

Whole No. 16

A Perfidious Publication

Dec. 1951

The Stuffing

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and a Merry Christmas to you!

Puffins by Vick

Li'l Peepul by yed

Cartoons by Peter Ridley

QUANDRY Vol. II No. 4 , Whole No. 16 is published nigh onto monthly at the sign of the Old Gray Mare (nowhere near Fetter Lane) by a HBF otherwise known as the Grusome Gheechee of Giggling Gulch or vice versa. Editorial officed at the Epicornre, 101 Wagner St, Savannah, Ga. European offices, Walter A. Willis, 170, Upper Newtownards Rd., BELFAST, Northern Ireland. Us'ns trade with all and any other fan pubs except FAPA mags. We are likely to publish any letters received, unless the writer hollers loud and in print that we mustn't. We welcome any material except long or serious fiction, and prefer material with a fannish slant. Return postage with manuscripts is appreciated,. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Marion Zimmer Bradley. Ad rates: \$1.50 a page. \$.80 per half page. Visitors to the hovel since last issue include Lee Jacobs, Stan Serxner, Ian Macauley, and J.F. Streinz.

Editor - Lee Hoffman
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and staple pushers -
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Chaos

Back to the old grind. Good grief, do you realize we've published 16 issues of this thing? (counting the copy you're reading.) Frightening thought, wot? And now this, our next-to-the-last issue of 1951. In this issue we wish to wish you a Merry Christmas, as our next issue won't be mailed until after that joyous day. As we see it, both the mag and the post office will be better off if we don't go tossing Quandry into the mails along with all the Christmas Cards and parcels that'll be driving mail men to the madhouse during December. It occurs to us now that this is our last issue of 1951, as it bears the December date and you probably won't receive #17 until January altho we will be making it up in December. Confusing, huh? Then it will be the first issue of 1952 which will carry our ten-poll. So start thinking now about who was who and what was what in 1951.

In 1952 we would like to keep a check-list of fan-publications (except a a mags). We have at present over 30 mags on our trade list. We would like to trade zines with any and all non-FAPA & non-SAPS zines being published in fandom. Our checklist can't list mags that we don't get. We may publish this checklist in quarterly sections in Quandry. Maybe as one big project at the end of the year. Or maybe as irregular installments in Q. We don't know now. This won't be an index, just a check list. We would appreciate it if you fellow faneds publish the fact that we plan this check-list, along with our address. In the case of one-shot mags and special publications such as the proposed volume of The Immortal Storm, we'll list them if we receive them or if the editor or publisher will let us know about them. A postcard will do. Please keep this in mind.

HEARTS AND FLOWERS DEPT: It was only a small postcard of customary postcard color, but there, lettered on its backside in that now familiar type-face, was the horrible pronouncement: Another Mighty Oak has fallen. Post Office box 260 no longer... Aglast we held this card in our trembling fingers and realized that this was one of the last strongholds of the Fandom That Once Was. Slowly but surely every great oak is being felled. Eventually all will be gone and probably a parking lot erected. Soon, perhaps, Harry Warner will break his now-famous record and attend a convention; Forrest Ackerman will sell out his personal collection of stf; Gaughu and (pause for breath) footfoo will be forgotten. The Idols will lie smashed and trampled upon. Fandom will fang shut the portals of the past and stornchel on its merry way, leaving but the dust of once-mighty oaks. Tuckor, you have failed us. This decree portends only evil and disaster.

An even greater blow to Southern Fandom, altho damyankees may rejoice, is the news that BT's plans to make his home in Florida, are also as defunct as Box 260. I cry.

But on this grey and forboding horizon, there is a spark of light. Lee Jacobs now finds himself stationed at Camp Gordon, Ga. Practically walking distance from Savannah. (Well, around 100 miles by fast mule.) Mr Jacobs, under the spell of the Hoffmanwirecorder, has purchased himself one of these fiendish devices and wishes it announced that he would like to wirepond with any and all. Those desiring to join in are asked to sept wires to him c/o Quandry. You can send wires to Lee, yed or both if you so wish.

This month a talkative mood so overpage please, eh wot?

Mayhap we should mention that Tuck's new Box No. is 702, but then you probably know already, don't you.

While on the subject of Bloomington's #1 fan some mention should be made of City In The Sea. We got our copy and it is terrific. The book is reviewed further on in this issue but is well worthy of more mention than that alone. It is much more than "just another stfbok" to our way of thinking.

Another black note: no more colored covers on Q for a while. We no longer have the equipment for doing color work. We hope to replace it soon, but until then, you'll have to manage on black print. Unfortunately we seem unable to get colored paper either.

Due to the chaotic state of affairs at present we aren't going to take any more 1-year subs. We'll take subs at 7 issues for a dollar, and orders for less than 7 issues, but please, none bigger. This may portend the folding of Q. We surely hope not. It is our intent to continue as is thru Q#25. At that time we may change our publishing schedule or whatever, depending upon the state of affairs at that time. Or, if things work out, we may continue as is indefinitely. Fie, we may even go weekly!

The Thing Upstairs has moved downstairs. The mimeo now resides in the same room we do. This room is beginning to get a bit crowded now. But nonetheless it is an ideal room as far as we are concerned. As is we can reach almost everything in it while seated at the typer table. The addition of the mimeo to this conglomerated mess, makes it even more convenient.

We have for sale (or trade for back number fanzines) ASF since Dec '46 except for a couple of recent ones, GALAXY and GALAXY NOVELS and IMAGINATION. Also several recent AMAZING (850 - '51) and OTHER WORLDS. Also some other pulps...SS, TWS, OOTWA, AFR, etc. Anyone interested? Also pb Ship of Ishtar.

Clyde T. Hanback at 1531 O St NW, Washington 6, D.C. announces his forthcoming newszine, STEANNEWS, with the first issue to be out around November 24th. The will review fanzines, publish bi-weekly and include stf books & movies in review and a Who's Who in Fandom column. Sounds good.

Contrariwise to previous plans the next issue of Q will be late. Probably won't be along until well into January. In fact it may be so late that it will be dated for two months. This is due to non-fan activities on the part of yed. So don't be concerned when the end of December rolls around and there's no Q in your mailbox. And don't be confused into thinking that you are getting one issue for the price of two. You'll get your full set of 12 per year, if you're a year-subber. It's just that we're going off schedule again. And please remember this. Save yourself the trouble of writing us early next year employing your best profanity (if you cuss like a trooper) to tell us that you haven't received your copy of Q#17 yet. Cause it won't have been out yet. Okay?

Happy birthday Bob & Forry and all others cumpleaños-ing around now. And at other times too. Like WAW a month ago and Bob Johnson two months back. Coswal around Halloween and columnist Conner a bit before them, Serxner a bit later, Ridley some months hence, Slater a bit after Christmas, Pike a few days ago, and Wendayne a few days before him. And coming soon, Bob Farnham, Pavlet, Warner, and Silverberg. And coming and beeh, so many many people and so little paper. Well, happy birthdays and joyous Christmas and a long damp New Year to you all. You too, Piper Pan.

THE HARP THAT ONCE OR TWICE

Somehow I feel I should be writing a Convention Report on the Nolacon. It's difficult when you haven't been there ('tho NEWSSCOPE did a pretty good job on the London Convention with only a copy of the official programme and a talent for extrapolation) and yet I feel that you are all snatching up your Q's with eager little cries, "Ah, more con stuff!" and then casting the magazine from you in disgust at finding that fellow Willis harping again.

So I have got to say something about the Nolacon. I could discourse about conventions generally and how it is a proof of the fundamental strength of fandom that it survives them. I mean one of the main interests of fandom is wondering what your correspondents are like and when you've found out, well that's that, even if you're not disappointed. Or I could review the Official Programme, in which I love the Outlander's advertisement. I salute the genius who wrote it, whether it be Moffatt or Sneary. Or I could talk about some of the things I've learned about from the first reports, like people's reactions when they found out Lee Hoffman is La Hoffman. (I'm sorry the Nolacon is over. For a few glorious months I knew something about fandom that Tucker didn't.)

But those won't help me to realise my life's ambition. I used to aim at some job that wasn't too arduous and left time for fanning, like head taster in a distillery or a manufacturer of smoked glasses for eclipses of the sun, but these are small ambitions now. What I intend to do is work so hard for the next twenty years at my convention reports that finally I will get a job as a PROFESSIONAL CONVENTION REPORTER. No convention will be complete without a report from Willis. Even before the Convention Committee book the Hall, they will say, "First here's 1000 dollars for Willis's retainer." Since our family paid off our retainer long ago I shall keep the money myself and live in idle luxury for 51 weeks in the year, with nothing to do but watch the mail for bombs. I shall be the first Fulltime Fan. The only snag is that some people will probably make the same sort of nasty crack they seem to like to make at another fan who loves fandom so much he devotes his life to it instead of coining money at some mundane occupation.

The only thing I can do here is quote a passage from an imaginary broadcast from the Nolacon I started to write for Q.14 until I found (sniff') that my presence wasn't required. It is a round table discussion on the question that what fan publishers need is a new means of reproduction. (Rotsler: 'Why, what's wrong with sex?') Banister had just announced that he had invented one when he is assassinated by two members of the studio audience who strike him on the head with an enormous weight.

