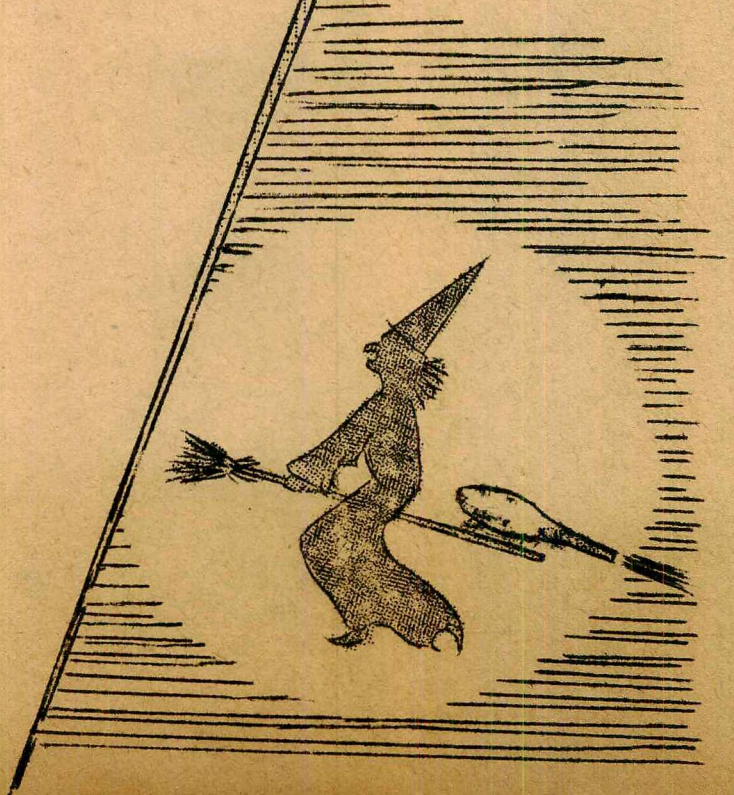


# Wandering

No. 15









# QUANDRY

NEW FACES  
ISSUES

#15

Vol. II No. 3

A Facetious Publication

Nov. 1951

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QUANDRY Vol.II No.3 Whole No. 15 is what we laughingly call published with a frequency that we laughingly call monthly at the sign of the phantastically phizzled physiognomy. Editorial offices at Hoffman Hovel, 101 Wagner St., Savannah, Ga. Printing Offices one flight up. European offices - Walter A. Willis, -170, Upper Newtownards Rd., - BELFAST, Northern Ireland. Price to dollar-countries: 15¢ a copy, \$1.50 a year. To the British, 6 shillings a year to W.A.W. We gleefully trade with any and all fanmags except FAPazines. If you face up with a letter it will be considered for publication unless you clearly state otherwise. For information on the kind of material we want see "Chaos". Opinions expressed herein are those of the writers and not necessarily those of the editor or Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans. Ad rates: \$1.50 for a full page - \$.80 for a half/page.

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# ECHAUSE

Another day, another dollar. No, that's not quite it. Another month, another Quandry. That's more like it. And what a Quandry. Already we can see the mail that will be in on this issue: "Oh, goshwowoboyoboy! A feud." - "Harump, I thought Q was above such gutter brawls. You may refund my subscription." - "Hot cinders! This feud is the best thing you've ever published!" - "Ghod, another account of 770" - "Oh, goshwowoboyoboy! Another account of 770." - "Where are the rest of the li'l peepul you drew in 770?" - "Where are all the columns?" - "Good, at last you've ditched all those columns." - etc. etc. ad infinitum. Shall we endeavor to answer the above now? Firstly, we don't mind a nice logical 'feud', but too much mudslinging is liable to make a zine unreadable. Secondly, this is probably the last of the con-reports. Unless some especially interesting stuff comes along. We do intend to have an article on MYOB soon tho. But we feel that 770 is a subject worthy of much print. Already it is legend and tradition. As to the li'l peepul we drew there, we ran the ones that we thought would have the most general interest in the last issue. Remember some of the ones that you might have enjoyed while you were there may not have interest to non-attendees. And as to our columns, WAW is at present involved in the coming SLANT, Boggs is still in hibernation as far as File #13 is concerned, and Silverberg and Conner will be back with us in an issue or two. Okay?

If you are interested in the con reports and didn't get Q#14, send for a copy now. We have about a half dozen copies left which are chock full of pictures that go along with these and other con reports. If you do have Q#14, pull it out and correlate the pics with the con reports in this ish.

There are several new fmz out now. One from Dave English at 203 Robin St, Dunkirk, N.Y. Hektoed. Write him for further info. Another is MAD from Dick Ryan at 224 Broad St., Newark, Ohio. This one really strikes our fancy. First issue has its own type of li'l people - the GLEEPs. Also several columns and some reviews of fmz and pros. We shall quote a bit from the editorial: "Don't be deterred just because you can't write like Walter Willis, either. If you're even as good as Tucker we'll accept you." This brings to mind our own editorial call for material. We say that you don't have to write like WAW either. We don't even require that you write as well as Tuck. In our opinion such requirments would limit the number of writers appearing in Q, quite confiningly. We only ask that you write well. We are interested in material with a fan slant. We want all kinds of material except long or serious fiction. Satire and stuff with a fan slant, we want. Other kinds, only in a few special cases. Articles and such...send'em on. But if you haven't written for Q before, please enclose return postage. And please put sufficient postage on the envelope. It discourages us to pay three cents postage due on a letter, open it, find an unsuitable manuscript, and have to pay 6¢ to return the manuscript to the writer. Also please put your name and address on the manuscript itself. And if you are not sure as to whether or not your manuscript will meat out editorial requirments, you can ad a note to the effect that we can pass it along to some other editor or to the NSF mess boo and we'll do so, saying you time and money.

See ya in the back of this mag...

\* does this have some deep esoteric meaning,

yes



## HOW DULL WAS MY WEEKEND -or-

How I Saved Myself from Falling Flat on my Face by Quickly Grasping a Pullchain Hanging Nearby. A Confession by Bob Tucker.

All conventions are dull, listless affairs. I discovered that a long time ago, after faithfully turning up year after year, city after city, card after card at each succeeding clambake. The same haggard old faces -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans -- repeating the same time-worn old words -- gladtohehere, gladtohehere, gladtohehere --; the same huckstering old professionals -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans -- repeating the same old hackneyed come-ons: buythis, buythis, buythis. It was so dreadfully monotonous, so crass, so crude, so commercial. Weary of heart, I approached one more city and one more week-end, prepared to once again meet the same old beanie-wearing fans -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans -- squirting the same old waterguns -- squishsquish, squishsquish, squishsquish. It was all so boring, so repetitious.

With all this in mind and an ample supply of aspirin in my old suitcase, I checked into the same old St. Charles Hotel on a Friday afternoon and the room clerk repeated the same old question: "Are you with the science fiction group?" I couldn't bring myself to lie, and admitted I was. "Welcome sir," he continued then in the same old vein, "That automatically entitles you to a higher rate. Your Mr. Moore has arranged it. We can give you an eight-dollar-room for ten dollars."

"Don't want it," I answered, swinging at once into the old routine. "Give me a six-dollar-room for eight dollars."

"Oh, I'm sorry sir, but I cannot. Your Mr. Moore did not reserve a block of six-dollar rooms." This too, was familiar of course.

"Indeed?" I said wearily. "And what did our Mr. Block reserve?"

"Ah, sir," replied the clerk silkily, "In addition to the eight-dollar-moore's for ten dollars, your Mr. Block reserved a room of seven-dollar-moore's for only nine-fifty."

"I'll take it," I snapped, tiring of the conversation.

"Do you want a bath?" He was as urbane as always.

"That depends," I hedged, "Will it be you, the manager or the house detective? I suppose the maids have a union?"

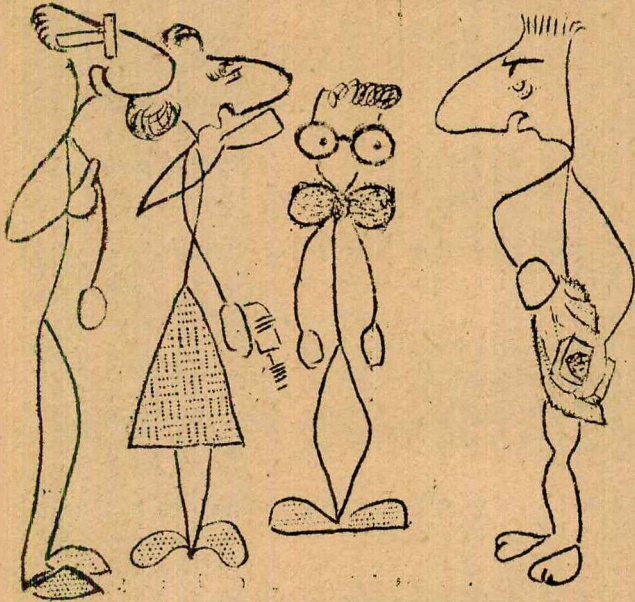
A motley crew of fans had gathered about the reservations desk as this byplay was going on, eager to learn the name of the new arrival. Other fans were arriving on the run, attracted by frantic wig-wagging and a few smoke signals curling up toward the lobby ceiling. Tiring of this spotlight of unwanted publicity, I turned and spat in the eye of a fan standing behind me. Immediately he whipped out his water pistol, but of course I ducked and it was the room clerk who took the charge. I snatched the key from his paralyzed fingers and scuttled away.

Tired, weary, disheveled from a long day's drive, I slammed the door to my room, flung the suitcase into a far corner (where it promptly burst open and spilled my cargo of dirty books), stripped off my clothes and jumped into the tub. Three waterbugs, a centipede and a



dozing bellboy jumped out. Coaxing water from the faucet drip by drip, I waited until there was a full inch covering the bottom and then lay back to soak in luxury. This was to be my only moment of peace and contentment in sweltering, hurly-burly New Orleans.

