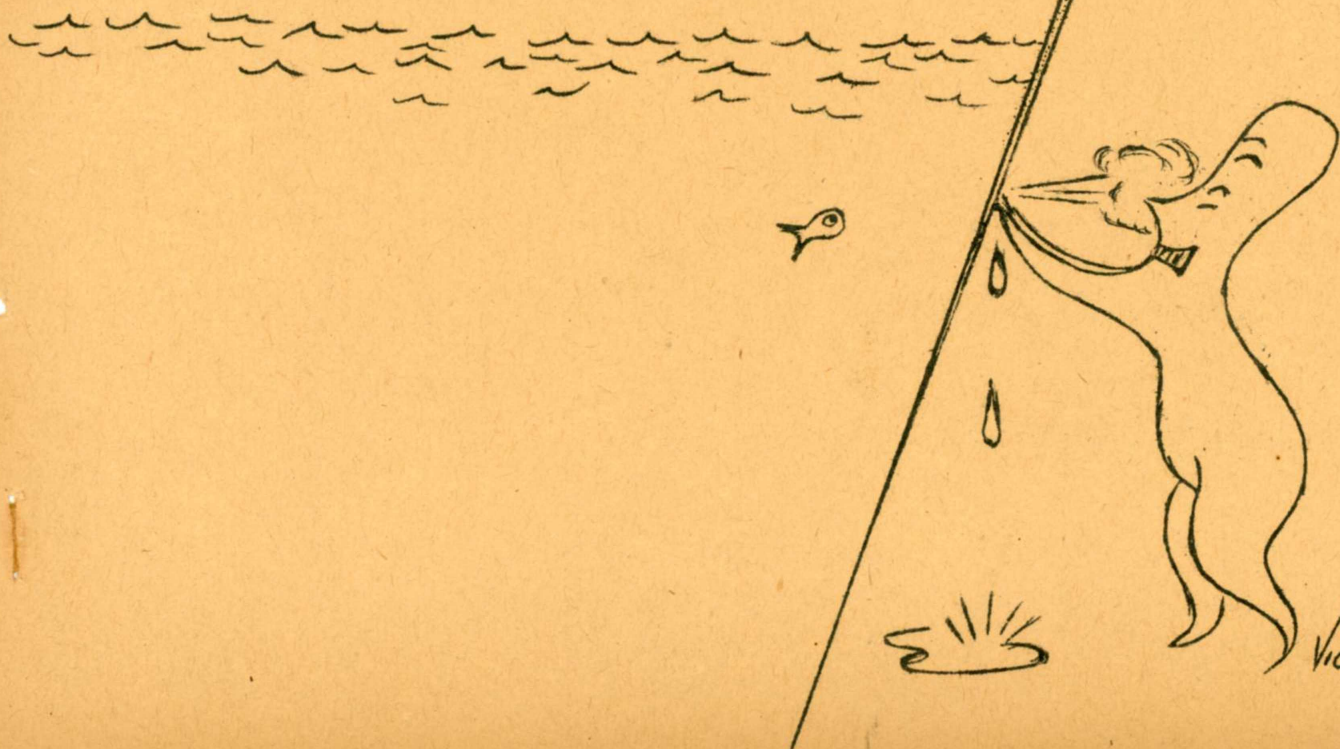
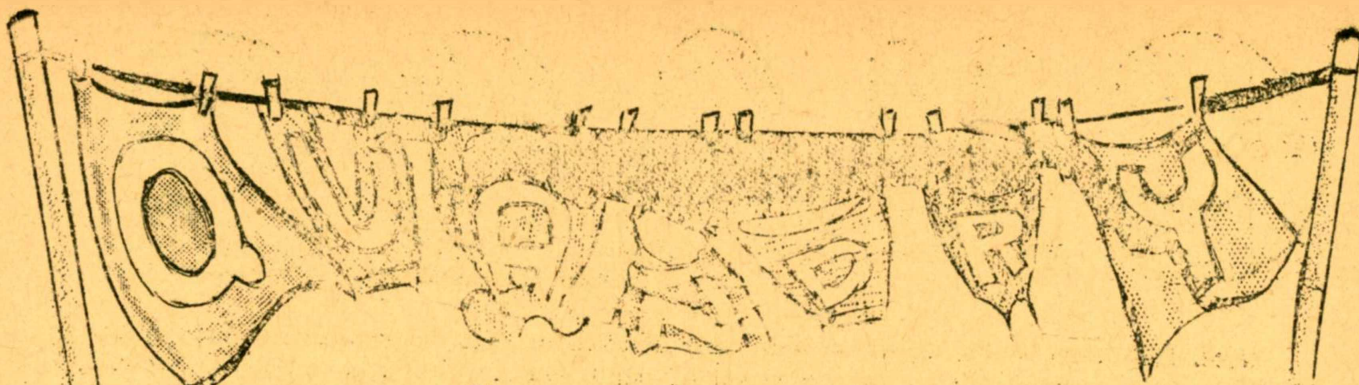


# Quandry

no. 9







The Peep Fan's Almanac

Vol. I No. 9

April 1961

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Puffins by Shelby Vick

Li'l Peepul by yed

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Quandry Vol. I No. 9 is wrung out monthly (hah!) at the sign of Heliotrope Hippotamus. Address 101 Wagner St. Savannah, Ga. U.S.A. All letters received will be considered for publication unless you request otherwise and all that sort of rot. All opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor. Anything said by columnists must be blamed on them. After all, they said it. Ad space is 10¢ per inch. The lack of cleverness found in this issue is entirely original and any similarity to the lack of cleverness found in other fanz is purely coincidental.

Lee Hoffman....Editor-Publisher  
Shelby Vick....Honorary Associate Editor  
Lionel Tuma....Associate Editor

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overseas-a letter

101 Wagner Street

Savannah, Ga.



# CHAOS

comes the apology

With hot damp tears running down our little cheeks we get out this issue. It is late. Very late. And we are ashamed of that fact. Until we think to ourself that we got out the first eight issues relatively on time. Then we are not so ashamed. And we do have four good reasons: money, the theatre, flu, and finals. Y'see we get paid for our work in the Armstrong Theater; around the end of Feb we were working as master electrician for the Armstrong production of "The Mikado". By closing night we were sick. We struggled to school a few days, then gave up and collapsed into bed with Quandry but begun. Eventually were struggled back to classes. "Ah," we thought, "Now we can get back to work Gr Quandry." Hah. Friend Kessel called with the news that we were pulling dimmers for the coming Little Theatre production. The show closed Saturday and finals at Armstrong began the next week. Well, we spent spring holidays cutting stencils. Mimeing will begin as soon as school reopens, since it's their mimeo.

Of course we didn't spend all of spring holidays stenciling. We also worked on a skit titled "Rocketship PDQ" which is soon to be presented in a local variety show. We and Hank Rabey wrote it, directed it, star in it and costumed it, not to mention having designed scenery for it.

