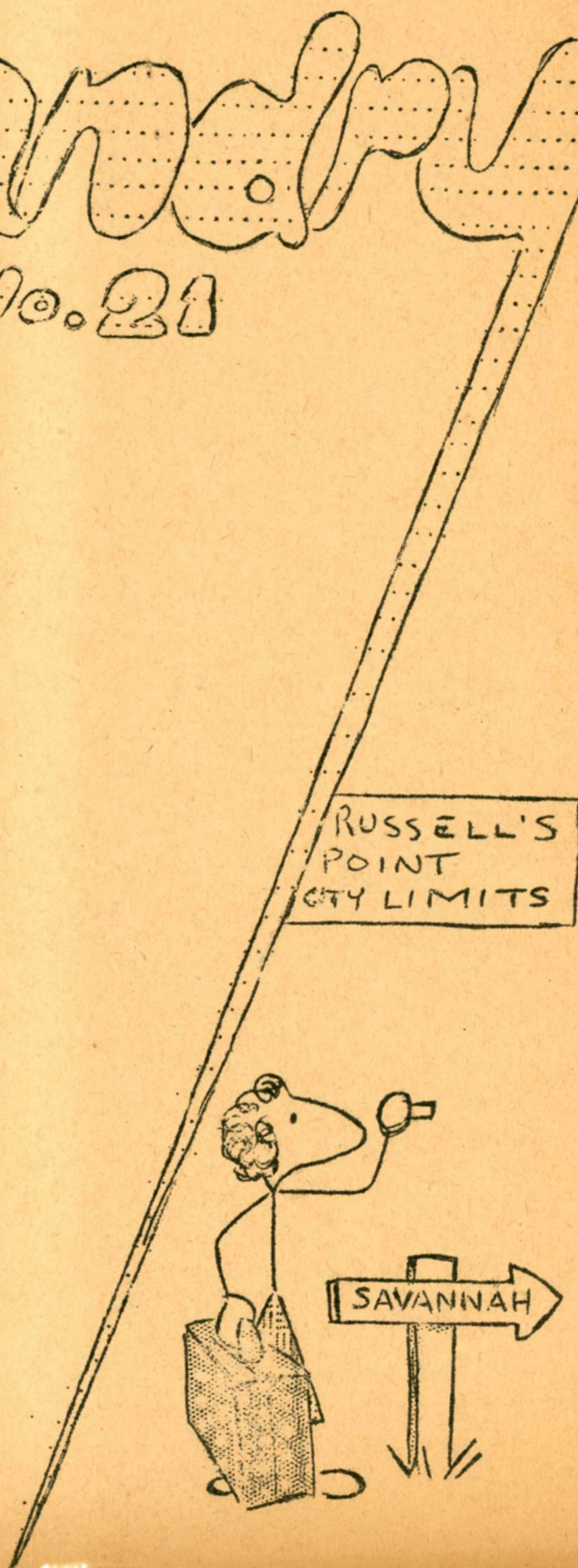


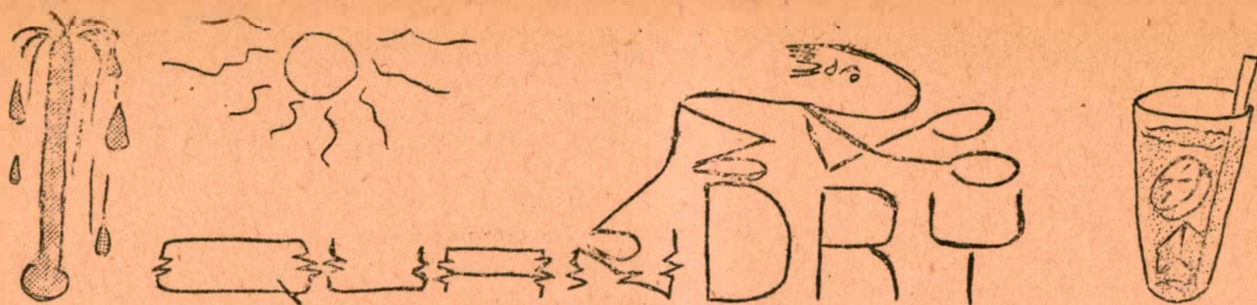
Quandry

No. 21



RUSSELL'S
POINT
CITY LIMITS





#21

A. Polka-dot Platypus Publication

June 1952

full of

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li'l Peepul by yed. Harp stencilled by WAW. Sweetbreath stuff stencilled by Thad

Quandry, the poor fan's Confusion, is published every month (Hoffmanian calendar) by some jerk fan under the auspices of the Tucker Is Our Hero Club of Northern, Southern, Eastern, Western and Central United States and America and Northern Ireland. We most likely cannot place unsolicited material before October or November, and we would be grateful if you'd send return postage along with unsolicited manuscripts. Or you might not get that brainchild back if we can't use it. Especially if you don't put your return address on the manuscript. We accept no responsibility for unsigned, unstamped unsolicited manuscripts. If you too have been trapped into the web of fanzine publishing, let us know and maybe we can arrange to trade mags. And remember that at 3lbs for a quarter, five dollars worth of grits is SIXTY pounds. Ad space in Q is \$1.50 for a full page, 80¢ for a half. 50¢ for a smaller than 1/3 page ad (which will be squeezed into whatever space exists, at the editor's discretion). Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher or of the Elves, Gnomes and Little Men. Please bear that in mind when you attack our columnists. All letters received will be considered for publication, but only the most clever and worthwhile ones will be published. Members of the BEAW can buy Q for 13¢ a copy if they will pay postage. Compliments should be addressed to the editor. Complaints should be addressed to Robert Bloch. The first person sending a \$1 contribution to WAW With The Crew c/o this mag will receive the next 4 Q's free. If you don't like Quandry you are invited not to read it. Otherwise, you are welcome and then some to read on. This mag is published by Rebel Yeast, a subsidiary of Hoffman Nothing.

Lee Hoffman - editor	15¢ a copy	add 10¢ exchange with checks.
Charles Wells - assistant	3 for 40¢	
Underwood - senior typewriter	4 for 2/- to	
Demarzule - mimeograph	Walter A. Willis	
Bob Tucker - part time kibitzer	170, Upper Newtownards Rd.	
Robert Bloch - assistant p.t.kibitzer	BELFAST, Northern Ireland	

101 Wagner St

Savannah, Ga. USA

in the midst of Chaos (NO APOLOGIES TO SHELBY VICK)

Hail, Stout Fellows! And you lean ones too. Your editor is now recuperating from the Midwest gathering and those of you who were around after the Nolacon know what that means. But you needn't drag out the vitriol-flavored typeribbon, if you are anti-convention news. It won't do you any good. But you may console yourselves that this ish will probably be the only one that you can't stomp on without squashing a zine-load of con reports...at least until we attend another fangathering.

Actually there might not have been a conference report in this ish even if a lot of hucksters hadn't kept begging us to print their names. We eventually approached a pure-hearted young fan name of Tucker for a couple of words on the subject. You may observe the results by turning a page or so. If the names of any publicity-desiring hucksters (amateur or pro) were omitted, said hucksters have only to protest. Nothing may be done about the protests, but it will give the writer a chance to see his name when he addresses the envelope.

We are not writing an account of our own adventures in thish, mainly because the atory of five Rebels and a DeSoto in the damnyankee state of Ohio, and the lands surrounding, will be (we hope) in one-shot form for distribution at the Chicon. Non-chiconees might be able to obtain copies from Jimmy Streinz at 2604 Forest Way NE, Atlanta, Ga. This thrilling account of the wheel, the windshield wiper, the beard, the French Foreign Legion, and the flagstaff, shouldn't be missed by anyone anticipating driving to fanferences.

By the way, if you wrote something for this issue and have finally turned in desperation to the editorial in search of it, you'll just have to wait a little longer. As we said, this young Illinois fan would be awfully disappointed if we didn't print his report. Neofans are so sensitive, you know. And tho this fellow's strength is as the strength of ten he might not bear up under such a blow. Besides, we wouldn't want our teeth knocked out. Not even as a return favor.

But let us not ignore the con completely. Or rather, let us not ignore Arthur C. Clarke. To say that we were quite pleased to meet him would be a discouraging understatement. This man (who tagged a bit of our jewelery "The Earrings of Mars" because they reminded him of that planet and its two satellites) was one of the most interesting people at the gathering. Someone should devote a one-shot entirely to him. And perhaps someone will...if he ever goes back to amateur publishing.

More very interesting people were Perdita and Ray Nelson who we, unfortunately, failed to get under contract to Q while at the con. This was probably due to the same intellectual short-circuit that caused us to forget to take a note pad to the con and to forget to huckster a few Q subs while there. Ah well...