There came a sound at the door, the peculiar kind of half-hearted knock that could only be caused by a timid fan getting up nerve to kick the door in. I groaned and realized the same old routine had begun. Stepping out of the tub I reached for my trousers, paused, and dropped them again, knowing it would be the same old bunch -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- wanting to start a poker game. I wrapped a towel around my middle, began searching my luggage for a deck of cards, and yelled a bored invitation to enter.



Three strangers trooped in wearing abashed grins, a girl and two men. The girl looked as if she were desperately searching for better company than the characters trailing her. I silently sympathized, and stared at the trio, the meanwhile dripping soap and water on the rug. The two gentlemen stared at the towel and giggled, while the girl looked at the puddle on the rug.

"Hello," one character said.

"Hello," another character said.

"Hello," the girl echoed.

Sadly, I shook my head. The same old wornout greetings.

"We're faaaaaaans" the tallest character announced proudly.

"The hell you say!" I shot back, astounded.

"Yep." He was wearing a white T-shirt on which had been printed, I AM SHELBY VICK. Turning to face me, he asked: "Know who I am?"

I gazed at the T-shirt. "Bela Lugosi?"

He wagged his head, vaguely disappointed.

"Richard Shaver," I guessed again, "Claude Degler, Ray Palmer?"

"I am Shelby Vick!" he exclaimed then in clear, ringing tones.

"The hell you say!" I shot back, astounded.

I-am-Shelby-Vick then flicked a finger at his two conspirators. "You know Lee Hoffman, of course?"

Of course. I threw a bored glance at the remaining character and yawned, "Hello, Lee."

"No, no!" contradicted I-am-Shelby-Vick. "Not him ... HER!"

Mustering what dignity I retained, I picked up my towel from the floor and stalked into the bathroom, flanging shut the door.

\* \* \*



Knowing full well the monotonous proceedings that would be under way, still I wandered down to the convention hall later to let myself be seen and admired by the younger element present. Fighting my way through a flying cloud of paper airplanes, I stumbled over the same old crap game -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- were conducting on the platform behind the speaker's microphone. Declining the inevitable but insincere invitation to join them, I picked a precarious path thru a solid mass of whirling beanies and tugged at the chairman's sleeve.

Our Mr. Moore looked down at me. "Whatinthehell do you want?"

"You'd better do something about them," I suggested mildly.

"About whodammit?"

"A couple of characters up in my room. They fainted."

"Whatinthehell you talking about?" he wanted to know curiously.

I explained patiently. "A pair of characters have fainted, up in my room. Perhaps you'd better send up a bellboy, or something."

"To hell with them," he answered pleasantly. "I've got my own troubles. This here convention has gotta start right now."

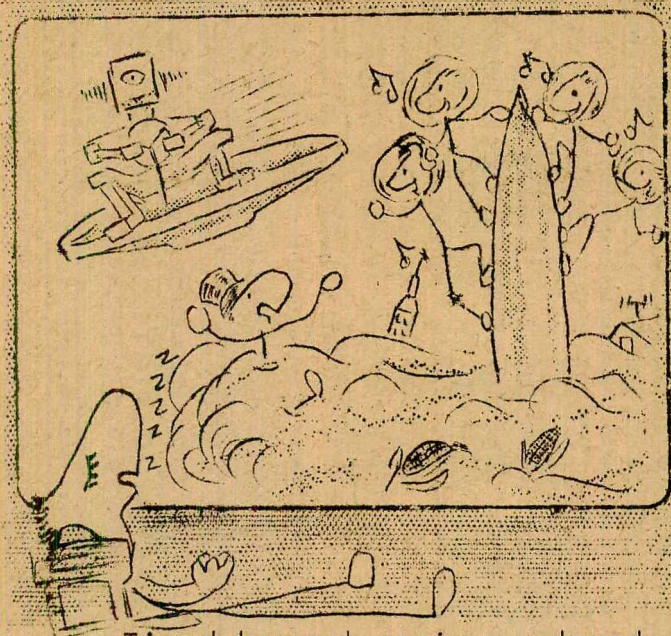
I said all right, meekly though tiredly, and sat down with Lee Hoffman. Our Mr. Moore approached the microphone, stumbled over the crap-shooters and loudly suggested the floor come to order. Wiping off the simultaneous discharge of a half-dozen water pistols and neatly side-stepping a fireball from a roman candle, he opened the convention. The opening was the same old grind. He announced in a bored voice that the conclave had grossed a bit over four thousand dollars, had paid all debts amounting to a hundred-odd dollars, and that the balance would be used to pay the train fare home for destitute fans. After everyone present had put in their claim and received their share, he closed the convention for another year. We all left the hall and trooped back to our various rooms to conduct the annual business sessions.

Wearily knocking on the first closed door I found, I entered, to sit back and listen to the same old arguments -- by Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- where next year's convention should be held. No one present in the room really wanted it and the unholy quartet had the very devil of a time forcing it down the throat of a young, unindentified fan sitting off in the corner. Later on nobody could remember who the stranger was nor where he was from, so there still remains a small doubt as to where the 1952 meeting will be held. Popular opinion -- that is, Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- held that the stranger would eventually betray himself when he began selling memberships, and that it would only be necessary to read the postmark on his letters to discover the name of the next convention city.

Rapidly tiring of this dull conversation, Lee and I left to wander along the corridor in search of another session. From behind a partly-closed door came the sound of rocketships zooming, accompanied by music in the background. Yawning, I remembered my manners in time to ask her if she wished to see the preview movie, THE DAY THE EARTH COLLIDED, and conducted her inside a dark, smoky room. Pushing aside several enthusiastic fans -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- we made room on the floor and sat down. I promptly fell asleep, but she told me later it had been an extremely interesting picture depicting the perils of the first space flight ... something about a millionaire playboy and his



three buddies. -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- building their own rocketship after the governor of Iowa turned down a fantastic request that his state build it. The governor of course was in the pay of the dictator on the approaching planets.



Finishing and launching the ship just in time to avoid a tidal wave sweeping down on them from the New York City reservoir, the four playboys land on the Iowa capitol's big ball diamond and demand that nearby Missouri be annexed to the state. The governor refuses, being in the pay of the Missouri legislature, and a huge tidal wave sweeps him off the capitol steps just as the menacing robot from the invading planet lands in a flying saucer.

Lee admits to being a trifle hazy as to what happened after that, but in the end four strangers from Mars -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach, Evans-- arrive in time to save Iowa's corn.

Tired beyond caring, dazed, bored to death by it all, I allowed myself to be dragged into still another room where the guest of honor and several noted speakers -- Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- were giving out the same tired old phrases on the glory of science fiction, the glory of science fiction fandom, the glory of science fiction magazines and the glory of science fiction books. As they finished speaking their assistants rushed about the room, hawking the wares of these publishers and writers. With a bored yawn I watched one rebellious fan thrown from the window, some upstart who caused an awkward moment by asking if this were a FAN or a HUCKSTER convention. Rather fascinated, Lee wondered if this were a common occurrence and I assured her it was. Stretching back into my memory banks, I told her the tale of a dreadful day in Cincinnati when some sixteen such upstarts were dipped in oil, feathered, and then tied to the coat-tails of sixteen wild bellboys who were sent running pell-mell thru the lobby. These revolting sixteen, it seems, made the mistake of getting up a petition to exclude professionals from all future conventions. It was a sad, memorable day.

"What are 'professionals'?" she wanted to know.

"ssssshhhhh," I whispered. "They're sensitive."

"But what are they?"

"Super fans," I explained. "Responsible people who have outgrown the beanie and watergun stage, outstanding adults with unimpeachable reputations who are saving fandom from itself, preventing it from becoming ingrown. By means of books and dollars these superfans provide fandom with something to think about, other than themselves."

She gave that considerable thought. "I see a flaw," she said at last. "A flaw in that line of reasoning."

I gave her my tired attention. "What?"

"Us ordinary fans 'can't' read."



The remaining days of the convention were the usual sorry mess. Again and again I chided myself for coming, for using up valuable time that could have been spent more profitably elsewhere. Late one evening I briefly thought I had discovered something worthwhile, something to make-up to myself the time wasted. Avoiding the elevator because mobs of young fans -- led by Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans -- had taken over the machine, tossed out the operator, and were joyriding up and down, I was wearily climbing the stairs to the seventh floor when a combination giggle - titter reached my ears. Pausing instantly, senses alert, I espied the location of the sound and the cause of it. Someone had a home-movie machine and was projecting family pictures in a darkened room. Half-alerted to this possible saving diversion, I stood on the doorknob and peeped through the transom, only to have my fondest hopes dashed. I'd seen the pictures before at the last Legion stag.

Unlocking the door to my room, I was mildly astonished to find two characters stretched out on the rug in a dead faint. They seemed familiar, so rather than chuck them out the window I called the house detective whose joy, upon finding them there, knew no bounds. It seems the blacked-out characters were I-am-Shelby-Vick and his sidekick, Paul Cox, who had been missing for three days and the house detective feared they had skipped without paying their bill. He congratulated me on the discovery, saying the manager would give him a raise for this. After he left I locked the door, stepped over the fans on the rug and went to bed. It had all been so tiring.

\* \* \*

#### QUOTATIONS OVERHEARD BY EXHAUSTED EARS:

"The trouble with these things, there's too damn many pros around grabbing the glory!" -Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans.

"This is my first con, I didn't eat for a week saving money."  
-Hoffman

"Going to use a gun or a knife?" -Hammond

"Wishtohellsomebodyknewwhat'sgoingonaroundhere!" -Moore

"Oh, go stroke your eyelids." -McKeown

"I've waited for fourteen months to meet Tucker." -Hoffman

"Going to use a gun or a knife?" -Hammond

"It's a shame the way those kids spoil a good convention!"  
-Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans.