Speaking of space corn, ROCKETSHIP XM is finally coming to Savannah. We have been gleefully awaiting it. Local cinema house at which it will play should pay us for advertising it by presenting ROCKETSHIP PDQ. Of course we don't have Martian cave-women in sarongs, as we hear RS XM has, but we do have Martian Lil. Heh heh.

Other nefarious activity of spring holidays was horseback riding. Our favorite of the horses we rode is a big gray fellow who takes a particular delight in kicking other horses. Then there was the gelding named Charley who wanted to eat out leather jacket. We also rode a very nice little brown and white paint that wouldn't trot until the riding instructress gave us a real big switch. Then we couldn't stop him.

Looking over the stencils cut for this ish we notice a dearth of li'l people. Would you readers rather have material crammed into every nook and cranny or would you rather have li'l peepul and occasional drawings? Or would you rather we cram the material in when we have it and fill with li'l peepul when we don't?

We weren't in the mood for doing li'l peepul this ish. Somehow there just wasn't any inspiration. Mebbe next month we'll be bubbling over with bright ideas.

Also missing this ish is File #13. Shortly before deadline Redd Boggs notified us of the fact that the File wouldn't be along in time for this ish but it will be here as soon as possible. Don't expect a File every month either. (Those of you who read Spacewarp won't anyway.) In fact none of our columns are guaranteed to be here every month so don't worry if one or another is occasionally missing.

Walt Willis who was to have been our fan this month will be it next month. Burnett Toskay takes his place in this issue.



## the harp that once or twice



Somebody in N3F finally got around to sending me some literature the other day. About time too, and me a member for more than two years. And don't anybody say it was because I didn't renew my subscription: I've got an answer to that only I don't want to be unpleasant.

There were six of these leaflets. (I use this spelling as a mild protest against the 'pamflet' in FANSPEAK.) One telling new members about all the benefits they get from N3F, most of which I had never heard of but which seem very sound, and five more ambitious jobs. There's a pretty comprehensive pro-author pen name list about which the only comment I have to make is that I'm pretty sure that Arthur C. Clarke is NOT Hal Clement. For one thing I can't imagine Arthur "Ego" Clarke keeping quiet about it if he had written so many other excellent stories, and for another Hal Clement was, according to Campbell in a wartime ASF, piloting a B24 while Clarke was working in British Radar research. Then there's the N3F Library, which has the most extraordinary assortment of books I ever saw. Some of them are pretty good however, and there's even some science fiction. FANSPEAK is very good, an efficient selection, with additions from the great FANCYCLOPEDIA. There's a prozine checklist which shows us European fans exactly how many magazines we'll never have the chance of reading and, finally, a list of fanclubs. This last reminds me that it's about time there was an Irish fan organization, so here goes.

As leader of the most active fan group in the world, outside of America, I hereby announce the formation of IRISH FANDOM, or IF. The Big Wheels of IF are myself as Chief Spokesman, Bob Shaw as vice-president because he knows so much about vice, and James White as Treasurer because he's working on a linocut of the Bank of England notes. All we need now is some members. There's George Charters of Bankor, Co. Down, of course, but since we've been quite unable to get any money out of him we've had to make him an honorary member. The OC of IF is SLANT and we're willing to affiliate with any organization that doesn't have Claude Degler as a member.

SOS One thing you might notice about these benefits of N3F is that many of them are not much use to European fans, and yet we pay a great deal more to subscribe than Americans do. I know all about the rate of exchange, but will a dollar buy you three good meals, as 7/6 will? (As soon as a European representative was appointed the sub for some reason more than tripled.) However what I was going to say is now is N3F's chance to show what it can do for fan solidarity. British fandom needs help in the biggest blow it has had since the dollar famine. Briefly, Street & Smith have raised the British sub rate for ASF to TEN DOLLARS. It has always for some reason been 75 cents more to us, but this increase will mean that no one will be able to subscribe to the magazine. No doubt the dealers will be overjoyed, but the fans have started as a first step to organise a protest to S&S. A circular had been sent to all members of the old British Science Fantasy Society and readers of SLANT suggesting that they write and ask Street & Smith for an explanation. If and when this is forthcoming we can decide what to do next --- send the mag to Coventry, circularise Brass Tackers, try to get the writers on our side ---but in the meantime we need all the support American fandom can give. Publicise this protest, and let S&S know that you resent on our behalf this mean discrimination. After all, apart from being fellow-fans, you have had a lot of profit from the goodwill ASF has built up over here---many of its best stories have been by British authors.

THE OTHER SCIENCE FICTION, II In the last issue I was talking about how Americans has drifted away from the European current and now, as deCamp or somebody once said, "finds itself up a well known tributary without adequate means of propulsion." If you think there's nothing wrong with modern sf, have another look at recent issues of ASF and the pulps. I accuse most of their stories of being  
(con't over)





both anti-science and anti-human. ((Aren't we all?)) In 90% of those dealing with the future science and humanity are made out to be despicable failures, for either there is a war somewhere about, or where there isn't the people are no better, happier, or more hopeful than 20th century Americans. Science is not shown as helping mankind, only as creating new weapons of terror and destruction, and the heroes are usually not scientists at all but All-American halfbacks using those weapons for personal aggrandisement. In the exceptional stories where the future is better, the improvement has usually been brought about by some escapist device like superman or galactic fairy godmothers. ASF itself may not be so bad as some other mags in fouling sf's own nest, but from the humanist point of view it is much worse. The stories far too often not only insult the readers' intelligence with crude political propaganda, but peddle unhealthy glorifications of war, hatred, violence, cruelty, and naked power. Leader in this prostitution of talent has been paranoiac L. Ron Hubbard, but Heinlein came down to his level in GULF and even the lesser fry have been joining him in the gutter. Take for instance THE MERCENARIES, by H. Beam Piper. In this story the "heroes" are a group of bought scientists, selling their murderous capabilities to the highest bidder, in this case the United States. They find that a piece of their equipment is, quite accidentally, likely to wipe out the city of Smolensk and all its people. They are not at all worried about this, in fact they are pleased and amused. In face of such terrifying lack of imagination it is almost irrelevant to point out that Smolensk is in Poland, and that in any case the USA is not at war with anyone, now or then.

If ASF is really read by as many scientists as Campbell claims claims insidious propaganda like this is all the more dangerous, but it is typical of the war-happy madness that seems to be current among some of the men who claim to represent us. Their false claim is denied by a few far-sighted people---Banister, for instance in his YOU WHO HAVE SLAIN ME (in NEKRO #4), and Professor Toynbee in his already famous slogan "NO ANNIHILATION WITHOUT REPRESENTATION"---and it is up to us to help in our small way by insisting that pulp fiction shall observe the minimum standards of human decency. It can be done, and in the next article in this series I hope to show that in some places it has.

