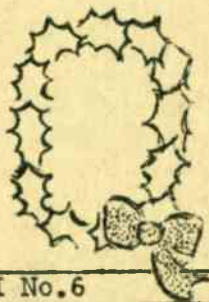


Quamling

6





QUANDRY

Vol. I No. 6

A Puzzling Publication

January 1951

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Kover by Kessel

QUANDRY (Vol. I No. 6) is ground out monthly from the Debtors' Cell at the sign of the Bone-Bare Bankroll - address 101 Wagner St.-Savannah, Georgia. It can be had for merely a dime an ish or a buck a year. All communiques will be considered for publication unless the writer specifies otherwise. We will gladly trade Quandry for other zines. If you wish to ~~trade~~ **please** let us know. If you want to advertise in Q space is only a dime an inch.

Big chunks at smaller rates. For details write. And as long as you're writing, why not include something for publication? We can't pay you, but we'll bless you. Well, at least write. Tell us what's wrong with Q and how to improve it. And remember, opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the publisher. Especially concerning aSF, Dianetics and Flying Disks.



101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Georgia



Firstly, credit where credit is due. All hail Walt Kessel who did the li'l cuts (we do confess we don't know the proper name for such) that are sprinkled thru this issue and for ~~our~~ cover.

And on to other subjects, namely the article by Bob Tucker in this ish. When first we read the title we thought "Oh goody, another entry for our How to Improve your Fmz dept. Then we read the whole article. It read more like a letter to the editor. Draw your own conclusions.

New fmz out. Only new one received by us at this writing is WASTEBASKET the crudzine which is being given away free for the asking by V.L. McCain - R.F.D.#3 - Nampa, Idaho. BEM is changing both its name and editor. From now on address it as CHIMERICAL REVIEW - 942 Scribner NW - Grand Rapids, Michigan.

Talking about fmz, Georgia is sprouting a new one. Jay Oliver and Van Splawn have been reported up to their elbows in stencil fluid and occasional cries of "More material!" are being heard in the general vicinity of Columbus. If you would like to contribute, subscribe, or are just curious write J.T. Oliver - 712 32 St - Columbus, Ga.

You Southern fans have no doubt noticed the lack of SFA news this issue. Not that there isn't any, because there is, but due to those same old uncontrollable circumstances it will have to wait until the next issue.

Can anyone inform us concerning a news dispatch from INS dated Nov 1 from NEW CASTLE, IND. reading in part, "A 30 year-old factory worker committed suicide in his New Castle home and left a note confessing he killed his mother 11 days earlier... Robert Degler was found yesterday with a .32 caliber revolver on his chest."

~~In case you're wondering, the lad who wrote "A Tale" on page 13 isn't dead.~~

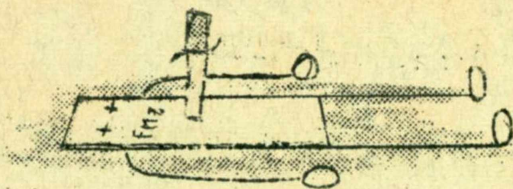
~~Announcing the advent of a new department! Konner's Konner Comes to Kwandry!~~ Freely translated: Quandry will begin carrying the popular column by Wilkie Conner in the next issue.

Here's reminding you that copies of Quandry's #1, 2, and 3 are no longer available from this office. There are a few of #4 and 5 still in our files. There are only a few and they will go to the people who send for them first. Several people ~~who~~ ~~received~~ the first copy and who did not write soon enough are still trying to fill those gaps in their collections. Quandry is a monthly. It's easy to miss a copy if you don't write soon enough.

We'd say here 'seeya next year' but we plan to see ya on the back-page.

DON'T FORGET THE NOLACON IN '51 -NOLACON IN '51 - DON'T FORGET THE NOLACON IN '51

HOW TO KILL A FANZINE



BOB TUCKER

One of the speakers at the Portland science-fiction convention, a professional editor, said that fan magazines should concern themselves more with constructive criticism of the professional magazines. He felt they were missing the boat in not being a sounding board as to what is good and bad in in today's magazines. And he has a point.

I don't believe that all fanzines should do nothing but praise and criticise the professionals to the exclusion of all other material, for that would make dull reading in short order. But his point is worth considering.

When fanzines first appeared, twenty years ago, they were much nearer to what he desired than they are today. Excluding one or two small club magazines, circulated solely for members, the fanzines of the early 1930's were dedicated almost exclusively to the promag. Each issue ran articles on the pros, short stories donated by the pros, news of what was coming in the pros, and sketches of pro authors. Very little pure fan material crept in. In the middle 1930's, the other type of fanzine appeared, the one-man jobs that were published to please the ego of that man, containing material by that man and his friends --- sometimes castigating his enemies. And from that point, the fanzine branched off into each fan's individual mouthpiece.

It wouldn't hurt at this late date if some of them swung back to the older order.

There is more than one reason for this suggested change--- more than just the reason that any professional editor likes to see his magazine discussed in print. The other and more important reason is that the fanzine is slowly creeping into the eye of the outside world: a few mentions of them have cropped up in the past, in literary and news magazines. And always, because of their juvenile, or individualistic tone, they were shrugged off. Any reporter or professional writer worth his salt, reading a fanzine for the first time, is apt to turn in a poor report of them and the report which is good for a laugh (at the fanzine's expense) is always printed.

More mention of the fan press is coming; with the public's fast-growing interest in science-fiction itself, almost every fact article discussing it will include fans and fanzines. And a second examination of the fanzine is underway, perhaps to the advantage of the fanzine itself. A New York book publisher recently sent out for sample copies of fan magazines-- I think his

How To Kill A Fanzine con't

intention is to advertise science-fiction books in them. If the fanzine was a good looking, good sounding job, I can imagine his advertising department taking it under consideration. On the other hand, he was bound to get quite a few stinkers among his samples, and is his intention is to advertise, those stinkers will never get a dime of his money.

There is a possibility that an article on fanzines themselves will be written for outside consumption. A science fiction writer is reported to be doing spade work on such an article, with the intention of selling it to some slick magazine. If that appears, public curiosity will demand sample copies.

It is understood of course that some fan magazines will never be able to rise above the mediocre, because of inability, lack of imagination and equipment, and desperate lack of money of their publishers. I have published numerous stinkers myself and do not exclude some of my own work from the poorer category. But I insist that any fan with decent equipment and a spoonful of imagination can better his magazine.

There is no secret to it: ambition and care will do it.