"You have a good, clean decent fanmag." -Davis

"Thank you. I modeled it after INCINERATIONS." -Keasler

"This year there will be no bid from the ONLY fan club in New York City." -(name withheld by request)

"Gee ... and I had eighty-three votes lined up for you!" -Ibid

"You mean to say you've NEVER been out with a girl?" -McKeown

"Well, I've been pretty busy with my stf mags." -Tucker

"I've got a mind to cure you of that!" -McKeown

"Going to use a gun or a knife?" -Hammond



## the quick and the dead drunk

Ed Kuss and I were sitting around in 770 doing nothing much when the telephone rang. It was Lee Jacobs. "Is it alright if we come up and talk about Kenton," says Lee. "Fine, come on right up!" Then I asked him if he'd met Lee Hoffman. "No," he replied, he'd just come in on the plane. When I told him Lee Hoffman was a woman he couldn't believe it. It seems that the Cole's had been keeping things from him.

Bretty soon Jacobs, the Coles, Tom Quin, and Carl Murray walked into the room. Jacobs had a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand. He pumped me some more about Hoffman, and just shook his head. Then we talked about Stan---"The Man"---Kenton. A gal from Detroit comes barging into the room. She walks around a bit and then out the door.

About five minutes later the foof fell in. Nearly twenty people all carrying whiskey, gin, or mix bottles come marching into the room to set up shop. Our room is the largest one available outside of the hall so they thot it'd be the perfect place to throw a party. (( Dietz's room got crowded so they stood the bed on end. Some of the slats fell out and the neighbors kept calling up so we decided to move the party to a more suitable location.)) At one time that night there were as many as 39 people in that room, and most of them with a drink in their hands. About 60 people or more passed in and out of the room that night and morning.

The din was terrible! People laid on the beds, floors, furniture, and anything else we had around. Ice and mix flowed up to the room in a nearly continuous stream. You could hear the party all the way down and it was a wonder that the house detective wasn't up there to stop the thing. When Max and Hickman came into the hotel around two o'clock ((where had they been?)), Max asked for the key to 770. The desk clerk told him that there was a wild party going on up there.

I remember Jack Speer trying to push his wife into a closet -- at least I think it was his wife. Then I remember going into the bathroom and finding the sink covered with a green goo. Ed Walthers was the boy who had so honored us.

Finally some of the more elite fans left us and just the rabid ones and the drunks remained. The total population dropped to about twenty at that time. I had started off the afternoon with a souple of Tom Collins's and had added a highball, a scotch and soda, and a glass of creme de menthe. About this time I wasn't feeling too well. Paul Cox and myself went over and had hanburgers and coffee.

When we came back the noise was deafening. A near riot was going on. Frank Kerkhof and Lee Bishop were lying in my bed and laughing their heads off at nothing. "Squeezebox" Ed Walthers was under the bed.

Bob Johnson was drunk and refused to go home. He didn't think he could make it ((all the way to Colorado?)) Dale Hart was walking around the room swinging a chair. We finally got him out of the room. Roger Sims happened to step into the bathroom and nearly died. The sink was full again and since it leaked it was running over onto the floor. Sims bailed it out into the bathtub.

When I walked out of the bathroom Lee Bishop was tipping the bed over on top of Squeezebox. Soon Walthers was covered with two mattresses and a frame. Ed Kuss walked all over the mattress without knowing anyone was underneath. I finally got



Dietz and Sims to help me put the bed back together again.

One Fan was practically dead drunk. Before the Con he'd never had a drink in his natural-born life and his folks made him promise that he wouldn't drink. Hah! He finally fell off the bed and lay on the floor groaning. Frank Dietz, holding a precariously full glass of gin spilled about half of it on him when he began to kick him. No one seemed to mind except the Fan.

The Fan finally somehow got down to his room. Keasler went with him since he wanted to sleep and there was no place in 770 to sleep. When he woke up the next morning he didn't know where he was.

Around 4 o'clock Jacobs got a call to play poker -- probably from Tucker. Walthers was still staggering around the room and Bishop was delirious with laughter.

Dale Hart wasn't in the room but we heard he was down a couple of flights in some woman's room. We thought about calling the house dick, and sending him over there but Hart got back before we got around to it. Hart then took off his pants to be cool. Reva from Detroit was there but she didn't seem to mind. Dietz came up with another fifth from somewhere and that went too.

About five o'clock we went down to Aggie's room to see how Hans Rusch was coming but nobody was there but Aggie. We managed to ditch "Sandwich" Kerkhof and Bishop and went back to 770. Only Sims, Hart, Johnson, Dietz, and myself remained in the ruins of our apartment. Bottles, cigarettes, papers, clothes, bedding, and ashes were spread all over the place. What a mess. None of the others wanted to go to their own hotels or rooms so they decided to stay in 770. People had been dropping in and out all night so we locked the door to keep out wandering drunks.

Dietz and Johnson climbed into Sim's bed. Someone had spilled Vermouth on the bed but they didn't seem to mind. And with Kerkhof's cries of "Timbuctoo in '52" still ringing in our ears we blissfully fell asleep.

- Rich Elsberry

.....

**CRYPTOGRAPHIC CORNER** Last time, we brought you the opening words of TIME AND AGAIN by Simak. This time we bring you the opening of another book, not a science-fiction book, but one that is of interest to fans. Rules are the same as last time, but this time there is a prize. To the first person who writes us a decoding of it and the title of the book and name of its author, we'll award a free copy of Q tacked onto the end of his subscription. Since the time element makes this awkward for British fans, we'll make that a Q to the first stateside fan, and one to the first British fan. With such an incentive, we can, no doubt, anticipate a wonderful response to this glorious contest.

Remember, all punctuation and paragraphing omitted.

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That's it. Oh, yes. If you trade zines or such and win this contest, you may take as your prize an extra copy of Q#16, which will no doubt be quite valuable in a few years...



770

---a Dietz-eye view of that fracas...

I wonder just how many years will have to go by before that number loses significance to a large, large number of fans. For me, well...I think it will take time, a lifetime. In fact I know next year that 770 is going to be revived, that's a fact! So...attendees of the Chicon next year be sure - be sure to attend the 770 'conferences'.

But enough of the fan-fare. Let's try to recall it all. Actually it's quite vague in detail, but not -NOT, I SAY - due to any lack of sobriety on my part, as the vague hints ((like the cover of Fv?)) seem to have it. Sure, I wasn't without a glass in my hand, but then most of it was mixer, not liqueur (I don't drink gin, Max) and besides that, at least three times my glass was upset, twice I remember on somebody's bed (Rog Sims?).

There were fans all over 770 (the party only began in my room. It was about 2 drinks later that we moved to 770), on the floor, the beds, chairs, tables, even under the bed (Ed Walthers). And the pros were there, the Mahaffeys, Lieber, Judy Merrill, Fredric Brown, among others I've forgotten. But I have it all down in black and white, everybody signed (convention program booklet) and made suitable(??) comments. Such as

During the 32 hours the party was in progress I'd estimate two dozen bottles of everything from Scotch to beer were consumed, with an equal number of quarts of mixer going the same way. I recall Sunday A.M. the stairs outside stacked with innumerable empties. And Rog Sims and I, during the second evening, had to drop out and pick up another half dozen quarts of mixer. And ice by the bucket, we kept the bellboys running. And passed the hat around each time for the tips.

Ed Walthers kept the part lively the first night, particularly, astounding considering he was dead most of the time. He was under the bed (dead!) with someone pulling at his feet. The irrepressable urge came, so I tickled him, which produced violent results among which the bed collapsed on him. And later I think it was Kerkhof who tipped the bed all the way over on Ed as he lay alongside.

Lee Hoffman sat in the corner with her drawing pads (she filled three, I think, tho I search Quandry in vain for the majority of the pics) and around her sat fans (naturally male). The Coles (Les & Es) sat comparatively quiet on a bed talking to somebody (I think). Rog Sims slept (yes-slept) in a chair in the midst of the party for a few hours. The pros (some of them) sat on another bed (there were four) with numerous fans gathered around. And the rest stood in groups around the room or sat for a while on the fourth bed.

Hanging behind the door was a noose and a sign saying "Reserved for the House Dick". But he just came to the door once and cautioned about the noise in the hallways, then disappeared for the rest of the night. Amazing, as the noise filtered thru the air conditioning grill and could be heard all the way down the opposite end of the hall. Also I heard that at an earlier party he came in to complain (some where else) and was handed a drink, set in a corner, and there he stayed for the rest of the night.



But too soon the first night (and sooner the second) the people (fans and pros) started to drift off to bed. Gad! During one interval of groups leaving Ed Walthers roused himself and headed for the door, draped (compliments of Frank Kerkhof) with a counterpane. He staggered from one wall to the other down the length of the hall, then turned and repeated the process back to the room, where he collapsed on the floor.

Later, after most had left (including all the women) Ed, Frank, and another fan formed a trio, marching around the room, kicking furniture out of the way, walking over the beds as they went around and around singing a dirty song, midst the hysterical laughter of the rest of us. Upon its completion Ed (of course) sagged to the floor...as soon as the others had removed their support.

We slept (that A.M.) in shifts, I napped on Rog Sims' bed with Bob Johnson (a single bed!) for three hours before being dragged out to give space to another. And the party was still going. Another incident - originally the lights had all ten been on, but by and by they were turned off, till only two remained. Somebody brought up the question of what would happen to the party when the last two were turned off. We never did find out, as it was daylight before they were put out.

Things were worse the next night, 'cause by the time we returned from the movies all the liquor had been consumed. So it was tooth and nail for what was left the rest of the night. Nobody, tho, seemed inclined to go out and buy more (it's available in package 24 hours a day every day there).

And the second night I managed to get an hour more sleep, due to the loss of attendees, who dropped out like flies in a Flit spray that night. Again I occupied Rog Sims' bed so he and Elsberry went down to my room and slept.

Six A.M. Monday morning - the drinks gone (every drop), and everybody just about gone too. So, of consequence, the party ended.

See the next installment - next year - next convention. - another 770!

--Franklin M. Dietz

.....

