garvin Berry, Joe Gibson, Dick Wilson, Donald Wollheim, Cyril Cornbluth, Charles Dye, Sam Youd (John Cristopher), Everett Evans, Frank Robinson, and more than a few others. Plus, of course, such earlier fans as Block, Bradbury, Blish, Palmer, Hamling, and many others.

Gad, why should I be wasting all this time writing a column for free? Seemingly, all I have to do is submit a story rejected by some fanmag and one of the prozines will buy it. Trouble is, that doesn't work these days. Too many amateurs trying to muscle in.

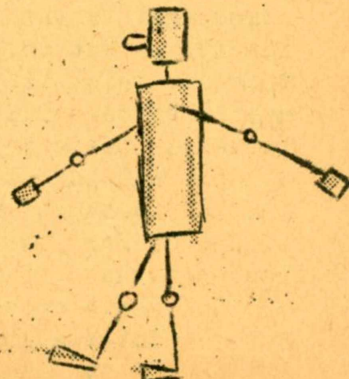
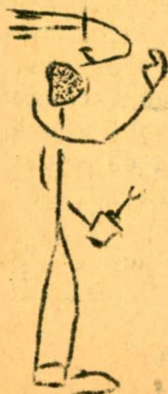
--bob silverberg

-30-

P.S. Another new British stef mag, but at the bottom pole, is the first issue of WONDERS OF THE SPACEWAYS, a pocket-book size mag of 128 pages. #1 contains five stories of unbelievably low quality by pseudonymous authors; the same company also published three other similiar items, FUTURISTIC SCIENCE STORIES, WORLDS OF FANTASY, and TALE OF TOMORROW; the first two have seen four issues and the last two issues.

Strictly for completists; Shaverites apply here also.

----Bob



BY WAY OF

REVIEW...

TWO NEW BOOKS



Instituting a new department. Only professional material sent expressly for review will be covered in this department. And all received will be reported on.

First up is. . .

DRAGON'S ISLAND by Jack Williamson (1951 - Simon and Schuster - New York) Release date : May 21, '51 - price \$2.50

This is a story set on Earth in the near future ~~concerning~~ a hunted hunter who finds himself involved with rocket ships that grow on trees, green mules that live on sunlight and the customary beautiful young woman who, though she is customary, adds quite a bit to the story both from the hero and the reader's point of view. The hero, Dane Belfast, is a genetic research worker who has been searching for some method of controlled mutation. When funds suddenly cease he goes to his ex-patron, J.D. Messenger, in search of a reason and a long missing scientist.

Action begins within the first few pages and continues to the last ones. This is an exciting book that should appeal to mystery fans who don't mind the genetics angle and sf fans who don't mind the lack of Martian BEMs. It is not recommended to youngsters under five or little old ladies who can't find their glasses. The rest of you might well enjoy it. I sure did.

Interesting note is that this is the first of Simon & Schuster's SCIENCE FICTION ADVENTURES to be set entirely on Earth and almost in our own time. Specifically New York and New Guinea in 1970. Also this book has not been serialized in any mag before publication.

Dj is by S. Robins

Second this month is

TIME AND AGAIN by Clifford D. Simak (1951 - Simon & Schuster - New York) Release date : May 21, '51 - price \$2.50

This, you probably know already, is the book publication of TIME QUARRY from GALAXY. If you haven't read this one already, read it now. If you read it in GALAXY but are not opposed, to reading the book edition, read it. The message (for those of you who, according to LIFE are suspicious of sf with a message) is the same one that sneaked into DRAGON'S ISLAND and so much other sf lately. . .but it's a pretty wise message and possibly repetition will drill it into our thick little skulls. As is customary there is quite enough excitement and action to make this an enjoyable book to one who chooses to ignore the message completely. There is too much excitement and action for little old ladies with heart trouble and the plot's a bit intricate for the lads who have trouble following the latest adventure of Lars of Mars.

I read this one at one sitting. That's not my custom but once I started I couldn't waste time finding out wo'hoppent. Glad I didn't read it in GALAXY. I couldn't have stood waiting a month between episodes.

Interesting note is that Simak, himself, is one of the supers.

Dj by Paul Kresse.

Gerry de la Ree & Shelby Vick
January 21, 1951

. . .FOR WHICH WE STRIVE. . .

I have stood on the myth-haunted peak of Olympus and sifted the cities of the world through my fingers like so many grains of sand.

I have bested Hercules the Mighty and freed Prometheus from his bonds. I have dwelt in Neptune's realms beneath the waves and race the ethereal skies with the Heavenly seraphim.

I have plunged into the rending agonies of Hell and soared to the outermost extremities of the Universe.

I have known the glories of love and the cold satisfaction of hatred.

I have held the secrets of the ages in my palm and then released them to the insolvable vault of Time.

I have known strength and weakness and found a kinship with both.

I have been the master and the slave; the mortal and the god. All parts have I played.

I am he who knows no ending or beginning, no laws or restraints, no resting or recanting. I am the freedom for which all men strive and so few attain. I exist; I endure. I am indestructable. I am the infinite.

finis

SCIENCE FICTION AND FANTASY MOVIE STILLS

The still photographs listed are available in 8 x 10 inch glossy at 75¢ each or 11 x 14 inch matt finish at \$3.00. Either size with 16 x 20 salon mount ready for display or exhibition, add \$1.00. No C.O.D.'s--please send cash, check or money order. Each scene has a code number. Please order by that number.