Say, look, if you were at The Immortal Indian Lake Affair of 1952 and you took photos we would like to know about getting a few prints. We'll gladly trade Q subs or ad space for such photos. Especially photos of those dirty pros and hucksters from Illinois and the gang that was following them. And very specially a shot of Bloch presenting Tuck a brick.

If anyone knows who the fellow taking flash-pics in 770#122 at the InVention was, will he please send ~~us~~ the name and address? We'd like prints of his pics too, but I understand he is not a well known fan.

And fillums. Has anyone any 16mm (sound or silent) films of conventions or conferences that might be of interest and which might be borrowed? Or for that matter, any 16mm films that would be of interest.

Speaking of the InVention, now that Conreports are out, will we be able to keep attendance only to the invited next year?

* * * * *

Know ye one and all by this proclamation that hencefore the site known as post office box 702, Bloomington, Ill. is annexed to the Confederate States of America, along with all its contents and occupants. Henceforth all Rebels will refrain from calling its occupants "Barmyankee Hucksters". Suitable ceremonies, including the Presentation of the Flag and a bit of oath-taking, have taken place before such witnesses as Paul Cox, Jimmy Streinz, Hull Teagarden, Henry Burwell, Ian Macauley, Walt Guthrie, Shelby Vick, and sundry damnyankees. This portion of matter (hitherto referred to as Post Office Box 702, Bloomington, Ill) is henceforth to be respected as a portion of the Confederate States of America, and a territory of the Soverign State of Georgia. Its occupants are to be allowed free entrance and egress from the State of Georgia without such formalities as passport and cash bond. They are to be allowed to consume quantities of grits and hush-puppies with cat-fish gravy up to and exceeding \$5 in value (Confederate money, of course), and will be spared the torch in any forthcoming purges of the damnyankee states.

Unsigned by,

Bewitched, Bothered, Bemildred and Disenchanted

* * * * *

Their Q's have been returned from the following people: Anne Lee McLeod, Bill Berger, John Brunner. If anyone knows their whereabouts, we'll gladly send them the rest of their Quandrys.

And if you find a big "x" in this here space to the side of this typing, you know that you'll got no more Quandrys until or unless you make some arrangements (preferably financial). And unless you act now you're likely to miss the next issue.

HEY YOU

Would you like to trade me only two magazines for up to 45 from me, all 1949 and earlier issues???? This is a contest! Here's how it works: to enter, each contestant must send one issue of a stf/fsy magazine to "contest" 761 Oakley St., Salt Lake City 16, Utah, of a 1949 or earlier vintage. If 100 of you guys enter, the first place winner can clear over 25 magazines for his one! If he wins both 1st and 2nd prizes he gets 45 magazines shipped to him for his two entries! And it's easy to win! In fact, it's a lead-pipe cinch, if you really want to be sure of things before going into them. First of all, there are three prizes--1st is 1/4 of all mags received, 2nd is 1/5 and 3rd is 1/10th. If enough cooperation is given, 4th through 10th prizes will be made. Prizes will be selected impartially, and sent promptly! Here's how easy it is to win--the prizes are given solely on the age of the magazines you contribute. If you send in two '46 mags (no duplicates) and no one sends any earlier mags you win both 1st and 2nd prizes. Think of that--all those mags to you alone! One person cannot win more than 2 prizes however. Expand your collection for a song. One mag can bring 45, if you play it right. But Hurry! The deadline for mags to be received is July 31st 1952. If you enclose a self-addressed pc a list of winners will be mailed to you promptly. DON'T MISS THIS UNEQUALLED OFFER! The more people enter the more you win. The older the mags, the more the value!

paid advt.

HOFFMAN'S MARCH THRU OHIO

by Theodore F. Sweetbreath
(a nom-de-guerre for a
certain phan from Illinois)

Almost everyone present considered it as nothing more than a fey gag upon the part of the sponsoring committee, a bit of empty drum beating to stir up interest and lagging attendance. "Oh," everyone said with a chuckle, "that fey Ford!" Or, "Heh heh, that Lavender chap is pulling our fey leg again. Some few were heard to whisper, "What is that fey quack of a doctor up to this time?" It was difficult to believe the circulars and broadsides flooding through the mail from Sharonville, Delaware and Bellefontaine, Ohio. Those gaudy advertisements would have us believe that many wondrous and illustrious personages would be present at the Indian Lakes conference, that neon-lit names would be in attendance this year. The hacks that show up every year (Bloch, Korshak, Eshback and Evans) were quickly glossed-over and dismissed, but then those fey fellows running the affair inserted a new name: Hoffman.

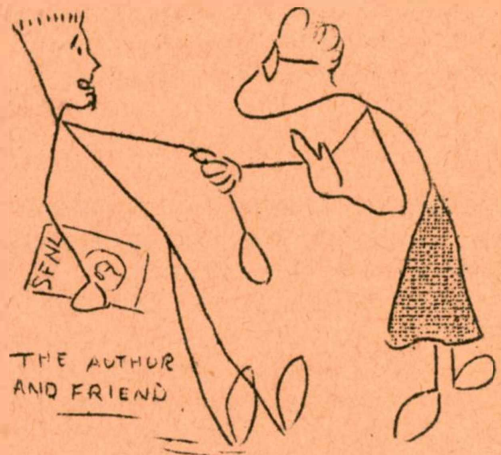
Hoffman at Indian Lakes? Fantastic! A misprint! A deliberate attempt to mislead and deceive! They boldly said that not only Hoffman, but a gang of rebels and carpetbaggers were due in from the south. This was a lie of course. The Ohio sponsors simply put that in to encourage attendance.

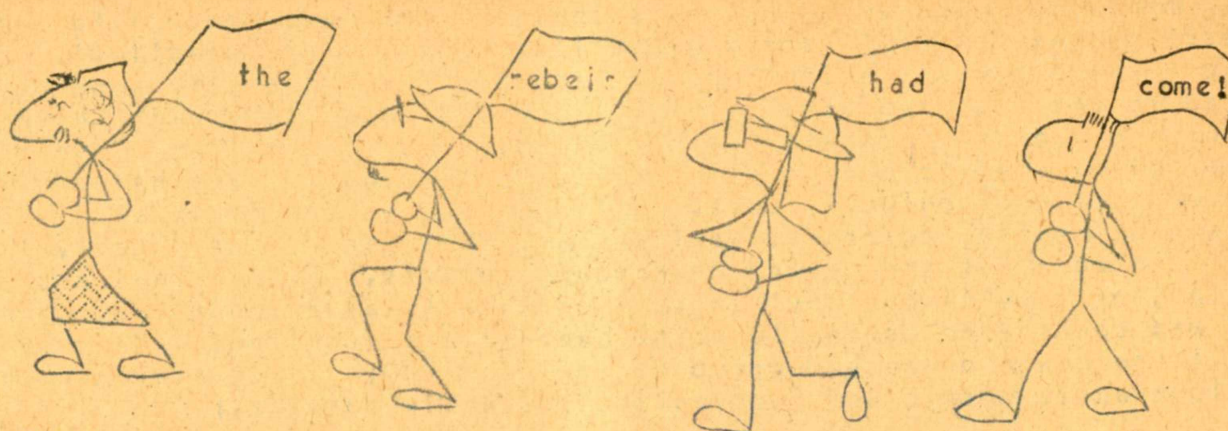
The first nerve-shattering message arrived at ten that evening. The advance guard of the 119th* Georgia Cannoneers had been seen sneaking across the Ohio line. Our intelligence staff reported that the command car was partly disabled, but that it was making slow-steady progress on three wheels, with an anonymous fan running along the road holding up the axle in place of the fourth wheel. A beanie squad was dispatched to cut him down.

* THE 118th G.C.

At ten-thirty, the lone bloody survivor of the beanie squadron staggered back to the Beastley Hotel with stunning news: the squad had been wiped out, the command car was now picking up speed due to the anonymous fan having removed his shoes, and a second car bearing an unmistakable Confederate flag had been reported seen just south of the state boundary. This news threw the defenders into a quondary. Hand-picked scouts of proven calibre were thrown-out all around the hotel, along with a couple of early drunks who were making nuisances of themselves. Somehow, THE BAT had slipped past the sentries and was making the rounds of all the men's rooms. (That apostrophe is in the proper place.) Bloch, Korshak, Eshback and Evans put their five heads together to determine a course of action, and decided on poker.

Meanwhile, an opportunist had formed a line of some sixty-five male fans, charging them each a quarter for the privilege of kissing Hoffman. A few actually paid and Tucker retired with the loot to join the nearby poker game. It was never fully determined afterwards what happened to the scouts or the drunks---they were never seen again, but shortly before midnight the horrifying discovery was made of several barefooted strangers in the hotel lobby!