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DESTINY  
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-adv.



The adventures of a new fan at  
his first convention....

Bill Morse

## "...BUT THE EGGPLANT OVER THERE."

"O.K. Shelvy," said I, with a yawn, "Down as soon as I have washed." And hung up. Half way through my wash, the bell rang again.

"Hello."

"That you, Bill?"

"Um-hmm."

"Are you still angry about last night?"

"Humm?"

"Bill! This is (yawn-pard'n me) don't you remember? That is you, huh? In 682?"

"Um-humm" (Did she say Shelby? Sally?)

"Well, come on down. I'll wait for you in the hall."

"Um-humm" (yawn-pard'n me).

So I finished my wash and went down, joining Lee and Shelvy. No sign of Sally (who is Betty's sister and only 16 anyway). Wonder if someone is kidding.

After breakfast (lunch for the other two), we are chatting in 682 when the phone rings. Shelvy hands it to me.

"'Lo!"

"Bill, where were you? Did you go back to bed?"

"Nope. Didn't see you any place, so we went off to Walgreens. You sure you have the right guy?"

"Certainly I have! Back home now."

"Well, come on down and join the gang."

"No! I'm going to take a shower and sleep a while first. I'll come down later - after all, it's 30 blocks away. Okay?"

"Yeah. S'long."

So at least it couldn't be a leg-pull by Lee and Shelvy. Must be Sally.

At 4:30, with still others present, the bell rings again.

"H'lo" (yawn-pard'n me)

"Bill? Can I come along now?"

"Sure - what are you waiting for?"

"See you in half an hour." --all sexy like.

So I wait. By this time I am awake, wondering just who the hell it can be. After all, it was Betty who got annoyed with Sally the night before, not me.

So I waited at the doorway at 5 O'clock when she arrived. Was going past me so--

"Looking for someone?"

"Yes, Bill. Bill Morse in 682."

"Madam" (Mama taught me to be polite) "I am Bill Morse. Honest, Lady. Are you SURE you have the right guy? Look." and I show her my Air Force identity card.

So she decides I am the wrong guy after all, and trips quietly down the stairs.

As she vanished, I began to wonder.

Is Harry Bee using my name and number?

Was it something Lee and Shelvy cooked up?

Or was there another Bill Morse floating around? In para-time, that is?

(Pardon me while I yawn once more)

Anything can happen at a SF Con!

.....  
Editors note: Bill would insist on going out with some girl the night before when he could have stayed with us and discussed stf like a true fan. He insists that he remembers everything that happened that night, but as he wasn't in the company of fans how can we be sure...?



# "A BIRD IN THE HAND.."

Monday night was the night of the banquet and at said banquet a number of interesting things occurred at the table I sat at. Among those at the table with me were Es and Les Cole, Messrs Lee Jacobs and Lee Hoffman, Ed Kuss, Agnus Harok, Ken Beale, Frank Dietz, and Ted Dikty.

When the soup arrived (a gelatine mass of brown nothing) I said out of the corner of my mouth to Lee Hoffman, "What the hell spoon are you supposed to use on this mess?" I was the immediate receiver of a cascade of unintelligible helpful hints as to what I could do with it. Frank Dietz made the sterling comment that I should heat it and drink the CENSORED. This sounded very good to me so I set about trying to find a possible way of heating the soup. The coffee cup looked like the most likely place to start a fire. I took the cup and placed it on my plate and put the soup bowl on top. Ted Dikty made his bid for fame by pointing out that since no air could get into the cup a fork would have to be placed between the cup and bowl. Meanwhile the other fans were tearing the rappings off their crackers and stuffing them into my cup. Les Cole decided to make himself a party to this affair by handing a folder of matches to me. But fortunately for Harry Moore's sanity, at this point I decided that I had coped with the situation long enough and completely avoided the whole mess.

During the latter part of this incident, Lee Hoffman had been staring at his salad hypnotically. Ed Kuss, who was on the other side of her, asked him what was the matter. She replied in a small but incredible voice, "There's a fly drowning in my salad." Sure enough there was a predatory ((!)) creature drowning himself in the muck and mire (hy muck, hy mire) of the salad dressing. For some reason or other Lee would not share the salad with the fly. Not only wouldn't she share it, she wouldn't even eat any of it herself. I for myself cannot see why, for how much can a fly eat?

((After several attemptsat rescue operations we gave him up for lost, and passed the salad around the table for all present to speak a few words over the remains.))

Somehow or other the conversation got from the lowly fly to the digestive system of man. I maintained that it takes approximately two hours for all the food one eats to reach the stomach so therefore one does not fill the stomach when he is eating. Several people disagreed and a stimulating argument was underway when some of the more squeemish fen decided that this was not fit conversation for the dinner table and told me so. I felt if they wanted to be that way about it, I would avoid them, so I did for the rest of the evening.

--- Roger Sims

.....

Do you know about the International Science Fiction Correspondence Club? It's an informal club with the sole purpose of pleasure for the members. And that it provides in great measure thru its many services such as the Collector's Corner and the Trading Corner in the O-O not to mention many valuable indices of prozines. And there are no dues! By merely subscribing to the O-O, EXPLORER, you become a member entitled to all the privileges of the club. To join, send 50¢ for a year sub to EIC to either Ed Noble - Box 49 - Girard, Pa. or Lawrence Kiehlbauch - 1516 N. Tenth St. - Billings, Montana. We'd suggest you send it to Larry as Ed is newly involved in the intricacies of wedded bliss...



advt.

Robert Briggs  
Would like to thank  
All the people  
Whose liquor he drank....

# THANKS

To Lee Jacobs for the beer

Sims for the whiskey

Elsberry for the gin

And who for the Creme de Menthe

and to those people I missed.

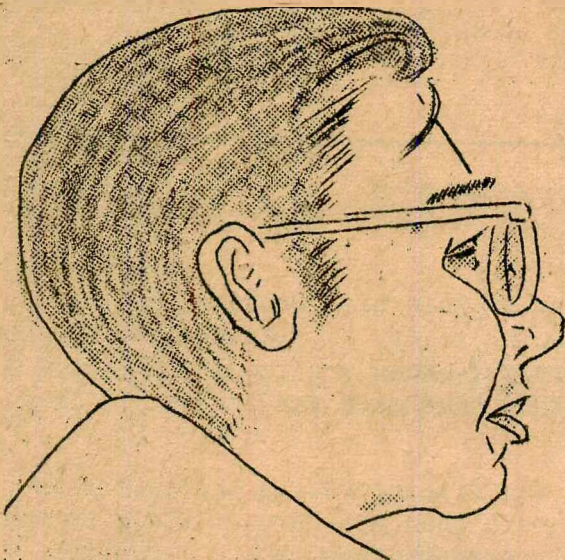
See you at the ??? Gon

-paid advt.



## RICK SNEARY

++Outlander Extraordinary, president of the NFFF, and one of Fandom's leading members ++



((If Rick or someone will let us know which Outlander drew the original for this sketch we will gladly publish his name in the next issue of Quandry..Ed))

It would seem that most sans when writing about themselves either try to be funny, or to fill up space without saying much about their subject. I feel that if anyone is interested at all, they want to know as much as possible, and I shall try to follow that line.

I was born Richard Monroe Sneary on July 6th, 1927, of rather average upper middle class parents. My Father is a Union Pacific Railway Engineer, and my Mother is an ex-Harvy Girl, from the days

when it was staffed from some of the better Eastern families. I have one sister, who married when I was 11, and thus left me virtually an only child.

In appearance I am told I resemble Ray Palmer somewhat. A fact that has not prevented me from feuding with that worthy gentleman at times in the past. I'm 5'3", and weigh 100 lbs, with blue eyes and brown hair and, at the moment, mustache. Due to the fact that asthma left me without lungs, I do not smoke, and while not averse to beer, still find it a bitter draft.

My spelling, my apparent greatest claim to fame is solely the result of the asthma which bothered me till about two years ago. I was unable to attend school, and not being an abnormally bright lad was not overly interested in learning. I had hoped that by writing a great deal that it would improve. But after calculation the other day that I had written in the neighborhood of a million words, I see there is still much room to improve.

As with most shut-ins, I was an omnivorous reader, but we neither had, nor like so many fans, did I have access to a good library, so I was limited mainly to magazines. I didn't discover science-fiction till 1944, but became an ardent reader at once. I read all I could up until about a year ago, when after finishing most of the good stories that ever appeared in ASF, I turned to other fields of writing, in which I am now exploring deeper and deeper. S-F is now only the frosting.

At the present I am attending a business college learning to be an accountant. Perhaps some day I will be able to get a job taking care of all the money my friends are planning to make as great writers. At the moment though it is taking most of my time, and fandom and friends are finding it quite possible to survive without my guiding hand. I'm still active in clubs, but that will also have to end, except at a local level. I doubt that I'll ever leave it completely though, to many nice people.

SOUTH GATE IN '58



## A CRITIQUE OF PURE FANZINES

With apologies to Russ Watkins, I am not going to join his "Crusade to Clean Up Fandom". In fact, with added apologies, I am going to try to dissuade its further progress. Watkins' motives may be fine, but---horrors!----can you imagine a Fandom without Boggs, Laney, Nelson, and all the others that have made fandom what it is--- the most unique group of people in the country?

Actually the question seems to center around fan literature. As the co-editor of an NEFF-sponsored fanzine, I have had perhaps more than my share of woe from the League of Childish Innocence. The NEFF is a lively organization, but a few crack-pots writing in to the Directorate about the "indecentcy" of something or another can make more of a splash than you think. The trouble with these people, of course, is that they really don't know the difference between good and bad literature.

They don't know what they are talking about.

An editor has a hard job. He has to choose material that will please an overwhelming majority of his readers; he has to present that material in such a format as to please the eyes of those readers; and he has to print up the magazine so that it is readable and pleasing.