DESTINATION MOON (1950)

- C1 Suspended in space after slipping off the ship's hull.
- C2 Standing in the ship's hull in space trying to rescue drifting crewman.
- C3 Using oxygen tank as space life boat to rescue drifting crewman.
- C4 Space ship hurtling toward Moon.
- C5 On the Moon showing bottom of spaceship as crew unloads equipment.
- C6 Two of the crew in space suits taking snapshots on the Moon.
- C7 Four of the crew in space suits on the Moon's surface gazing up at their ship.
- C8 On the Moon junking equipment to lighten ship.
- C9 Panorama view of Moon's surface showing ship in distance.

ROCKETSHIP XM (1950)

- B1 Inside space ship showing effects of acceleration on crew.
- B2 Crew on surface of Mars.
- B3 Crew on surface of Mars with ruins of a civilization in the background.

THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1947) French

- L1 Close up of the Beast
- I2 Beauty and The Beast
- I3 The Beast gazes at himself in a mirror.

THINGS TO COME (1936) English

- M1 2036 A.D. sequence with Raymond Massey at gigantic telescope screen.
- M2 2036 A.D. sequence with young couple strapped in the Moon rocket.
- M3 Everytown from Raymond Massey's massive balcony
- M4 Streets of Everytown with futuristic aircraft overhead.
- M5 Streets of Everytown with tremendous staircase and overhead ramp.

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CRESSKILL, NEW JERSEY

-Adv.

-// Please say you saw it in Quandry. // -

the war that america lost . . .

SAN FRANCISCO (July 19, 1954-3:56 pm) One minute the city was drowsing under a hot July sun. The next it was no longer a city; it was a tower of flame, a mushrooming pillar of smoke and gas, a seething mass of radioactivity, but not a city.

MDSCOW (July 19, 1954-4:28 pm) "Attention Comrades! We interrupt this broadcast to bring you an important news bulletin. We have just received the information that the United States claims that we have wiped out San Francisco with a hydrogen bomb. Obviously this is an excuse made up by them to begin a war with us and obviously it is a falsehood, for it we had meant to start a war we would have done it by bombing Washington and ridding the world once and for all of those capitalistic war mongers. It is expected hourly that -----."

WASHINGTON, D.C. (July 19, 1954-5:05 pm) Ladies and Gentlemen, the joint gathering of the House and the Senate has just been declared in session and President Jennings is mounting the rostrum. Undoubtedly he will ask for a declaration of war and within the---ladies and gentlemen, the President of the United States."

"Gentlemen of the House and Senate, as you know, exactly 69 minutes ago Russia, in an unprecedented act of brutality, without warning detonated a hydrogen bomb above the city of San Francisco. Almost a million lives were lost, and the death rate will climb as radioactive burns become fatal. Therefore, I am asking you for an immediate declaration of war against the Union of Socialist Soviet Republics."

"Ladies and gentlemen, you have just heard the enthusiasm with which Congress has met the President's request for a declaration of war. A roll call vote is even now in progress and there is no uncertainty as to -----."

CHICAGO (July 19, 1954-7:15pm) "It is rumored that at this very moment a flight of B-36s is over the Atlantic Ocean bearing an unknown number of hydrogen bombs. Also, Canada, Denmark, and Japan have been added to the growing list of ----- Wait! Here's a priority bulletin! Washington, D.C. has just been destroyed in its entirety by a hydrogen bomb!"

EMERGENCY CAPITOL, somewhere in the US (August 11, 1954-10:21am) The Secretary of the Armed Forces (formerly the Under-Secretary) made the following report to the President (before July 19th the Vice-President)---- "Implanted diseases have, as far as our troops can tell, almost depopulated China. All Russian and satellite cities over 200,000 population have been obliterated with hydrogen of atomic bombs, and all their other cities over 70,000 population have been given thorough going over with ordinary explosives. Roughly a third of their total land area has been dusted with radioactives which entirely destroyed all life in the areas in which they were deposited, also, these areas include all the

(con't over)

The War That America Lost (con't)

the likely launching places for their bombs, and lastly, our troops have occupied almost all enemy territory not contaminated with radioactives."

EMERGENCY CAPITOL, somewhere in the US (August 11, 1954-10:33 am) "The Voice of Radio America brings you the Secretary for the Interior.

"All our major cities have been bombed with either the hydrogen or atomic bombs, and they are still being bombed."

ENEMY CAPITOL (August 11, 1954-10:33 am) " Our leader's face was split by a huge smile as he vigorously pumped the hands of each of his ministers. They had just finished going over the war reports and have finally announced that we have conclusively won the war."

EMERGENCY CAPITOL (August 11, 1954-10:39) "We interrupt this program to take you to a special meeting of the cabinet:

" But if we are holding all inhabital enemy territory, then how. . ."

"How. . .?"

"It wasn't Russia. Oh dear God, it wasn't Russia!"