The ambition to produce a better job, and the care that is necessary to produce it. Care is the most difficult because it calls for manual labor -- better typing, better mimeographing, and better planning to increase the eye-appeal of the publication. I've long thought that two columns to the page are neater than one, especially if those two columns have even-margins on the right-hand side. A small picture, carefully drawn, can go far to dress up any page. But above all, each and every page calls for the maximum of ink.

Unless the material has been written by Laney, or Burbee, or perhaps Rotsler, I refuse to read a page which contains light spots in the inking. It just isn't worth straining the eyes to discover what was supposed to be printed there. And I rather imagine several other readers feel the same way.

More ink, dammit!

THE END

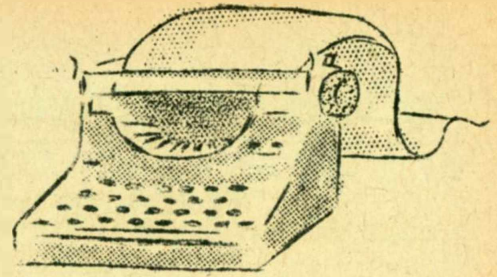
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ISFCC

One of the leading clubs of fandom, International S-F Correspondence Club offers the EXPLORER, a bi-monthly O-O with a trading column, a collector's column, and material by some of fandom's leading writers. No club dues... merely 50¢ a year subscription to EXPLORER... for complete info write to ISFCC c/o Lawrence Kiehlbauch - Route 2 - Box 223 - Billings, Montana (Pres.) or Ed Noble - Box 49 - Girard, Pennsylvania (Editor) --Adv.

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THE TYPEWRITER OF TANTALUS



by FRED BOGGS

How I got there I do not know, nor shall I ever know. It was a weird world, drowned in a clear darkness that possessed and surrounded it like an olive in a moon-illuminated martini glass. The tiny planet moved through the night steadily and swiftly, rocking and swaying a little in the cosmic jeddies that lie in the vast night. There were no stars, though dead moons drifted by, and other flotsam of the universe loomed indistinctly around us. A green nebula hung in the infinite distance like a guardian angel, seeming to move with us, like the moon of Earth does from a drifting canoe. But it cast no light, and it was out of the darkness that a companion appeared.

"Hail, neophyte!" it said, and I turned around to behold this globe of cold light poised in midspace.

"Hello yourself," I said ungraciously, for I was tired of the loneliness and darkness of the place. "Who are you?"

"What do I resemble?" countered the entity coyly. It seemed to swirl a little as the planet wallowed for an instant in the wake of a dark comet.

"Nothing so much as a Viton!" I said, inspecting my companion with interest. I felt proud of that answer, for who is not proud of his fantasy knowledge, and grateful for the chance to flaunt it? Little did I know what I had said!

The globe glimmered with interest. "Ah, you know about 'Vitons'? Then you must know of this? And perhaps this? And this?"

Within the luminescence of itself, the globe showed me an image of the March 1939 Unknown, which faded instantly into a resemblance of an astounding with a Hubert Rogers cover, and then a shadowy likeness of an early Thrilling Wonder Stories.

I nodded, "Sure, I'm a fan."

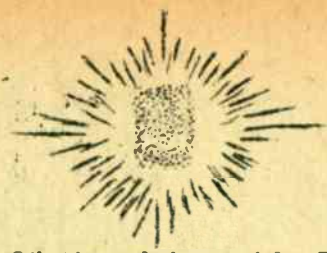
The Viton seemed to cough. "Wrong tense, perhaps," it murmured, "but no matter. You are just the man -- the fan -- " (it made this faint pun with an apologetic note in its voice) "we are looking for. You are, of course, a frustrated fantasy author."

I nodded again. "Naturally."

"Good!" resumed the globe. "We can use you."

We stood there, regarding each other. The globe darkened and brightened rapidly several times, as if blinking its eyes in deep thought. Finally it mirrored a likeness of a Startling Stories within itself. I stared at it, reading the date, September 1948.

The Typewriter Of Tantalus-con't.



"Remember the feature novel in this magazine?" the globe said, I looked again and noted the title "What Mad Universe" blazoned across the Bergey painting

"One of Startling's best," I said, "It was reprinted in book form both here and in England."

"No, no. Do you remember the story itself -- the plot -- the concept involved?"

I shook my head.

The Viton seemed a little impatient. "The author conceived of an infinite series of parallel universes," it said, "in which every possible variation of probability actually took place. The author could have said, but didn't, that eternity is the time it takes for everything to happen."

"Huh?" I said. After all, I was just a fan and didn't know a damn thing about science.

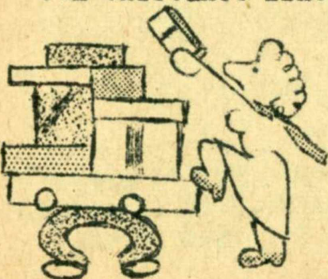
The globe took on a faint crimson hue. "Eternity is forever," it intoned. "During eternity, therefore, all events -- past, present, and future -- must occur. Is that clear?"

"Sure," I said brightly. "It's obvious that all events must happen during eternity, since they can't happen afterward."

"Not only all events, but all possible and probable events. Even all impossible and improbable events. Consider what this means! Take your birth as a case. Before the crack of Doom this event must occur in every infinite variation, imaginable and unimaginable. You must, for instance, be born in every possible and impossible position -- headfirst, feetfirst, rumpfirst. And you must be born on every second of every minute of every hour of every day of every year in all of those positions. You must also be stillborn and born crippled in an infinity of ways, and must be born to every woman of all time, through all the positions and conditions I have mentioned -- and countless more. And, by the way, you must of course, be born to all the virgins of all time."

I blushed. "Being born all those times!" I said. "It's dangerous enough to be born once. I wouldn't want the job."

"Never fear, my friend. All those things take place in that series of parallel universes implied in Fredric Brown's novel, that stretch away from your own existence like a line of positioned mirrors. But if you remember the novel, 'What Mad Universe,' you'll remember something else: the hero's adventures took place in a world that existed only in the imagination of another character. What does that suggest to you?"

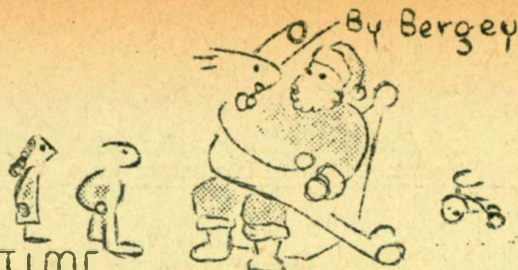


"Has it anything to do with dianetics?" I hazarded.