Hardest of all, though, is choosing the material in the first place. It must be, at once, pleasing and entertaining and unoffensive. Hardly an editor exists who has not been accused by someone of publishing indecent literature or pornographic artwork.

In drawing the line between undesirable material and printable stuff the editor is walking on eggshells. He can't please everybody, but it is his job to please most of his readers. Also, he has to take into consideration that the author might get very angry at having his pet work rejected or changed.

But in general, the main question is, where is the line to be drawn?

We try to set up a critique of literature that will please everybody and only pass high quality writing and art. For instance, I recently rejected a story written by a girl whom I would judge to be around high school age. The title of the story was SIGNIFYING NOTHING. It was an apt title, for the story certainly signified nothing at all. The writing was passable as far as word handling and usage went, but there was no plot, no reader-sympathy, no central theme, no motivation, no idea at all, nothing to make rewarding reading. Worse than that, however, the poor girl's use of obscenity was unbridled. It was also crude and in most cases awkwardly used. The description, where there was any, was exaggerated to the point of absurdity and the sequence of events was disconnected and incoherent. And the whole thing was juvenile in thought and idea.

I mention this to serve as an example where the use of obscenity is unsuitable. It is a fact that a skillful author can use profane and obscene expressions at will without being offensive about it. He does so, however, with a purpose in mind. And he must show clearly that he is not in sympathy with the use of such language. It is used, in its acceptable form in literature, to lend realism and emphasis to any point or description in the story and as such cannot offend the reader.

Juvenile ideas, also, can be very offensive if handled with open-author-sympathy. The proper treatment of such themes is to use them as supports for the realism of the story or to make their significance clearer. Likewise an attack on anything, parti-



## Critique of Pure Fanzines (2)

cularly in the realm of fiction, must be presented in such a way as not to be all-enclusive and to offend the general audience.

For instance, the above-mentioned rejected story contained such statements as: "In my mind brothers are... vicious... sadists that are a necessary feature of the Master Plan," or a statement to that effect; made, incidentally, by the author herself. And made in such a way that the author did not show clearly that she had no sympathy with the statement. In this case the whole idea is absurd, offensive, and cannot be passed; similar unbridled attacks on religion, politics, etc. must necessarily be so all-inclusive as to offend anybody who reads them, and so cannot be used.

On the other hand, sez, the great taboo for so many years, is breaking down under the pressure of logic; the use of sex as a theme for a joke, a bit of humor, or a story is certainly not "wrong" unless the use is so perverted as to be disgusting. In art also drawings of nudes are no longer, generally, "wrong" in the sense that they represent corruption or pornography. There can be pornographic drawings, but I have never seen one in a fanzine; and on the whole the use of sex as a basis for humor and laughs is wholesome enough, and certainly cannot be objected to except on the grounds that some person doesn't like it. Which throws the whole decency issue on the level of personal tastes, and as everyone knows, tastes differ.

In that case, your definition of decency depends mostly upon your tastes in literature, and therefore may differ from mine; and therefore, each is as good in its own right as the other, and no absolute standard for decency exists. Thus the problem of editing becomes one of choosing material that first entertains most of the readership and second fits the definition of decency held by the majority of readers.

Few advocates of "decency" realize this fact, however, and so they go on clamoring as if their standard of decency was the BEST standard of decency; if they would realize that the best they can say about an indecent ((by whose standards?)) piece is, "Well, I didn't like it," a lot of the feuding that results over such matters would be eliminated.

That is why the choice of what to be published must be left up to the judgement of the fanzine editor, who will choose that material which best suits his readers; and in general the editor is a pretty good judge, considering that you can't please everybody, anyway. However, it would make his job easier if he didn't have to fight all the time with people who shriek: "Indecent!" instead of merely saying, "I didn't like it." If a piece of literature is really disgusting to any one but a pervert the chances are the editor will reject it. If he doesn't reject it, his readers will overwhelmingly clamor to have the magazine's policy changed.

And that is why I urge you not to join any crusade to "clean up" fandom. Fandom's color and appeal partly result from the fact that fannish tastes differ, as far as from Ray Nelson's Sexocracy to Manly Banister's astute wierdism. All these elements belong, and sexocracy in its own right is no more indecent than anything else. And if Russ doesn't plan to clean up that, there is nothing left to clean up. It is well known that any fan who becomes too offensive to general fandom soon gets thrown out of fandom, in effect, since all other fans sever ties with him. Let's keep fandom's skeletoned closets and dark corners; it is part of our tradition and it helped make fandom what it is today.

-Bill Veneble (co-editor  
of FanVariety)

.....



## A REBUTTAL

With all due regard to Mr. Veneble's paper I still say join THE CRUSADE TO CLEAN UP FANDOM. It needs it.

Why does it need it? Veneble's intentions to dissuade others from joining CCF is understandable in the light of his present fanzine. Thus far, I have not named any fanzines in particular that were the worst offending. But since Bill's attack on CCF came rather unexpectedly (I wish to take this opportunity to thank Lee Hoffman for giving me an advance copy of Bill Veneble's manuscript so that I might defend my stand and present the viewpoint of the CCF members. Mr. Hoffman is a fair-minded editor. May there be more like him.) I will now say that I think Mr. Veneble is against CCF because he is co-editor of FANVARIETY, one of the uncleanest fanzines to flow into the fan's mailboxes. Naturally, anyone who puts an impure fanzine out does not like to be interrupted and told that his zine is filthy and to clean it up. Personally, I think that FV is as bad as INCINERATIONS, the zine that was banned from the mails recently. May I now go on record as saying that I did not make the complaint to the PO that caused its suspension nor did any of my CCF members as far as I know. I do not think that that is the method to use to induce editors of bad zines to turn toward the good side of zine publishing and put out material worthwhile to fandom. Why don't these fans do something to aid fandom instead of trying to tear it down?

I am not trying to rid fandom of bad fans, as Veneble suggested, but am instead attempting to persuade them to better utilize their many and varied talents toward furthering better and finer fanzines. As will be noted in the latest issue of DAWN AND THE IMAGINATIVE COLLECTOR, I am in favor of consolidating fanzines into 3 or 4 excellent ones. Fandom would really gain by this project if accomplished. The crud and squalidness of present day zines would be put to an end. Fans would get the information, news, and fiction that they would like to see in zines which they pay their good money for. Fandom could well afford to put out what would be called a "professional fanzine.". More fans would then be brought into the realm of fandom. And, most enjoyably of all, fans would still have lots of FUN.

But back to crummy zines; I am surely hoping William will clean up FV somewhat if not completely. Recently he featured an anti-religious article ridiculing religious beliefs that was completely uncalled for. I actually cannot believe that William and his co-editor are so downright ornery as these items in FV would make them appear to be.

But they can prove this to me by continuing to print muck in their zine; or they can prove otherwise by changing policy.

I cannot understand why certain fans will put out their money and time and then produce something that has no value whatsoever. What pleasure they obtain from seeking the indecency of their minds in print, (I am speaking in general terms now, Bill.) is an enigma to me. After all, fanzines are not put out only just to please the owner (or editor) but also to please the general fan. Perhaps the editors' minds are polluted with filth but that is no reason for him to spread it around so that other minds are polluted likewise with his sewage from reading it in his magazine.

Bill says that no editor exists that has not been accused of publishing indecent literature or pornographic artwork. I believe that I am one editor that has not been so charged as far as I know. That means at least since I have been sole editor of Dawn, that I have not printed anything off-color nor of pornographic nature. (Now let the accusers come forward.) Dawn with its co-editors, has published some items that



## A Rebuttal (2)

might be considered bad taste but nothing similiar to the smut that I've been seeing in present day zines. I am not so much against a zine that has occasionally let an item or word slip by but I am mainly in opposition to the zines that continually publish corrupt material. I don't see how they can persistantly "pile up" such vile-ness in print and picture. If zines were judged according to the worst articles, material, etc., the would be in the Z list. But, I say, let's judge them ad valorem.

Eventually anyone's tastes differ from another person's. Tastes of literature as well as anything else. But doesn't decency mean good taste? That is, literature that is suitable in words? Would you call profanity decent language? I am for literature in fanzines that is moderate but competent in its treatment of "the King's English". Keep it respectable and it will fit the definition of the majority of decency.

As for Ray Nelson's "sexocracy", I can deem nothing more indecent. Once, Ray sent me an item in one of his letters to the MAIL AT DAWN section of my fanzine expounding the great benefits of "sexocracy" over marriage that was the most stupid piece of writing that I have seen and that I absolutely refused to print. Likewise I thought it and anything connected with it highly indecent and immoral. I believe that it was merely a juvenile idea that Ray had and could not repel from his mind. I am wondering if "sexocracy" still exists. Certainly Bill is right, that should be cleaned up too if found in fanzines. I can see no connection with stf topics there. Bill says that all of these different elements belong in fandom. I challenge him to prove this to me with a critique of different elements in fandom. We have fandom because we all possess the same tastes in literature and affiliated subjects. Outside interests should not be brought into the matter as far as I am concerned.

I can discern no appeal to other non-fans to become fans thru these outside interests nor thru any indecency that Bill may think lends color to fandom. Instead I regard them as turning away many new fans after their seeing this "color". I am sure that many talented fans are "lost" to fandom because of these low-lifers in fandom. It took several years for me to really enter fandom after discovering it for the simple reason that so many fanzines presented the foolish side of fans. I had begun to think that all fans were "nuts" or either "sexcrazy" until I joined the Louisville Fan Club and was introduced to the best in fanzines.

That is why I appeal to the decent-minded fans to join the CRUSADE TO CLEAN UP FANDOM and fanzines. It is known as the CCF. We have many members now that are only subscribing to the "clean" zines and are urging other zines to change policy and join with us. That way, fandom will be respectable and no one need be ashamed to be associated with it. Many more fans will be coming into fandom soon due to the popularity that stf is now enjoying and these fans will stay in fandom if there is something there worth working for and working with. Stf fandom can become the greatest of all hobbies to us and also the most enlightening. If any want more information or wish to join the CCF please write to me at 203 E. Wampum Ave., Louisville 9, Ky. Let's make that CCF list grow. Let's make fandom better.