.....
THE ANSWER BOX (where your scientific problems are cleared up)

Q. I have noticed that several specimens of the lesser Australian fruit moth (Mychondria excupopus delenti) have two spots on their wings instead of three spots. How do you account for this? ---Vladimer Vick, Dislocated, Fla.

A. Well, don't blame me!

Q. How does science explain the fact that the century plant only blooms once every hundred years? ---Turnett Boskay; Settled Wash.

A. There are two thoories. One is that the hypercoddle of the pistes of the flowers have been expecially adapted so that coexistant convolutions are restricted diagonally. The second theory is that the plant is bashful.

Q. What is the best way to rause a baby elephant? --- Wilted Wallis; Bongswift, Southern

A. I would suggest a derrick. Wrathland

Q. What is the Thorasicallentionalistic method of atom splitting? ---Vernoff McStaff, late of Ihadahoe

A. The atom is placed in a vise and addressed with a razor sharp broad-ax. If one's aim is good enough the atom is neatly split down the center.

Stop the presses! A special dispatch received at the last minute from, . . .

THE HARP ON ENGLAND

WALTER A. WILLIS

On the 8th of May the entire fan population of Ireland migrated to England for the First International Convention. One fifth of it flew over, but the other four---James White, Bob Shaw, my wife and myself---all of whom suffer rather badly from hand-to-mouth disease, went steerage on the boat. When we had found our berths and got over our relief to find that this part of the ship wasn't called 'steerage' because the kept cattle there, we all gathered on the poop deck, keeping an eye open for poops and making puns absentmindedly as the lights of Belfast faded in the distance. Bob said the Captain must have found out he was a science fiction fan because he had given him a wide berth. James said his theory was all bunk. There was a short silence while I vainly tried to work in a rather clever one about berth and confinement and mal de mere. It's a terrible thing to work with people so uncultured as not to understand puns in French. We behave like this all the time at home, you know. Stray visitors have been known to go quietly outside and shoot themselves after half an hour of it.

By this time we were almost sure we were not going to be sick, even with the puns, though we all had plans worked out to deal with the problem if it came up. I favoured spinning around rapidly on my heel, using the principal of the gyroscope, while Bob planned to compensate for the movement of the ship by holding two spirit levels in his teeth and balancing himself so as to keep the bubbles centered. However I was shortly able to

announce that according to my reckoning we had already passed the point at which we should have been sick, and though my reckoning must have been dead at the time we all agreed it was probably accurate enough. We decided we must be a viable mutation designed for sea and space travel or that sea sickness was a mere affectation. And so to bunk. We slept well, too, although

there was a gale blowing. The engine kept knocking, but no one let it in.

On the day before the Convention we went to the Festival Exhibition on the South Bank of the Thames. About this I'll just say that of all the works of man on this planet this is probably the most worth seeing. Incidentally I saw the egoboo machine I mentioned a few months ago in Q. It was working too. They had it slung on the back of a big statue of the White Knight from ALICE and there it was, patting and praising at a tremendous rate.

In the evening we made our way to the White Horse, a tavern where the informal pre-convention meeting was to be held. As we walked toward it from Fleet St. I thought to myself that this was the first London building I had seen with concave walls. The walls returned to normal when I opened the door, but 17 fans flew out and lay gasping in the sidewalk. Trampling them underfoot--they were only letterhacks---I plunged into the throng. It absorbed me greedily, like an amoeba, but since my feet left the ground almost immediately I could make no independent progress. I carried on a series of short conversations with everyone whose ear I happened to find in my mouth--Ted Carness, Peter Ridley, Arthur C. Clarke, Derek Pickles---and eventually a sort of Brownian movement swept me to the far side of

(con't over page)

The Harp In England (con't)

the room. There I was ejected into a little backwater inhabited by a suntanned young American soldier. Remembering that there was only one GI fan at the Convention I made a masterly deduction. "Lee Jacobs?" I gasped. "Fan Mathematics, SPACEWARP?" He was very pleased, and when I told him his article had been immortalised in FAN-SPEAK---it's amazing the amount of egoboo that lies around uncollected--he was so delighted that he swore he had heard of SLANT. I promised to lend him my copy of FANSPEAK--he hadn't received one himself so he must have been a member of N3F--and we sat on the stairs leading to the 'Gents' and talked about FAPA. It was an interesting discussion, though interrupted by the necessity of remembering whether to stand up to let people pass or not. There was only one lavatory in the place and because of our strategic position we got to job of preventing it being a 'Ladies' and a 'Gents' simultaneously.

After a while the place began to get really crowded, and from where we sat we had a fine view of the top layer of fans. Through breaks in the clouds of smoke we could see as far as Alan Hunter of NEW WORLDS and PHANTASMAGORIA. On the outer fringes of his beard was Ben Abas from Holland. Both were strenuously praising each other's artwork, and though Ben was at somewhat of a disadvantage because Alan had only one sketch with him as against his own 20, he did such a good job in that one sketch that it blushed visibly. Just beneath us Bob Shaw and James White were carrying in an extraordinary conversation with Sigward Ostlund from Sweden. James was doing a magnificent job of interpreting, considering the fact that he didn't know a single word of Swedish. It was pathetic to see poor Sigward. All his life he had been learning standard English to be able to talk with the people he was going to meet in England, and the first one he comes up against is Bob Shaw. However every time Bob said something in that annourplated brogue of his, James would repeat it very loudly and clearly and some vestige of the meaning would seep across. In the middle distance Derek Pickles was telling people what he thought of the London Circle. Not far away the London Circle was saying what it thought of Derek Pickles. Wierd electrical discharged leapt between the two clouds of blue haze.