LUCKY DIP Fanzines have been leaving 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast in sheaves the last few days, but only one has struggled in against the stream so there's no difficulty in picking out the last arrival. It is an object called DZIGGITIA, produced by Sid Gluck, 1047 Louisa St, Elizabeth, N.J. for FAPA and SAPS. It is a hideous purple thing, with one of the sloppiest covers I have ever seen. I don't know what the reproductive process is, hekto or ditto, but if I was the manufacturer I would think it good business to buy up the whole issue and hide it. Nevertheless I read the mag. I read all the fanzines I get from cover to back cover anyway but since this was by Gluck I read it rightaway. I have a very strong weakness for Gluck. I have loved him like a brother ever since I read a passage in one of his stories called SECOND WEDNESDAY OF LAST WEEK (the story, not the passage: passages only have names like Northwest.) You must understand that this story was about a guy who wakes up one morning to find he is somebody else and no sooner does he get used to this idea than he finds he is someone else again and so on through the morning. Very confusing. To steady his nerves and help him ruminate on his plight he decides to have some gum.

"William Johnson dropped a penny in the gum machine, and held his hand under the slot.

"No gum came out.

"The whole world was against him. First all that trouble about his name and then--this.

"No gum!"

There is no stroke of wild genius like this in DZIGGITIA (with great moral courage I admit that I haven't a clue as to what that title means. Wish he'd never



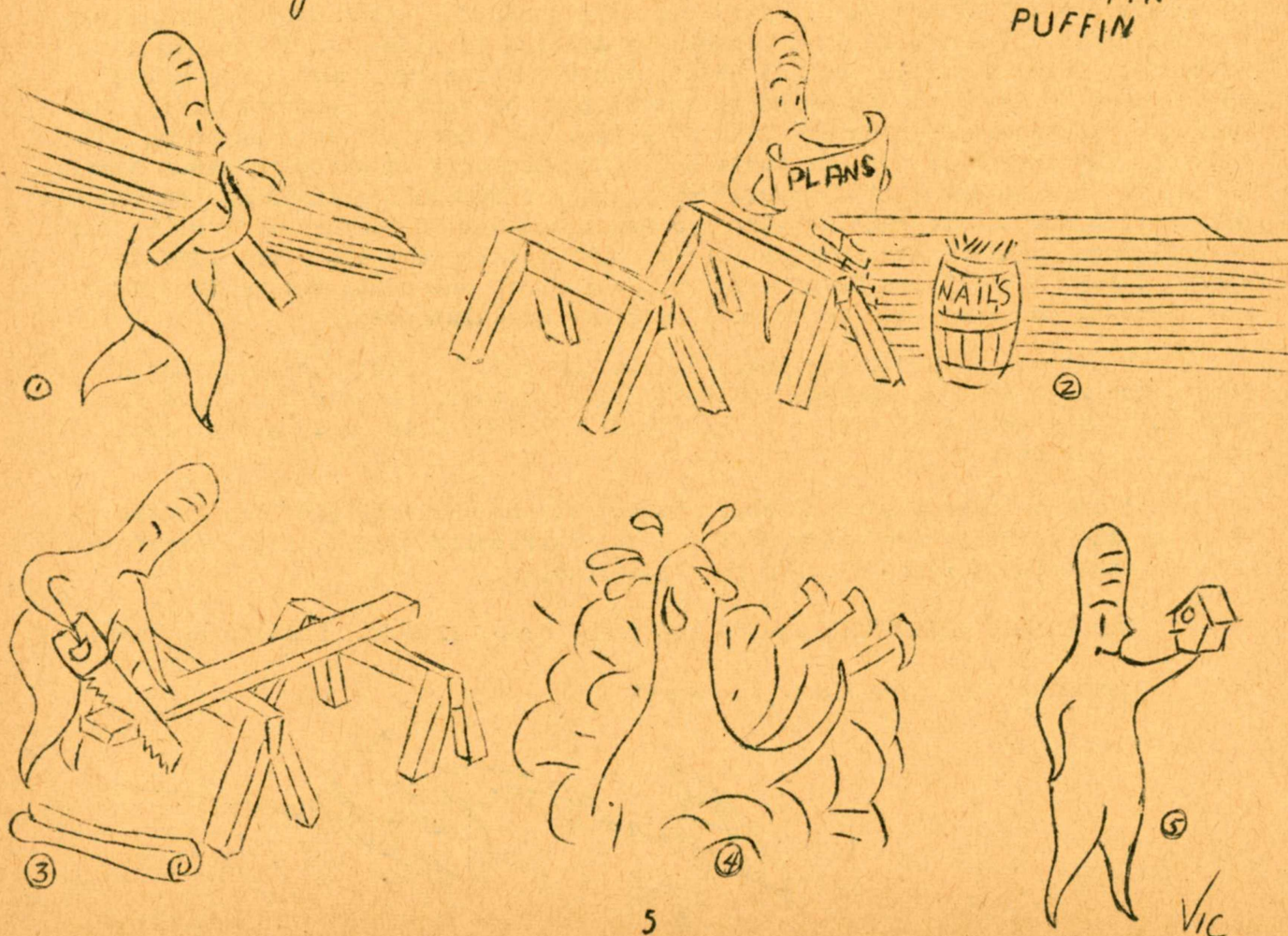


changed from GAAAA. I knew what that meant all right.) but there is a very competent story by Jack Drosdick called ONCE IN A LIFETIME and a very short short by Gluck. Even in this, fellow-admirers of Gluck will find some of that completely uninhibited imagination which makes him one of the most original writers in fandom. Take his horror stories for instance. These are all about ten times as horrible as anyone else's, in fact he lays it on with a bulldozer where most people are content to use a trowel, but behind all the over-writing--which in anyone else would be merely ridiculous---there is such enthusiasm, such gusto, and such genuine if uncontrolled talent as to compel one's respect. I feel that Gluck will go far some day, but I find it hard to say in what direction. His trouble, it seems to me, will be to sober down his style for general consumption without loosing that sort of primitive drive which gives him his individuality.

ODDS AND ENDS According to the grapevine Van Vogt hasn't been able to write a good story since he was cleared. That's one snag Hubbard couldn't have known about. ...F.J.Ackerman reveals that Dianetics has cured him of a life long fear of dogs. I shouldn't have worried about them if I were you, Forest. What's in a name?.....Edwin Sigler is reported to have disappeared since the slating he got from readers of SS for his racial propaganda. Search parties are advised to leave no stone unturned.. ...Ackerman reported to be coming to the World Convention in London in May....Gillings (SCIENCE FANTASY) retired from sf owing to ill health....New British fanzine coming called (of all things) SLUDGE.