Sixty-five enraged male fans, defeated in their desire for osculatory exercise, now burning with mass frustration and indignation, formed a posse to scour the corridors for Tucker but he was running about the hotel in search of a floating crap game. Hoffman modestly retired to her room, removed a rusty typewriter and mimeograph from her overnight bag, and promptly pumped out a one-shot fanzine which she then peddled for a dollar a copy; thus raising funds to pay her hotel bill and to purchase a bottle of mineral water. The water was later frozen into cubes and given to Dave Kyle to play with.

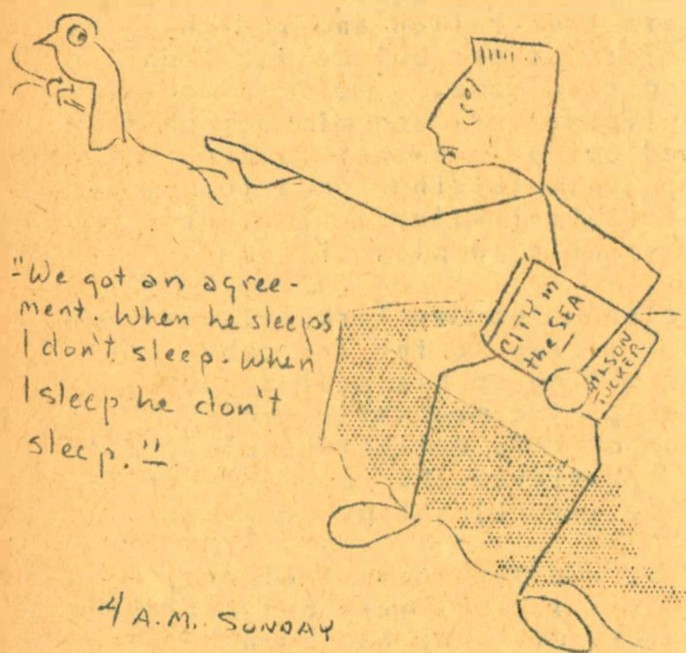
Kyle, a delightful little joker from the New York Science Fiction and Noodle Winding Society, tied a string to the ice cube, held it in the palm of his hand, and ran the string up his coat sleeve. He would then shake said hand with strangers, the meanwhile gently drawing the cube upward. After half an hour of this delightful play, Kyle retired to change clothes and Hoffman retrieved the cube for her fan collection after having it autographed by several nearby squares.

Pitiful tales of woe were told by the strangers southern, but nobody paid them any heed, knowing the sad stories were but build-ups for touches and loans. They tried to tell us they had been besieged by the remnant's of Lincoln's army as they crossed the Mason Dixon line but everyone knows those veterans are now drawing rocking chair money; they claimed they were sabotaged by Yankee maps and had wandered in & out of Chattanooga six times by mistake, forgetting that the maps of Chattanooga are still classified material and hence unavailable to the public; they said they were raising money for the Walt Willis fund, but later they were seen eating regularly. Brazenly enough, they even tried to promote a new automobile by telling everyone what fantastically poor luck they were having; their tearful story of wheels falling off was met with the fish-cold eye, and just to teach them that they could not pull southern wool over northern eyes, a couple of fey characters sneaked out after dark and half-sawed the spokes one of wheel. These characters feel confident that gas buggy did not make it back to the state of Georgia on all fours. We should be hearing reports in the fan press soon as to what happened.

Otherwise, it was a dull convention.

The usual hucksters were selling their wares, bleeding dollars from the naive fans, and so deeply has this custom become entrenched that one crass huckster travelled all the way from England to promote his books, "Sands of Mars" and "Exploration of Spaces". We especially deplore this, for untold thousands of dollars were taken out of the country when this man returned home.

Because this is a Family Magazine that goes into the Right Homes all mention of the vulgar aspects shall be omitted, except to note in passing the colorful array of bottles present at Beastley's Bayou. The average person attending any science fiction affair soon becomes used to the always-present scotch, bourbon and blend with which some fans are wont to decorate their stomachs, but the latest Ohio affair somehow managed to out-do all previous gatherings of any nature in the accumulation of outre liquors. Orange gin, yellow greek wine, green creme de menthe, colorless Mexican rum, these and other ungodly things were toted about and poured down young gullets. Either fans are color blind, or they'll buy anything. (Now when I was a young fan, grandma, it was considered daring to drink beer at a convention! Someday I'll tell you how a debauched group of us, in 1940, lured Ackerman into a saloon while Morojo and Togo waited patiently outside.)



Spies, recruited from among those same young and enthusiastic fans, tell us that science fiction was actually mentioned a number of times over the week-end. This is of tremendous import, and will probably cause the sponsors to cancel next year's meeting. Spies claim that on Friday night someone in Room 35 was heard to mention the phrase; and it was said again early on Saturday morning near the desk. This last was discounted however when the truth came out: Mrs. Beastley was explaining to a disappointed guest that the hotel was booked exclusively. Sometime Sunday afternoon a rash young fan tried to mention the phrase, but was thrown in the lake immediately after the first word.

The final Monday morning was a rather sad business. Everyone had left the night before except the six people from Chicago, and Robt Bloch who somehow forgot to go home. On Monday morning, these six and Mr. Bloch found it their unhappy duty to help Mrs. Beastley clean up the hotel, dispatch lost and left-behind clothing, and so forth. That which was left over was dumped into the trunk of my car, with the result that I arrived home with the following:

Five bricks, nineteen whiskey bottles each with less than three inches of liquid remaining in the bottoms, four worn decks of cards, a pair of striped shorts size 38, a bottle of orange gin with one drink gone, a Confederate flag, a road map of Chattanooga, an auto wheel, an orange-and-green striped beanie with one propellor blade missing, two mis-mated socks, a pajama top (female), a Shaver manuscript, a radio, a sprig of parsley, a used ice cube, nineteen corks to fit the above 19 bottles, a dozen copies of the Cleveland S-F Bulletin, a Little Monster and a nameless fan found under a bed.

He could give no valid reason for being under it, other than he liked to "hear the gong ring."

-Thhadeus F. Sweetbreath

How Weak Was May End



by Robert Bloch
(the original)

DOCTOR BARRETT? that eminent veterinarian of Bellefontaine Ohio, had invited Bloch down to an annual Midwest Fan Conference and get-together for three years running.

But Bloch refused to run...he waited until he got a lift in an automobile. Came May of 1952, and one Oliver Saari of Chicago was seduced into providing transportation. And so it was off to Indian Lake for a weekend of fun, frolic and fandom. "Grin and Barrett" was the motto pasted on Bloch's valise.

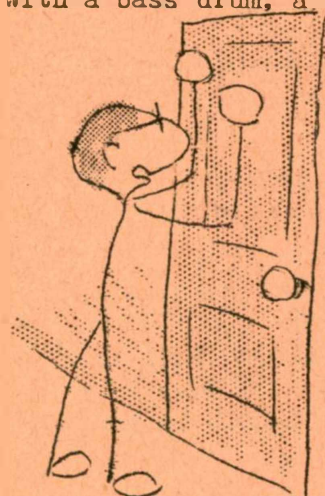
(Note: this blank space is provided by the management for the benefit of those who wish to make obvious remarks about Bloch's valise.)

Bloch left for Chicago, spent the night, and arranged to meet Saari and his wife at his hotel at 6:15 AM Saturday morning. That's 5:15 AM by Central Standard Time. But if the South can rise again, so can Bloch...and at the appointed, ungodly hour, Bloch dragged his valise through the lobby (see, I can do it too if I feel like it, nyaaaa!) and met his host and hostess. Judy May was picked up at the Union Station and Ted Dikty emerged from a South Side massage parlor. Once they had stowed their valises into the back seat, it was off through Illinois, Indiana and Ohio to Beastley's-On-The-Lake Hotel. . .*

The same party returned on Monday, reaching Chicago in late afternoon. Bloch spilled root beer and frozen custard all over his pants in the car, and other members of the party ate smoked turkey. Bloch arrived in Milwaukee in time for supper and put his valise into cold-storage until the official Convention.

Bestial's Indian Fake Resort is a big summer hotel adjoining the lake and bordering on the ridiculous. Upon arrival, Bloch and his extinguished companions found approximately 100 fans, editors, authors, publishers and hucksters huddled in the corridors in an effort to keep warm. After a light lunch (consisting of two 75-watt bulbs) Bloch retired to his room to rest up from the trip.

There is an old burlesque show routine involving a honeymoon couple in a hotel room, where their efforts to retire are periodically interrupted by a maniac, a man with a bass drum, a bellboy, a troupe of Boy Scouts, and a detachment of birdwatchers.