It was a wonderful evening, at least for the ones on top. Finally, however all were shovelled out into the steet. I wondered for a moment what the funny smell was, It was fresh air.

Next morning at the crack of 10am I went down to The Epicentre. This is the name of the apartment where Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer camp among the debris of 15 years of fanactivity. They call it the Epicentre because it is supposed to be the centre round which English fan activity revolved. I have been unkind enough once to refer to it as the dead centre, but I must admit that when anything is done by London fandom it is done here. I had never really believed that fandom could be a way of life until I saw this place. It is a fan's paradise and a housewife's nightmare. Books, prozines, fanzines, letters, typewriters, mimeographs, stencils, artwork are heaped about in great mountain ranges. Behind them are presumable walls, but rumours that a floor has been seen once or twice must be discounted. Archaeological expeditions have definitely established that the Epicentre is built on a solid foundation of old fanzines, stretching from strata to strata down to the eternal fires of VOM.

On this morning I followed the dangerous trail into the inner fastness of the Epicentre with the idea of helping Vince Clarke to finish the Official Programme. I found the Official Programme had nearly finished Vince. On the kitchen table was the big rotary duplicator (mimeograph, to you). It had stopped working. On the floor was a smaller rotary duplicator. It had never started working. In the next room was a flatbed mimeograph. It had never worked. It was like The Revolt Of The

[con't over]

The Harp In England Still

Machines. On the left of the door the gas cooker was going full blast with the oven door open. Apparently none of the Muplicators can be even expected to work unless the temperature of the room approaches that of the centre of the sun. On the right of the door, half way down a dangerous slope of fanzines, were a few battered stencils. That was the Official Programme. Amid this chaos crouched Vince Clarke, trying to intimidate one of the mimeographs with a screwdriver. Knowing nothing of mimeography I could do nothing for some time but hover about making encouraging noises. This I did to the best of my ability until I thought I saw what Vince was trying to do and offered to take one of the machines into the other room and grapple with it.

At this point I walked two stalwart Liverpool fans, masters of mimeography. Subduing the great rotary machine with one terrible look one of them made a few mystic passes over it and turned the handle. Paper began to pass through it and emerge on the other side bearing decipherable marks. I hastily revived Vince by waving a copy of AMAZING under his nose and we all went into production. Although the Convention had already started we had 200 copies of the 12page Programme run off, collated and stapled by lunch time.

Meanwhile Ted Carnell had declared the Convention open. He began by introducing the more distinguished guests, keeping the most distinguished till last. Finally, after some unintelligible remarks about ointment and flies, he introduced me. Of course I wasn't there. Anyone who says that the round of applause came after that fact was noticed is a dirty liar and probably in the pay of Ken Slater. I hope to have signed statements to prove it when my friends get the bandages off their fingernails.

Walter Gillings, ex-editor of FANTASY REVIEW and SCIENCE FANTASY, then started off the proceeding with a whimper. He was billed to speak on the growth of British sf, but apparently he could only think of a malignant growth. Change and decay in all around he saw. Science fiction ran in cycles and we were now freewheeling into the seven lean years. Only apparently this lot was caused by a surplus of corn. The British market was being swamped with trashy pocketbooks. America could afford to maintain honourable magazines like ASF and GALAXY, but evidently Gillings thought that honour was without profits in his own country.