Walt Willis

shelvick presents.....THE HUFFIN' PUFFIN





# BURNETT R. TOSKAY

by

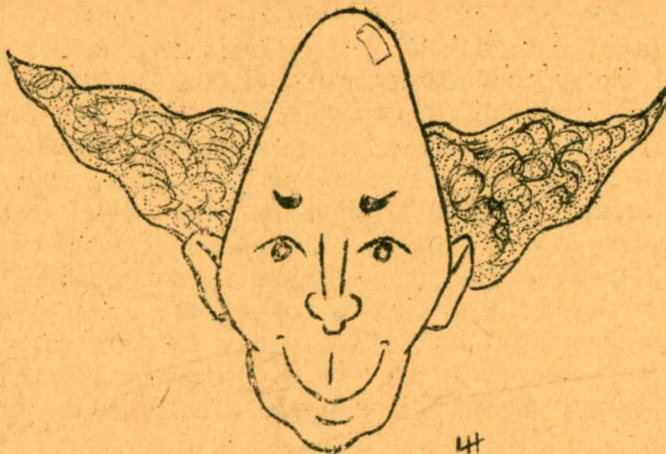
Burnett R. Toskay

concerning

Burnett R. Toskay

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Burnett R. Toskay



44

Vital statistics : Age 21 years, 9 months, two days, eleven hours and 37 minutes. I am tall: 5'8". I am dark: dirty blond hair. And I am handsome. I consider myself the greatest living writer of science fiction, the greatest mathematician ever, the most influential personality I have ever met, and one of the most unconceited persons that I could ever hope to meet. Also, I am not a woman.

((Artist's note: Due to difficulty in obtaining photos of fen to copy (for some strange reason when attempts are made to photo them the camera breaks or they leave no image on the film) we have found it necessary to render sketches of them from ectoplasmic manifestations supplied thru the courtesy of our favorite medium. ))

My first true attempt to read sf was Wells' "War of the Worlds". From that beginning, I broadened my field rapidly, consuming with eager anticipation the deathless prose found in the pages of Amazing Stories and Fantastic Adventures. I began writing sf at about the same time, and have since piled up a volume of material unequalled in the history of fandom. Unfortunately, the pros are incapable of understanding my style, so I have not sold anything yet, but some day they will cry in their beer because they rejected my great novels. It is for this reason that I started publishing IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES, an amateur publication devoted to running all pro magazines out of business. I write for several local amateur publications and I draw pictures for them from time to time. I have several pen names and brush names, of which all but my true name are secrets divulged only to my most intimate acquaintances.

My pet peeves are Dianetics, people who didn't like "The Dying Earth", people who hate Shaver, people who don't like Kuttner, people who think Van Vogt is the greatest sf writer of all time, "Out Of This World Adventures", etc. etc. ad. inf.

I am at present a third year student at the University of Washington, and also the reigning secretary of the local University branch of The Nameless Ones, a statewide science fiction fan organization.

IMPOSSIBLE ADVENTURES can be had from 3933 15th NE, Seattle 5, Wash.

Anything else you want to know?

*Burnett Toskay*



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Say you saw it in Quandry, please.



## konner's korner

DESTINATION MOON finally came to Gastonia and I talked the wife out of 42 cents and went to see it. Since about all fandom has seen this bit of technical-camera trickery, I shan't comment upon the pic. I'm sure I could add nothing to what has already been said. However while viewing the picture I made a mental note of the reaction of the audience about me and I am convinced that the general public is definitely not ready for serious science-fiction on the movie screen. When the characters were reacting under the increased gravities of the take-off, some laughed, some sighed, and I heard one woman say, "What happened?" All through the picture people laughed at the most inappropriate times. And one guy undoubtedly thinking in terms of those awful atrocities the "Buck Rogers" and "Flash Gordon" serials of eleven or twelve years ago, said as the characters dispersed on the moon, "Now you just watch: some awful animal will come out of those holes and bite holes in them suits..." Through most of the film, the audience seemed restless and at times a bit bored. They missed the melodrama, the souped-up suspense that Hollywood has taught them to look for in any picture. And they just couldn't conceive the enormity of space---that a spaceship WOULD appear motionless in all the vastness. Nor, from comments I overheard both in the theater and in the lobby afterwards, could they get the idea of how one couldn't fall down off the ship when it was way up in the air! And I heard one fellow tell his girl, "Of all the fantastic stuff I've ever seen---that takes the cake. Anyone knows that if you went to the moon, it would fall right down out of the sky!"

I spent several hours---well, a couple of hours---browsing about the theatre after I'd seen the show. I listened in on as many conversations as I could. And in the lobby, I asked several people what they thought of this particular type film. Some said it was just plain crazy, others said they enjoyed it because it was different. One guy said he thought there would be "more to it!" A girl I knew said she came in because the only other "first run" house was showing "I'd Climb The Highest Mountain" and she'd already seen it and that she thought "Destination was perfectly horrible...no love interest." I tried to interest her in some local love interest...but she wasn't will--er--interested. A plague on her. I didn't have the required buck, anyway. Besides, she wouldn't know science fiction if she met one on the street...let alone on the screen.

What did I think of the pic? Well it was a so-so movie, but a good vehicle to initiate the indoctrinated into the realm of sfiction. The Walter Lantz cartoon sequence was an excellent primer for the unlearned in space-lore. In fact, that was just what the whole pic was: a primer for science fiction. Anyone could plainly see that Heinlein was aiming to establish a knowledge in the mind of Mr. Average Movie-Goer that would enable him to enjoy further such films. Of course this step-by-step explanation was boring to the average sfan. But of course, the Average Movie Goer is not the average fan, bless his heart, and because of this "Destination" served a noble purpose...even though it was only an average motion picture. I missed Hopalong Cassidy and The Lone Ranger on television to see it...and I don't feel cheated in the least.

The February "Author & Journalist" claims that TWS and SS are becoming more adult in tone...and the February Writer's Digest claims the same thing for all the Thrilling publications. I also have noted someplace that the individual editors of Thrilling magazines will have more say-so over the contents. Heretofore guys like Sam Merwin, Jr were just "final Readers" with non-fan Leo Margulies giving the last word on acceptance or rejection. I understand now that Merwin will have the final say-so as to what goes into TWS, SS, etc. Merwin is a good guy and



Konner's Korner (kon't)

a swell writer. He knows what fans want and I'm sure that if it is true that he has been given more authority, he will see to it that these magazines become more adult in tone and appeal. Which will, of course, be fore the better.

Speaking of Merwin, the latest TWS has two stories by him. One under the name of Matt Lee and the other in his Carter Sprague non-de-plume. Seems as though this is an indication that TWS could use some material. Hmm... Maybe if I...