What happened to Bloch would make Gypsy Rose Lee turn over in her G-string.

Here's the situation. Sitting on his bed with a cover pulled over his valise, is Bloch, unarmed save for a glass of Scotch. Enter in the order of their appearance (how else?):

BEATRICE MAHAFFEY of OTHER WORDS. She takes a glass and sits on Bloch's feet.

PAT MAHAFFEY, sister to Beatrice. She takes a glass and part of Bloch's blanket.

VIRGINIA SAARI, wife of Oliver. She takes a glass and the other side of Bloch's blanket.

(overpage)

* This footnote concerns what went on between noon Saturday at Beat-up's until Monday morning and is available to members of the medical profession and cultured adult students only. Anyone else reading it, living or dead, is purely coincidental.

Bloch (2)

MACK REYNOLDS, a simple goat-herder from Taos, New Mexico. He takes a glass and one look at Bloch and the women and says, "My gawd, you work fast!"

MARTY GREENBERG & DAVE KYLE, two Gnomes. They take glasses and seats at the bedside.

WILSON TUCKER, an Illinois fan. He gives Bloch a Los Angeles-type greeting, then gets off the bed and sits down.

LEE HOFFMAN, a constructed rebel. She gets the dressing-table bench and a glass. There were others...in and out. Other people, other glasses, other bottles, other voices, other rooms.

Meanwhile, there was some kind of Convention going on, somewhere. Bloch, going through the lobby for supper, encountered a welter of celebrities.

DOC BARRETT himself....DOC SMITH & MRS SMITH...SHELBY VICK of Irish Sweepstakes fame... W. MAX ("EVER-MISPELLIN'") KEASLER...DON FORD, BASIL WELLS, HENRY BURWELL, and all of the fans who will soon be writing their own versions in their own publications. HARLAN RANDY, BEN, ETC. ETC. was talking to LLOYD ESHBACH, who in turn introduced Bloch to ARTHUR C. CLARKE.

ARTHUR C. CLARKE, the poor man's Walt Willis, turns out to be a very pleasant affable and erudite British gentleman, with scarcely a trace of a Cockney accent. He made a very fine impression on the group as a lecturer and as a conversationalist, and also gave an exhibition of table-tennis over at Barrett's-ON-The-Operating Table.

Milling through the corridors and spilling through the glassware were groups from Illinois, Indiana, Ohio, Pennsylvania, Michigan, Georgia, Florida, New York, plus one specimen that had just flown out of Carlsbad Caverns at dusk. Night reeled and fell, and the group arranged itself in the big lobby for the first official step in what turned out to be the TUCKERCON.

WILSON TUCKER, Illinois fan, had brought some slides which were projected by BOB TUCKER. A running commentary on the slides was provided by W. ARTHUR TUCKER.

Following the slides came a sound-recorder drama written and produced for TUCKER ENTERPRISES by WILSON A. TUCKER.

Then TUCKER auctioned off some originals, with a slight assist from another gentleman in the audience...only to return to the projection machine and set up some slides from England. A Mr Arthur C. Clarke assisted him by making a few comments on the slides as shown.

By this time it was close to 11 PM with barely 8 hours left for a short poker game before bedtime. The particular poker game that Bloch attended was held by a WILSON "BOB" TUCKER...in Bloch's room.

After the game, and a refreshing half-hour of sleep, it was suddenly Sunday noon and time for the Banquet. The piece-de-resistance and main course turned out to be chicken limbs, fried Southern Style in rich golden brown axle-grease.

Doc Barrett then mounted his podium and began to introduce people like crazy... among them, a MR. TUCKER, whose tape-recorder was spinning merrily. The quality of the impromptu banquet remarks seemed to be about par for the course (which was, as previously mentioned, chicken limbs fried in axle-grease) and no doubt TUCKER PUBLICATIONS, INC. will edit the tape and present it at the OFFICIAL TUCKERCON in the city of Chituckergo in Septuckerember.

Once the banquet was over and everyone was tuckered out, the entire gathering seemed to dissipate rapidly. It was one of the most dissipated gatherings Bloch had ever seen. Cars sped off madly in all directions, and when the smoke cleared away

there was noone left but Doc Barrett, Doc & Mrs Smith, Bea, Judy, Ollie, Virginia, Dikty, and Bloch...plus an unidentified fan named B T

After supper, it was decided that there was no reason for having all that smoke cleared away, so a fire was built in TUCKER'S room under a poker table. Contributions were made to the TUCKER RESEARCH FOUNDATION until late in the evening, and the next day it was, as previously noted, farewell to Beastley's. As the last firecracker fell into the lake, the deserted hotel corridors stood forlorn and empty and a single bat fluttered in the belfry.

There were a number of high points in the proceedings...SHELBY WICK'S assurance that unless something drastic was done to prevent it, WALT WILLIS would come over from Ireland as surely as if St. Patrick himself were after him...LEE HOFFMAN surrendering her Confederate Flag to BOB TUCKER...MACK REYNOLDS' plan for adding to those to be honored on Mother's Day...a half-dozen parties which Bloch never got around to attending...the general distribution of fanmags and literature, including half a dozen printed efforts by WILSON TUCKER who also sold some material...the presentation of a plaque to BEN SINGER by ARTHUR TUCKER...but of course all this and more will be properly (or improperly) presented in fan accounts in due time.

Meanwhile, with only 100 days to go, Bloch is starting to get into training for Labor Day.

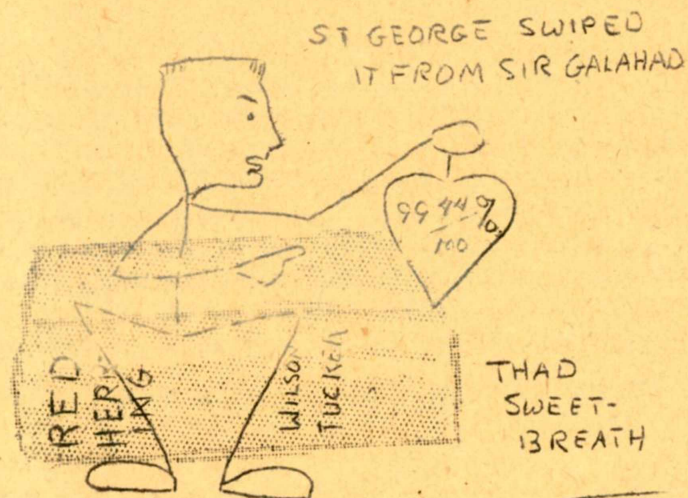
--the original Robert Bloch

"Milder, much milder"

presentation
of the first
official brick*
*supplied by
Atlanta Fandom
and presented
by

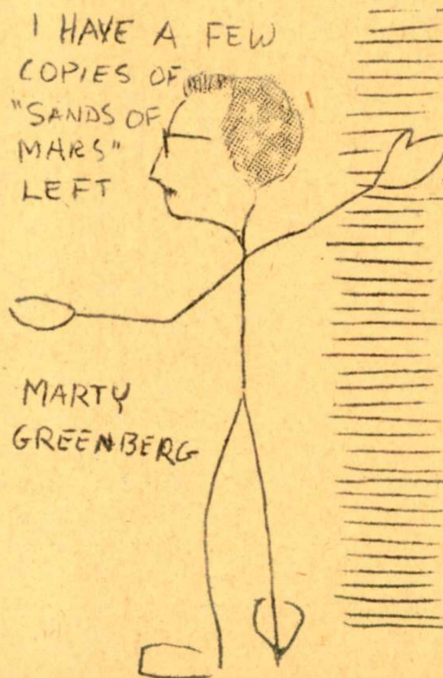
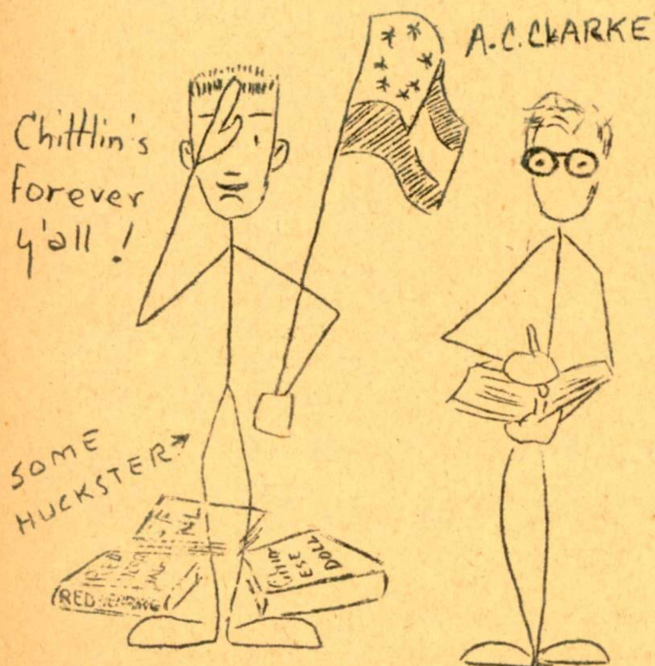