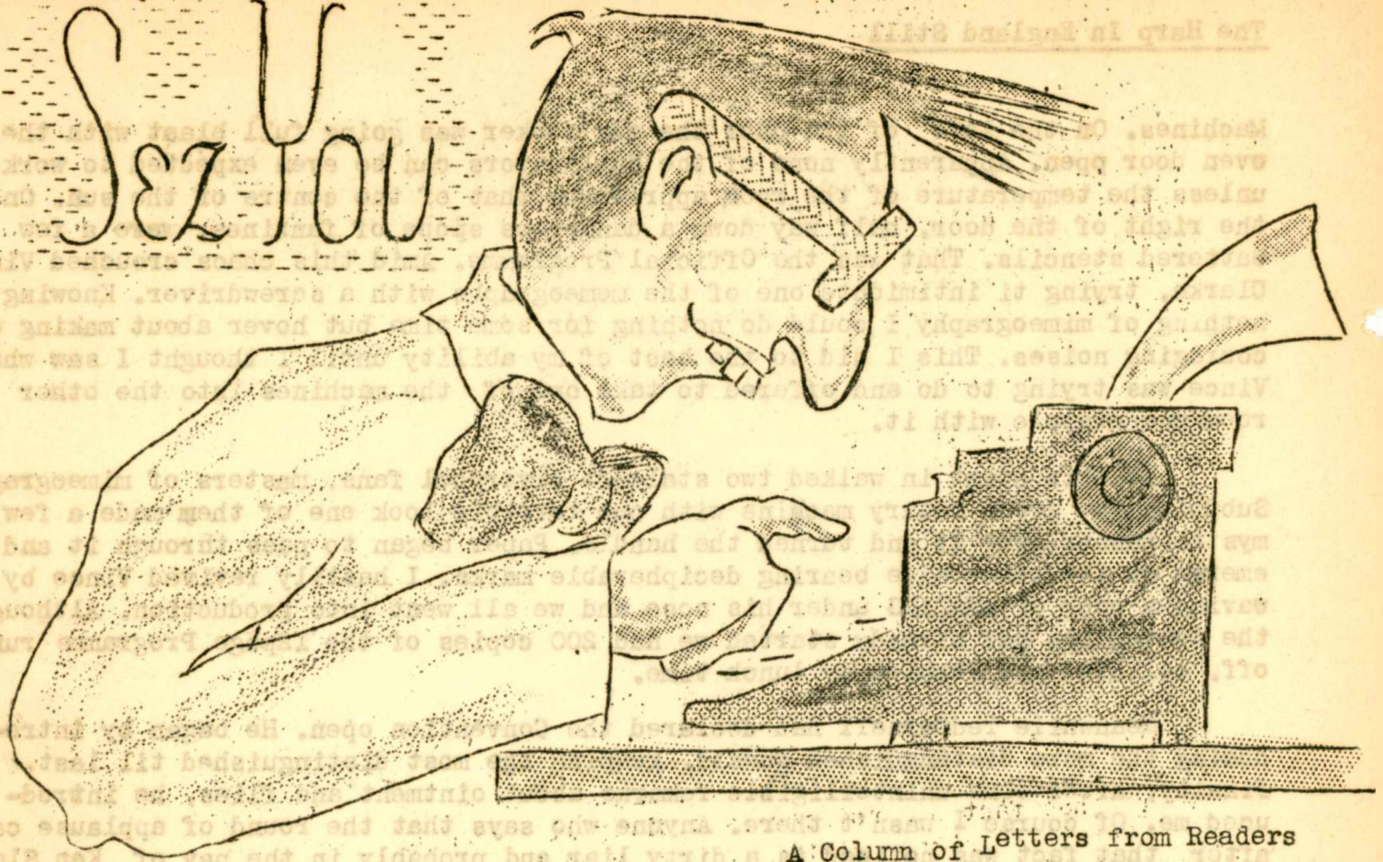
Having thrown the convention into a fine state of dejection he brightened everyone up again with the assurance that Bill Temple was bound to disagree with him. Just to make sure, he insulted him two or three times, and then sat down, amid loud applause for a brilliant if depressing speech. The English love to take their pleasure sadly.

((Ruined two lines))

However, it was the last depressing note in a convention which in retrospect seems to be the most heartening event in the history of British sf, and possibly the most important Convention ever held. Certainly it was brilliantly successful and a large part of the credit for this goes to the next speaker, Forrest J Ackerman.

(to be continued)

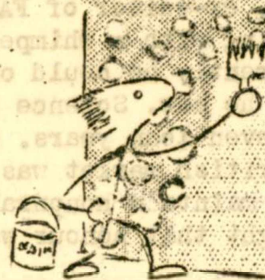
Sez You



A Column of Letters from Readers

((sometimes we get annoyed at this typer.))

Burnett Toskey
3933 15th NE
Seattle 5, Wash.



Dear Lee,

Hay, I h'a question. Just how did you engineer the feat of getting three colors mimeographed on the cover? Did you just take three different colors and smear them on the pad? If so, how did you manage to keep out all trace of the color from the rest of the mag, eh? Or maybe you have two mimeo mach. I'm quite sure you didn't run the thing twice, cause it's too accurate 'n' the colors blend in too well to form green and orange. Those cracks about multicolored ink don't fool me at all, no more does polka dot paint convince me --- of course I naturally would know this for one of my various professions include interior and exterior painting so I KNOW they don't make polka dot paint. Smart ain't I?

Say you would be really surprised to know how closely that pic of me in my autobiog in Q9 resembles me.

Wally Weber and I are still working like mad on IMP 5. Believe me, it is a job to make up a mag with 90 pages in it and a 5 color cover. You, me, Wally Weber, and Barker will have stories, and I've just received an article on flying saucers from Blanchard that is really a humdinger, with a wonderful illo too.

yrs

[Burnett Toskey]

Sez Pat Eaton
of c/o Otis Cafe
Otis, Oregon



For shame no the unbelievers of Savannah! To think that they should suffer the High Priest to work among the ignorant masses, thus posing a threat to the regularity of that most noble publication, Q, that even Exlax is powerless to aid. No! No! Put down that sword! I desist.

Am inclined to agree with Redd Boggs that a good article always makes a more interesting mag. Chalk up a point for W.A. Coslet. His "Circulation" certainly scored one. I hope the pulp publishers did find something that will sell in STF, although Walt didn't sound too encouraging.

Yo's,
[Pat Eaton]

J.T.Olive
315 - 27th St
Columbus, Ga.



Dear Lee,

This here were a fine isher.