Chairman (Tucker):	A QUAINISH! Oh dear, his neck must be broken. Yes, his neck is definitely folded. Who has done this dreadful deed?
Audience:	Vermillion Swampwater!
First Murderer:	No, my name is Dick.....
Tucker:	Ah, A.B. Dick!
Dick:	No, Private Dick of the U.S. Army Training Corps. Has a

(overpage)

bunch of new recruits recently and I wouldn't take the Rapp. So I deserted and set up business as a Private Eye. This is my favourite pupil, Iris. Say a few words, Iris.

Iris: A few words.

Tucker: Is that all?

Iris: Sure. Only reason I'm here at all is to let Willis work in that crack about the Private Eye and his pupil.

Vince Clarke: How cornea can you get?

J.T.Oliver: Very poor taste.

Voice: . Me thirds will call on you. (Me seconds are on their way to Australia.)

Clarke: It came from that corner over there. I recognise the corn. It's the Slant trio, Willis, White and Shaw, the Maniacal Minds.

Oliver: Let us sell our lives dearly. Don't shoot until you see the eyes of their White.

And so on. Peace is only restored by James saying "A feather." I thought you deserved an explanation of that very recondite allusion in Fannius McCainius. James has a way of saying 'a feather' that is really out of this world. Anyone want the rest of this stirring drama?

ARCHAEOLOGICAL REPORT A few days ago I retired from fandom. No celebrations, please, it was only for a few days while I read through a pile of old fmz Ackerman sent me. Now I feel I'm beginning to know something about fandom. Twelve months ago I was as ignorant of fandom as a child---hardly even knew Ed Noble was getting married---but I am learning fast. And one of the things I'm learning is that everything I ever thought of has already been thought of by some fan in the dawn era. Latest example is an article I wrote for Vernon McCain's WASTEBASKET proving that the ideal title for a fmz is a certain word I didn't think anyone else would have even heard of. And now I find that Joe Kennedy had a zine of that name. Death, where IS this thing...Well, where did you see it last?

SUSTAINING FMZ A lot of things seem to be happening in fandom these days, and most of them to Fanvariety. Apparently N3F have decided to wash their dirty linen (no offence, Max) in public and Keasler is righteously indignant about it, especially since evidently he had already told the N3F what they could do with their sponsorship. I can see that in theory the N3F have the right of it. As an organization that's supposed to be for all fandom they can hardly sponsor a zine which some of their members, however few, object to. But did they need to make such a fuss about it? Surely, all that was necessary was quietly to drop the N3F sponsorship, especially since all it seems to involve is free plugs in TNFF. (I often wondered.) And it does no good either to suggest as G.M.Carr does in her CRY (probably in all innocence) that Fv wasn't much good anyway until Bill Venable "took it over". Fv was always an interesting zine, and for me personally...and without saying a word against Bill Venable's undoubted ability, the most interesting part of it was always Max's own wacky editorial yak-yak. I never found anything objectionable in the old-style Fv except the carelessness with which the material was stencilled and if it's to be cleaned up out of all recognition it might as well be washed up, as far as I'm concerned. Fandom needs the true Fv in all its spiciness. There should always be at least one zine in fandom that's not afraid of stamping on people's toes.

It also seems that Browne has told Hog Phillips to take one of the clubs out of the Clubhouse and beat Max's ears into his head with it. If this is true I'm disappointed in Phillips for allowing his independence to be undermined, and

(about page)

Harp (3)

I think everyone in fandom whether they like Fv or not should support Max against this distasteful by pro-editors. It's in our interests to do so as a matter of fact, for if Max even mentions the name of the zine, Max will be a millionaire.

REPERCUSSIONS Truly it has been said, "Cast your bread on the waters and it will return after many days....soaking wet." The reverberations of that Conreport of mine have been wringing in my ears for weeks. (I mean the International Convention in London of course, not that provincial affair in New Orleans.)

The first sign I had that the Qish had hit England was a letter from Vince Clarke to my wife. "Dear Madeleine" he says (mervé!) "Just a few lines to congratulate you on your recent loss. Walt was a great guy but we always thought that one day he'd go too far. Belfast was hardly far enough....Of course, I shall bring out an issue of SF NEWS with black borders and try to find someone to say something nice about him. This may delay publication a bit. If you'd give me some details of exactly what happened I'd be much obliged. At the moment I can see several possibilities. It might have been radio-active dust in an ASF, poisoned needles in a GALAXY, a radio-controlled bomb from Mr & Mrs George O. Smoth, a letter from INTERIM NEWSLETTER with a live tarantula enclosed, a death wish from Wanda the Ackerman or an intricate curse from Bradbury. Directly I finish this note I must hurry round to stop Ted Carnell leaving for Belfast. I suppose the police have already got hold of Bob Shaw, but tell him the fans are behind him and will do all they can to engage a good lawyer. There's an American called Perry Mason who's supposed to be pretty good.

I suppose you'll miss Walt---one notices the absence of even the most objectionable things---but at least you'll be able to invite your friends to the house again. Do please remember that we have a warm spot for you here---on top of the stove. When you come, or even before, you might like to pack up the SLANT press and send it here, as it seems such a waste not to make proper use of it for once...

All the best, and don't forget the printing press.

Vincent

('ole Toffee-apple to my friends)

Judging by these remarks, comparing Vince to a toffee-apple seems to have cut him to the core. But no matter how candied he is, he never gives me the pip...

I did get a letter from Lyell Crane, but there was no tarantula in it. There was just a note: "Have read your article in Q.13. Sir: daggers at 50 paces." This was quite a relief, and Lyell went up considerably in my estimation.

I hear through the grapevine however that other parts of the Conreport caused "discord" among the London Circle. I'm sorry about this, but the report was accurate enough in its "cartoonlike" way, as Eric F. Russell put it. Lee quoted me a very perceptive and intelligent comment by J.T.Oliver: "I wonder how much he had to dramatise things." Well wondered, J.T.!

I hope you don't mind me letting that hack, Clarke, write part of my column. This is a very busy time here on account of we're finishing off an issue of a certain magazine whose name I daren't say. Lest a Note Talking about advertising rates is inserted by your editor. ((This unmentionable fanzine is a thing of beauty. Even if the interior consisted solely of blank pages, it would be worth more than the price. And were it coverless, it would be worth the price, so you'll be getting your money's worth if you send a recent US stfpro to The Unmentionable Fanzine c/o Walt Willis, 170, Upper Newtownards Rd., BELFAST, Northern Ireland. Send it anon, ask for #6, and hope and pray that WAW isn't out of this glorious issue. This is a hyper-fnz that doesn't even compare with us run-of-the-mill fnz. --yed))

(flip over please)

FANZINE REVIEW Journal of Science Fiction; Charles Freudenthal, Lester Fried and Ed Wood, 1331 W. Newport Ave., Chicago 13, Ill. 25¢. This is the first issue of a new photo-offset mag which looks like being very interesting, if you are not too far gone in the stages of fandom to be still reading sf. Martin Gardner does a sort of literary biography of H.L. Gold, Bradbury explains where he gets his ideas and Ed Wood criticises what he does with them. Wood's piece is much better than Bradbury's which won't surprise anyone who knows how well Wood can write or how bad Bradbury can be when he's talking about himself. But the best thing in the issue is a piece by Robert Bloch. I am beginning to be quite sure that Mr Bloch is a genius. His only flaw is a habit of making atrocious puns. "Am I my brother's kipper" indeed! As the French say, "One man's mate is another man's poisson."

.....-Walter A. Willis.....

THE NECON

by Eric Bentcliffe

On Sunday, Oct 14th together with several fellow members of the Nor'west S-F Club, I sallied forth to Bradford, Yorkshire, home of the brave and Pickles. We expected to have difficulty finding the 'vention as none of us had been in Bradford before but on espying a groove in the sidewalk* followed it and found ourselves at Pat's Cafe wherein the Necon was held. The first person we met there was Bradford's most solid citizen, Derek Pickles. At first we thought he was the hall in which we were to meet august fandom, but when he moved we realized who it was. From behind Derek's person there appeared another person, medium height, dark studious looking with Operation Fantast tatooed in pale puce on his forehead. Could it be? It was. Ken Slater. In the ensuing conversation I found out how Ken can afford to publish OF. He's in the Royal Army Pay Corps.

Somewhere around one o'clock Necon commenced. Derek as organizer opened proceedings, by reading letters and best wishes from fans who couldn't be there. He then introduced Ken Slater; everyone burst into cheers; if only the Harp had been there it would have brought tears to his tired old eyes. Next introduced was Mike Rosenblum, the only collector in Britain who still has money. Dave Cohen's turn came, followed by me. I stood up. Someone clapped. I stood up again. Then discovered that it was only Terry Jeeves trying to flag me some picture postcards. I sat down. Round the room Derek went introducing everyone. Bert High was there in his flying boots. Rick Dalton, Arthur Duell and a host of other northern fans. Also present was John Park of Perth, Western Australia. Introductions over, Ken Slater took over and gave a talk on Definitions of Fantasy. A budding author, E.R. James spoke next on the subject of getting his stories published. Derek took over again to read a report on the Nolacon which sounded pretty hectic. After Derek had finished we found to our surprise that we had a Dianetics fan in our midst. He repeated some of Hubbard's claims.

Next item, and an excellent one, was timely SF questions. Teams of four took turns in having a go. Something queer came over me and when my turn came I actually got three out of three and won the latest Galaxy.

After adjourning for tea, we went to the Bradford Public Library where Derek and Mike Rosenblum had arranged an exhibition of sf and fantasy, a most amazing exhibition dating, believe it or not, from AD 300. Returning to the convention hall, we saw Metropolis.

A good time was had by all and we all hope to see one another again next year.