From the letter section of the February Quandry, I gleaned that my little blast against communism wasn't popular. Well, I don't want to be branded a "Flag waving capitalist", but I be damned if I can see any harm in the capitalist system. I'm just a common, run of the mill, uneducated jerk, but by God, I work where I choose...I spend what little money I earn the way I want to spend it--even if I have to let important bills, like doctors, go unpaid. But I can get a doctor when I want one, without having to ask anybody's permission. I write crap like this without fear of being jailed and when I vote, I have a choice of candidates. I get a heck of a bang out of being an American..thought I may be taxed to the hilt and I may be forced to bow under wage and price controls, I still have theright to refuse to work under those controls. And I have a right to quit my job and not work at all if I can afford it. If we had communism---any kind of communism, Russian, English, (yes, the English may deny it, but they have a form of communism) ---we couldn't work except at specified jobs and places. We couldn't spend what little money we had except for specified merchandise or services. (Witness the many pleas in the prozines from various parts of the English dominated world asking for magazines because the currency laws forbid subscribing!) Capitalism may be all wet...but it has made it possible for just average joes to own cars, their own homes, radios, TV sets, wear good clothes, eat adequately---if not wisely---farm as they please...and to take all the profit possible from those farms. No American farmer has to work like hell all year, take his produce to a community center and accept a common dole. No American laborer has been put into a concentration camp because he preferred working in a print shop to riveting tanks. Yep, communism looks good on paper---"You can make as much as the president of the company..."---((shouldn't that read "The president of the company can't make any more than you do."?)) But it won't work worth a damn in application. Russia tried it...England is trying it. Both countries are destined to a common grave: bankruptsy. For communism is something that once you havem you can't get rid of...until too late. The time is coming soon when we'll have to whip the whole Red earth...and until we do, the capitalistic countries are the only ones who will have a decent way of life.

LONGHAMMER'S HAMMERINGS: My girl, Betty, ain't no communist. She won't share a damn thing she's got with anybody...not even me.

- Wilkie Conner

Will pay \$1.00 for the first  
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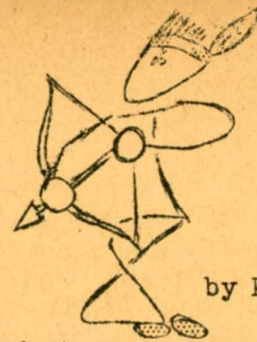
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-adv





# THE SECRET LIFE OF FAN MITTY



by Ken BeAle

The throne room was silent but for the clicking of the communicators. Faint but ever-present, it reached the ears of the Galactic Emperor Mitty VI as he sat behind his immense throne-desk: ta-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa. In the impersonal sound, there was nothing to suggest whether the news was good or bad. But now the Grand Admiral was hurrying forward, with a strip of message-tape fluttering in his hands. "The enemy has just taken the Klarn system, Your Magnificence!" he cried excitedly. The noble patrician brow of the Emperor was creased by a faint frown. "Darn!" said Mitty VI. "I always liked that system, too. Good hunting there---at least I think it was on Klarn II that I had my hunting lodge. Or was it Ploop V? Oh well, it doesn't matter. Well, what are you standing there for? Don't you know what to do send in another fleet?" "Yes, your Magnificence. But--if I might venture a suggestion--that is, I think it would be wiser if--er, that is, it does seem a trifle rash to--" the Grand Admiral's shrewd blue eyes were troubled. "Well, what is it? Speak up, man. Are you questioning my strategy?" "No, of course not, Your Magnificence, but could it not be amended? If we were to divert a few billion ships from the Snith sector and---" "Enough!" roared the Emperor furiously. "You try my patience, sir! Men have been disintegrated for far less! I know what I am doing! The Frosliks won't get through, if you follow the battle plan I laid down. After all, what have we lost so far? Only five systems and three Grand Fleets! A mere bagatelle! He turned away impatiently and began shuffling through the reports and papers on his desk. With a salute, the Grand Admiral turned away. He should have known better than to doubt the Master Battle Plan. Of course no one but the Emperor could understand it, but he was a rich immortal with a double brain. "By Xar, I pity those poor Frosliks," the Admiral muttered, "They just didn't know what--or who--they were up against....."

"I knew it! You're tensed up again, Walter. I told you this would be one of your days." Mrs. Mitty leaned forward and skook his shoulder. "Walter, I don't believe you even heard me. I said you were all tensed up again."

Walter Mitty, back again on Sol III and still a bit unsure of his surroundings, looked around him. He was in a room - a hideous room, he realized. What ever had possessed him to let Grace put up those awful pink drapes? The furniture, the walls, the rugs, the whole room, all were rough, crude, barbaric; like an exhibit in a museum. That's all it is, thought Walter Mitty, just a museum piece. And I'm one of the exhibits.

"I wanted to tell you that one of your magazines just came." She held out a brown wrapped package. "Now don't start reading it now. I'm having the Farmers over tonight and you've got to move some of the furniture." Walter Mitty put down the copy of Thrilling Wonder Stories without looking at it, and obediently got to his feet. "What should I do first?" "Start with that chair. It should go--let me see, over there. No, not there. There. Can't you even see where I'm pointing? I think you should have your eyes checked. You probably need glasses. No wonder, with all that reading you do." "Nothing wrong with my eyes," said Mitty. "Never mind, you'd better have them chacked anyway. Now the commode should go over there. A hât more to the right. That's it." The phone rang and Mrs Mitty went to answer it. Walter Mitty watched her plump form recede through the archway. He went over to the Television set, started to turn it on, then changed his mind and went over the the window.

(Con't over)



## The Secret Life of Fan Mitty (con't)

...."Look, sir---there's Ganymede." Lieutenant Farmer gestured excitedly at the vision plate, where the glimmering shape of Jupiter's satellite was beginning to loom against the starry background. "We'll be there in another hour. Should I begin to decelerate?" Commander Blaze Mitty's keen gaze swept the control board. "No, not yet. In precisely two minutes and four and one half seconds you can apply maximum acceleration to both bow tubes." "Yessir." Lieutenant Farmer was openly envious. Mind like and electronic computer, that was what the Commander had. He'd never been wrong yet. "We'll be landing in fifty four and a half minutes," Blazy Mitty added casually.

Exactly fifty four and a half minutes later, the patrol cruiser, Vigilant, descended on flaming jets to the frigid soil of Ganymede. Commander Mitty, already in his space suit, was strapping on his holstered Noravsky-Borasov as Farmer hurried from the controls to join him. Minutes later, they were in the airlock, waiting for the throbbing pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the mechanism to subside. Soon the airlock was cleared and the outer door was opening. "Careful" said Commander Mitty warningly. "Better let me go first." He stepped out of the door, then threw himself flat as a blaster-charge sizzled through the space where he had been, to burn itself out harmlessly against the foot-thick Impervium plating. "The Jovians, sir! They must have been warned, and now they're all around us." Lt. Farmer's voice was shaky as it echoed in Blaze Mitty's earphones. "Steady, man. They don't have anything bigger than hand weapons or we'd never have been allowed to land. Get to the turret guns. I'll hold them off long enough for you to--" "Too late, sir! Here they come!" With a rush, the spacesuited figures of slveppi Jovians were suddenly visible as they leaped out from behind the shelter of a heap of boulders and charged towards the Vigilant. In a flash Mitty had drawn the Noravsky-Borasov and was aiming it at the running forms converging on him. Its orange-yellow beam licked out, and one of them slumped to the ground, a charred hole in his chest. But now the rest were upon them and they were too close for anything but hand to hand combat. Commander Mitty reversed the Noravsky-Borasov in his gloved fist and brought it down on the helmet of the man before him. But he had a knife and....