Tucker was fine, as always. If he were otherwise he would not be my hero anymore. I liked those illustrations you gave the article. Makes it much more fun to read. Speaking of Mr. Tucker, I suppose I mentioned to you that he has a sf novel coming up, and will probably do a sequel, but the rest of your readers might not know about it. Maybe that will please some of the fans who don't read detective.

THE HARP was interesting. Nice to see that aSF is now only 4.00 over thar. The higher price, I suppose, is to take care of the extra postage and the fact that British govt probably soaks them for taxes on their UK sales.

REPORT NUMBER ONE was okay, I suppose. But I just don't care a lot for articles that attack Dianetics. I've never read the book and probably never will, but it seems to me that fandom in general is being rather unfair. Back in the good old days Hubbard was rated as one of the best sf writers. Now it is quite popular to refer to him as a "hack pulp writer". Some of his last fiction was poor, I'll admit, but I think it was mostly because he only did a first draft and took no care with it.

THE PUFFINS were fun. In fact all the pitchers were.

FILE THIRTEEN was good. Boggs is a good writer and columnist. But I was rather amused to read that detective writers take a patronizing attitude toward fantasy. Sure they do: lots of them, anyway. But what about the attitude of most fans and sf writers have about detective stories? And while we're on the subject, did any of you ever notice that most of Asimov's work is in the nature of science-fiction mysteries? His latest in GSF is a fine example. I love it. I'll probably see ~~THE~~ THING but I don't expect it to be very good.

CIRCULATION was interesting. I suppose he has learned by now that FN has folded. Goodie!! I wish all the mags that reprint stories from their files would fold. I have selfish motives. They cut into the incomes of the mags which buy all new stories.

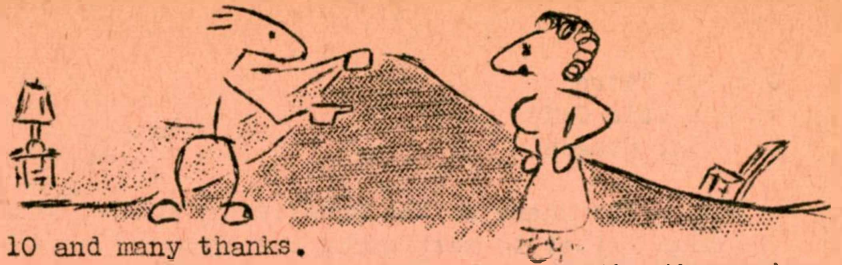
KONNER'S KORNER was okay too. But it seems to me that science should spend a little time trying to cut down the birth rate instead of raise it.

Hank Rabey's thing was interesting. Those things are fun to read, as well as being fun to write.

Didn't aSF go up in other sections? It is back to 25¢ here now, of course.

The letter section was interesting. Best in the field, I think. And that includes the prozines.

Manly (the) Banister
1905 Spruce Ave.
Kansas City 1, Mo.



Dear Lee:

Received Qoundry No. 10 and many thanks.

In reading Tucker's times with fanmags, I am impressed by the thoroughness of his methods. I never had the mind for infinite detail which characterizes this so lucid system of keeping track of such things as fmz, prmz, slkmz, fnltrs, used envelopes to send back in bum screeps that come without envelopes, and the like. Having read the latest acquisition, I toss it out the window. From time to time quite a sizeable kitchen midden collects, until disposed of by a wandering twister that comes over from Kansas to see how things are doing in Kissanouri. This is the reason I can never find old fmz. For instance, somebody rants, "So and so is a jerk for what he says in that last issue of Pflug." Who is so and so? What is flmpf? If the wind has left anything at all of the kitchen midden, it is not that issue of Pflug. You see what I am up against with my method of not keeping fmz? From now on, I shall enjoy the fuller life, the more vigorous pursuit of fandummiana. From now on, everything goes under the rug--much more convenient than having to remember a different place for every letter of the alphabet. I can't even remember the alphabet. Besides I have high ceilings--at least, this chicken corall I live in has.

In the normal course of events, you may expect due process of law and all that sort of thing, emanating from Belfast in Ireland. In brief, my good fellow, you will be lucky, once Walt lamps that "portrait" that he does not hie himself hither with dispatch and beat you about the brow and backside with the shank of an Irish anchor--pick handle to you. Now, while reversing myself from standing on my hands (I got one of those copies with Walt's bio upside down) ((Lucky boy!)) I view The Harp that etc. and groan with vexation. Little does the Willis know. Does he think we never steal any of the old counrty's culture? During all my painful grammar school days, I did not once see a school song book WITHOUT "The Harp That Once Through Tara's Halls". In fact, it was harped as often as (if not oftener than) Auld Lang Syne, Annie Laurie and the Woodpile Blues (The Lost Chord, natch).

Sf written in Gaelic. Since when did you write in it, or with it? I thought you put it in spaghetti and meatballs and/or used it to scare off vampires. So now they write in it. Strong words, no doubt.

My respects to Mr Allan Weinstein for his masterful presentation of a similar idea I thunk up a while back--probably coincidental--and which appeared as part of a dissertation in recent TLMA, OO of The Little Monsters of America and which you have doubtless seen ((yes, we are a Little monster)) and if you haven't, send Wilkie Conner two bits-- Along with Quandry, TLMA is further proof that the level of fan publishing is stedily rising. I have heard from another source that Hubbard has actually tried this experiment with, I think, eminent results, which I do not believe, as I put nothing at all past Hubbard in the way of fine and fancy claims if he thinks it will forward his share in this poor man's psychiatry.