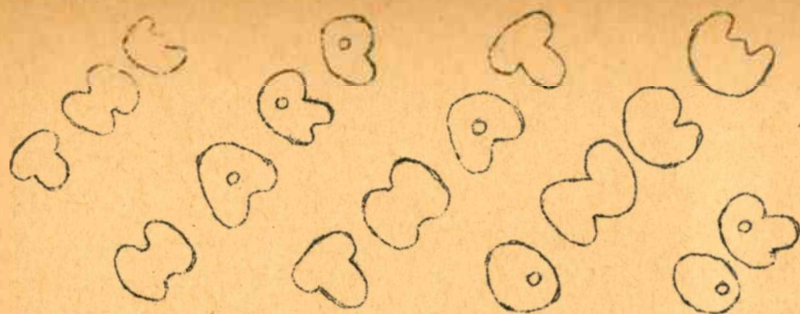
A FANSEYE VIEW OF
HUCKSTERS IN ACTION



HUCKSTERS IN Action

ST BEASTLEY'S ON THE BAYOU





by
WALT
WILLIS
H.S.C
cartoons by
BoSh

These are grave days for us contributors to QUANDRY. It seems just the other day--in fact it was just the other day--that we were happily engaged in exchanging fannish nonsense, elaborating fan lore, making fun of Bob Tucker, and generally having fun in what we thought was a fairly mature, if wacky, kind of way. We were wrong--terribly terribly wrong. All that was Not Good Enough. We were juvenile, immature, irresponsible. We should have been discussing science fiction, reading and writing reviews, making with the learned literary criticism---even perhaps analyzing the odd Trend. In our childish ignorance we thought the reason we didn't do this was that most of us knew enough about sf to choose our own reading. We didn't think we needed to be spoon-fed by reviews and literary criticism telling us what we should like and why we should like it. We might even have thought it was better to use our own creative imagination than to discuss that of other people. What we didn't realise was that:--

".....There is a gap widening between...the more 'mature' element among sf readers and the vociferous, but usually adolescent, 'true fans' who seldom, it seems to me, even read science fiction and even less often comment intelligently on it.

In many respects, the 'true fan' groups represent a cult. ...They have invented an esoteric vocabulary that prevents 'outsiders' from knowing what they are talking about and helps to conceal the fact that the 'fans' frequently don't know what they are talking about either."

Thus the RHODOMAGNETIC DIGEST, organ of the Elves', Gnomes', and Little Men's Chowder, Science Fiction and Marching Society.

These are hard words, fellow fans, but we must take them to heart. Redd Boggs, Fran Laney, Charles Burbee, Rick Sneary, Forry Ackerman, Lee Hoffman, Vince Clarke, Chuck Harris, Henry Burwell, Bob Tucker, Jay Oliver, Len Moffatt, Rich Elsberry, Robert Bloch, Ken Slater, Rory Faulkner and all you other adolescents, you must throw away your zapp guns and stratosphere beanies. I am already taking steps to put my own house in order. Leaning them against the shed where I keep all the old instalments of "The Harp That Once Or Twice" (I call it the 'Soul of Music' Shed) I climb up and find to my horror that lamentably few of those Harps contain serious literary criticism or long appreciations of pulp authors or thoughtful dissertations on the Future of Science Fiction. This will never do. I must awaken to my responsibilities as a serious constructive fan. Enter Willis the Thinker. From now on each Harp will be at least partly given over to serious intellectual discussions of a high order. (I tried this racket once before in an early Harp but everyone concealed their burning interest so effectively that I thought it didn't exist. A pity---that serious stuff was awful easy to write.) I will begin by listing all the books in my personal collection. This listing will be a continuing feature of QUANDRY. (A list of all my books is bound to be of feverish interest to the readers of QUANDRY and since I have about 2500 books, not counting another half million or so I lent to people and never got back, this will keep Q going for years and years.) The books mentioned are all part of my personal collection, which is one of the largest and most comprehensive collections of junk in the world. I will list everything that has any conceivable relationship to fantasy but I see no reason to put them in any particular order so I will just start with the oak

bookcase opposite the window in the living room.

SCHILLER'S WERKE, in 12 volumes. These are the complete works of Schiller, in German, published in Stuttgart in 1867 and bought by me in Nicholl's Auction Mart in Belfast in 1947. God knows where they were for those eighty years. They're in Gothic script and my German is a bit rusty (I left him out in the rain) and anyway from what I know of Schiller I can live without him, so I haven't read any of these. Nevertheless for all I know they may contain some sensational fantasy and if Mary Gnaedinger would like to browse through them she can have the whole lot for a song. In large denomination notes, preferably.

LE LIVRE DES MILLE NUITS ET UNE NUIT, in 16 volumes, in French. This is Mardrus's excellent translation of the Arabian Nights, and it's also the part of that lot I did want. And of course this is some of the best fantasy ever written. Much of it needs only some scientific gobbledegook to be published in a modern prozine. There's also one short story which is the funniest thing I've ever read. Every now and then I try to read it to someone but between stumbling over the translation and laughing my head off I seldom get it finished. Some day I will publish it in a fanzine.

THE VOYAGE OF HMS BEAGLE, by Charles Darwin. Not a bit like Van Vogt's. GRAZIELLA, by Lamartine. This is another one I haven't read and indeed I can't even remember buying it. Do you suppose people are now borrowing my bookcases as well as my books?

Well, I see that's 30 books already, and maybe that's enough culture for one month. Anyway I really haven't the time to raise the intellectual ^{level} of QUANDRY very far this month since I'm off to the Loncon in a few days and I've got an issue of a new mimood fanzine to get out before then. (The urgency is because it contains, through the courtesy of Vince Clarko, Bill Temple's report on the last Loncon.)

PART

4 OF

WILLIS
DISCOVERS
AMERICA!

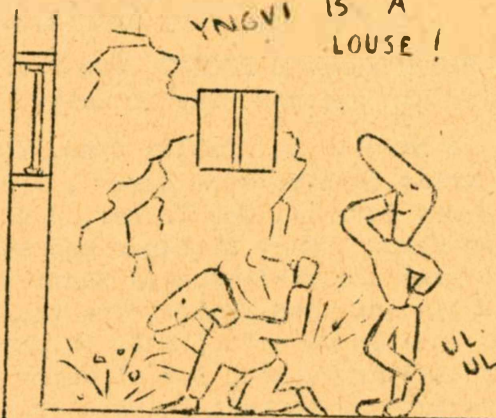
(ctd. from CONFUSION 9)

(Willis and Vick have been captured by the New York Immigration Officers, who are all fanatic devotees of Ghu. While being transported to Ellis Island they are shipwrecked and cast ashore near the dreaded Chateau d'IF. There, Willis attacks Ghuvernor Fairman and the two fans are now imprisoned on the Chateau to await trial. While on the ship they had contrived to give a message to a passing fish called Ted (a Surgeon by trade) appealing to fandom for help. Now read on.)

Shelvy totters into the dungeon with Willis's lifeless body and dumps it on the bed. He looks round at the cracked walls and sloping floor of the dungeon and protests to the guard.

"This place doesn't look structurally sound!"

"Naturally," leers the guard, "It's the condemned cell." He draws his gun and shoots the bolts. As the smoke clears away Shelvy walks round the cell reading the cracks on the walls. "YNGVI IS A LOUSE... FORWARD WITH FOO FOO... SPRAGUE DE CAMP IS A LOUSE... I HAVE A COSMIC MIND... THE POO IS MIGHTIER THAN THE YOBBER... EAT AT OMARS... ROSEBUD... MY ALL PRO ISSUE... JOIN THE NSF... KONNERS KORNER WAS HERE... UL-UL... BURBEE WAS A GOOD EDITOR... KUTTNER IS VANCE... THE MIRROR OF FANDOM... BLOCK KORSHAK



EVANS AND TEBBACH. TUCKER LIVES ON... BETER... NEW IN 53... CHRISTIAN SLANS READING SLANZINES... ULTRA WEIRD ARTIST... THE ROOSTER THAT WORE RED PANTS... LEAVE WAY ON THE QUAY IN 53... FANDOM IS A WAY OF LIFE... THE SOUTH SHALL RISE... POOM 770... UNREMEMBERABLE PLEASURE INDEFINITELY PROLONGED... SOUTH CAME IN 53..." He breaks off on hearing a scrabbling noise behind him. Willis has come to what he refers to as his senses and is scraping on the floor of the dungeon with his screedriver. ShelVy watches him tolerantly for a few minutes.