"Bah! No, it means that all adventures in

SOME OF THE PEOPLE

ALL OF THE TIME



by HARRY WARNER, JR.

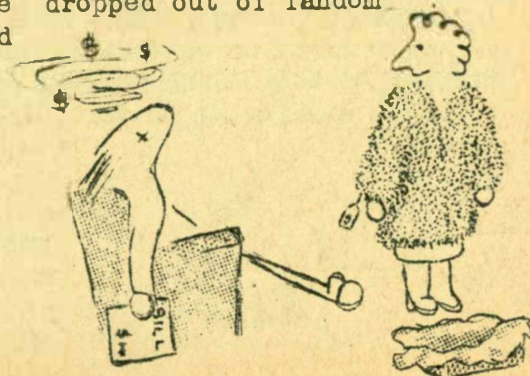
Once, the rumor says, the editor of a prozine rejected a story by a well-known author with these words: "I'm afraid that this yarn fails to be convincing." The editor needn't have worried. If there's any group that will believe anything, it's the readers of science-fiction.

I don't know whether gullibility is tied in with the suspension of belief that is obviously necessary to enjoy fantasy. Things that have happened in fandom over the course of years would seem to indicate some sort of connection. Monumental hoaxes, some of them requiring a lot of work on the part of the creators, have been turning up at the rate of about once yearly since I've been in fandom. I am quite sure that more of them would come into being if there were enough people willing to do the planning involved; certainly there's no shortage of the people who will believe them.

Most famous of all fannish hoaxes, to my way of thinking, is the one that is almost unknown to the present generation of fans. Only a few of us can remember Bob Tucker's first death -- not the one in which a theater fire burned him up, but the one more than a decade earlier in which he succumbed to the effects of an operation.

That earlier Tucker demise ties in with another organization that has passed into a fannish limbo. Open any copy of Wonder Stories in the mid-30's, turn to the readers' section, and you'll think that someone has spilled alphabetic vegetable soup onto the page from the sight of the wierd combinations of capital letters floating around. These were the abbreviations for the organizations that fought the First Staple War. (There never was a Second Staple War; the name probably derived by association from the First World War, which was called that by pessimists before 1939.) The Society for the Prevention of Wire Staples in Science Fiction Magazines was the first of them; the SPWSSFM was succeeded by pro-staple factions with even longer names. Tucker led the anti-staplists, and Wollheim, a radical in most other ways, preferred to retain staples. The mock conflict actually led to some serious disputes. It might have gone on for years if some one hadn't written a letter to F. Orlin Tremaine, then editor of Astounding Stories, announcing the sudden death of Tucker. Tremaine in all good faith, printed it and Tucker, who apparently had had enough of staple battle for a time, didn't bother to demand a correction. He dropped out of fandom for several years, not reappearing until around 1938. I don't think that fan historians agree today on the reasons for the hoax, and Tucker has never given a full explanation. The best evidence indicates that Tucker didn't know about it until too late, and to personal animosity on the part of the person back of the letter.

Tucker's second death is barely a year old and hardly needs repeating in



(con')

Some Of The People All Of The Time (con't)

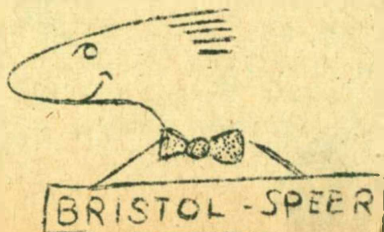
detail here. However, it is useful as a proof of how willing fans are to believe what they read, no matter how suspicious the circumstances. Those of us who remembered what had happened 15 years ago reserved judgement. Anyone who was really interested in knowing the truth immediately could have checked easily by inquiring through the city's police, fire department, or newspaper.

The only known case of a hoax suicide in fandom represents one in which the victim almost succeeded in getting away with it. Earl Singleton was a brilliant, likeable fellow who appeared in fandom in the early 40's while attending college. He had a great interest in poetry, and published a couple of issues of *Nepenthe*, which contained some good verse by fans and pros like Weinbaum and Merritt. Singleton also made a good many friends in the Boston area. Everyone was shocked when a letter on his roommate's stationery went out to those who had been in closest contact with Singleton, announcing that in a moment of depression Earl had shot himself through the head.

Singleton made only one mistake. He made this letter on the roommate's stationery a little too long and included a couple of details about the funeral arrangements. Two or three of our more brilliant minds studied them and decided that they were chronologically out of whack. Someone wrote to the college dean, someone else conducted investigations in a different direction, and after a couple of months we learned that Singleton, his head intact, was in Washington, D.C. Here again the basic reason for the hoax remained uncertain. I suspect that Singleton was suddenly fed up with fandom and decided that this was the best way of escaping his obligations.

I was involved in an odd sequel to this event. Soon after the hoax was solved, a young fellow visited me one evening, explaining that he was a Washington fan who had seen my name in the magazines and wanted to talk over science fiction. We chatted for two or three hours, and he aroused my suspicions by knowing a little too much about fandom to jibe with his obscurity. I proceeded to embarrass him by dwelling on the topic of Singleton's suicide and the discovery of the hoax at great length; he didn't bat an eyelash, although I think he knew what I was driving at. He left without revealing his identity and didn't return. Possibly a year later, Singleton actually contacted a couple of the Washington fans in his own personality and told them that he's enjoyed that evening with me.

Exactly the opposite type of hoax emanated in the same city of Washington, in what might be known as the case of the test tube fan. John Bristol became reasonably prominent in fandom back in 1938 and 1939, contributing to the fanzines with fair frequency and subscribing to many of them. He published an interview with Jack Speer, then living in Washington, and there were hints that a fan club might be formed. It was months before Speer admitted that he and John Bristol were the same person. Speer had moved, and had given Bristol the new address, continuing to receive his mail at his former address and having it forwarded.



Incidentally, the denouncement of this hoax flopped. Speer's carefulness in keeping John Bristol separate from Jack Speer, even to peculiarities of grammar and typewriter, wasn't matched by his preparations for setting the truth be known. He wanted to make a sensation at a convention, so he put the name of John

Some Of The People All Of The Time (con't)

Bristol on his identification badge. He forgot that the persons who know Speer in person wouldn't look at the badge after seeing his face, and the persons who were not acquainted with Speer would look at the badge and take it for granted that here was John Bristol. It took a fanzine announcement to percolate the facts through fandom.

Strangely enough, this type of hoax has appeared in reverse fashion in fandom a couple of times. No one is sure yet whether Percy T. Wilkinson and Howard Miller exist. The former was supposed to be a close pal of Dale Hart when Hart lived in Texas, more than a decade ago, and Miller collaborated closely with Don Wilson. Both Hart and Wilson insisted that Wilkinson and Miller were real people, but fans kept trying--in vain--to prove them as pseudonyms.