Well well--Redd Boggs and file 13! Redd really wrieded well, and it is interesting to read his comments on affairs of interest to fandom. I go along thoroly with him in the Gruber case. Gruber os a capable writer when he sticks to his own field. Too many writers will try to write anything for a dollar, knowing that their names will get them by. I have even run into amateur writers with this patronizing attitude toward fantasy, hams with the eternal crust to tell me that they are writing it just to earn money fast! I could tell you cases that would roll you in the aisles. I may even do it some day.

All in all, a vey nice issue, even though it did end with somebody named Connant looking down his nose at pulp
(con't over)

and doing nothing of the kind. I hope you will bring Weinstein down from whatever
\$ guess what)

More Banister

hook he is hanging on by the time next ish rolls around.

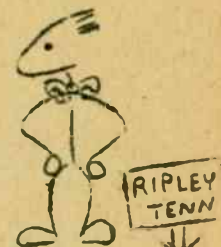
It may be of interest to you to know that Nekro is going out of biz. You have nearby fans to pull you out of a hole when you get down in bed. ((You mean Hank Rabey?)) I have none of the kind (though I did have an offer from TEWatkins who lives over on the Kansas side but I couldn't wish the job off on anybody so kind as to offer). Actually, in my advanced years, I find a job the size of Nekro too big for me--which is why the current and upcoming issue is dallying along. I'd like to have it out by the end of June, and may even do it, but it will be the last one--sort of a super job with everything in it that I can jam in--always hoping for the best, that is.

Cordially,

[Manly Banister]

((To quote from the immortal Bat Loomis : " Let us tip the canister, in grief, to Manly Banister. . ." There's more but we can't remember it.))

J.F. Strienz
2604 Forest Way NE
Atlanta, Ga.



Dear Le Hoff,

Again the best and funniest part of the whole darn mag was the yak under the Contents. But who is Lionel Inman?

Tucker's article was a howl. I think every fan has had the same experience; perhaps to a lesser degree. Weinstein's suggestions are the soundest advice I've ever heard. What's this I hear about Hubbard's wife getting a divorce? Claimed Hubbard was "psychopathic". Ha.

Coslet's bit was a little of a worry-wart. I wouldn't say SF was tottering on its feet. Not with all the new mags that keep coming out. Every time you go to the newstand there is a new SF mag to buy, or just look at.

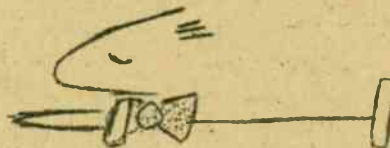
Where have you been hiding Hank Rabey? Get him to do some more. Even if you have to be sick again and have him do the mimeo once more.

O yes the multicolored ink of the cover. Great !