"What do you think you're going to find under that stone?" he asks. "Max Keasler!"

"I'm digging a tunnel," explains Willis, "like the Abbe Faria in THE COUNT OF MONTE CRISTO. I knew all that non-sf stuff I used to read would come in handy some day. Broadens the outlook, you know. You ordinary uncultured fans wouldn't understand them literary masterpieces."

"If you really want to broaden your outlook," says ShelVy, "take a look out of the window. This dungeon is on the Night Floor."

"Oh bother," says Willis. "What a cell! I've a good mind to retire from fandom in high dungeon."

"You can't retire from fandom yet," points out ShelVy. "You haven't even started on your memoirs. Lee Hoffman would never forgive you."

"True," says Willis. "We must think of an egress."

"Suh," says ShelVy stiffly, "You have insulted a fair flower of Suthun womanhood."

"Teh teh," says Willis, "I only meant we must think up some way to get out of here." He goes over to the window.

Suddenly a soft voice is heard raised sweetly in song and golden cadences of melody are wafted through the cell window.

"I say," says Willis, "Get a load of this. Golden cadences of melody are being wafted through the cell window!"

"No kidding!" says ShelVy. He goes over to the window and looks out.

"Why," he exclaims, "It's Sam Moskowitz! And there's Taurasi and Sykora too. I might have known FANTASY TIMES would get the news first!"

(Next installment in CONFUSION 10)

ODDENDA CURRENT SCIENCE FICTION No.35 (Huh?) explains that "Intergalactic" means "a message between happy and gay friends, always arriving on time. It has no resemblance to the meaning of a similar word found in the dictionary." OK, boys, now let's see what you can do with "similar." Actually though, this of CSF was very good. Pity I missed the other 33. ~~///~~ A messily misread (?) circular enquiring about advertising rates just arrived from 'The Office of L.Ron Hubbard.' By the look of it it must have come from what estate agents refer to as the 'usual offices.' ~~///~~ Max Keasler writes: "Little did you know that Madeleine and I arranged this whole scheme to get you to the Chicon. Wait till I don't show up at the Convention and you get a postcard from me from Belfast, and you'll know what I mean. But of course by the time you find out...it will be too late. I am laughing in my teeth and crying on the inside." ~~///~~ Best fanzine ever to come out of Australia, in my opinion, is Graham Stone's new STOP GAP, Box 182, Broadway PO, Sydney, NSW. ~~///~~ Ken Slater's 1952 OF HANDBOOK really deserves to rank with the FANCYCLOPOEDIA. 42 pages chonk full of information about fandom, fanzines, fan language, clubs, prozines, dealers, agents and whatnot. ~~///~~

AS OTHERS SEE US (1) "I've been noting the expressions of people who pass by the club window. They seem rather curious. One elderly woman went so far as to poke her bonnet past the door but Fran said: IA IA SESE-NIGGURATH and Mel laughed a funny kind of bubbly chuckle and the woman went away. I believe she was swooning."

---George Ebey in SHANGHAI L'AFFAIRES 17.

Subject: A Night With The Fantasy League

Joe Fillinger

Meetings of the BUFFALO FL happen every second Tuesday. The meeting place is the home and castle of Pres. Ken Krueger. Meeting time is eight o'clock. Once, one of the members was there by 8 but he never let it happen again. Long 'round 8:30 the first of the proud members began to stagger in. These usually sit in a corner discussing the midnite show at the local burlesque house, various ingenious tortures to be performed upon certain professors at the U of Buffalo, Marilyn Monroe's acting ability as compared with Jane Russell's, the latest characters in Pogo and many other intellectual subjects related to s-f. One time, at one of these sessions, a new and precocious member began talking about the Shaver Mystery. When everybody had finally calmed down the room was half-destroyed and the precocious lad stuffed in the fireplace. I caught the arm of Gene Smith just as he was about to set fire to a pile of newspapers under the poor unfortunate.

Usually, everyone is there by nine and the meeting begins. Krueger calls the meeting to order. "Who's going out for the beer?" yells Paul Ganley.

"I'm writing a story," says Al Leverentz, not wanting to be left out of this scintillating conversation. "It's about a werewolf. At full moon the villain turns into a werewolf and buzzed his victims to death. The hero's name is Will Wallis. He saves the heroine, Manly Hoff, from death at the villain's hands by drowning him in mimeo-ink and garlic-juice. In doing this, however, Will falls victim to the dread bacillus, pityrosporum ovale, and succumbs in a deadly shower of dandruff."

"This damn meeting is called to order."

This happened to be the night I brought along the booklets I had prepared for the convention we were sponsoring. "I brought the booklets along to be assembled," I screamed, trying to make myself heard over the bull-like roar of Ganley's voice.

Previously in the evening, Ganley, in an ungarded moment, had been bragging about his prowess with the stapler. Seizing upon this, he was handed the only one and given the opportunity of proving his boastful words. Three were given the job of folding, three others the job of putting together. Paul was falling woefully behind. As a result of this, he was subjected to several forms of verbal punishment. When half-way thru' it was discovered that I had mimeoed one of the pages upsidedown. Immediately abuse was heaped upon my back. Undaunted, I squared my tiny shoulders, threw out my microscopic chest and carried on with the persecution of Ganley. Finally the task done, Al and I were sent out for beer.

When we returned a heated discussion was in full-swing. The members had divided into two factions, one claiming that the universe was shaped like a beer stein, the other being of the theory that it is in the shape of a pint whickey bottle. Al and I joined the discussion and advanced the theory that it was shaped like Paul Ganley. There was no agreement reached tho' opinion was slightly in favor of the first. Our theory was discarded as being ridiculous.

In a discussion of the fmz published by club members we discovered that Ganley had the only bi-monthly that came out every 4 months. No one could agree as to the best zine, each ed voting for his own mag. All others wisely refrained from voting.

Next came the election of a new secretary. Leverentz was nominated and declined. Ganley proposed a new by-law that no one be allowed to decline a nomination. This was approved and then stricken from the books after Al accepted the nomination. No one opposed Al except for Harold Kaiser who didn't count anyway because he wasn't there. Al scribbled notes which came in handy afterwards to start the fire someone had put out by pouring beer on.

Suddenly came a horrible yowling from the bedroom. Ganley had wandered in in a somewhat fuddled state, looking for a glass to pour his beer in. When we found him,
(turn to page 17 for the climax of this tale)

Eleventh Installment at the hands of

BOB Silverberg

from der WOODVORK OUT

I must read my Q more carefully.
I must read my Q more carefully.
I must read my Q more carefully.
I must read my Q more carefully.
I must read my Q more--

Okay, Walt, I apologize. Henceforth each installment of FVVO will open with those hallowed words. and if Lee and I last that long, we'll get it done 500 times.


* * *

Forthcoming campaign document: I GO POGO, second \$1 POGO book, coming in Spetember and outlining his platform.

* * *

Something old, etc., department: Roger Dard, Austrailia's most confirmed bachelor, startled me no end by mentioning, casual-like, that he was trying to limit his fan activities because of his impending marriage. I hope, for the sake of Rog's extensive mag collection as well as his peace of mind that the little lady is, if not a fanne, then at least mildly sympathetic to the fannish way of life.

* * *

The first of Lloyd Eshbach's Polaris Press books is out, THE HEADS OF CERBERUS by Francis Stevens. I haven't yet read my copy, but it's an outstanding job of bookmaking (tho I wonder what happened to the plastic dj, LAE mentioned.) As far as I can tell, this is only the third book from a fantasy publishing house to have a slip-cover, the other two being the two Keller books from Prime. Scheduled to follow in the series is THE ABYSS OF WONDERS, by Perley Poore Sheehan, which is a short novel reprinted from the 1915 Argosy. Since this is a novella rather than a book-lengther, it will be, according to Eshbach, profusely illustrated. However, it won't be published until the Stevens volume sells 1000 copies out of 1500. How far along in his plan Lloyd is, I don't know--except that on April 20, 1952, I bought a copy numbered 324, and if he's selling them consecutively he has a long way to go. # Immediately after selling me my copy, Eshbach produced a specimen of the collector's collector's edition --a limited edition of 10 copies, specially bound and inscribed. Of this, one copy each will go to the four judged who determine the series, and Eshbach will keep one. Another will go to the author or nearest of kin (and the latter category is an important one when you consider how old some of these stories are) and the remaining 4 will be offered for sale at \$10, first-come, first-served/ This is like big fleas carrying bigger ones.  Eshbach showed me a copy of the Bok dustjacket for Miller's The Titan (forthcoming but foo knows when since Miller has not even finished the rewrite job yet! This is a magnificent job but the colors came out weirdly and Lloyd had them all scrapped and reprinted in a different color scheme, at a cost of \$200. I have a copy of the original color-job, and expect to get my copy of the "second edition d-j" when I get my copy of the book, when and if it appears.