"At least you could have been doing something while I was gone," said Mrs Mitty. "Now hurry. That was the grocery man. He wanted to check our order, and it's a good thing too. You had it wrong again. I don't know why you can't get these things straight. It was a can of tomatoes and 3 pounds of unshelled peas. But you ordered a can of peas and 3 pounds of tomatoes!" "They mix them up sometimes," said Walter Mitty. "Mix them up? Who mixes them up? They wouldn't get mixed up if you'd remember what I tell you."

"Remember, remember," thought Walter Mitty, "that's all she wants me to do, remember. Two weeks ago she sent me out for a pound of beef and I came home with lamb chops. I forgot what it was and asked the butcher, afraid to phone home and ask the wife. The mad suggested lamb chops so lamb chops it was. Then Grace made me go back to the shop and exchange them and the butcher gave me an argument. Perhaps I should carry a pad on a string around my neck. Then I could write everything down. That way it would be impossible to forget. She couldn't say I'm always forgetting things."

"Well, don't just stand there," Mrs Mitty snapped. "Help me get the bridge table in here. And we'll have to move the TV over to the corner. Come on." Walter Mitty followed his wife into the next room. "Now be careful of the legs, Walter. Fold them up first. No, not that way." He picked up the bridge table and started for the living room. "Don't bump into anything," said Mrs Mitty.

He finished moving the television set and sat down on the couch. "I suppose that's all right," said his wife. "Now I've got to run into the kitchen and see that Alberta gets dinner started right. Let the delivery boy in when he rings."



.....The sky over Vaudir was dark with ships. They roared through the atmosphere in glittering hordes, a symbol of the pomp and power of the Lireenian Empire. Watching them on his telescreen, Lors Mitty curled back his lips over even white teeth in a snarl of hate. The filthy ~~sporns~~ were trying to show their might, were they? Well he wasn't scared. Just let him get his sword into the heart of the Viceregent Knir and he'd soon end that! With him dead, the power-seeking wolves who had seized control of the Empire would be easily dispersed, and the Princess Djara would ascend to her rightful throne. His blue eyes kindled when he thought of her--sweet and charmingly shaped, with hair the color of ripe Bolla flowers. That night on the balcony of the great palace on Lireen VI---had she not given him her word that Vaudir was to be given dominion status once she was Empress? And she had promised other things too--he could still hear her bell-like voice as she murmured words of endearment. But that was all in the past, and now Vaudir was threatened as Knir, taking the throne upon the sudden and suspicious death of the Emperor and the Regent demanded that the levies be increased and that the subject worlds--like Vaudir--pay more tribute than ever. "By Moldar, I won't have it", muttered Lors Mitty, heredity Zorn of Vaudir.

He looked up at the sound of a knock upon the door, his hand going instinctively to his jeweled swordhilt as he half rose from his chair. In these troubled times, it was best to be always on guard. Then he sank back in relief as the door opened and his fleet commander Kel Jardon entered. "The fleet is ready, sir," he reported, "What are your orders?" Lors looked thoughtful. "I dislike having to fight unless no alternative remains. Has Knir consented to a parley?" "Aye, he's promised to be upon the plain near Starvala in half a Chronit. Do we meet him, sir?" "Of course we do. But it's best to watch for a trap. I know Knir of old, wily nirt that he is." And sweeping a scarlet cloak about him, the Zorn strode from the chamber.

As he moved toward the spot where the Viceregent's personal spaceboat had landed, Lors Mitty smiled grimly. If he thought for a minute that he had caught them off guard, then he was mistaken. His hand moved to the needle-gun at his belt as he thought this. Let the Viceregent try anything and he would find the Zorn of Vaudir ready. He had insisted on going alone to the meeting place, as agreed on, despite Jardon's insistence that he at least bring an escort. Now, as he drew nearer, he could see the lean form of the Viceregent, as he emerged from the airlock to meet him. He drew closer, returning the other's mocking salute. Suddenly he whirled drawing his needlegun, to meet the onrush of armed Lireenian soldiers as they emerged from places of concealment among the tall chulla-grass. Treachery! It was too late to signal the airboat cruising overhead, too late to do any thing but fight! As his left hand triggered the needle-gun, his right whipped out the sword. By Moldar, they'd pay dearly for this.....

An insistant buzzing came to Walter Mitty's ears. He looked up confusedly as Grace strode by and opened the door, letting in the package-laden delivery boy. "Walter!" she called. "Come here and give him a hand with these bundles." "Oh, that's all right, Ma'm, I can manage. But I thought you'd never open the door. Were you asleep or something?" Impudent young punk, Walter Mitty thought savagely, as he got up and followed them into the kitchen. Thinks he's pretty clever. I'd like to--- "Here you are, thanks." "Thank you, Ma'm," said the delivery boy as he left. "Well," demanded Mrs Mitty, "Where were you? He must have been ringing five minutes. I finally had to open the door myself." "I didn't hear," said Walter Mitty. "DIDN'T HEAR? If I could hear it in the kitchen, you certainly ought to be able to hear it from where you were. Well, don't just stand there. Get out of my way. There's nothing for you to do in here." Walter Mitty walked slowly down the hallway, rubbing his eyes.



The outer door of the Experimental Lab closed behind him, and Mitty 674-J stepped out onto the moving ramp. The towers of Nork glittered in the afternoon sunlight, and overhead an advertising copter hovered, the pocketa-pocketa-pocketa-pocketa of the atomo-engine coming loudly to his ears. He looked out on the city and its people and he hated them. He hated them for what they were and what they stood for, and for what they had done to his kind. He hated them for the ceaseless experimentation, the price he must pay for being allowed to live at all, but mostly he hated them for no reason but that they were different. His hate was the instinctive dislike of one species for another, as reasonless as the urge that makes thousands of Lemmings annually walk into the sea. Mitty 674-J ran six-fingered hands through his hair and smiled slightly as they touched the tendrils hidden there. Someday he'd make these humans pay for what they had done. Someday his kind would reign supreme, the rightful rulers of a galaxy. The thought pleased him, and he smiled again.

The End -----

## THE GHOST OF ASTEROID BILL

an old space ballad

He came up fast through the Kreeman's blast,  
Away out on the space-lanes there,  
And he steered a course through the alien force  
While I shook red dust from my hair.  
Then he manned my gun till the fight was won...  
This fierce wraith of Old Terra born.