(I apologize to Bill for being so personal in several places in this paper. I want to start no personal feuds but found it necessary to be personal in parts of this essay.)

-- Russell K. Watkins

.....  
Have you tried

SLUDGE?



## PURE AS NEW FALLEN SLUSH

Well, Russ, Lee said she would like to get this little discussion off to a nice start. So here I am with a smile on my lips and a song in my heart.

You state Fanvariety is one of the "uncleanest" fanzines. May I ask how you know that cause I can't ever remember sending you copies. Or do your best friends tell you. Reason I never sent you a copy is that you are most certainly that type of fan I don't want reading Fanvariety. I'm looking for an open minded fan, not one with holes in his head. I think I once got a copy of your fanzine when I bought a batch from another fan. I read it too and as I said I never bothered to exchange. I don't know what ever happened to the copy. Must have used it to slip-sheet Fv.

Fanvariety is not a stf fanzine and it never was intended to be one. It was first started to publish material that deals with any topic. This could be science-fiction, religion, music, wierd, fantasy, good housekeeping, politics, and yes, sex. That's S-E-X. I hope this isn't over your head.

I also think Fv was as bad as Incinerations, but what if it was, so what? We've toned it down lately. Not cause we wanted to tho, but because the post-office told us to. We twist no one's arm to read Fv. I guess those first 9 issues were the last of the red-hot fanzines. They will all have to go now and I'm truly sorry to see it.

As for your rather gosh-wow-boy-oh-boy idea about consolidating fanzines into 2 or 3 fanzines. That is the biggest fuggheaded statement since someone wanted to start a Slan Center. Fandom is a hobby, not a way of life, at least not to me. Those fanzines you're talking about wouldn't hold water. Fans have their "professional fanzines" already and some of them are edited by fans. They are called something like prozines or pulp. That have fiction by fans, fan news, etc. But fans still turn to fanzines like they are today. Do you know what has made all great fanzines? It's elementary, my dear Watkins. Do you know what made Le Zombie, Spaceway, Time-traveller, Science-Fiction Digest, Shaggy, Pandango, Spacewarp and the other few greats? It was the single personality of the editor and his choice of material. Personality, I said. Maybe you'd better look that up. I can wait.

I'm afraid you'll also find me uh...what was that phrase you used? Very cute, I think, "downright ornery". You can ask my readers and they'll agree with you. I'm downright ornery. So what? I'm happy as well as downright ornery. Also a bad spell-er and slightly nearsighted.

This is one editor that doesn't print in Fv what my readers like. What goes in Fv is what Bill Venable and I want, not the readers. Since they do very little about footing the bill, I don't care if they like the material or not. If they like it, that makes it nice. If not, that's too bad. They're welcome to cancel their subscriptions or exchanges. Once I quite running what I like in Fv, I'll stop publishing the magazine. You can ask the NFFF about that if you like. But that's another swtitch of a different color.

I don't consider profanity a decent language. Personally I don't care for it, cause anyone can curse. I like something original, clever, even funny. If someone



can write an article and be at least a little bit original, I'll print it. Whether it has to do with stf, religion, or sex. If I didn't like something in a fanzine I wouldn't read it. I most certainly wouldn't say just because I didn't like a bit of material, none else should read it, even if they do like it. That's what you do, cause you and your CCF gang don't like "unclean" material (to coin another one of your snappy terms) no one else should. Well, I don't care much for you. Should I ignore you like I always have or should I organize a LET'S CLEAN UP RUSS WATKINS CRUSADE?

Since your Rebuttal is a clean-up crusade I would suggest you call it, "Through Fandom with Mop and Pail." As you said, Russ, everyone's tastes differ from another person's so let's just let it rest at that. That's why they print more than one magazine, you know. Thought I'd pass it on to you. Little things like that are nice to know.

Ever lovin yers, Max.

((Line forms to the right))

HEY, LOOK NOW...

We are perfectly willing to let our readers use Q as a place to publicly discuss issues. We even encourage a good argument. But it is our opinion that nothing can come from name-calling and back-stabbing. And we would rather remain neutral in a shooting war. If you have something intelligent and logical to say, we honor your right to say it and offer our zine to you, but there will be no more pointless name-calling and feuding, please.

-Lee Hoffman

## SLUDGE

### BETWEEN THE COVERS ARE:

Peter Ridley. . . . .To Rear The Tender Thought  
Ian Morgan. . . . .Between Blues  
Thenek Thims . . . . .Paradox  
Alan Hunter . . . . .And Incapable  
Bob Shaw. . . . .?

illos by Ridley, Hunter & Foster

One current U.S.A. promag for 3 issues. Subs exchanged with other fanzines.

BOB FOSTER,  
2 SPRING GARDENS,  
SOUTHWICH,  
BRIGHTON,  
SUSSEX, ENGLAND.

((We heartily recommend  
this mag.....yed))





see you

Sam Moskozitz  
127 Shephard Ave.  
Newark 8, N.J.

Dear Lee:-

Slightly staggered by the tremendous size of your first anniversary issue of quandary ((grrr)). The flames of enthusiasm must be burning high in your case, for in the history of science fiction, publications of 100 pages or more have been few and far between and somewhat exulted. Certainly no one has produced a 100 page fan magazine in a single month!(Us included))

Although I grow increasingly lethargic in recent times, the fuss about polls prompts me to raise a little finger of enlightenment.

Unlike Bob Tucker who subscribed to Time Traveler and did not keep them, I did not subscribe to The Time Traveler and I kept them, therefore I am in a position to give a little information on the closest approximation they had to science fiction fan polls. In Vol.I No.8, Sept, 1932 issue of The Time Traveler ("Science Fiction's Only Fan Magazine"), editor Allen Glasser in an editorial announced that on the last page of that issue the readers would find a coupon for listing the best science fiction stories of 1932. There were three categories: 1) Serial 2) Novelette 3) Short Story. This was to become a monthly feature of the magazine thereafter. Unfortunately, The Time Traveler, now sub-titled ("Science Fiction's First Fan Magazine"), lasted but one more issue before it combined with Science Fiction Digest. In this last issue dated Winter, 1933, the stories chosen by the readers as the "Best Science Fiction of 1932" were: Serial; When Worlds Collide by Edwin Balmer and Philip Wylie; Novelette: A Conquest of Two Worlds by Edmond Hamilton; Short Story; A Scientist Rises by D.W. Hall. No information on the number of votes cast was given.

The Time Traveler, The Science Fiction Digest and The Fantasy Fan all carried short feature squibs by their readers titled: "My Favorite Science Fiction Story."

The Jules Verne Prize Club organized by Raymond A. Palmer was quite possibly inspired by The Time Traveler. Virtually on the heels of the appearance of the last number of TTT Palmer announced the set-up of a club to award prizes for the three best science fiction stories of the year, the winners to receive cups from the group in recognition of their achievement. Palmer intimated that prize-winning stories for 1933 had been chosen, but folded up the club due to lack of funds early in 1934. The winners, if actually voted upon, were never made public.

The detailed expositions of Walter Willis remind me (sigh) of my own carefully detailed write-ups of every bottle of soda-pop consumed at a fan meeting, with every gurgle and slop fervently recorded for posterity. In a sense it is really the only way to get the true flavor of a fan meeting, because of this I read Willis's account with pleasure.

Very Truly yours,

[Sam Moskowitz]

P.S. I am really pleased over the magnificent upsurge of fan activity in the south. Nothing comparable to it has come from that region in the past.

.....

Bob Tucker  
P.O.Box 260  
Bloomington, Ill.

Wow !

Who did saw Courtney's boat?

Best,

22

[Bob]



Sez

Manly Banister  
1905 Spruce Avenue  
Kansas City 1, Mo.

Dear Lee:

Received and partially perused Annish of Quandry. This is terrific. This is wonderful. This is the reason I stop publishing. Why should I have short fingernails and a frustration complex from bucking such competition as this?

I shan't comment on everything--I haven't read everything yet. But what I have read is commendable. Especially that Repeating Harp, Walter Willis. Walter, as you probably know, is the King-pin of Fandom in Ireland. This is an entirely just position for Walter to occupy, being the pin-headed descendent of a long line of Irish Kings. Briar Bary was that first King's name--Briar Baru who invented the smoking pipe. This is attested to on every pipe you purchase. It says "Genuine Briar."

About Walter now, Walter has a wonderful flair for words (flair: from the French flairer, to smell). He is a great columnist. He does, however, have a miserable predilection toward lapsing into Gaelic as the most uncommon points in his narrative. I think it's Gaelic. I have culled some of these expressions from the reading matter, and a few of them are: habe, Ii, ans, temmis, yhos, and many others. ((Many others' sounds like English to me))

I, too, have a singular predilection toward grappling with culture in all its forms--blond forms, brunette forms, red-headed forms, and things like that. Anyway, I was fascinated by the facile Willis mind and pen. I desired to know the meaning of these Gaelic words, so I went down town and bought a Gaelic-Patagonian dictionary. Why not a Gaelic-English dictionary? I already have a Patagonian-English dictionary which I have never had occasion to use. It will now prove highly useful as a medium between me and the Gaelic-Patagonian dictionary

However I could not find these Willis expressions in the Gaelic part of the dictionary. I couldn't even find them in the Patagonian half. Could these be Hoffmanisms, I ask myself? And, as I always demand answers to my questions, I return "Probably". If so, please translate them into Patagonian for me--I will use that Patagonian-English dictionary! ((Such Hoffmanisms are merely translations of Willisisms such as 'wrer, heesh, futire, and poetsarcd!))