Others to come in the Polaris Press library series are "Golden Blood by Jack Williamson, from Weird Tales of the '30's and four novellas by Homer Eon Flint (The Devolutionist, The Lord of Life, the Queen of Death, the King of Conserve Island) in one volume. Presumably in the works is the Murray Leinster "Red Dust" pair.

* * *

I have received my copy of "Sinister Barrier", one of the four latest issues of the British Cherry Tree Books which I praised in Q#19. (The other three, bringing the series to eight in all, are Ralph 124C41 Plus" by Gernsbach, "The Last Spaceship" by Leinster, and "Gabriel over the White House" by Tweed.) "Sinister Barrier" is the forst of the series to have interior illustrations, I believe--on second thought I think Sunken

World had them too--and the liios for Sin Bar are none other than the Cartier pics from the Fantasy Press hardcover edition, making this quite a buy for 21¢.

* * *

Ghughuist Hoffman would revel in the title of the WH Hudson Book recently added to Foofooist Silverberg's library--"The Purple Land". ((The soul knows the Truth...))

* * *

Time was when I thought the guff which the editor of Galaxy hands out consistantly was just that--guff. But after attending the Fan-Vet con I'm not so sure. It seems that Evelyn Paige (Mrs H.L. Gold) was on hand to represent the agaraphobic Mr. G. She became involved in a panel discussion along with Jerry Bixby, Sam Mines (the first time I ever saw him, and I was tremendously impressed by his acuteness, sense of humor, and seeming knowledge of the sf field.), Donald Wollheim (in his capacity as ex-editor and he's the only prozine editor who has had six mags fold), Robert Lowndes, F. Orlin Tremaine, Marty Greenberg, Lloyd Eshbach, and maybe some others. Anyway, Mrs Gold was coming in for a good bit of heckling from the crowd for Galaxy's aggressively holier-than-thou attitude, and I was just beginning to feel sorry for her when the discussion swung into the prennial cover-question and Mrs Gold arose to say that "Doubtless the cover girls on some science-fiction magazines help to sell the magazines." Maybe she's right, but that's not the point. The way she said it left no doubt in anyone's mind that the sharply-accented "some" meant "other-than-mine".

This only goes to show that the editors of Galaxy have been reading their own advertisements for so long that they have come to believe them. In an advertising man, that is the first step on the road to insanity. For an editor, it's the first step toward Mr Wollheim's present position. Mrs Gold went on to make other statements never mentioning her magazine by name but indicating that she is firmly convinced that the gap between Galaxy and the rest of the Big Four is wider than that between FANTASTIC and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES.

* * *



WHAT! READ
MY COLLECTION!

Hats off to the enlightened publishers of the (as yet) forthcoming ROCKET STORIES for choosing the worst title in the s-f field's 26-year history. At one time, there was some doubt in my mind as to whether the accolade for the worst title should go to ROCKET, to OUT OF THIS WORLD ADVENTURES, or to that preposterous nonsense FUTURE COMBINED WITH SCIENCE FICTION STORIES. Upon reflection, tho, I realized that OOTWA is the worst ever issued in so many respects that it would scarcely begrudge one of its dishonors to a newcomer; also, Lowndes has seen the error of his ways and has gradually mutated his title into the one which I suggested to him in a letter of March 1950--FUTURE SCIENCE FICTION.

* * *

New fanzines:--no new titles showed up at the Silverberg mailbox, despite my standing offer to review any fanzines new to me in this column. However, I did get a one-shot and a resurrection (the latter not related to the story of the same name on the current SPACESHIP.) ((Go ahead, Bob, put in the address and make it a worth-while plug---760 Montgomery-Brooklyn 13, N.Y.)) The one-shot is the RAY BRADBURY REVIEW and despite an editorial attitude which verges in idolatry this is a worthwhile (if not exactly objective) analysis of the most successful ex-fan of all time, plus a valuable index of Bradbury's writings which I hope the editor-publisher (WF Nolan, 4458 56th St., San Diego, Cal.) will see fit to keep up to date and distribute to his buyers. The REVIEW sells at 50¢ which is expensive as fanzines go but not at all out of line with the quality and quantity of this beautiful photo-offset job, which contains twice as many pages as FANTASY ADVERTISER in the same format.

The resurrection is SCIENCEFICTION NEWSSCOPE, published by Lawrence Campbell,

Silverberg (3)

43 Tremont St., Malden 48, Mass. This promising, inexpensive mag (5¢. 12/50¢) folded last fall after little more than a year of monthly publication and resumed in April after a six-month layoff. This mag can never compete with Fantasy-Times and the editor realizes this by including a liberal dose of fan news, the only part of the field which Taurasi does not cover. Rec ommended, as with the above.

* * *

Latest addition to the Silverberg record library is the Victor Collector's Edition of Beethoven's Sixth, another piece from Fantasia. (For further information, see FVVO in Q#20.) This is a re-recording of the Toscanini version, on Victor LCT-1042, and recommended not only for the outstanding piece of music that it is, but for those who saw the Disney classic and won't ever forget that lush "pastoral" sequence.

* * *

I must read my Q more carefully.

I must read my Q more carefully.

* * *

And a final shot at Reg Bretnor, author of the story with the marvelous title that inspired this column, for writing the most bewildering story I've seen since "World of Null-A". Does someone want to explain Bretnor's piece in the June F&SF to me, please?

--Bob Silverberg

"Watch your head when we swing about!"

Fillinger's Folly Finished Off From Page 14

he was lying in the baby's crib drinking his beer out of the baby's bottle with one hand, while with the other hand he was holding the child at bay. Sneaking up behind him, Charley Momberger dragged him back to the meeting.

Finally, when the talk turned to dianetics and Ganley insisted that he was L. Ron Hubbard, we realized that he had fallen victim to some strange drug. Sure enough when we checked we found many empty bottles behind the sofa labeled Schlitz. Leverentz says this is an old German drug made from hops and malt.

Just as Ganley had begun to audit someone that happened to be laying under the dining room table, Krueger's wife came home. Picking ourselves from the middle of the street where we landed, we had Ken adjoin the meeting. He did, and we all staggered toward our houses. As I walked down the street, I looked back and saw Krueger pounding on the front door, pleading to be let into the house. I don't know if he did get in or not, but when I saw him two days later, he had a hell of a cold.

And so ended another successful meeting of the Buffalo Fantasy League....

---Joe Fillinger

"You're semantically confused"

WANTED WANTED WANTED WANTED WANT
QUANDRIES #1,2,3,4,5,7,8,9,10,
11,&17! No particular condition
so long as they are readable and
complete. Charles Wells, 405 E.
62nd ST., Savannah, Jawcha.

adv+....

"I didn't know that Ackerman
could hit so hard."



BY WAY OF ANNOUNCEMENT

SOL

(the poor fan's almanac)

Is publishing a special anniversary issue. This is a public announcement, that we hope shall entice some of you lethargic fen into buying it. First off you must have heard of our plans for a special Willis issue. Publicity for it has been in most newsletters, and all fellow Willis supporting magazines. The Willis issue was scheduled for May 1st but to give it the largest possible circulation we combined it with the anniversary issue. You will receive, if you subscribe to this gigantic mailing (publication limited to 250 copies) the following material:

SOL V (Willis dedication issue)

contents

SHELBY VICK (a column)

CALIOPE (column-Lee Hoffman)

...AND WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS (column-Harvey Gibbs)

A FINANCIAL REPORT OF THE WILLIS CAMPAIGN

ON WILLIS (article on Willis's writing and style)

SOLitude (regular editorial ramblings)

EGGBOO (consisting of a letter by WAW)

COVER (puffins by Vick)

SOL VI (Anniversary issue)

contents

SOLitude (editorial stuff)

A FEW WORDS ABOUT FANTASTIC WORDS

A SOUR NOTE

CALIOPE

SHELBY VICK

...AND WHETHER PIGS HAVE WINGS

BOOK REVIEWS (G.M.Carr)

Plus several articles that are still in the writing stage, including one by Willis, which is part of the WILLIS DISCOVERS AMERICA series. (There will be about 5 or 6 articles).

SUPPLEMENTS TO THE ANNIVERSARY ISSUE: the annish will have three supplements which will in themselves be about fifty pages long.