Then my star-ship fled and the comets sped,  
Till a stud on the board spelled Earth  
And I said, "Old Son," when his 'trick' was done  
"Does Earth-star still give you a thrill?"  
And he nodded slow, "She's my love, you know,  
I'm the ghost of Asteroid Bill!"

I came to with a bound and looked around  
Away out on the space-lanes, there,  
I had napped and, well, the Krees had caught hell  
Thanks to Asteroid Bill in my chair.  
And this space-wise ghost, when I started to boast  
Of that flight and my swift, sure hand,  
Leans close to my ear, and he whispers clear,  
"Now listen, Star-rover, take sand!"  
And I feel no slight, for I know he's right,  
That I reap where I did not sow,  
That I'd won my plume, saved Earth from doom,  
Thanks to a man of long ago!

Earle Franklin Baker



AHEM

(sub two)

F. Towner Laney to R.J.Banks and the QUANDRY readers

Dear Mr Banks:

I'm glad you felt "a trifle mellow this time". It would indeed have been shocking to have read a more vituperative and less factual column than your accurately named "Sluff".

It is rather pointless for me to argue with anyone whose thought processes are as fuzzy as yours seem to be. I daren't be subtly nasty for fear you won't get it.

A few stray points concerning wierd thought processes. "Boggs says fan-fiction is lousy, so over half of fandom immediately takes up the cry 'Down with fan-fiction'". Does Boggs saying fan fiction is lousy make it any lousier? Anymore than your apparent brief for this rubbish makes it any less lousy? Do you seriously believe that there is any real connection between Boggs' denunciation of fan-fiction and people's distaste for it, other than a coincidental recognition of what is good and what isn't--unless perhaps a few timid souls who had disliked fanfiction right along may have become vocal upon learning that others felt as they did?

"Boggs states that Astounding is falling apart and immediately fandom assumes that it is happening." Do you attribute supernatural powers to Redd Boggs? Do you admire him to such a degree that you feel him capable of putting a hex on Street and Smith? Did it even occur to you that Astounding IS way way down as compared to its golden era of 1939-42? (I quit buying it regularly in 1945, because it had slipped so badly, and the handful of issues I've read since have not made me want to go back to getting it.)

"Vance is Kuttner." Vance isn't Kuttner. Who gives a faint damn?

... "most of the stuff sent to Astounding is Galxy rejects..." So what? If there is a magazine around that is printing better stuff than Astounding you ought to be pleased, assuming of course you like science-fiction. Does the title of the magazine mean so much to you that it surpasses in importance the reading of the stories? (Boy, if that is the case, you are a sample of the type of uncritical consumer advertising men spend most of their time trying to create.)

And of course the little gem: "Neil Wood, the other Cossicana fan, has stopped reading fanfiction; pans Astounding endlessly; believes fervently that Vance is Kuttner." This is to be read in conjunction with "fen seem to be fastening themselves solidly onto the words of some columnists... and believing in their writings moreso than...in the Bible." Neil Wood does so and so; therefore everybody else does so and so; Q.E.D. Also phooey.

You probably think that auto accidents are caused by their write-ups in the paper the next day.

I also want to call you on a more personal matter. After referring to Boggs and Elsberry as a "sadistic little gang" you go on to say: "One good thing that Dianetics has done for fandom is get another of this dirty little crew out of fandom. FTLaney is no longer with us."



Ahem (sub two) con't

In the first place, that is totally inaccurate. Boggs and I are good friends, to be sure, but I don't even know Elsberry at all. Had it not been for his magazine in the current FAPA mailing I wouldn't even know who he is. So you can hardly link the three of us together and sick Sen. Kefauver on us. Dianetics has had no effect on my fan activity, or lack thereof, other than to make me write the only material I have had published in fan sources outside of FAPA for very nearly a year. (I quit fandom in 1946 and consider myself an amateur journalist only. This means simply that I don't buy or read sf, or fantasy, don't go to fan meetings, don't do any of the things generally regarded as fanactivity apart from publishing and writing in FAPA. However, I'm not only a member of FAPA in good standing, but at the present time am president of that group.) No longer with you?

Furthermore, I'd like to challenge you right here and now to set down in this alleged column of yours the reasons that you think of me as a member of a "dirty little crew". If you've had any direct dealings with me whatever, they were so slight and long ago that I have no recollection of them. I don't have the vaguest idea who you are or why. This being the case, I find it hard to figure out on what basis you know me so well as to make gratuitous, libellous, and insulting statements about me in print. I'm not such a public character that you would be expected to know any more about me than I about you.

What did you do, accept the remarks of someone as the gospel truth---like you spend half your column deploring?

about me anyway? You made a pretty harsh statement about me. Let's see you back it up.

In other words, I'm more than a little curious to ascertain if you are a fugg-head in your own right or if someone just put you up to this.

F. Towner Laney

P.S. On re-reading this, I see that I did something I yakked at you for doing-- called you a name without having very much to go on. Accordingly, I withdraw with apologies that sentence in which I call you a fugghead. No matter what I said about your fuggheadedness it wouldn't make you any bigger a fugghead that you are anyway.

.....

**I. S. F. C. C.**

It's one of the top fan clubs. Really world-wide membership. Cost: a sub to the O-O, EXPLORER which appears bi-monthly and costs only 50¢ a year. EXP runs a multitude of fine features my members. ISFCC offers many other advantages such as a Kollector's Korner, Trading Departments, etc., etc., ad inf.

Write:

Ed Noble, Jr. (editor of EAP)  
Box 49  
Girard, Pa.

or

Lawrence Kiehlbauch ( president)  
Rt 2, Box 223  
Billings, Mont.



# S LURP

the ultimate column

Pet gripe this time is the gross misrepresentations of stf handed out to the general public by the current-events magazines. "Time" is a regular offender, mostly through the book review section, but the most recent (and to my knowledge, the worst) blasphemer is "Liberty". In the article, "Number One Fraud of The Year---Dianetics" by Elaine C. Stewart, the attack on Dianetics is accomplished by a ditto on Asf. The attack on Dianetics was quite understandable except for the general try at discrediting it by attacking the source mag. The mag of mags is described as A "pulp magazine which, using some scattered scientific facts, creates fantastic tales of wars on the moon, time ships which travel to the past or future, and horrible monstrosities which will someday rule the earth." In many respects the article violates the accepted rules of good journalism, Miss Stewart prints a statement made by JWC to her in the strictest confidence; she makes the readers of Asf in general sound like the readers of the "Rosicrucian" magazine. No mention is made of the fact that Astounding is probably more scientifically accurate in its facts than the occasional science articles printed in "Liberty". Hubbard himself is likened to a big, dumb kid (child to you). Miss Stewart would do much better to confine her acid attacks to Christian Science and Faith Healers (whose "Godly miracles" can certainly be as destructive and harmful as Dianetics). This senseless attack on stf in general and Asf in particular has hurt them greatly. How much, only time will tell.