*Derek weights some 17½ stone.

--Eric Bentcliffe

"LIKE A ROSE"

Old Bill Shakespeare really said a mouthful when he made his crack that "a rose by any other name would smell as sweet". Recently I got to thinking about some of the magazines which consistently published fantasy and science fiction -- or what their editors fondly regarded as fantasy and science fiction -- but which have never been accepted by fandom as legitimate fantasy magazines. What was there about these wretched prozines which denied them a place in the exclusive checklists and indices of fandom? Was it because their titles were not fantastic enough? And immediately I thought of the Bard and his saying. I decided to investigate several of these pariah publications and see for myself, if they had any claims to be regarded as fantasy, despite their non-fantasy titled. This article then is a brief (mercifully brief perhaps you will say) evaluation of three different magazines which should, perhaps, merit some consideration as fantasy publications.

The first of these friendless prozines I delved into was one called CAPTAIN ZERO? and subtitled Master of Midnight. When this magazine first appeared upon the stands late in 1949, there was nothing about the cover blurb to indicate that this was anything but an addition to the chain of detective story magazines published by Popular Pubs of New York. The fan who takes the trouble to delve within it's pages however, will find to his surprise that CAPTAIN ZERO has strong claims to being accepted as a fantasy magazine.

The main character in the stories, Lee Allyn, alias Captain Zero, followed the pattern established by other crime-busters of the Doc Savage, Black Bat, Shadow, et al, school. In one respect, however, Zero differed radically from his contemporaries - for Zero possessed the power of invisibility! Unfortunately for Zero he had no power over his strange affliction (for affliction he regarded it as) and he could not turn his invisibility on and off as will in the accepted tradition of most pulp invisible men. At the stroke of midnight, Zero's body would begin to glow, become transparent, and finally fade into invisibility. There was nothing supernatural about this phenomenon; it came about because Zero had once been subjected to what author J. Fleming Roberts described as "a terrific jolt of radioactive arsenic". Ever since, the radioactive rays emanating from Zero's body caused him to fade at midnight and to remain invisible until dawn. ((Wasn't this hard on his nite-life?))

A pleasing feature of the Captain Zero stories is the painstaking care the writer takes with minor details often overlooked by other writers. When Zero felt his metamorphosis about to take place he stripped - a refreshing change from the invisible men men who have olithely turned their invisibility on and off while fully clothed. Fleming Robert's attention to even the most minor details is evidenced by an incident in "The City of Dreadful Sleep". Zero, invisible in a room full of people wished to pick up a note book of vital importance, but dared not: "He (Zero) smiled at the irony of the situation. A normal man could have slipped the note book into his pocket and walked off with it, but Zero could not hide anything."

Zero could not perform the simple task of opening and closing a door for obviously a door miraculously opening of it's own accord would announce his presence to the enemy. In "The City of Dreadful Sleep" Zero was forced to stand helplessly by and watch a man being murdered because he dared not open the door between himself and the killers, it being imperative that his presence be unknown. Zero dreaded to enter a plushly carpeted room, for the impressions of his footsteps would show in the carpet. Fleming Robert's scrupulous attention to minute detail of this nature made his incredible character a little more believable.

(next page)

Dard (2)

The Captain Zero stories are smoothly written, completely enjoyable, and in the opinion of this writer can be regarded as legitimate fantasy. That Zero during his brief career (the magazine folded with the third issue) battled 20th century gangsters rather than invaders from outer space or bug-eyed monsters does not disqualify him from being regarded as a fantasy character. If it did it would also disqualify a number of other fantasy characters whose bona-fides have never been challenged; Eando Binder's "Invisible Robin Hood" for example.

Fourteen years before Zero, the same publishers came out with a magazine entitled THE MYSTERIOUS WU FANG. Issue no.1 appeared dated Sept. 1935, but the length of life this publication enjoyed is unknown to me, as I only possess a couple of issues in my collection.

Wu Fang's status as a fantasy character is more suspect than that of Captain Zero but some sort of case can be made for the sinister Chinese crime lord. The stories were closely modelled upon Sax Rohmer's Fu Manchu series tho much more crudely written. The stories differed too from the Sax Rohmer originals in the motive of the principal character for Wu Fang possessed none of the idealism which characterized Fu Manchu. To those fans who have never read any of the Fu Manchu series, it may come as a surprise to learn that he was idealistic, for the popular fallacy is that the Chinese Doctor was an unmitigated scoundrel. Indeed, the blurb on the cover of the Avon comic book version refers to "The Chinese Devil Man...who wanted to rule the world". This is hardly an accurate description of Sax Rohmer's character. True, Fu Manchu was the villain of the series and he did not hesitate to kill ruthlessly when the need arose, but his actions were all motivated by the desire to bring about world peace. Fu Manchu killed only those working toward plunging the world into war and there are times in the stories when the detective-hero wishes that he were fighting with Fu instead of against him.

No such sloppy sentiment inhibited the Mysterious Wu Fang. The ambition of the Chinese crime lord was, according to the blurbs "to own the world". The Dragon Lord had complete disregard for human life and in his more playful moments was pat to experiment with deadly new weapons on human guinea pigs. In "The Case of Six Coffins" Wu Fang, uncertain of the effects of a deadly new gas his agents had stolen, drops a vial of the stuff on an English town, wiping out the entire population. Expressing complete satisfaction with the stuff, Wu Fang, at the story's climax attempts to wipe out New York((where else?)) with the weapon, only to be foiled by the two heros, Val Kildare of the F.B.I. and newspaper reporter, Jerry Hazard.



The final magazine I wish to comment upon has the distinction of still being current. This publication is Fiction House's JUNGLE STORIES. While most of the short stories in this publication are simply African-adventure stuff, the lead novel in each issue features the adventures of a Tarzan-like character named Ki-Gor, White Lord of the Jungle. In fact the stories are very similar to those of ERB, while of course, lacking the touch of the Master. I feel that a precedent has been established in accepting the Tarzan stories as fantasy. Since we have done so, we must accept Ki-Gor as fantasy also.

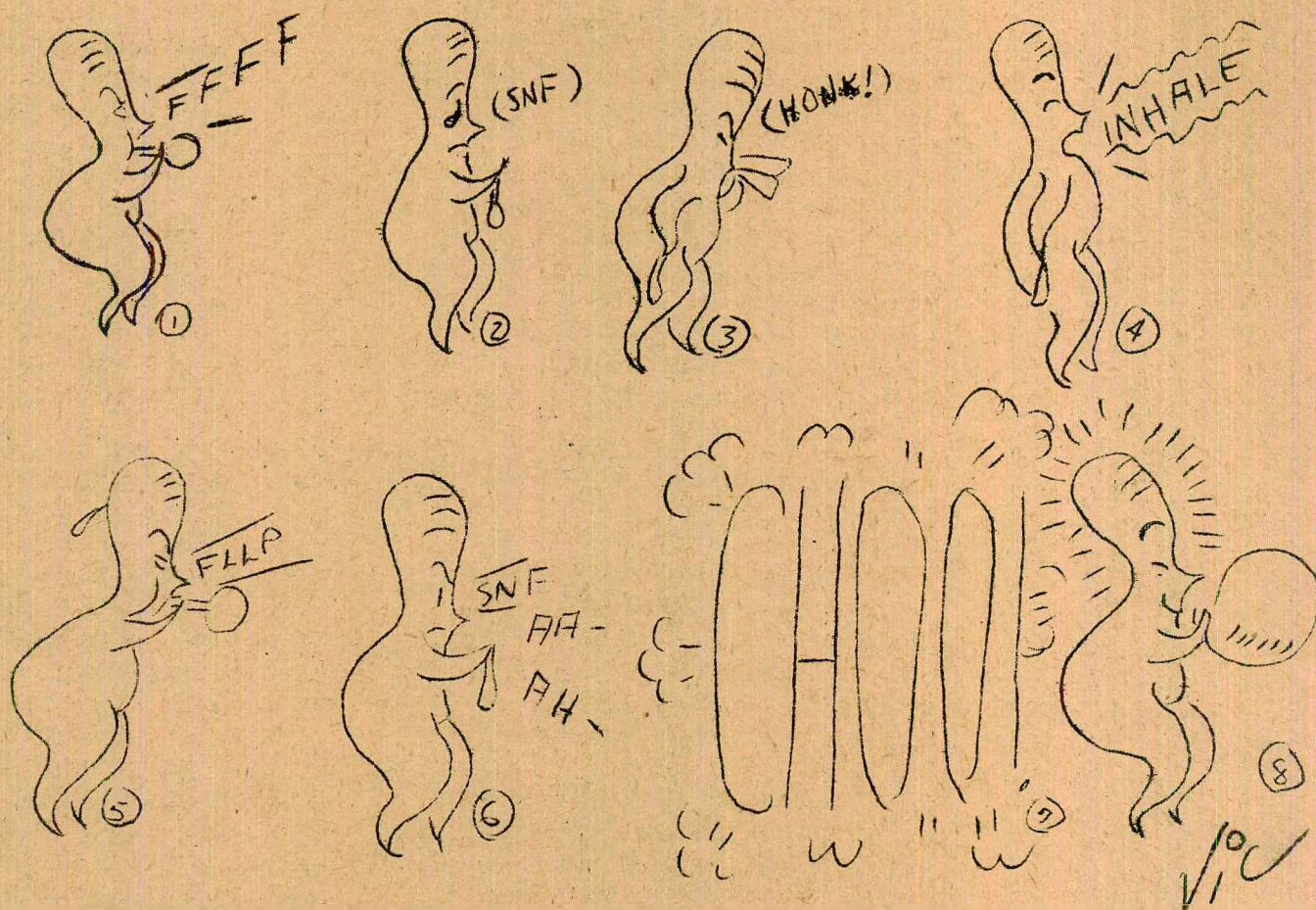
Most of Ki-Gor's adventures are with hostile natives and evil white men but occasionally the White Lord is dropped smack into the middle of a one hundred percent fantasy. Typical of of these is "Beast-Gods of Atlantis". Ki-Gor, his red-headed mate(the droolprovoking Helene)and the two native chiefs,Ngeeso and Tembu George, stumble upon the lost city of Atlantis in the midst of the Congo jungle. They find descendents of the original Atlanteans living there completely unaware of the outside world. The Atlanteans are (overpage)

Dard (3)

ruled by a beautiful Queen (natch) but the real power behind the throne is the evil priest Sha-Topat. Ki-Gor and his buddies help to overthrow the priest and secure the throne for the Queen. She however, proves treacherous and orders their death. Ki-Gor and his companions destroy the city and its evil people and flee back to the jungle. Corny? Sure, but nobody can deny it is fantasy, if not fantasy of a ~~very~~ high order.