Back in 1942, fandom was overjoyed to learn that their prozine dreams were coming true. Odd Tales was announced by Julius Unger in a sensational scoop for Fantasy Fiction Field, his news weekly. There was a spectacular line up of authors for the first few issues. For the first time in history fans really would control the editorial policy of an ambitious prozine; he and I would be the heads of the editorial department. Julie even distributed photographs of the superb Bok cover for the first issue.



This had to be cleared up in a hurry when money for subscriptions and manuscripts for publication began to arrive. Julie had dreamed up the idea of a big hoax, and I had gone along because I was stopping publication on Spaceways at the time and that action would seem to tie in with this announced new venture. Bok came through with the cover, prominent authors authorized the use of their names as contributors, and no one caught on to the liberal hints about a hoax that were concealed in that first announcement. I still have an enthusiastic telegram from A. Merritt in which he consented to appear as the star of the first issue.



I have a correspondent who reads Weird Tales and Astounding occasionally but doesn't have much of an interest in fandom. One day he shook me to the foundations by remarking casually in a letter that he had been mistaken all along in thinking that the Necronomicon was one of Lovecraft's fictional devices. He had seen a copy advertised for sale at \$75.

That set me to dreaming of making the most sensational discovery in the history of fantasy research. I wrote him, asking for details and got the name of the dealer. I promptly wrote to the dealer demanding a copy of the catalog and explaining the situation. Back came the catalog and disillusionment. The dealer, it turned out, was a Lovecraft fan from way back. He had decided that this was a way of paying tribute to one of his famous authors, but he hadn't suspected that anyone would realize the significance of the listing.

This survey only scratches the surface. There were the ingenious hoaxes confined to an hour at a convention or which involved only a few people. The pros haven't failed to contribute their share; no one is going to forget Asimov's famous chemical treatise in ASF a year or so back. And there are more than a few hoaxes unrecognized as such simply because the truth never came out...like the prominent fan of a while back, now inactive, who - unknown to the bigots in fandom - was a Negro.

FEN are SKEPTICS



by SAM J. BASHAM, JR.

After a number of years of contact with fen and fandom I have arrived at the conclusion that many, if not all, fen are skeptics.

A good illustration is the story old in fandom of the man from Mars. This Martian walks up to the mythical man-on-the-street and announces he's from Mars. Whereupon the man-on-the-street runs home and hides under the bed. He encounters a scientist and proclaims his origin and the scientist immediately wants to measure, test, and question him. He tells Joe Fann, "I'm from Mars." Joe replies, "Buddy, you're drunk." and saunters on down the street.

Before I go any further lets see what Mr. Webster calls a skeptic. Skepticism--(1) One who believes in skepticism as a doctrine or employs skepticism as a method (skepticism being the doctrine that all knowledge is uncertain). (2) One who carries a critical or incredulous attitude into his inquiries, or who is given to doubting. (3) One who doubts or disbelieves in Christianity.

The first two parts fit fen pretty well and in a majority of cases the third also.

I've met personally a large number of fan from all sections of the country except the East and the definition holds true with almost all. While many are dogmatic and almost fanatical about the few things they do believe in, most have the attitude of "having to be shown".

This attitude is what causes people to become fen in my opinion. However I will admit becoming a fan...with the resultant contacts, especially with some dealers,...tends to make one a skeptic. Fen are, excepting the lunatic fringe found in all groups, usually people who are looking for something different and better than things as they are. This is a big reason they are drawn to fiction which, as a rule, portrays life and civilization far different from our present one. Such fiction rarely appeals to dogmatic people. They usually have found the answer to their inquiries about society, religion, and various other matters. Their minds are not open to new ideas.

But the fan is skeptical. He believes or rather does not believe present day civilization is the answer. He doubts. Consequently he is drawn to fiction and other people(fen) of similar tastes.

This basic skepticism has drawbacks however. Many-fen tend to be professional debunkers. They can take any theory, system, etc. and tear it apart all the while screaming, "Look at this--stupid. See that--wrong." But never does he come up with the right answer. Everyone is wrong but him and he has no opinion.

Another bad result of the basic disbelief is that many fen not believing in any accepted system of thought often stay emotionally, socially, and sexually

Fen Are Skeptics (con't)

immature with the resultant frustrations of such immaturity. How many fen of your acquaintance are intelligent and talented but waste all these gifts because they don't believe in anything, themselves included, long enough to do anything with their talents?

But all is not on the gloomy side. Fen, being people who are doubters, rarely swallow the "ready-made" public opinion circulated today. They make up their own minds and thus must be thinking people.

Because they think for themselves fen have more varied interests than average people. All in all, fen are the most interesting group I've ever known.

Also being individualists, since they do their own thinking and being gregarious with those of their type, fen tend to be tolerant. In fact, tolerance is a necessity in a group of such varied ideals, impulses, and beliefs.

You will find in fandom the intelligent, the stupid, the quick, the dull, the short, tall, fat, and thin as in every other group; but always you'll find the skeptic, the one who must think for himself.

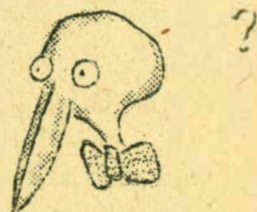
The skeptical, inquiring mind has produced most of the progress in the world while dooming its possessor to a life of doubt and frustration. Thus skepticism is both the greatest asset and the greatest curse of fandom.

-finis-

QUANDRY QUIZ

by Alfred Lane

Answer to last month's quiz - L. Sprague de Camp.




I was born 42 years ago last April in Arizona territory. I learned to read at home and later graduated from high school in 1925. The next year, like so many other authors, I first discovered stf in the Gernstack **AMAZING STORIES**. I discarded plans to become a scientist and set about to become a writer instead. I wrote in my spare time and after two years of effort, sold my sixth submitted story, which was published before I knew it was accepted! In the years following, I have attended colleges in the west and majored in chemistry and psychology. I've traveled all over the country and served in the 2nd World War. My stories have appeared in every major publication in the science fiction field and total nearly two million words now. Many of my novels are appearing in book form and soon most of the best from one of the best magazines will have been published by one of the major fantasy publishing companies. I've also had a book published by a "big-name" publisher, with more to come. One of my more recent stories was dramatized on "BILENSION X" some time ago.