'bye now,

JayeFf

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

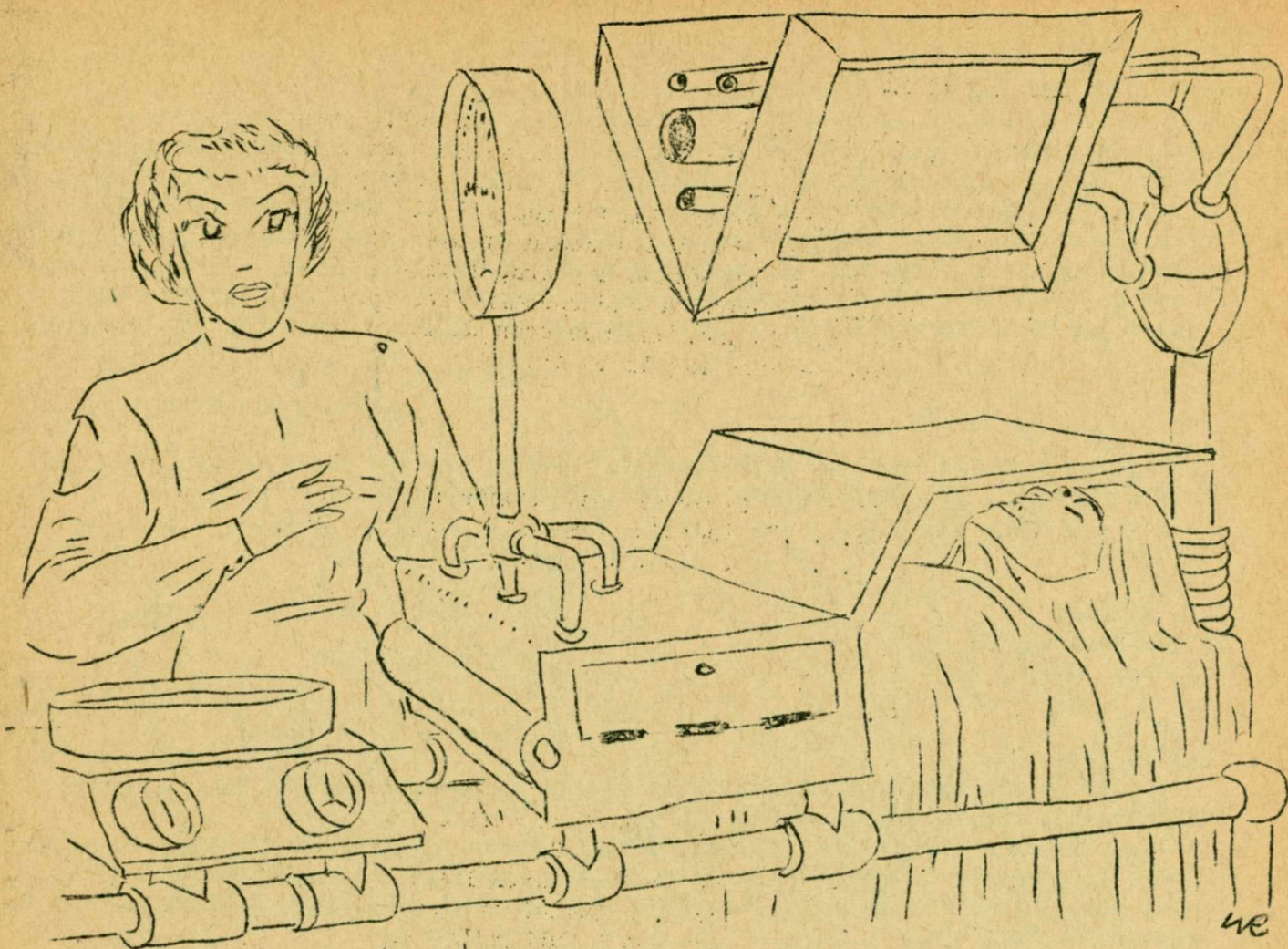


Dear Lee:

Received #10 a few days back, and it was definitely a lot better than #6 which had been your best to date. Damned it I can figure out how you did that cover job...I know how to do color work if you've got more than one cylinder, but don't see how that spectrum effect is obtained. . . .I'm pretty sure it's not multicolored ink. William Tenn once had a story in aSF about multicolor ink...as did vV. There ain't no such.

Geometrically,
[Bob]

((There ain't!! Our printing department will be informed of this anon!))



xray discovery

A special tubular attachment on
 An ordinary xray filter lens
 Produced a sudden, rare phenomenon,
 By photographing character. The ens
 Of race and disposition, not the bones,
 Appeared upon the plates, and pictures showed
 Emotions symbolized by many stones,---
 For heartfelt good, a precious gem had glowed;
 As they progressed, plain rock-slag stone appeared
 Whenever savage, violent temper flashed.
 All truth shone diamond crystal pure. The wierd
 Occurance left the scientists abashed.

I heard the news, and wanted to be typed
 And learn my eccentricities. Had I,
 By living on the earth too long, been wiped
 Of warmth and love? I knew, to qualify,
 A ruby must be seen upon the plate.
 But would a pebble show for me instead?
 The plates were blank! I will elucidate,--
 They could not take a picture of the dead.

-----Orma McCormick

ALL FIN



Well, we've hardly been gone and we're back again. Guess we should have labeled this a Hoffman issue. Hope you don't mind.

Firstly our thanks over and over again for voting us Best Fan Ed in the N3F Laureate Award and also for 3rd best new fan and honorable mention as an artist. Honestly, when we saw the awards listing in TNFF you could have knocked us over with an SNL. Talk about amazed. Gorsh, thanks.

Guess we'd better apologize to Orma McCormick now. We seem to be unable to cut one of her poems without misspelling a few words or making a few typos and this go-round's probably no better. Also an apology to Bill Rotsler for our stenciling of the drawing by him illoing said poem. We did a pretty messy job on it too.

Only back zines available now are a few copies of our FAPazine LAZILEE (#1). No more back Quandrys. There will probably be no extra copies of this ish either as we are running a short issue. Money is not to be wasted with the annish coming up. There won't be any copies of Q#12 to spare either so you'd better order now if you aren't a subscriber.

Oh yes, if you should want a copy of LAZILEE (Ghu knows why!) just send a 2¢ stamp and we'll send you a copy.

Also: we are a member of FAPA and put out LAZILEE for that organization. It costs us a fair amount and we also pay the regular dues so we can see no real reason to trade Quandry for zines which we also receive in FAPA. Please don't ask us to do so. If we trade zines with you and your zine costs subbers more than a dollar a year and you do not belong to FAPA let us know and we'll send you LAZILEE too.

There's a strong possibility that we'll be going out of Savannah on a vacation this summer. If so we, naturally, won't be able to work on Q. If an issue will be delayed subscribers and trades will be notified.

The big plot around 101 now is Nolacon. We've delayed plans to buy a mimeo of our own until after that occasion and now we're pondering the problem of transportation and room and board. Money, you know. But come Hell or H-bombs we'll be there. We have pronounced.

The next issue of Quandry should be mailed around the 20th or a little later (June, that is). To get it ready to mail then we'll need material for it in by the 13th at the latest. Since you probably won't receive this ish until then this announcement probably won't do much good. But we hope it will. . .

Stay informed. . . .read Tucker's SNL. . . .

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CONTRIBUTOR
SAMPLE

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