- I. Scientific, Horrible, Interplanetary Tales, a parody on a prozine with a pulp type cover illustration, and interiors along with serious fan fiction. Perhaps an emulation of a fanzine review column and letter column. This prozine parddy should be a highlight of the issue.
- II. A gigantic fanfile consisting of about 15 fans of notable importance.
- III. A Fan Art Gallery consisting of about 20 pages with drawings by Ward, Kira, and Keasler.

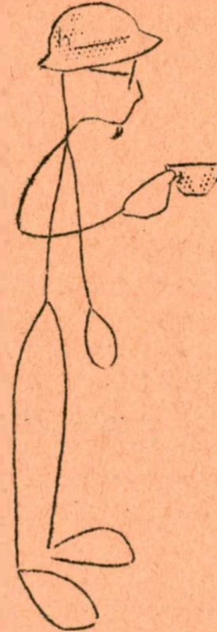
For all this stuff (totalling a rock bottom minimum of 80 pages) we are asking 25¢. A very large portion of this goes to the Willis fund. 25¢ is the minimum price and you are urged to send as much more as you can. The address is SOL - 914 Hammond Rd. Ridgewood, N.J. Date of publication is June 15. Please give this issue your support.

--The Editor David Ish

TITLE: Dammit, I say, this has got to stop!

In last week's mail there came twenty-nine bulging envelopes containing twenty-nine frayed dollar bills or rubbery checks, plus an even dozen more tinkling envelopes containing an even dozen fifteen-cent pieces, not to mention a varied assortment of envelopes holding a varied assortment of stamps. And why did this queer deluge turn up in my mailbox, why were all these suckers throwing away good money they worked hard to obtain? Because some misguided fool reviewed my little fanzine in his big prozine. This has to cease, I tell you!

Each and every time I succeed in battering down my circulation, each and every time I winnow the number of copies mailed down to a sensible figure, this happens to me. I use every time-tested trick in the fan-book. I alienate hordes of readers by lying to them, cheating them by jockeying their subscriptions, sending them copies with blank pages, insulting them, printing dirty and objectionable!! stuff, forgetting to send them each issue and then claiming those issues WERE mailed, changing format, price, periodicity, and color of ink with every issue, ignore deadlines, ruin illustrations, chop the middle out of stories and articles, print obscure and smutty poetry, everything, I tell you ... I do everything to get rid of unwanted readers and cash subscribers.



I KNOW
WHERE
MY
FUTURE
LIES!

And then, when my circulation has shrunk to a comfortable fifty or so, and all my ex-readers declare that they will never again touch me with a ten foot pole, what happens? Some fool like Rog Phillips or Jerry Bixby or Paul Fairman ups and reviews my little paper merely to fill space in his magazine, and the cursed circulation shoots upward again! Another mob of suckers send in another mob of stamps, nickels, dimes, dollars and worthless checks, and I'm right back where I began. I regard all this as sheer sabotage and I plan to put an end to it. My plan of attack includes the writing of fiery letters to Mr. Ziff, Mr. Davis, Mr. Thrilling, Mr. Startling and Mr. Wonder. In those letters I will say horrible things that will revolt their stomachs and also maybe threaten their sanities. I will announce that my fanzine is boycotting their magazines, that the paper they print on isn't fit for goats to eat, and that I take my subscription copies down to the newsstand and sell them for full price.

I will sour them on fan publications and fan review columns, I will cause them to issue stirring ultimatums to their editors and columnists that no more fan magazines are to be mentioned or reviewed in their not-fit-for-goats-to-eat pages, I will make them wish that the word "fan" had never been heard in their offices. And then the most glorious day will dawn upon fandom, the day when we can publish our little papers and magazines in peaceful obscurity and poverty, unhamp-ered by those outsiders who persist in advertising us.

Why, I'll wager some such "sample-copy-sucker" is reading these very lines!

SEE YOU

Firstly the response to the anonymous article last issue was interesting. General opinion was that the article was good. Guesses ventured as to the author included several guesses of Rich Elsberry, Lee Hoffman and Tucker himself, a Russ Watkins, a Ben Singer, several Chad Olivers, a J.T. Oliver, some others and the following letter:

Claudius Hall

Box 611

Winters, Texas

Dear Lee,

Bah! You can't fool me! I've got one of Tucker's amateur detective sets, which is naturally infalible, especially in these cases. So I' solve the messy case with an ease that would have astounded even Campbell. Anonymous, a Mrs. in this case, who dreamed up all that fablism entitled "The Man Who Cannot Die" is none other than Merion Bradley. The final decision that completed my threefies was the neat insertion of the things that cry, which everybody either is, or has been at one time. Anonymous remove thou dusty cloak and prepare for battle with ping-pong ((Hoy ping pong?)) bats and powder puffs. You knave! Scared of your own handle?

I almost cried over Jim Harmon's letter and anyway my laughter ebbed.

Bye now....

Claude Hall

The far-lined typeribbon goes to Claude Hall. Truly anonymous of The Man Who Cannot Die is Marion Zimmer Bradley.

"When I get home, I'm just going to lie down on the floor and laugh."
-------*--*

Dick Clarkson

410 Kensington Rd

Baltimore 29, Md.

Dear Lee -

This has gone far enough - no! Too far. I could stand Tucker with his hotel brainwave designed to deceive us fans. Elsberry had the right idea in hollering - more power to the boy. But he ... obviously was, at the time, unaware of Mr Bloch's peretrations. This is a counter-counter-attack.

WHAT IS GOING ON IN FANDOM?

What Tucker could do with one hotel is peanuts to what Bloch could do with a whole city! You could put wheels on the hotel, to keep the site of the con revolving, but what could you do with a city, I ask you? Nothing! It would have to stay put. And that would be perfect for Mr Bloch.

By moving the hotel, Tucker would have no chance to use it for himself. (He did not think that any fans were bright enough to think of that. He thought us unawares.) But who can move a city?

Warn fandom! Are we to let such people control us? Definitely not. Quell such ideas before they get started in fandom! Do not so much as mail either one a single piece of straw! On guard, fans! Enough is enough!

Dick Clarkson

"That is a local problem. We are concerned with the overall picture."

W. Max Youngfan

P.O. Box 702

Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Dear Postmaster-General,

I publish a fanzine and I would appreciate it very much if you would send me a list of unmailable words.

Ever lovin' yours,

W. Max Youngfan

Shelby Vick

Box 493

Lynn Haven, Fla.

Exact figures, Lee--

\$150 in P.O. 116 box in bank. \$7.25 to be deposited. Total, \$272.25. Plus Willis's \$100, \$322.25. There are around \$100 out in pledges that I am now beginning to call for. If each pledge comes through as pledged, that'll mean \$422.25. Leaving only \$65.75 needed for the ticket. Chicago is taking care of the Tasfic expenses, so no need worry about that. And I've got something else worked up for transportation from NY to Chi. So the ticket is the main expense. BUT that \$65.75 COULD keep us from succeeding! Unless fandom is kept hot about this; unless we keep pushing like the devil, we STILL could fail! IF fandom continues to cooperate it can be done.

ShelVy

"Gonna use a gun or a knife?"

A letter from the editor to one or two young fans from San Francisco:

Dear Fellows,

I'll not call names, but I'm pretty sure some other fans will. Your typeface is not a hard one to place. Nonetheless, I have a few words for you. I don't know whether your "Willis Death Hoax" was serious but poorly put over, or intended to be strictly a gag and poorly put over. My copy of your pc was so obviously kid-stuff that I didn't even bother to check it, but Lee Riddle, perhaps receiving a more carefully done card, went to the expense to call me long distance to check your information. Since you'd given May 15 as date of death, and since my latest letter from Walt was written May 26, I was able to give him accurate info.

There is a vague possibility that you were duped by someone else. I doubt it. But whoever pulled this little deal should have to reimburse Lee for his call, and to repay anyone else who went to any expense over this matter. You were "Willing to Pay The Postage for these cards."

These "death hoaxes" may be funny to you fellows who try to pull them off. And they make good matter for the fanmags. But I suspect Bob Tucker could give you a few choice words on the people who try to pull death hoaxes about others. Only I doubt if his words would be printable. If you want to perpetrate somebody's death, make it your own. Or better yet, think up something original. Singleton, Tucker, Daugherty and a lot of other fellows could testify to the moldiness of your gag.

Fortunately Willis is a nice guy. I would not envy you your position if you had tried this on a Laney-type personality.

I just wonder if anyone besides you who tried to pull this, got a laugh out of it, other than a snide chortle at the persons who'd try to pull such a stunt.

Lee

"Strawberries for sale cheap. Next roadside stand. Picnic table 500 feet."

Freedom's Leading "Monthly"

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