Now, I am certain I have my doubts about this Willis chap. I am sure he is not even Irish. There isn't a trace of brogue in all that stuff he writes! I protest against this with every drop of Irish blood in me own veins. As I am one-eighth Irish one drop of blood out of every eight is making this uncommonly loud noise--I can hear them slushing through my veins even now, muttering "Begorra, begorra, begorra!" There is no doubt at all that one-eighth of my blood is Irish blood. It won't associate with any of my other corpuscles, and I can show it to you any time you desire to open a vein and look. It is emerald green. And it circulates only in my left arm. I keep reaching out on that side for shamrocks, Irish whisky, blondes and wheelbarrow handles. It is so full of blarney, you can't believe a word it says-- I am writing this with my left hand.

Nonetheless, Walter is a great editor (next to Lee Hoffman, of course) and SLANT is the greatest magazine in the world (in line after Quandry, to be sure. NOTE TO WALTER: Sorry, old man, but I've got to get this published, you know. NOTE TO LEE HOFFMAN: Stop reading my mail!) I have a high estimation of SLANT and have come to this esteem through research of the magazine's editorial content, judicious study of the situation, and recognition of the fact that Walter has lately taken to publishing some of my stuff. The last point, however, is redundant to the overall conclusion. No truly GREAT magazine would fail to publish my juvenile literary effusions. (Are you listenin', Lee?)

(overpage yet)



I suppose Walter has fooled you all into thinking you know why he calls SLANT SLANT. Of course, that is not it. You see, Walter slants--40 degrees from the perpendicular. At first, there were only two of them--Walter and James White. James slants at  $38\frac{1}{2}$  degrees; but, since Walter slants to the right and James slants to the left, the discrepancy is not sufficient to occasion architectural stress while they hold each other up.

The true fact of the matter is that, although the two managed to maintain equilibrium in a passive state, each supporting the other, positive locomotion was somewhat of a difficult feat, characterized by frequent dispersions upon their separate anterior physiognomial areas - falling flat on their facts, as the vernacular has it.

What luck, then, when they found Bob Shaw leaning one day against a light standard. Bob Shaw slants backward, of course; angle: 39 degrees. All things being equal, or nearly so as in this case, they now make like a wigwam and progress not only forward but backward with the greatest of ease.

This matter of slants is a very fortunate thing, indeed, as now all three face in the right direction when having their (if you'll pardon the expression) collective picture taken.

Such is the secret of SLANT. I have said it and I am gla-a-a-ad!

Keep on with this good-looking quandry.

Cordially,

[M.B.]

.....

Walter A. Willis  
170, Upper Newtownards Rd  
BELFAST, Northern Ireland

Dear Lee,

I am sorry to say that this letter of Banister's contains some gross calumnies, or maybe even 145 of them. I put a trunk call through to my solicitor and he tells me I have a suitcase---I mean a case for a libel suit. In the first place I am not the pinheaded descendant of a long line of Irish kings, I am the kingheaded descendant of a long line of Irish pins. Hence the title THE SHARP THAT PUNS. I shall get my libel suit made up out of a pins tripe material. Banister also shows a laughable ignorance of Irish history. The hero of Clontarf was not Briar Baru but Brian Boru whose last name is of course the motto of SLANT. Nor did he invent the first smoking pipe---the credit for that should probably go to someone in Kansas City, home of SUCH remarkable inventions as the collapsible dyke and the folding fanmag. As for the suggestion that there is no trace of a brogue in my column, it surely can't be expected that EYERY time I open my mouth I should put my foot into it. As a matter of fact it is putting my feet in my mouth so often, with or without brogues, that accounts for the "poor taste" of some of my remarks pointed out by no less an authority than Mr. J.T. ("Let us put ENDPAPERS behind us!") Oliver.

As for the suggestion that the staff of SLANT is not upright, this is a downright falsehood. Banister is lying in his teeth, and I hope he finds it very uncomfortable. I admit we have a leaning toward sf, but apart from that we are just as listless as can be--you have only to look at us to realise this. And if I did lean in any direction it would not be towards the right. In fact Roger Dard thinks I lean too much to the left. Let's hope he'll think better of me when he gets around to reading something I wrote this decade. And may I here put in a word to Wilkie Conner, who says that I criticised the people of North Carolina. Now I know nothing of North Carolina except what I read in the papers which I know couldn't possibly be true, and I never said a word against its people. All I said was that from Wilkie's own account of their behaviour in a cinema their understanding of sf seemed to be on a level with Wilkie's understanding of political realities. If Wilkie considers that an insult.....



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

Dear Lee,

This is what we've been waiting for! Gosh, I though 70 pages would be big, but 100 was a real shock. I wonder if that's the record? Does anybody know?

The HARP was good. I like his method of using subtle double meanings. Maybe Ireland is an island in the stream of time. If so, he will never die and we'll be stuck with him

The Kennedy thing was interesting. I wish you'd get him to do some humorous fan-fiction for you. ((We try...but...))

NO ROBBERY was okay. Like nearly all British writers, he uses a lot of words, tho. I wonder why they do that? I liked the moral of the story alot. Modern writers seem to be ashamed of the fact that they are human. They are always writing stories in which the mean old Earthmen persecute the poor old aliens something awful. Personally I don't like to have out Earthly hero go and marry an egg-laying Krishnan or an antennae Martian, when there is a nice human female around.

Auerbach's thing was right funny.

THE HARP IN ENGLAND was perhaps the best single item in the issue, I like the way he reports on things but I wonder how much he had to dramatise the thing.

The OKSNS flash was a bit of a shocker, until I noticed that it was a hoax. God, but I was scared for a minute! I'll have to shoot Mr. Tucker if he keeps that up.

...if Auerbach had been facing the front I think he would have closely resembled Bill Entrekin.

Sincerely,

jay

Pike Pickens - 5969 Lanto St. - Bell Gardens, Calif

Hello Lee!

((Cut three pages of OUTLANDER propaganda))

I have neither the time nor the paper to comment on the entire QUANNISH so I'll list the items I liked best:

Chaos, of chaos. Your "editorials" are always more amusing than the average fanmag editorial. That's what helps to give your mag its personality. A fanmag without personality is like a fanmag without personality and everyone knows how bad that is!

The Harp That Once Or Twice. The fact that Willis wrote so many pages for this ish makes up for the absence of File #13. If Boggs had appeared...double Wow!

(Geez, I'm a sweet guy.)

Them Wide Open Spaces. Very funny. However the consistant appearance of "South Gate in '58" in The Outlander is not primarily due to the fact that we run into them wide open spaces. If there wasn't room for the '58 ad we'd make room by diligent use of correction fluid or by cutting a new stencil for the express purpose of plugging the South Gate Convention. And thank you, kind sir, for publishing the Sacred Cry at the bottom of Kennedy's article.

OKSmith ads by Tucker. Shades of merrie olde Le Zombie! Chucklesome nostalgia.

Sez You. All of the letters were interesting and a couple were real entertaining. In re the Number One fan question, I must disagree with both Willis and Jay T. Oliver. Ackerman is without doubt one of the all time greats in fandom. So is Tucker. I would place Forry a notch above Bob (just a wee notch, Pong) because I think he has taken fandom more seriously than Tucker, perhaps too seriously at times. Forry always likes to be with fans. Any time anywhere. If he's there and some fans are there, he's happy. Tucker likes to be with fans too but he also has a penchant for poker and linker and no doubt drinks and plays cards with non-fans as well as fans. He is not as mentally, physically and financially tied up with science fiction and fandom as Ackerman is. For years the polls rated Forry as Number One and Bob as Number Two (or as he and Forry agreed at the Pacificon in '46, Number 1 $\frac{1}{2}$ ) and for that period of fan history the rating was fair enough. But neither Forry nor Bob spend as much time in activeruin as they used to. There are other fans today who spend more time in fanning than these

(flip over please)



## More Pickins

Two Fabulous people and who, in their own way do as much for fandom as did the VOMan and Roy Ping Pong. The last poll report I remember reading was the 1950 NFFF poll results and offhand I can't remember who was rated Number One. ((Roy Lavender)) It was probably Redd Boggs or Hagg or someone of equal calibre.

But in my opinion there is at this time only one great Number One active fan. I refer of course to that gentleman of any old school, that peerless reformer of out-dated spelling, the Keeper of the Outlander Monies, the Creator of the Sacred Cry (South Gate in '58!), the fabulous Sage of South Gate, Rick Sneary! Sneary, with his fine mind and ready wit, his sincerity and honesty, is one of those fans who have helped to make fandom a worthwhile hobby. As long as there are people like Rick in fandom, fandom need never be ashamed of it's existence. ((For more about this fabulous OUTLANDER see page 17))

Robert Bloch has blown his top. Backwards or forwards (or sideways) Foo ((ugh)) and Ghu ((!)) cannot be united! Does one eat chocolate cake with catsup on it? If you do and enjoy it then go off and be a fooghuist in your own little corner. You may as well worship Roscoe. Or Alpaugh. Foo fans are happy fans. Ghu isn't really helping Hoffman put out a fine mag you know. The fans who read Q are prob'ly--for the most part--Foofooists. Hoffman is laboring under a misprehaprehension. Foo sees that Lee has the ability to pub a good mag so Foo helps Lee to do it. Lee, being a latter day Barbarian with little learning in the lore of fandom, thinks it is Ghu. But was the QUANNISH pub'd in purple? NO. Foo saw to that. And of Q ever is pub'd in purple--thus causing much eyestrain to it's readers--it will become an unpopular mag for though its contents be as good as ever, few fans--especially Foofooists--will other to try to read it. Then perhaps Lee will become a true Ghuist and he will no longer be voted top editor. For the Foofooists have the Poo and it is mitier than the yobber!

Your friend and mine,

[Len]

Editor's note: Perhaps you readers who know The Truth wonder why we print these insidious blasphemies in Q. Well, first we are kind, loveable and tolerant. Second we realize that a youngfan cannot come to the Ultimate Truth Og Ghu unless he has the opportunity to learn of these things and to be tried with temptations. Truly, tho the heart be as black as the cursed foofoo himself, the soul will know and embrace the Truth that is Ghughu. Rip out your soul, Pike, and curse your body and mind to the eternal hells of the foofooist, Pike, but your beautiful purple soul will know The Truth and find its way to Ghu. There is only one ghod as ghreat as Ghu and He is Harvey!!