There have been of course, other publications which consistently printed fantasy without ever having their magazines accepted as fantasy by fandom. Perhaps at a future date I will deal with some of these others. But just now, I'd like to say that the trio of prozines reviewed here are entitled to be accepted as legitimate fantasy publications. What do you think?

- Roger Dard



THE HUFFIN' PUFFIN

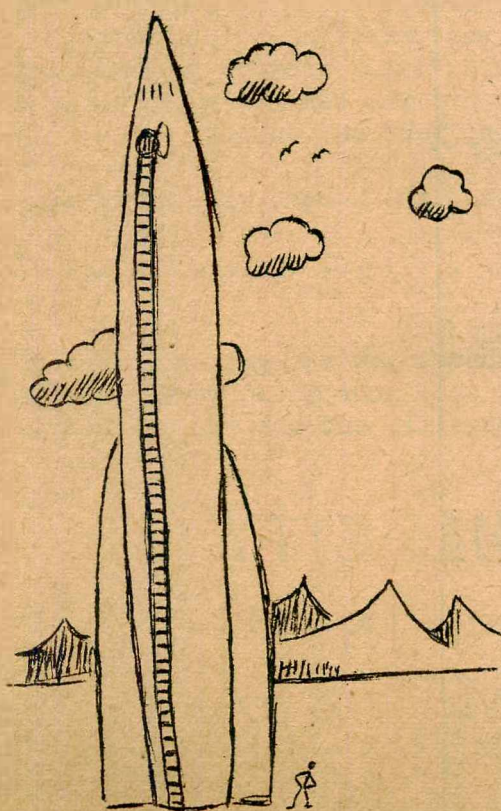
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KONNER'S KORNER

Wilkie Connor

There are so many fine people in fandom, one sometimes wishes he had the wherewithall to meet them all. You join a club, such as the TLMA or N3F and you get letters, wonderful letters, from a few of them. You go to a convention and you meet more. They are old; they are young, weak, strong, wise and foolish. But they all have one thing in common. They have a deep-rooted love of good fiction. Because of this one sameness they automatically become your brothers. Will Rogers once astounded the world with the simple statement that he never met a man he didn't like. I don't intend to astound anyone but I would like to paraphrase Will's statement: "I never met a fan I didn't like." I've had some hellacious arguments with some of them. But I've liked them all...each and every one. A man might be a downright heel, but give him his favorite mag and he becomes a right guy in any language. That's one of the reasons I'm for fandom. That's why I'm definitely interested in expanding fandom. There is entirely too much greed and evil in the world. Greed and evil beget wars. War destroys all that men hold dear. War takes young, innocent manhood and creates killers and hoodlums and criminals; it completely undermines the morals of a nation. Fandom--any sort of fandom--is the one answer to the way to a better world. If you can get people to liking people...to be brothers...then you automatically erase a desire to be enemies. This isn't as far-fetched as it sounds. If you were a photographic fan, would you quarrel with another photographer---except over matters of technique perhaps, which would merely be a friendly argument---or would you welcome him as a brother? If you were a stamp collector, would you cuss out another collector? See what I'm driving at? If you give people something in common with one another, they find so much more to interest them, they just don't have any room left to hate!



Now you couldn't make everyone in the world a stiff fan, anymore than you could make everyone in the world a photographer or stamp collector. But enough people, working together, could unite the entire world into lines of thinking that would make evil a thing to be avoided. Brotherly love is an old line, but fandom is a living example that it will work. If the peoples of the world would forget about petty politics, prejudices and discrimination; if they laid aside greed and hate, then the world would enjoy a peace that in all its history it has never known. Fandom, with its high ideals, its large quota of people who are above the average in intelligence, is the logical starting place for a brotherly love campaign. We in fandom get lots of fun arguing, but it is friendly arguing. And I have yet to hear of a couple of feuding fans who didn't actually like each other underneath.

Of course this brotherly love idea isn't new. It was started 2 thousand years ago in Palestine by a carpenter with a keen understanding of humans and what makes them tick. However, the church, in its well-meaning, befuddling way over the centuries has twisted and fouled up the Master's teachings in such a way that it has replaced the rule of love with a fear. Which is the reason why the church has failed in its efforts to make the world a decent place to

(overpage)

"AW HELL"

live in. Christ taught people to love one another. The church had taught people to fear death and a burning hereafter. Obviously this approach has failed. We still have hate and fear and greed and war. Science fiction fandom, with its goodfellowship, its loyal followers, is showing the way to a real brotherly love...the way to real peace and happiness in the world. That is why I think the good fellowship we fans enjoy will spread and will become a part of the accepted life of the world, just as religion* has spread and become a part of everyone's life. That's why I think fan clubs, fanzines, and fanactivity in general deserves respect and encouragement from everyone. And I sincerely believe that someday there will be an active science fiction fan in every home! What do you think?

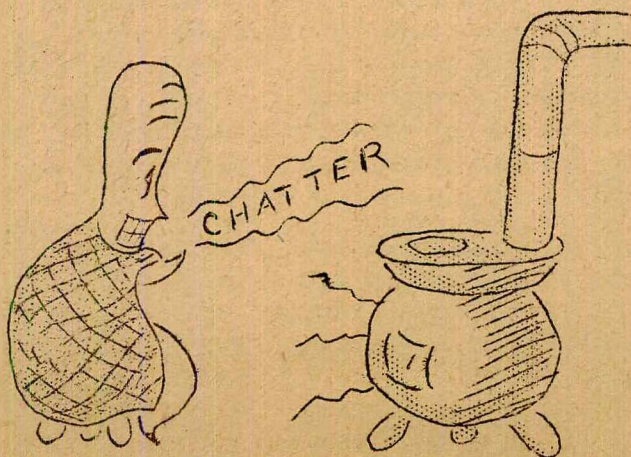
*Don't get me wrong. I am not being irreligious. I do not claim that stf will replace religion...only that it will aid its cause.

Lynn Hickman has bought a vari-typer to use in publishing the various projects of the Confederate Magazine Publishing Company. At present these publications consist of TLMA, the OO of the country's fastest growing fan club, and The Little Corpucule, which aids and abets TLMA. You can get them both, plus a membership of a year's duration in The Little Monsters of America, if you enclose a photograph of George Washington, printed on silk-interwoven paper, in green ink ((?)), bearing the great seal of the United States of America and sometimes referred to as a buck, in an envelope along with your name and address and 100,000 words on why you want to join TLMA, and you will become a member. Of course, you may leave out the 100000 words if you remember the \$\$\$...and the name and address. There are no (as yet) Little Lonsters Anonymous. Why don't you join Lee Hoffman, Basil Wells, Rog Phillips, and other well-known names and become a Little Monster? The address is 408 West Bell Street, Statesville, N.C.

A science fiction fan publication is no place to record the cute sayings of children. Except of course, when the children are exceptional. That is, with a rating of genius or better. I pried my almost-five-year-old daughter away from her AEC assignment long enough for a bright saying. She was dressing and her mother said, "I simply must buy Elaine some more pettycoats." "Huh," snorted the daughter. "I don't like old pettycoats...I like slips!" "They are the same thing," My wife said. "The 're not, either; petticoats don't have an lace on them."

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: Betty doesn't believe that the H-Bomb will wreck the world. Income taxes will beat it to it.

.....



Of course you can get an autographed copy. Just send your \$2.50 to W.B.Read&Co. Bloomington, Ill. and ask for an inscribed copy of

THE CITY IN THE SEA

by Wilson Tucker

GONE BUT NOT FORGOTTEN

patient spider began spinning a web behind the door. Slowly the key was handed across the counter to a misty-eyed clerk. Box 260 was done. After twenty full years of yeoman duty handling many thousands of postcards, letters, fanzines, magazines, telegrams, bills, advertisements and a bottle of mouthwash, Box 260 was retired into limbo. Its glory shall live forever.

The closing of the box was a simple ceremony. A few postal employees stood around in a tight, silent knot while I plucked out the final pieces of mail; the postmaster himself placed a small black ribbon over the face of the receptacle, and the same clerk who rented the box to me two decades ago now received the battered key with a half-hidden display of emotion. He blew his nose rather loudly and rattled his pocket change to divert attention from his emotional display. Unknowing spectators at the stamp window gawked at the silent little group about the box, not realizing that a chapter of history had come to an end. After a moment of respectful silence the postmaster nodded his head and the employees scurried back to their jobs, treasuring the golden moment in their hearts. We shook hands solemnly, the postmaster and myself, and then I left the building with many a backward glance at the little metal door. The box had known my grimy hands for the last time.