WHO AM I? (answer next ish)

.....

our fan of the month



as he presents himself

as he presents himself

Hobbies; The inevitable sf, writing, when I can think of a plot, good movies, good radio programs, and, when I can get out to the country, fishing and hunting. And I like walking around town, exploring. Also like to correspond with fans and meet them personally. Like to collect autographed pictures of sf writers and sometimes, detective authors.

Physically, I'm too damn little. Don't know the exact statistics. Brown hair and eyes. Etc.etc. No prominent scars, for identification purposes.

J. F. Oliver

000

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Stan Serxner - 1308 Hoe Ave, - Bronx 59, N.Y.

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R.J. Banks Jr. - 111 So 15th St - Corsicana, Texas

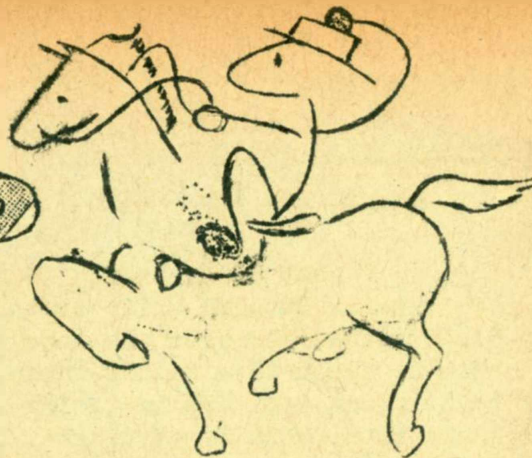


SLURP

the ultimate column

by

R.J. Banks



I am back to plague you again. Pet gripe this time is the policy of many prozines: "We are the best possible science fiction mag; if we have any competition it is below our notice!" Of course they don't say it in just those words but that is the thought conveyed. RAP's mag, OTHER WORLDS, pioneered in mention and commendation of rivals; STARTLING loosens up on occasion (I've seen one letter therein praising ASF and one boosting FANTASY BOOK.); previous to OW's "loose" policy on rivals, Rog Phillips praised Merwin's editorials a couple of times in "The Club House"; under Bixby's rule PLANET has loosened up a bit; the new top flight GALAXY is free with praise for anything praise-worthy in rivals. Maybe the era of brotherly love among the pro-pulps is on the way.

My ten favorite proauthors:

1. Rog Phillips
2. Hank Kuttner
3. Richard S. Shaver (Yes, I am a Shaver fan! Grrr!)
4. Ray Bradbury
5. A. E. vanVogt
6. L. Sprague de Camp
7. Robert A. Heinlein
8. Edmond Hamilton
9. Henry Hasse
10. Sam Merwin, Jr.

It's a small world! A recent article by E.V.W. Jones, which appeared in the Dallas News, chronicled the disappearance of some 100 people in various very mysterious circumstances. For instance the British airliner that disappeared over the same waters in which a large task force of US Navy ships was maneuvering. This happened on Jan. 18, 1949, the same month in which the greatest number of flying saucers were spotted since Ken Arnold started the whole thing. The writer doesn't mention the fact that the disappearance was on the same day when saucers were glimpsed in several American towns. In fact, all the disappearances listed by Mr. Jones were on the same days when disks were seen in the same regions, if not actually in the near vicinity. All missing were in groups of about twenty persons who were either flying or boating to some place only hours away from their starting point. They were, in most cases, mixed groups containing both men and women; on one occasion two babies were among the missing. Each time the last radio contact with the missing showed them doing well and in no trouble. Would a super race capable of crossing space in saucer-like craft not take specimens of what ever intelligent life the worlds they visited harbored? Would they be expected to swoop down over a crowded city and snatch a group of its inhabitants? Nein! They would pick on groups voluntarily separated from the rest of the world for short periods of time! They would watch the world's airlines; and well-traveled ocean routes. Well...

(con't)
over

What is happening to ASF? Is the "best"mag losing the service of its top ranking authors while its editor sits on his copy of DIANETICS and sobs on Elron's shoulder over the loss of his wife to GOSmith? That is the theme which was put forth in a column in another mag recently; I'm not sure which one. I don't think so! JWC is going to have to share his stable full of gilt edged hacks with GALAXY, of course; but that is just because Gold is willing to pay. Smith will be lost completely, but that is only due to personal differences with JWC. FUTURE seems to be just a clearing-house for ASF rejects. My guess is this: ASF has a backlog, just as any promag; the real reason so many of the new mags are running stuff under the by-lines of usual ASF contributors is that the group is just too large for one mag. There are about twenty pros whom are generally classed as ASTOUNDING regulars. Most of them have written occasionally for other mags in the past and with the recent fluctuation of the field they have stepped up operations just like all the other pros. Naturally the editors of the new mags try to present the best possible array of yarns (meaning stuff by ASF regulars) in their first issues. You can still expect to see the top-notchers (and the best of their work) in your old favorite. Jawn is by his writers like the farmer whose horse kept breaking into his neighbors' pastures. "He may eat your grass and pull your plow for a small consideration but he still wears my brand!" The big names will carry the "Lazy A" for some time to come. GALAXY has the nearest thing to a running-iron so far developed.

30

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QUESTIONS and ANSWERS

Conducted by J.T. Oliver

QUESTION: Is it illegal or unethical to submit a story to a promag after it has appeared in a non-copyrighted fanzine?

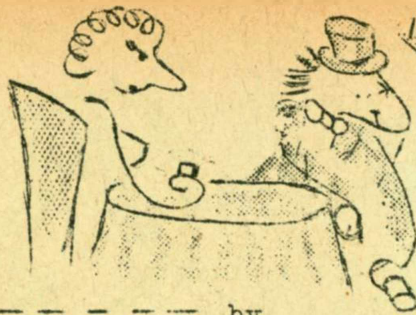
ANSWER: According to Jack Speer, who investigated the problem a couple of years ago, there never has been any legal test of the legal status of material published without copyright in amateur, non-profit magazines. If such a test were made, it might be ruled that such material is protected by common-law copyright and therefore remains the property of the owner. Meanwhile you're not likely to find yourself in any difficulty even if you sell a prozine an unchanged copy of a story previously published in a fanzine. Editors aren't likely to care, since fanzines rarely reach more than a few hundred people, and a commercial magazine has to sell more than fifty-thousand copies to stay in business. ---Damon Knight

QUESTION: Do you think amateur writers should start off on Short-shorts?

ANSWER: I didn't start on short-shorts and seldom write them. I think they are one of the most difficult forms, though of course if you master them I suppose that's a long step ahead. I think writers have a best length, one they move most easily in. I think that different story ideas require different lengths too. Some hit you immediately as a novelette; some could be nothing but a short-short.