Rich Elsberry - 413 East 18th St - Minneapolis 4, Minn.

Dear Lee ----

Well, the Q annissue was something tremendous. Then too, it was disappointing. Lets look at the tremendous side first. 99 pages -- great. Besides they were beautifully mimeoed. Only a couple of ink blots in my copy and about two pages backwards. You must have sweated blood putting it out.

Somehow tho, for an Annissue I expected something good in the way of material. Oh yes, 48s material was good--that's just it. The material was good but not outstanding. No "File #13" and no really good articles. ((and no Elsberry.))

The 16 $\frac{1}{2}$  pages of Willis were excellent. Fanfiles were all good. The Shakesbeerian play is a true classic, Lee. If you don't watch out you'll have Redd Boggs' job as #1 Fan Writer. That is if you pay Proxyboo, Ltd. more than Boggs does. I have inside info that Redd has to pay Walt \$.03 per month for this somewhat dubious honor. Ollie King Smith brings back memories of Le Zombie. Why in hell doesn't Tucker scrap SFNL and start a Zombie!! Somebody wake up a ghoul!

"...You know what this swamp needs?"

"Windows?"

"Hah!"

"Screens on the windows?"

(overpage)



Sez Elsberry

The Cryptographer's Corner was very good. Let's have more. It was giving me trouble until I figured out that .R was by. Then it was easy. You did make a couple of errors in typing it out --- The title, of course, is "Time and Again" by Simak.

Yhos,

[Rick]

Es & Les Cole - 614 Norvell St. - El Cerrito 8, Calif.

Dear Lee,

Some hot scoop for you:

- 1) We are going to be three (confirmed, but probably not 4 due to history of non-twinning--except, of course, in orthoclase which can be twinned along 100, 010, 001, etc.)
- 2) We--I--Les was recently elected Chairman of the Little Men with Ed ex-officio Jackette-of-all-trades secretary to the officers en toto, and this will result in a serious curtailment of apa activity.
- 3) Violent objection to your quote of Tucker saying, "I like science-fiction, not science-fiction." This shows editorial partisanship. We insist that you run also Moskowitz's statement, "I LIKE SCIENCE-FICTION, NOT SCIENCE FICTION." And Les' "I prefer science-fiction, not science-fiction nor science fiction."

[L & E]

Bob Tucker

P.O.Box 260

Bloomington, Ill.

Cheerio:

Q - 14 arrived, read, and highly appreciated. Fully realizing how observing you are, I shall conduct myself more.... more.... more something hereafter.

Over the falls in '52

[Bob]

Lyell Crane

BM/LRFC

London W.C.1 England

Lee:

Having just finished reading the article "The Harp In England" by Walt Willis in "Q" No 13, I feel compelled to mention that he omitted to include the remark, spontaneously made by many present to the effect that:- "...all the European fans, no matter where they came from seemed to have an excellent command of the English language and the only fans you couldn't understand came from Northern Ireland etc..."

Now to another subject:- The mention in "Lippert Laughs Last..." of scientific errors in DESTINATION MOON stimulates me to mention another which grated on me at the time. When the man with the oxygen bottle jettied himself off into space with the rarest of abandon; to my way of thinking he held the jet a good deal too high up his chest. I'm sure that physics students will agree with me that opening the valve in the position depicted in the movie would cause a spinning movement to be imparted to the individual, and it would require considerable skill and many small spurts in different positions to progress in a straight line to any other object.

Cheers,

[Lyell]



Vince Clarke - 84, Drayton Pk. - Highbury - London, N.5. England

Dear Lee,

Yesterday a large Post Office truck drew up before our humble home, and a derrick swung a parcel inside onto the specially strengthened spot where Walt Willis's letters are handled. With due precaution we opened the envelope... then I only averted an ugly scene by knocking Ken Bulmer unconscious and grabbing the QUANNISH for myself.

100 pages! 99 more than King Wenceslas! Has someone gone nuts? If not, why not? When I think of the sheer amount of energy that must have gone into it, the energy that could have been better devoted to... to... to... on second thought it might not have been wise to divert that amount of energy. We don't want any splits in the space time continuum this year, thanks.

I lowered myself cautiously over the edge of pages 1-3 and wandered into a maze of short paragraphs in 4&5, stumbled across the surprising item concerning PROXYBOO and the alleged Lee Hoffman. I can hardly believe it. I am having my doubts about WAW tho. I can't remember ever having seen him eat whilst in London, and you know what that means. I'm just wondering whether he's one of Williamson's or one of Asimov's.

Luckily, no one is likely to take WAW seriously (except perhaps a few natives of North Carolina), for as a reporter he's a wee bit morbid. One can imagine him as the Eternal Discoverer of Bodies. Not only in 'La Vie Parisienne' either. His technique is to stab one between the ribs with a poisoned shaft of wit, then lower the collapsed ego on to a flowery compliment.

It's probably that he has been enthusiastically voted for by Campbell, the Smiths, Wendayne, Lyell Crane and Carnell as The Body We'd Most Like To See On A Bier, so make the most of him. His next ASF will probably be radio-active.

"How to write a S-F Story"... curse Craig... that's the article I've been wanting to write for years. Good.

Dear Lee, My verse was blank... yours is blankety,  
'Tis rough and rather wooly to the mind,  
Lamb's Tails from Shakespeare.  
Fie! The rhymes are out of joint,  
And tho' thy invention in itself be good  
Rhyming 'lord' and 'word' doth cry 'Calypso!'  
Thou hast given me the bard. (Exeunt) William Shakespeare.

News Flashes. Never, never, do anything like that again. I read through to Gold's remark with the sound of falling heavens in my ear. Picking my eyeballs off the floor (they were undamaged except for a small 8 imprinted on each one), I managed a feeble smile, but if WAW is morbid, Tucker is gruesome...

The Bradley story merely leaves me with a strong desire to know how you or Shaw ((us)) managed to get such thick lines in his illustration.

Lil peepul much appreciated.

Calkins painful and true.

Letter, esp. Tuckers, worth reading. Bloch's really trying to get back to 5th fandom or before... Incidentally, I'd like to advocate WAW as saving space. Counting through the QUANNISH I find his full name 19 times, surname or Christian 33 times. It's practically an egobook

So summing up, tho varying wildly in quality, the QUANNISH is an astounding effort, deserving to rank in history with those other uses of wood, pupped and otherwise... I refer to Lincoln's teeth, the Mayflower, Red Riding Hood's adventures, the Declaration of Independence and the handle of Washington's axe.

[Vincent]

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

Dear Lee:

When the first ish of Q popped into my mailbox some 12 months ago, I never dreamed you'd be able to improve so in one year.

Sincerely,

[Gerry]



eeek

Wanted badly: second hand copy  
of Tucker's THE DOVE cheap.

It is with considerable pride that we note the obvious endeavors of several prozine editors to win our favor. The enthusiasm has pleased us. Gentlemen, we observe your efforts and appreciate them. Firstly, you, Mr Gold. It was in our June issue that we criticized your bacover displaying a nude (or so we assume) girl and advertising a book about the education of a French Model. Immediately your July issue came out without that backver, and you have not used it since. We are proud of you Mr Gold.

In the Quannish which was mailed in August we commented on the covers of ASF. It was our opinion that Mr Campbell needed a new tin of ink...some other color...we were beginning to get very tired of pale blue covers. Well, the September issue of Astounding came out with a green and orange cover, the October issue with a traditional blue background but a brilliant orange BEM on it. And undoubtedly our readers have seen the November issue with its orange and yellow cover. We appreciate your enthusiasm, Mr Campbell, but we didn't realize you'd go this far. But we aren't quite sure we like this new cover. We'll have to wait and see some more of them before we decide. Besides, Mr C., doesn't it make your mag look just a wee bit like a certain other prozine on the stands now? Oh, yes, you can use blue if you want to. Don't throw it out altogether just because we were a little tired of your monochromatic covers.

Herewith a noteworthy comment by Alan Hunter: "I hope you thoroughly enjoyed the NOLACON. And I am sure your "secret" did not last long there. Judging by some of the American fanzines I have seen lately, even fans still have sharp perceptions for things like that."

Concerning back issues of Q, we have about half a dozen copies of #14. This is the issue full of Nolacon li'l peepul. Fifteen cents a copy while they last. The mag which we recently published for the Nov FAPA mailing isn't for sale. There just weren't enough copies to distribute outside of FAPA except for a couple of special copies.

On the subject of FAPA, if you are interested in publishing...not merely the egoboo that comes to a fanzine publisher...but actually the publishing itself, why don't you write Charles Lee Riddle for information? (Charles Lee Riddle, PN1, USN Fleet All Weather Training Unit, Pacific, c/o EPO, San Francisco, Cal.) You don't have to have a duplicator, either. It isn't hard to find a fellow member who'll print your material or mimeo (or ditto) your mag for you. Minimum requirements are \$1.50 and 8 8 1/2 pages a year. In return you receive quarterly mailings containing publications by many of fandom's leading publishers. There will be more info on FAPA in a coming issue of Q.

We want old fanzines. But we can't afford to pay , ridiculously exorbitant prices for them. We can't even afford reasonably low prices. But we will gladly trade you ad-space and/or copies of coming Qs for them. If you're willing to make a trade please let us know.

Concerning the Nolacon; if after reading the accounts in Q you are wondering what happened in N.O. send 15¢ to Bob Tucker - Box 260 - Bloomington, Ill. for the current SFNL. It contains a very good straight account of the official proceedings, also photos, Tucker-comments, book news, etc. Better yet, send Tuck a buck for the next 7 issues and keep abreast with the news in fandom. (British subbers: 7s/6d to Ken Slater)

Over the Falls in '52!

P.S. Quandry is one of the only items now for sale for Confederate money. Write for prices.  
The South Shall Rise!