Twenty years ago last summer --about June 1931-- I first knew the pangs of active fandom. I had been reading Argosy for perhaps a year and a half, and once in a while a stray copy of Weird Tales left behind by some traveling roadshow---for some queer reason the actors and actresses who played town seemed to like Weird Tales and conveniently left old copies in the theater for me. Sometime during the summer of that year I began reading Astounding and almost at once discovered the fan letters in the back of the book. I picked out two or three people who requested correspondents, bought myself an eleven-dollar typewriter, borrowed a few dimes to buy stamps and stationery, and sat down to make myself a fan. It cost only two cents to send a letter then. Their answers came back rather quickly, and just as quickly I discovered I had a nosy landlady. I was living in a boarding house where all incoming mail was deposited on the hall table for claiming, and the sweet old lady was overly curious about my "foriegn" mail. "Foreign" because it came from out of state. To avoid the prying eyes and clacking tongue of the sweet old bitch I hid myself to the postoffice and rented a box; something not too easy to accomplish because I was a minor and they were a trifle suspicious as to why a mere child should need a postal box. Finally number 260 was assigned to me, and number 260 remained mine until a cold and snowy day in November, 1951, just over twenty years later. Happily, I was no longer a child. After paying fifty cents a month for two decades, I figured I owned at least one brick in the building.

They wouldn't let me take it home with me, even though I threatened to take my trade over to the opposition.

At this late date I no longer remember the name of my first correspondent nor what happened to him in the years gone by, although I do recall he lived in Jersey City, griped continually about local politics, and boasted a pretty sister. If the

picture he sent me was his sister. During the following winter he introduced me to the first bigtime fanzine, THE TIME TRAVELER, and I shelled out hard cash to subscribe, wondering if I was doing a foolish thing. I was earning the staggering sum of seven dollars a week, living at the boarding house on four of it, and buying clothes typewriter and whatnot with the remaining three, leaving precious little for fanning. I wonder now what I went without to get the subscription, and I wonder too what the nine issues would repay me now if I had saved them? Let that be a lesson to those who are tempted to throw QUANDRY away with a sneer.

It goes without saying that when you possess a typewriter, you immediately begin writing fiction. I began writing fiction. I probably helped to put the former editor of Argosy in the old folk's home, undoubtedly added many gray hairs to the head of Farnsworth Wright, and may have been one of the reasons T. O'Conner Sloane quit editing. It also follows that when you possess a typewriter, you grind out a fanzine. I ground out a fanzine. It was called THE PLANETOID, it was a midget-sized printed monstrosity, it lasted two issues in the winter of 1932-33, and today when bibliographers mention it they are careful not to mention who published it. Which makes them and myself quite happy.

And after twenty years of Box 260, I became acquainted with --and sometimes met -- an unbelievable number of queer ducks. Most of them I can now recall with a grin:

1) There was an athiest semi-fan in Texas who sent me anti-Bible tracts until one day I bundled them all up and sent them back with a note to stop bothering me. He promptly reported me to the post office for enclosing a letter in fourth class mail.

2) There was a young visitor from Indianapolis who startled the waitress of my favorite restaurant by ordering oatmeal and coca-cola for breakfast.

3) There was another visiting fan from Hawaii who **startled** me and my household by coming downstairs at five in the morning and demanding to take a shower--instantly.

4) There was the strange letter that appeared in the box one day bearing a message from a big name editor; the big name editor said he was coming to town and asked me to meet him. I waited about six hours and two or three trains, in vain.

5) There was the young Chicago fan who was taking a trip, with me, and whose mother not only demanded to see my auto insurance, but made me promise to see that junior took a bath every night --- before she would let him accompany me.

6) There was another Chicago fan whose brass and guts has pushed him onto the fore today: visiting me once and finding me not at home, he calmly found a ladder and climbed up to force open a window, crawled through, helped himself to a bath, my bathrobe and a cigar before I returned.

7) There was the fat bundle of magazines I received from an unknown somebody in South Africa --the post office let me look at it-- but which I didn't claim because the somebody had included a letter and I would have had to pay about two dollars in postage.

8) There was one letter, the prize of them all, which was sent to me by mistake by a streetwalker in a neighboring city. She desired employment in Bloomington and requested that I consider her application to "work" in my house. The letter contained her description, accomplishments and requirements. She was an all-around American girl.

10) There was the visiting soldier-fan who had written that he was coming by while on leave, and did, only he arrived in the middle of the night and threw stones at my window to awaken me.

(for more queer ducks turn to the next page)

11) There was the visiting western fan, on his way to New York where he became an editor, who complained to me the next morning because his bed was underneath a window and because "the damned birds" kept him awake with their chirping.

12) There were dozens and dozens of catalogues and booklists received from "special bookstores in England -- "special" because someone had put my name on a mailing list of people wanting erotic and under-the-counter literature.

13) There were the mysterious series of postcards from all across the country, signed "Joe Fann", which started that name on the road to fame after I passed the cards on to fandom.

14) There was the pleading letter received from the mother of a very young would-be fan, wanting me to write to her son and persuade him to drop fandom --and stop spending money on magazines-- because it was not meant for him.

15) There was the strange character living in Iowa who had fancy letterheads printed, proclaiming him to be: Author, Columnist, Critique; and who sent me samples from his father's button factory.

16) There was the naive somebody out west --I have the impression it was Oregon-- who mailed me a dollar and asked for a copy of Le ZOMBIE. I was so flattered I mailed back the magazine and the dollar.

17) There was the mouthwash. Away back at the beginning of this diatribe was mentioned a bottle of mouthwash. I found that in the box one day, a little amber bottle of Listerine stuffed in with the usual mail. I never discovered how it got there, who put it there, nor why. It had not been mailed to me as a sample because it was not wrapped nor packaged, merely a naked bottle waiting there to taunt me with its mystery. I removed the mail and left it -- and the next day it was gone.

And so this summer, after those twenty years of accumulative memories, the volume of incoming mail grew so heavy that the window clerk began dropping hints. He opined that I could use a larger box. I held off for I was planning on moving to Florida this winter, but when the Florida plans collapsed, I let his sweet talk and muttered threats sway me. Box 260 came to a glorious end.

My new address is Box 702. The number lacks magic.

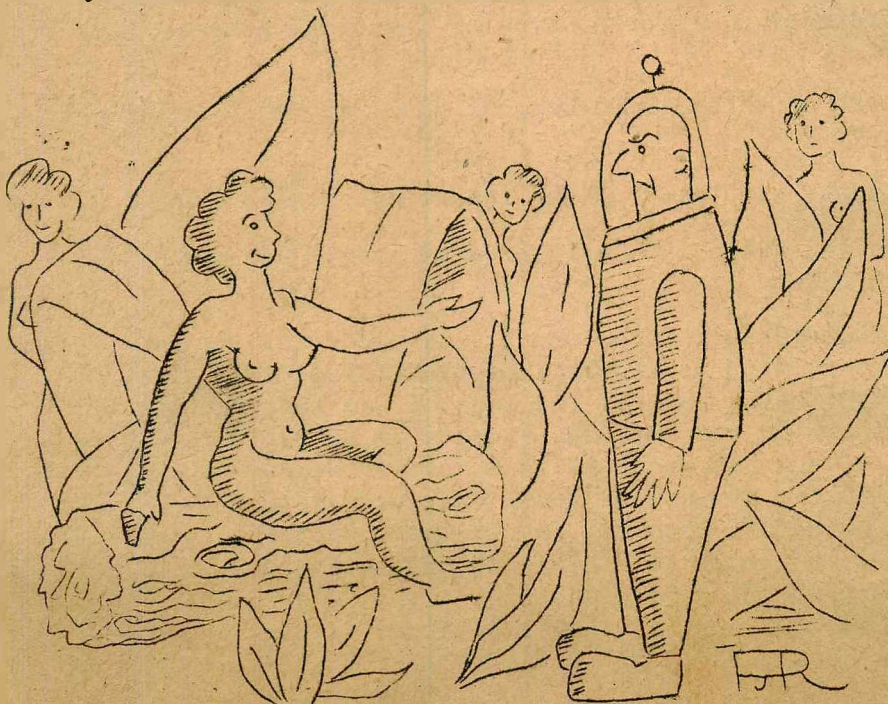
- Bob Tucker

* * * * *

Editor's Note: The above was received several days after the front cover and opening editorial were cut. Bob had no knowledge of the cover and comments and we had no knowledge of the article. The article appeared in our mailbox so we wrote Bob and inclosed in the letter proofs of the already-mimeoed front cover and Chaos.

ESP?

Great minds in the same channel?



FANS IN PHILLY

A Sort Of A Chronicle Of The Philcon

New York fandom had turned out en masse for the '50 Philcon and I had expected that there would be a similiar attendance at the '51 affair. How wrong I was! I had trouble finding someone to make the trip with me! Pesetsky, Chabot, and Markman were leaving on the seven o'clock but so they could visit Sol Levin and go to the Philadelphia Art Museum. No one seemed to know whether Ken Beale and Joe Dean were going. Will Sykora, it was thought, was travelling by train. As for the others who had been there last year, George Raybin, Stan Serxner, and Walter Cole were in the army, and Marv Friedman seemed to have dropped out of fandom.