---Walt Sheldon

A TALE



by

CURTIS HOFFMAN

I still cling to the body, but the mind is no longer with me. Or is it the other way around? For which is you when they both live, but in separate surroundings?

This is the problem that now confronts me. And the very small electron is the cause of this division.

Other minds with bodies to call their own have followed this imperceptibly small object through its many travels and have arrived with it at its destination. Those minds have understood how this negative charge has traveled.

But no, I could not see it going at such a speed, could not chase it through wires, jump with it from flux to flux, and perceive of its path from cathode to plate.

Yet other minds had claimed to do these things. Why could not mine? That thought was the beginning of the thinking that was to doom me.

I was sure I could find a lonesome electron that was not going anywhere. I could plan a life of travel for it and send my mind along for the trip. In such a way I could be sure of what goes on in such a demon as an electric circuit. Yes, I could conquer the knowledge of this electrical age.

After a great deal of study and nights of painstaking labor I had constructed a machine called a radio. All of the coils, condensers, resistors, and meters were there to give a path of travel for my electron.

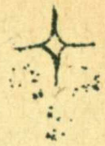
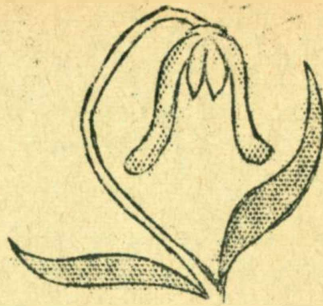
Now we were ready for this flight of knowledge. I fastened my mind to this minute object and bade my body set us in motion. With the flip of a switch we were on our way. Down a copper wire we skipped. Micro-seconds after we started, a transformer loomed before us. We traversed its core with ease and were now zipping through our first tube. It was doing something funny to us. Changing us from a/c to d/c. But we had places to go. Off through a wire, then a coil, and then another tube. This was repeated several times, and we were helping boost along some music to its goal at the loudspeaker. Now we were almost in sight of the speaker and had but to go through one more transformer. Up a wire we sped, through the trans----- but bang! We couldn't get through.

Superior minds know why these things happen. But my mind is now a wanderer in a radio circuit. It can't get out at either end for there is a transformer on guard at each.

They call the body a radio technician now. But in reality it is only searching the maze of wires and coils for the mind it lost so many years ago.

end

lady from mars



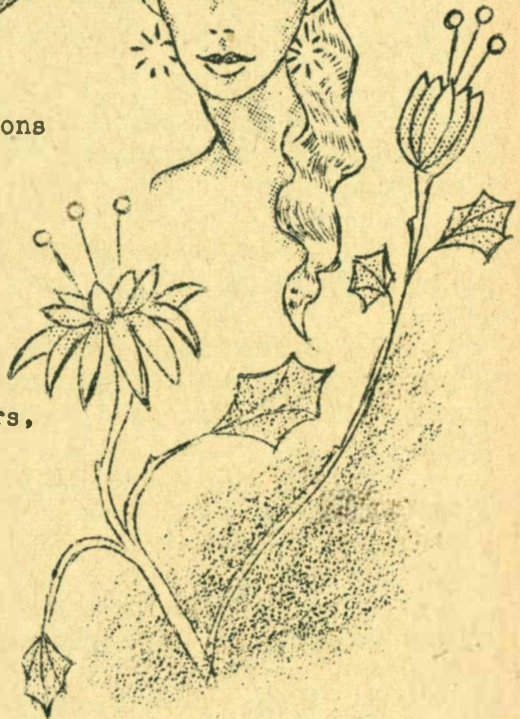
"Mars," she said, "has sent me to your nations
To establish interglobe relations."
Stately, tall, and lovely, by her starship,
Reassuring all it was no warship,
Magnetism flowed and emanated,
Everyone was pleased and captivated.

She entranced with tales about her planet
Giving bribes of precious golden granite,
Adding, "Take some plant bulbs of rare powers,
They will grow amazingly large flowers;
I regret my visit must be hurried,
Lest I cause my home-world to be worried."

Sorcery prevailed to charm her manners,
Duping Terra's best enabled planners;
Damage spread that was most unattractive,
Everything touched was radio active;
Flowers bloomed with pollen of pollution
Poisoning with rapid distribution.

Men from the Ruby planet had failed in their invasions,
Proving that women were the deadlier creations.

by Orma McCormick



WANTED QUANDRYs #1 and #3. I will pay 20¢ each for one copy of #1 and #3.

Ralph Bailey
354 West 56 Street
New York 19, N.Y.

-adv.

SEEZ YOU



First a late arrival on #4 that we feel worthy of note...

Lionel Inman
Ripley, Tenn.

Dear Lee:

The fourth issue of your sterling journal arrived, and I consider it only fair that I retaliate with a letter of destructive criticism.

None of the illos appealed to me. Among the written material only two items impressed me, namely "How To Waterproof Your Fanzine" and the Kennedy thing on scientific films.

I have not as yet seen Destination Moon, but we have it booked. We have played Rocketship X-M and being a projectionist, I got to see it too damn many times for my comfort. We put on considerable hallyhoo for the stinker, even displaying a twelve-foot model rocket on the street. I have hopes for DM. Mr. Blyer's scholarly dissertation on how to improve one's fanzine intrigued me no end. His method of concealing illustrations opens up unlimited possibilities for the dissemination of pornography. I suggest all editors employing this method print on the covers of their fanz the word "waterproof". Other ingenious fans will probably come out with fanzines printed with invisible ink to be read after subjecting the paper to heat or ultra-violet light.

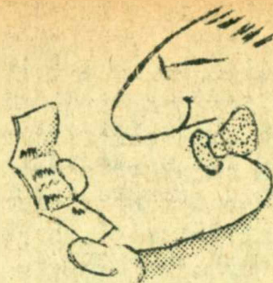
Possibly some of your readers received a crud sheet from one Jim Kepner called Western Star. The latest issue I have contains a bit of assinine journalism in re New Orleans as a convention site, which should set the blood of any Southerner boiling and might possibly mislead some on other localities. Master Kepner proffers the opinion that he considers N.O. as the worst site for the con because of "the sub-human level of humanity in most Southern cities." As he frankly admits, he is prejudiced against the South, and considered in that light his irresponsible remarks should require no refutation. Just consider the source and judge accordingly. If this is the same James Kepner who edited the communistic fanzine, Toward Tomorrow, I recall that he has a long record of caustic antagonism toward just about everything.

As a parting shot, de la Hee's maudlin scribblings stank. Touche, Gerry!



Lionel Inman

Joe Kennedy
84 Baker Ave.
Lover, N.J.