So on Saturday night, the eve of the con, I phoned Bob Silverberg who decided then and there to attend. Sunday, November 11, was the day of the Philcon. I met Bob at the place that had been designated, and we went to buy our tickets.

During the three-hour ride, we talked of various things: Bob's fanmag SPACESHIP; FAPA; sensitive fannish faces; Bob's collection; the other NY fans: FN (Bob had brought a few old specimens of the mag to try to unl ad at the con); etc., etc.

"You know," Bob remarked, "that guy sitting in front of us must think we're crazy.

"I don't know," I replied. "From the looks of the back of the head, he might be Thomas Gardner."

"See if he has a sensitive fannish face." Bob urged.

He didn't.

When we stopped at Newark, we looked for ESFA members among the people getting on, but none were in evidence.

"Very unsensitive faces," Bob remarked.

The trip was uneventful, although the drive through the residential section of Philly was a nightmare. Row upon row of identical houses, same construction, same design, same paint job, then rows of a different type of identical houses. They looked miserable for the most part.

"If I were writing a report on this," said Bob, "I would say that Philadelphia is a city of housing projects."

We drove on for about twenty minutes, but the indential houses stayed with us.

"I would also say that Philadelphia is a city of outskirts," Bob added. But finally we arrived in downtown Philly.

Bob had never been to Philadelphia before, and I only once, for the last Philcon, but by asking directions and consulting Oswald Train's travelling directions, we managed to strike the right path. Being hungry, (at least I was hungry; Bob, who eats four meals a day anyway, had eaten on the bus), we stopped at an automat, took a table and who should we see next to us but Sam Moskowitz! As neither of us had ever been to an ESFA meeting, we had only met Sam at various local conventions (Fan-Vets, Hydra, '50 Philcon) and we were sure he didn't know us. Yet it was ridiculous to sit next to a group of fans (there were two people with him, and unidentified ESFA member and a lady who turned out to be Mary Gnaedinger) without speaking. Then I asked myself "What would Moskowitz do in a case like this?" and introduced myself, shook hands with Sam, introduced Bob, and asked directions to the KofC Hall where the con was

Phans in Philly (2)

being held. It turned out that the Sam and the others were just leaving and we tagged along with them. Bringing up the rear were two more ESFA members, one of whom I think was Alex Osheroff. We passed even more ESFA members on the way upstairs.

The convention hall had a stage, which wasn't used, and a bevy of "No Smoking" signs which were completely disregarded. We signed the register, put out coats down and went inside. It was then about 12:40 and a score or so of people were standing around and talking. Bob and I found Chabot, Markman, and Pesetsky, and we inspected the originals for the auction together. There was pretty much stuff, most of it crud. Fans were trickling in steadily and there was a good deal of conversation going on. Moskowitz, I remember was enthusiastically telling about the fan softball game at the First Convention.

At this point Bob discovered that the lady from the automat was Mary Gnaedinger and expressed relief that he hadn't tried to sell her his FNs. Shortly thereafter, the Philcon was officially opened by MC Irvin Heyne, who also spoke briefly about how an onion thinks like an onion, a chicken thinks like a chicken, a man thinks like a man, and Korzybski thinks like Korzybski. This done, various people were introduced.

Lloyd Eshbach said a few words about the Fantasy Press project for limited editions of s-f "classics" and suggested that all interested write him ((PO Box 159, Reading, Pa.)). Sam Moskowitz introduced ESFA members present. Will Sykora hadn't shown up, and because of his absence, or perhaps despite it, the Queens SFL members were not introduced. There were only two there anyway: Silverberg and Markman.

Jerome Bixby came in and said he was glad to be there. Mrs Gnaedinger said she was glad to be there. Ted Sturgeon and Sprague de Camp said brief nothings. Martin Greenberg and Dave Kyle spoke of Gnome Press. Jim Williams spoke of Prime Press. Erle Korshak said a few words about Shasta. James V. Taurasi came in and was introduced. Evelyn Paig (Mrs H.L. Gold) was discovered and given mention. Some of the PSFP people were asked to stand. Oswald Train was given a big round of applause. There were others of course, but I didn't take notes and I haven't an eidetic memory.

Mr Meyne announced the first speaker: Milton Rothman who spoke on "Is There A Psychiatrist In The House?". The talk was based on the theory that science fiction magazines are instituted to the sole purpose of driving their readers mad. Mr Rothman gave various examples of this. He mentioned the subject of D-----s (regarded as a dirty word at the PSFS). He also pointed out that the idea behind many science fiction stories is to make the reader feel that he is something special; that he is superior, but is being discriminated against by envious humanity. To illustrate this premise he went over a certain story about a mutant who can cure the sick and insane but is committed to an asylum himself. This, Rothman pointed out, is in strong encouragement of paranoia.

At this point a PSFS member whose first name was Larry (I never heard the second used) entered at the rear of the hall with a great deal of commotion. Another PSFSer trailed him, sitting down and then falling off the chair with a crash. All turned toward the newcomers and Larry called out: "It's only four flights down and four up, boys." I never found out what "it" alluded to, but this statement was hurled from the back of the room several times during the session. After a suitable interim, Mr Rothman went on with his talk. He cited the many instances in s-f stories where people were killed, often sadistically. "What does that matter to us?" he asked. "Anyone can die."

Came from the rear of the hall: "Let's see you try it,"

Mr Rothman concluded by saying that s-f doesn't actually drive people insane; they have to be crazy already.

(next page)

Next Lloyd Eshbach spoke on "Trends In Science Fiction or Something." He touched on D-----s, aSF homo superior, and of course, "Educating the public to sceinne fiction." Mr Eshbach's main point was that he thought two kinds of stf were evolving: one type for the public, the other for the fans.

A discussion followed, but the only trend in evidence was that the popularity of a certain editor is definitely on the wane.

There was then a brief intermission and we all wandered about, talking to different people. Sam Moskowitz was telling the fans around him why he will not help publicize any more stf movies-- it seems that ESFA made an exhibit for a Neward theater and never got any credit for it.

It had been discovered that Jack Williamson was in the audience and this was announced. Then Ray Van Houten spoke about the Fan-Vots for a while. After this, Erle Korshak electrified those present by saying that one panel of speakers at the Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention (the Chicon, to you) would be Dr. Enrico Fermi, Dr Harold C. Urey, and the top rocket scientist in America, named Von Muller, I believe, who also has the distinction of having invented the V-2 for Germany in WWII. Fermi and Urey, it seems, are stf readers and were the faculty sponsors of the Chicago University Science Fiction Society. The third speech would be about space travel being possible today.

Erle spoke of various other aspects of the Tenth Convention, as well. He said that while West Coast memberships were going very well, the East is hardly represented at all. This convention, according to Erle will show the mature aspect of science fiction to the public-- there will be no opportunity for the press to make allusions to Buck Rogers, zap guns, etc. The hall is an extremely large one; Korshak said it was the best convention hall he'd ever seen. There will be no slang term for the convention. The title Chicon has been dropped. The name is Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention. Korshak assured all present that this would be a really respectable convention.

No one bothered to ask whether fandom wants a respectable convention.

Sam Moskowitz, filling in for a speaker who didn't show up, held forth on how much better old-time science fiction was than that written today. He said that he had been informed that FANTASTIC STORY MAGAZINE was doing at least as well as its new story brethren at Standard. Since TWS and SS supposedly have the largest circulation in the field this means that if true, FSM sells more copies than any other stf mag. Sam went on to say that the reason for the superiority of the older stories is that, altho they lacked polish, they were sincere while many current s-f writers are cynical about it all. Next Theodore Sturgeon talked on s-f in tv. Then came the feature talk of the Philcon: "Lost Cities of Brazil" by Sprague de Camp. He told of the explorations in South America made by Spaniards and others and of tribes and cities, real and legendary. The Philcon was terminated by an hour-long auction.

On the way back we discussed fanzines, SPACESHIP, Russ Watkins, NY fandom, FAPA, and various other subjects. The only noteworthy thing about the trip was a sign we passed in the highway which read: GOSTAK'S ICE CREAM.

Upon arriving in NY Bob and I went out separate subways, he to Brooklyn, I to the Bronx. And then--who should I meet while changing trains but Marman and Pesetsky!

And so in the way uptown we discussed the Philcon, all agreeing that it had been pretty fine.

For as anyone knows, Philadelphia is a city where one has a heck of a swell time at science fiction conferences!

-Morton D. Paley

FROM DER
WOODVORK
OUT...

I. The Most Widely-Distributed SF Story Of All Time! The New Your Daily News is running a stf serial by Edwin Balmer (co-author of "When Worlds Collide") called "The Prize Beyond Price" which has seen 43 installments since Sept 24 and which shows no signs of reaching a halt. Since the News reaches 2 million people a day, 43 installments means the story's been printed 86 million times--doubtlessly the greatest distribution an s-f story has ever had.

The story itself is a melange of intrigue, spy adventure, cold war diplomacy, and oh yes--stf. The science element as far as a random sampling could show (I haven't read it) is the existence of the "Prize Beyond Price" a longevity serum or something, which manages to make 70-year-olds look like 40. Probably, the serial will end in a week or so, running to more than 50 installments.

II. Recommended reading: In the recent promags, items I've liked are "Beware, The Usurpers" (Nov. Imagination) and "Puppet Masters" (Galaxy Sept.Oct.Nov.) I think "Puppet Masters" and "Mars Child" are the two best novels of the year with "Star Watchers" third; here's a vote for "Tyrann" for worst book-length of the year. As for novelettes, GSF predominates, tho I liked "Untitled Story" (aSF Sept.) and "Hydra" (New Worlds #10)...no short stories were stickouts but the general caliber of the under-5000 crop was good. "Beyond the Walls of Space" is probably the poorest story of the year (AS Nov). Outstanding mags of 1951 were Galaxy, F&SF, aSF, and SS with F&SF the most welcome surprise of the year. AS has the cellar all to itself, and Future, Planet, SFQ, Marvel, Avon SF Reader, and 10-Story Fsy (all one of it) are in the below average class.

III. The Philcon: That event will be covered elsewhere in this issue, but I'd like to squeeze in a line or two about it. Pros were predominant with Jack Williamson, Ted Sturgeon, Milt Rothman, and Sprague de Camp on hand. Editors present included Mary Cnaedinger, and Jerry Bixby. Publishers present were Korshak, Jim Williams, Greenberg, and Eshback, and dealer Unger was there also. Of the 75 present at least half might have been classed pros. The NY contingent of 5 fans came down by bus and returned that night. Next convention: The Fan-Vet Con on April 20 in New York.

IV. Startling News; Some info from Jerry Bixby, whose title is Associate Editor of the Standard s-f group, and whose duties are a lot bigger...SS, tho monthly will run no serials. Neither Bixby, nor editor Mines nor the company bigwigs like serials. As a matter of fact Startling can't even get enough short novels, let alone book-lengthers--and as a result SS will begin alternating novels with novelettes, one issue having a 40,000 worder and one issue having two 20,000 worders, as soon as the present crop of novels is used up. Forthcoming novels in SS are: "Vulcan's Dolls" by Margaret St Clair (Feb); "Well of the Worlds"-Kuttner (March); "Glory That Was"-deCamp (Apr.). The deCamp story will also appear in hard covers from FPCI. Other deC books out shortly are "The Atlantis Theme in History and Literature" and "Lands Beyond"

Bixby also stated that TWS will continue its policy of short novels and novelettes, bi-monthly, and that FSM will feature in forthcoming issues "A Million Years To Conquer" (Kuttner) and "A Yank At Valhalla" (Hamilton). The 1952 Wonder Annual (Dec) will have an abridged version of "The Death of Iron" by SS Held from Wonder Stories of 1932 and the Annual will not be as big as last year's 162 pp. The year before WSA was 194 pages.

V. Pocket books: New paperbacked items include "Post Fantasy Stories" (Avon), a collection of nine stf stories from the SatEvePost. No Heinlein. Also out is "Burn Witch Burn" another in Avon's Merritt edition. Passing Note: this is the third time

(turn page please)

that Avon has reprinted the Merritt stories: pb in 1942; Murder Mystery Monthly edition the same year and through till 1946, and now a new edition of the pbs. All of these stories have been reprinted in FFM and FN at least once and several times twice also...and several were reprinted in Argosy in 1938. Mrs Merritt must not be a poor woman.

Watch for these pocketbooks, which are rumored to be in preparation: "Starmaker" by Stapledon (Avon); "Voyage of the Space Beagle" by van Vogt (Signet); also a Bantam Bradbury collection due in November.

VI. Fanzines: Best one that's come in in the past month is Rhodomagnetic Digest, which is the all-time tops in format as far as I've seen...reproduced by multi-lith in colors and with a high grade of material. I liked it better when it was large-size but in digest-size it's still the top-quality production of today. 30¢ a copy, 10/\$2.50, from the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Science-Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society, 2524 Telegraph Ave., Berkley 4, Calif.

VII. Want Ad: I don't think Lee Hoffman approves of her columnists' using column space to advertise their mag wants, so I won't say that I need these Astoundings to complete my file, and will pay \$\$\$ for them: Nov 1930, Oct '33, May '34, Mar '36, apr, may, Jun, Jul, Aug, Sep, Oct, Nov, '40 and a few others.

---Bob Silverberg

By WAY OF REVIEW

CITY IN THE SEA: by Wilson Tucker (1951 - Rinehart - N.Y.) \$2.50

This is an adventure set in the future, in a post-atomic world very much like our own, and yet very different. It is the story of an army of woman and one lone man whom they call Wolf. It is a fascinating story written in the very enjoyable style which is typical of Tucker's writing.

This is a very difficult book to review. We have read no book which compares with it. The plot is unusual to say the least. All in all we can only say, read it yourself; it is too much for us to try to describe.

SLAN: A.E. vanVogt (1951 - Simon & Schuster - N.Y.) \$2.50 ;

Almost every fan knows Jemmy Cross and some of his adventures. Every fan knows that the title of this book have become almost synonymous with "fan". But not every fan has actually read the book "Slan". Now Simon & Schuster have released this in their \$2.50 stf series and it's available. It should be in every collection that endeavors to be representative of stf.

Slan is the story of a mutant, a tendrilled slan, who is faced the the hatred of mankind, and the strange tendrillless slans. It is an extravagant story involving interplanetary travel, super-weapons and super-humans. And it is well-worth the \$2.50 price tag.

IT HAS BEEN SAID that advertising one fanmag in another fanmag is a waste of time. For the most part, this is true. Fans just do not bother to answer these ads. A sample copy or a good review in a promag is usually much better advertising.

WHAT'S WRONG with fanmag advertisements? Several things, you say. Usually, they are too brief. They don't tell you enough about the mag. Sometimes they even forget to mention the price of the mag.

SO THIS is a full page ad, designed to attract your attention. The mag we want you to try is THE OUTLANDER. It is published 3 or 4 times a year by The Outlander Society.

The OS is a group of fans who meet once a month in each other's homes. We are a very unofficial and informal organization. But with all our informality we get things done. We sponsored Westercon III, which was a financial and fannish success. We will be sponsoring the world convention in 1958. And we publish THE OUTLANDER. We publish the mag when we have enough good material on hand to fill an issue. All of the Outlanders write for the mag. columns, articles, fiction (which is short and amusing; not promag rejects), poetry, book reviews, cartoons and that new art form, Pederson's Squiggles. Both front and back covers are printed on heavy stock. We also have printed headings inside the mag. Rest of the mag is mimeo'ed. Each Outlander takes his or her turn at editing the mag. Number Eight is now available. (Edited by Con Pederson). Number Nine, edited by Anna Sinclair Moffatt and Shirley Booker, should be ready in a couple of months. You want something new or different to think about? Or maybe just an old fashioned belly laugh? Try THE OUTLANDER. 15¢ a copy. 7 issues for \$1.00. O.K. Don't risk your money. Write for a sample copy. Once you've seen it you too will be shouting SOUTH GATE IN '58!

Rick Sneary

2962 Santa Ana Street

South Gate, California

(Heh, we got serifs...or gizmos, depending on your point of view)

S.Y.

AN ABBREVIATED "SEZ YOU"

TuckerResearch

P.O.Box 702

Bloomington, Ill.

Cheerio Face:

Bloch, Korshak, Eshbach and Evans join me in saying "well done" on the fifteenth issue, just arrived in this snowbound metropolis. Hot cinders, this is the best thing you've published except for the anniversary issue and Science Fiction Five-Yearly!

Over the falls in '52

[Bob]

Lee Jacobs

Wilds of Camp Gordon

Augusta, Georgia

Dear Lee:

Quandry 15 is particularly notable for rousing relatively old memories of the long past Nolacon. Ah those smoke-filled rooms. However I noticed on one particular report, a greivous error occured, and error which must be rectified at all costs.

One Richard Elsberry cleverly remarked: "Jacobs had a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand." This, of course, referring to the beginning of the now infamous Beer-knows-how-many-daze-and-nights-it-last-ed party in the now infamous 770. Mr Elsberry was grossly in error. I did not have a pitcher of Seagrams in one hand.

I had a pitcher of Canadian Club in one hand!

Best of everything in the issue was, as is fitting, Tucker's "How Dull Was My Weekend". But--as admittedly good as Tucker invariably is--couldn't you get by without a Tucker item for several issues? I greatly fear that you will be accused as merely being a foil for Tucker's wit. ((that's bad?)) And that Q will soon change its title to Le Zombie Jr. or some such thing. Depart from BT. Give us some relief. Give us Hoy Ping Pong, instead!

About this here feud: Leave us be practical, which nobody had been as far as I can see. Gotta question--HOW can we clean up fandom? Frankly, it's impossible, because no workable method can be devised. Social pressure? Nope, majority of fans are either feelthy minded (in a very intellectually polite way of course) or simply too passive. The fanzine editor could always find a market for improper material. Postal Authorities? Nope, why would an editor have to send his zine thru the mails? Why not via Railway Express? Sure, it's a little more expensive but then most editors lose money anyway. Drrrrum offending persons out of fandom? Nope, that's just another form of social pressure. I would suggest that before battle lines are to be drawn, Watkins and Company present a completely workable plan for cleaning up fandom.

...And it can't be done!

Lee Jacobs

Riley Joe Snyder

419 S. Bleckley Dr.

Wichita 8, Kansas

Dear Lee,

This was one of the first times I've seen anything on the CCF outside of Dawn. May I state that I am in complete agreement with Mr. Watkins. I am glad to see that you allowed the discussion to be printed. Although there is always two sides to every argument, I believe CCF should be granted a hearing.