Dear Lee:

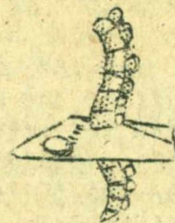
QUANDRY 5 in. It is kind of good to see another dependable monthly in fandom now that SPACEWARP has gone where the good fanzines go; so iffen you can stand the strain (and so far you seem to be standing up nicely) you very soon will probably find yourself with one of the top ten fanzines on your hands. Mimeography is uniformly excellent this time, and the addition of the column by Banks is very welcome. This is the kind of solid material you could use more of. Letter section and its thoroughly delightful illustrations continues to be the brightest spot of the mag; tis always interesting to read other people's mail! The pic accompanying Vernon McCain's letter I chortled for a full ten minutes over. Also liked the picture of the sinking courthouse and the heading for "With Inkstained Fingers..." The WHO AM I quiz was novel. Would guess it's about L. Sprague de Camp. For some unknown reason, got a huge charge out of "Peaceful Contact", the poem by Orma McCormick and J.T. Oliver's little story, which I bet he could've sold to a prozine if he'd tried.

"A Wishtower-Da Publication." Hmmm-m-m.

Ever yours,

[Joe]

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



Dear Lee:

Q5 arrived today...yknow, your mag puzzles me...mimeo is wonderfully clear, artwork is grand...but the articles fail to leave the slightest impression on me. You've got the ability to make a top notch finz out of Q--why don't you?

Instead of loading your contents page with lightweight fillers, why not build the mag around a solid backbone--say 1500 words of fiction or a 1000 word article, and use the rest for what they are--fillers. The idea of a column is good, too, but either make it longer or drop it. One-page columns just ain't no good. The new-type quiz is very good...keep it going that way. The filler articles and poetry are both very easy reading...so why not make the contents of the mag just as good?

[Bob]

Anna Lee McLeod
Apt 5 -- 571 Otsego St
Havre-de-Grace, Maryland



Dear Lee,

You can imagine my disappointment at learning that no one can borrow-or-steal (or even purchase) back copies of QUANDRY. I really have enjoyed it. It has a certain charm, a feeling about it of warmth, which makes a person have a feeling of "belonging"

con't over

More McLeod

I, too, like those little characters who run around through the pages. Lot better than some of the illos in the prozines, in my estimation.

The features in QUANDRY are quite o.k.! The poetry was good. The fiction story, ESCAPE, was a honey. And I was glad to see that Vernon McCain really has a comic side to his nature.

All I gotta add is: hurry up with another is of QUANDRY. I'm waiting impatiently.

Sincerely,

[Anna Lee McLeod]

Wilkie Conner
1618 McFarland Ave.
Gastonia, N.C.



Dear Lee:

Thanks alot for sending me Quandry. I would have written before now, but time is rationed in periods of 24 hours and I have so many irons in the fire. I can hardly find time to squeeze in those things I really want to do. Perhaps someone will be kind enough to inform me how to get more than 24 hours out of a day?

Quandry looks like an up and coming zine and I am pleased to be able to offer a subscription. If it keeps on as it has, I am sure it will take the place so gapingly vacated by Spacewarp. Quandry, like Swp, seems to be on the lighter and more cheerful side. I like that kind of zine. To hell with all this seriousness. Fandom exists for fun; if we want seriousness, we can read the editorials in the daily newspapers!

Sincerely,

Wilkie Conner

Orma McCormick
1558 W. Hazelhurst St.
Ferndale 20, Mich.

Oh yed;

quandry #5 is excellent. I can suggest no improvements, unless a short story, or more and more of what it is now, especially the clever paronomasia,

I liked Moonlight Soliloquy, did you author it?

Liked the drawings as well as all the letters in "Sez You". Jay Oliver's "Escapes" was very good, and Vernon McCain really handles conversation exceptionally well.

I liked Tom Covington's "I Fear", but not quite as well as his Rohen.

Yours Quandrically, (of course)

[Orma]

R.J.Banks, Jr.
111 So 15th St
Corsicana, Texas

POETRY

Dear Lee,

QUANDRY: I got the mag yesterday; liked it fine, especially my column. The little ~~goose~~ on the cover is improving right along. The SFA shows signs of being a fine organization, I wanna join. ((Write Bob Farnham - 104 Mtn. View Drive - Dalton, Ga.)) Your poetry is definately on the upgrade. The editorial is improving too. The FICTION WAS WONDERFUL -- WONDERFUL -- WONDERFUL. YOU LOVELY MAN YOU STILL USES FANFICTION. Last but not least, your second editorial was good. I still say this little "finishing touch" is one of the best things about your mag. Serious discourse on fiction: an Oliver is one of the greatest accomplishments of any fiction mag, but is much better received when balanced with a less tight work such as McCain's in this ish.

[R.J.B.]

((We predict that before long the name of J.T.Oliver will be gracing the contents pages of the pros.))

William Rotsler
Camarillo, Calif.



Dear Still-Unknown-Editor-of-Quandry:

Your name may be there somewhere but I'll be damned if I'm going to hunt for it. You got a funny name or something? A funny name isn't too bad. I've got a funny name.

Comments on zine: generally I find the mag neat, somewhat readable (this does not refer to the content), colorful paper, decent tho undistinguished mimeography and a general air of the neofan...tho I do not hold this against you or anything - just a comment.

[W.R.]

Hector S. Torrie
1414 E. North 36th
Savannah, Ga.



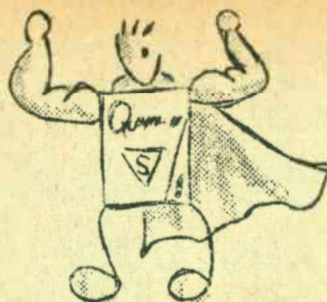
Maime Lee,

Gibts interesting, this thing. Shakespeare and the Old Ones sounded a bit familiar. Oh yes, I remember now, we wrote it. ~~Second~~ good was the bacover. After that is J.Oliver. Then the illo by Bradley...beautiful. Did I get two page 15 for any particular reason? ((No, the reason was very particular)) Wishtower-ded: Did you ever realize that there are times when it is better ~~to be dead~~...especially when you're buried.

Yours,

[Heck]

Tom Covington
315 Dawson Ave.
Wilmington, N.C



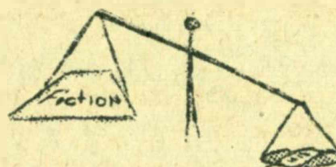
Dear Lee,

QUANDRY #5 is super! I'm beginning to like that vari-colored paper. Together with your illustrations, it enhances what would otherwise be an average zine. Contents are improved this time too. Best thing in the ish is that little filler on page 12 about the electric fan. I thought those little people running around the pages of #3 were super too, but couldn't think of anything appropriate to say about them. Well, better late than never.