Yours Truly,

[Riley Joe Snyder]

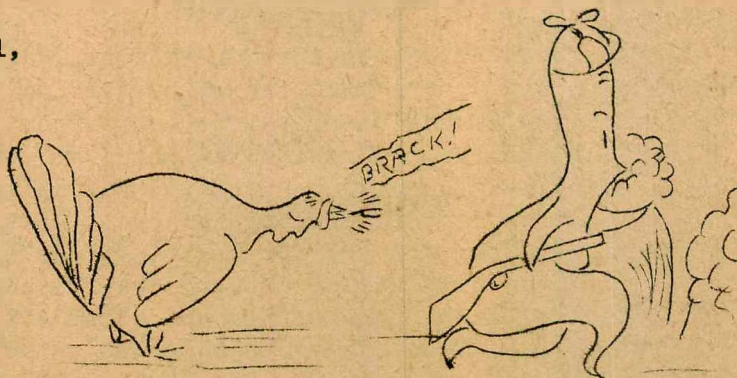
Robert Bloch

I have just perused the new issue of QUANDRY
Which contains reading matter which I am sure
Is of interest to all and sundry
Particularly the account of the party in 770
(Those of us who didn't attend certainly
missed something, haven't we?)
And then of course the biography of Sneary
Whose spelling is weaker in practise than in theory:
In regard to the CRUSADE TO CLEAN UP FANDOM
I have read some of the fannags in question and do not
quite understand why the Postal Authorities banned 'em.
But I will not take sides in this controversy
Either in the name of Indecency or of Goodness and Mersy.
Your Letter column was always good and still is
But I knid of wonder where Walter Willis?
Yes, it was all good, but Tucker's Confession
Why the devil did you print that item, that's my quession.
As one might gather from reading the blurb
It was slightly ab and more than a little surd
(Yes, I know that "blurb" and "surd" don't exactly rhyme
But I'm entitled to a few mistakes; after all what with poetic
license and all such a minor error isn't a major cryme.)
It isn't that I object to Tuck's reference to me, but the
guys with which I am bracketed;
He should know that sooner than be associated with such
vile pros and hucksters I would rather be straitjacketed.
And I'm sure he could prove how dull his weekend was
Without raising so much fas.
And with that, having said everything that is to be said,
The South Shall Rise, but I'm going to baid.

OG-DIEN GNASH

((In reply to the request to print the above)) ODE TO A GRECIAN YEARN

If you wish to run my verse
You have my bñessing, not my cerse:
Get out your ink, get out your stencil,
Do the things you think essencial!
When I approach Poetry's Muse
And prod her with a gentle guse
My brimming genius overflows
If I so much as blow my nowse,
And each word from my pen a-rippling
Is worthy of a Keats or Kipling!
So go ahead and print my gem,
I do not really give a dem
Get down to work there in Savannah
And run my stuff in any mannah,
Shape or form that you deem wise
Whilst I sit back and close my ise.
But when some foul vulgarian
Writes to complain my lines don't scian
Or advocates my poems need quelling
Due to errors in the spuelling,
I'll still sit smugly on my laurels
Though postmasters decry your maurels
And class you with the demi-monde, see,
For running such stuff in your Quondree!



--Edna St. Vitus Melee

Dear Lee:

A few remarks inspired by the #15 Q: The yakking among Venable, Watkins, and Keasler gives me an excuse to rip into this fantastic movement to regiment fandom, which has been giving Watkins such a fine gob of notoriety. (I realize that he would probably deny that he wants to regiment fandom--but he wants to censor fanzines, and he wants to limit them to three or four "approved" organs.)

And I think the whole thing is assinine. If Watkins' CCF were not so screamingly funny, it would not even be worth taking up space. Imagine it, this guy wants all fanzine editors to fall in line, under pain of withholding of subscriptions. I'll bet fan editors all over the country are shaking in their boots. I remember how a very VERY big name fan in LA "boycotted" AMAZING. During the whole time of the boycott, he consistently bought ~~two~~ copies, one for himself and one for the Foundation. If I were publishing a subscription fanzine (which of course I'm not), and any person or group of persons boycotted it (that is, by asking for a subscription refund) I'd gleefully send it to them free, both to keep them from cracking their priceless dignity by getting copies via the bootleg method, and because I would know full well that each and every subsequent issue would have something in it that would make them furious.

I'm very curious to know also how Watkins expects to get all fanzines combined into three or four. What if someone else wants to publish? I can just see Watkins ordering some editor to cease and desist and making it stick. I can also see Watkins keeping these magazines published regularly. What happens when the editor gets tired of it all?

And with a horrible clarity, I can see in my mind's eye a copy of one of these "approved" fanzines. It would be characterless, since no material calculated to offend Watkins and his stooges would be accepted. (This is for sure, since Watkins already has gone on record as opposing anti-religious stuff in fanzines as well as what he loosely calls "smut".) Nothing in it would be decently written, because no really good writer would submit anything for free publication knowing that it had to run the gauntlet of a bunch of censors. This is all the more true simply due to the fact that Watkins' obvious ability to rub people the wrong way would lead at least one high-grade editor to publish a non-Watkins fanzine just to spite these frog-puddle Hitlers. This type of magazine would obviously teem with good material, and being readable it would have no difficulty in keeping as big a subscription list as its editor wanted.

I don't want to be too hard on Watkins, though. Certainly no one can reasonably quarrel with his "let's make fandom better" or "clean-up fandom". This matter of cleaning up fandom has been overdue ever since fandom started.

I'd like to issue a public challenge to you, Mr Watkins. I'm not saying that you can actually do anything about it, but at least you could put yourself and CCF on record in the matter, and by an adroit mixture of publicity and personal boycott perhaps make fandom too hot for a certain element.

What is the Watkins/CCF attitude toward homosexuality in fandom? Do you approve of the idea of known homosexuals attending sf conventions? Being active members, even officers, in local fan clubs? Do you approve of teenaged members of fandom being pulled down into perversion by these people? Do you yourself wish to associate with sexual deviates; do you want them in your home; do you wish your wife to meet them; ~~do~~ do you want your other friends to meet them as friends of yours?

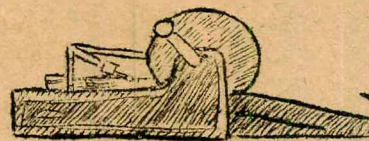
Of course the queers for the most part publish very clean fanzines. They are also rather unlikely to stir up too much of a disturbance due to their own extreme vulnerability. In print, at least, they'll usually not make you too uncomfortable.

But it seems to me that you'd do something about homosexuality in fandom if you are really sincere in your cleanup.

ftl

((We cry cos no space forced out numerous wonderful letters. Write again please as we promise a bigger letter column next ish if possible. Also the fan poll ...yed))

Whuffo



We are asking ~~you~~ ~~us~~ for a ~~n~~ typer. This 'un's as stiff as an old maid's knees, as battered as Harry the Bee's...riumphal Chariot (if not moreso), and as old ~~ayed~~. ~~WE~~ don't ask Santa that it be ice and new and electric like some typers we know, only that it be a decent stencil-cutter and an improvement over this 'un from the typist's point of view. So this issue may be Underwood's last stand.

Strage as it may seem, we who live here right on the edge of the Okefinokee practically, are having our Pogo's imported. Bill Morse of the RCAF who's stationed some miles above the Arctic Circle in Canada has been so kind as to clip the daily strips and send them to us. They don't appear in the Savannah papers and it is practically impossible to find the mag on the local stands. So Bill sends them along. All we can say is nutsabobble, and thanksabob, Bill.

We are very pleased at having been made an Honorary British Fan. It's one of the nicest things ~~that~~ ever happened to us. Thanks alot, fellows.

Hah, sez we. In fact double hah. Hah, hah. So there. That is to Mr Korshak who thinks that fans are going to give up their pet pastime of fannish names for things like conventions. He thinks we will surrender the simpe Chicon for a mouthful like Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention. From an old guard fan like Korshak this is ridiculous. Fandom is (or was) a hobby, not big business. A hobby is where people have fun, and when you get so serious and constructive that only the "adult" and "intellectual" elements have fun, us masses go look for a nice quiet drunken brawl. We behaved pretty well at the Nolacon for the sake of Harry the Bee and decent newspaper reports. There were only a few zap guns and there were a lot of people bored stiff, who thanked ghod that we unsophistocated characters had a madhouse like 770 wherein they could take refuge. Fie, Erle, does the American Legion have respectable conventions? We were ready to stand up to anybody who started hollering "Huckster" and "A convention run by the pros." We were, that is. But this is all beginning to smell like a big book-selling deal. We don't mind book-selling at a con. We like pros who are fans too, like Bob Bloch, and a lot of others. But we don't like the idea of spending our hard-earned cash to shuffle off to a series of lectures on new stf books. You fellows can have your "mature aspects of sf". We want to have a little fun. You couldn't call the fracas in 770 respectable. Or the Little Men brandishing zap guns either. We plan to attend the Chicon. That will be the gathering that launches a 770 the II and the fans who gab together about big little things and little big things. But as we see it, Mr K. this attitude of your is likely to bring you trouble. Fans aren't going to let themselves be pushed around. If they want to have fun, they'll do it anyway. And your "serious constructive" convention won't be able to do a thing about it. If it comes to a choise for us, we'll take the Ohio Lake Affair this year, Mr K. We like "the kind they don't lock up." Tenth Annual Science Fiction Convention to you. Did you ask fandom if it wants a respectable Convention?

Of course we may be wrong, so we're willing to listen to the next guy's opinion.