Bizarreiffically,
[Tom Covington]

: : : : : : : : :

J.T.Oliver
712 - 32nd St.
Columbus, Ga.



Dear Lee,

QUANDRY #5 was good, of course. I have the same gripes tho, I'm afraid. The contents, while interesting, was (were?) fragmentary. The artwork was excellent. The cloak and dagger guy in the cover was cute, and funny. The editorial was nice and newsy. Liked it. "Moonlight Soliloquy" was nice. "Slurp" was interesting, but the guy didn't say a whole lot. I liked the auto-biography thing. Was interested to learn that Vance is Kuttner. I wrote Vance a card in care of Startling and asked him to either confirm or deny the rumor. "The Spirit of Communication" was good. I like light fiction in a fanzine. The poem-illustration was very nice. The quiz was interesting but too easy. L. Sprague DeCamp. The Andley article was interesting, but he didn't say much either. Your illustrated letter column was good.

Yours,
jay

.....
Max Keasler
420 So. 11th
Poplar Bluff, Mo.



Dear Lee,

Who plans your make-up? It, how I say, slop-gorgeous. When I learn how to read I'll just know I love it. Such pretty picture. Who poses for you. I use to use little people, but don't see them anymore since I got my new glasses.

I like best, now what did I like best, oh yes, J.T. Oliver's story. It fits the sophisticated (my mother new how to spell it) mood that your magazine seems to carry. Such taste.

Yours for dirtier jokes,
[Max]

J.F. Streinz
2604 Forest Way, N.E.
Atlanta, Ga.



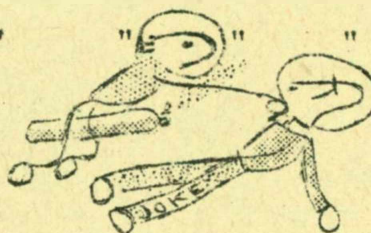
Dear Lee,

First I want to express my admiration for your courage in producing such a publication as Quandry.

I'm starting a new club-"A.E. van Vogt is Two People Chowder and Marching Society" Have you ever paid close attention to his different styles in his short stories and his space-epic-type-stories? The former sound like (ugh) Bradbury and the latter are worthy of the pen of the infamous 'Lensman' Smith. I will accept the challenge of any admirers of the above libeled authors and stipulate that weapons will be space-warped disintegrators at 6.37×10^8 light-years.

Yours,
[J.F. Streinz]

" " " " " " " " " "
Al Weinstein
568 Audubon Ave.
N.Y.C. 33



Dear Lee-

Your magazine shows a lot of promise, and in a couple of years of growth it'll be an excellent one. I hope I can help you a little by offering a little criticism.

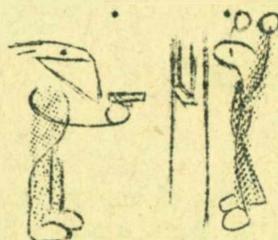
First off, your editorial lives up to its title. Why should it be chaotic when with a little effort it can be coherent? From what I can see you're an imaginative and intelligent writer. You can do better...

Another thing-I'm not a bluenose about the English language. I like slang and lingo just as much as the next guy, because it's more expressive. But don't overdo it.

Your little imp drawings are cute. How about a few cartoons?
Hang onto Joe Kennedy. There aren't many of him floating around.

Sincerely,
[Al Weinstein]

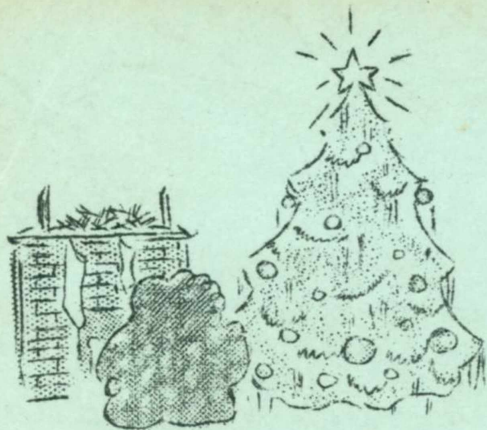
Ralph Bailey
354 West 56 St
New York 19, N.Y.



Quandry received and read. Sgood.

I was thinking the other day (didn't hurt a bit) that young guys' publishing and editing a fanzine keeps them too busy to bump off bank-tellers, run heroin across the border, steal automobiles, and engage in other peccadillos peculiar to Modern Youth, therefore, in order to keep up the good work I am going to enclose the dime that the tax collector and the grover and the landlord don't know I've got,- for the next issue.

Regards,
[Ralph]



Here's wishing you a
MERRY CHRISTMAS

Like we said, here we are. This time no sad tale of our problems in getting this ish out, tho.

For the coming ish we need, among other things, money and material. If you aren't in the mood for knocking out an article of a bit of fiction then why not try something like Questions and Answers or a "Who Am I?" Or maybe some art. Department headings aren't hard and don't require a excess of artistic talent.

Anyway, write us. You're bound to have some time during the holidays. We will. We'll try to catch up on that long overdue correspondance then.

A thought occurs to us. ~~That~~ with Christmas mailing and all such this zine may not reach you until after that holiday. If it doesn't then be it known that we did wish you a Merry Christmas and we hope you have a happy New Year. To you overseas readers...just make this an early greeting for the holidays of '51.

If Santa brings us the choclate-covered time machine we asked for we may drop in on you. Even if he doesn't we may. How would you react if a strange character were to knock at your door and announce, "I'm Lee Hoffman of the Quandry." huh?

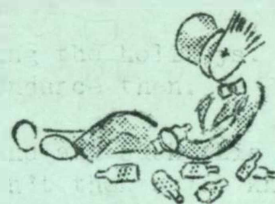
Really, we're just wandering on here...just filling space and not in the mood for bright chatter after knocking out a psychology term paper. We wanted to make a report on Dianetics as a term project but the teacher said no.

We note that Rog Phillips gave C#2 a nice review in the last Club House. His review of #3 should be out about the same time that #6 gets to you. Wish that there were some way in which we could keep Club House from being three months behind the zine. It doesn't make as much difference to you eds who pub quarterly but we keep getting mail asking for the second issue. Not that it really matters...only we have improved alot in the last four issues.

and a
damp NEW YEAR



Well, we'll back next year...probably minus our tonsils and caught up on some of our reading and writing. See ya then...



Lee