In answer to Richard Elsberry's "Ahem" in Quandry #8: first let me assure you that "Nothing Sirius" is certainly appropriate for a column you'd write. So GALAXY does pay better than Asf, but your assertion that yarns appearing in the latter mag are nothing but rejects from the former is way off. By your own (and every other Galaxy fiend's) admission, "Time Quarry" was an Asf reject. This is the reverse of your claims. Probably a good many other "Galaxy" yarns are Asf rejects too.

While the newer mag's fiction is generally good. (One short in the first issue is among my all-time ten favorites.) So is the stuff coming out in Asf. Even if Astounding is in something of a slump, the artwork (which you have graciously admitted is superior to that in Gold's mag) more than makes up for the slight edge held by Galaxy's yarns. Don't get the idea that I don't like GALAXY, far from it, the mag is third best to me. I don't rate Astounding first either; it is second and Boucher's "MoF&SF" is first in my book. (Now watch the few remaining Asf fanatics land on me!)

One last point, GALAXY is paying those "far superior rates" with the thought toward a circulation of 500,000. After the first dozen or so issues, when the publishers find the mag is falling short of its goal, the author allowance will be drastically cut. It'll probably still pay as much as Asf, so all the sore heads can sell to GALAXY without losing money. Incidentally, the sixth issue of this mag is now over a month late on the local stands. Maybe the publishers are feeling the pinch already.....

As most of you know, I have tried energetically to start a national stf club for teen-agers exclusively. This has been absolutely unsuccessful, and so have the attempts of several others. Dave Hammond, to name one. Ignoring our futile example, at least one other young fan is now trying to set up such a club; a successful one, YOUNG FANDOM, is now in action. Why such a group could never be the overwhelming success its planners look forward to is now obvious to me. During the summer, teen-aged fans "bubble over" with activity, but with the resumption of school many have to drop (to all intents and purposes) completely out of acti-fandom. School is deadly teen-agers' fanactivities as is cancer to humans. In fact, I can think of a lot

(con't over)



Slurp (con't)

of other ways in which school resembles this malignity.

Aside to Bob Tucker: my full name is Rufus Jefferson Banks, Jr. I don't know where you got this "Ren" idea, but I imagine the answer is somewhere in your engrams. By the way, fans who don't like the initial name, can call me Jeff.

I welcome Walt Willis into the family of Quandry columnists; and advance greetings go to Redd Boggs. At last, a worthy antagonist!

In another fanzine, there recently appeared an article entitled "The Murder of STF" by Tom Covington. In it, he warns us of the danger that TV viewing will cut science-fiction's pulp audience, and cites the recent changing and decentizing of many mags. He says TV is hurting all pulp magazines, and proves his point well, but he has neglected many apparent things which would further bear him out. The folding of WORLDS BEYOND which had bid fair to climb up and crowd out some of that "top three" I listed earlier in this thing; the sudden improvement in quality of MARVEL SCIENCE STORIES and the attention given by some members of that mag's staff to publicizing the mag to fanodm (i.e., a recent article by one of the associate editors in Larry Campbell's S-F NEWSSCOPE); the cutting of pages in FANTASTIC NOVELS and SUPER SCIENCE STORIES, and the steady decrease in pages in AMAZING STORIES; the unusual lateness of several recent mags (GALAXY and FANTASTIC ADVENTURES, latest numbers are long overdue, and SSS skipped one month before publishing the last issue).

I'm ending this thing while I still have a few friends left.

-- R.J.Banks, Jr.

.....

## SHIP AROUND THE MOON

Ship around the moon, flame,  
Starward reaching, sternal aim,  
Seeking, always, moving forward,  
Star-flung empire, never backward;  
Ship at rest, ship at power  
Ship into its stellar dower.  
Blazing rockets, Pluto's frost,  
Love of life, a liner lost,  
Nebulas calling, mutations curse,  
Out to the ends of the Universe!

Shipe around the moon, probe,  
The Galaxy is more than a globe,  
Returning, counting, a newfound race,  
Poised to conquer the whole of space.  
Ship in flight, ship into drive,  
Ship and a crew barely alive.  
Hunger and glory plus human tissue,  
Atomic thunder, space the issue.  
Out to the stars, th prefatory mortal,  
Out to knock on a planet's portal.

-- Earle Franklin Baker



a short story ?

There's no use fooling. If you want a good time, it takes money. And, if you had a good father and he taught you anything worth knowing, for security reasons he taught you that a woman will do anything to a man for his money.

You know those great scoops that yawn like crocodiles and bite off chunks of hardpan to drop on dump trucks? Well, Clara had one of those to play with. She soon got good at it. Anyone can operate levers, except a blind man.

That was enough spotting and Cynthia let him hear the pock-pockety-pock of her heels as she ran down the street to signal Clara to pull over to the kerb and let her on the choppers platform where she told Clara her next move. Clara lumbered the digger's tractors along the block to the corner where the blindman sat. He heard again Cynthia's pock-pock but it was the last thing he heard. The shovel, with its jaws open, settled neatly around the blindman's torso. then closed and lifted. All Cynthia had to do was lift off the dripping money belt and wrap it quickly under her skirt. The ruin of a good skirt, but wothehel, there was cash enough in those pockets to buy plenty of skirts. Clara lowered the scoop again and opened to pick up both pieces of her quarry, then she closed, lifted and backed down the block to the diggings, where she lowered and dug in, coming up with, apparently, only a scoop of earth that she dropped on the truck and soon covered up with a second scoop full.

[illegible]

The ghost walked the streets of old  
Saw how it had changed today.  
He had lived there long ago;  
He knew not how far away.

His old friends he could see,  
But talk with them, oh no!  
Nor did his friends know that he  
Was so near to them, oh woe!

Sadly he returned to his haunts  
To go on his way alone.  
No one could know his wants;  
He looked back once, then was gone.



# FROM DER VLOODVORK OUT...

by  
Bob  
Silverberg

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Dredged from my unwilling mind in monthly gasps to fill space in 'Quandry'...and this is really installment 4<sup>th</sup> but Hoffman doesn't seem to like the other 1<sup>st</sup>. So...

I. SCIENCE FICTION IS RUINING OUR MINES.

The New York Times usually contains more items of interest to stfans in any given week than most fanzines; my father is particularly adept at finding references to stf in the Times and then taking me to task for not seeing them.

While engaged in this pursuit, he came upon a modest little item on the same page as the crossword puzzle.

"DR. CONANT DECRIED SCIENCE FICTION RISE", was the headline.

"Dr. James B. Conant, president of Harvard University, met the press here yesterday afternoon to describe his new book 'Science and Common Sense', which is to be published Monday by the Yale University Press.

"Dr. Conant, a chemist before he turned university president, said he had little hope that his book, which attempts to explain the scientific point of view to the layman, will crowd off the bestseller lists recent examples of science fiction that have enjoyed a tremendous public sale.

"It is a great reflection on us teachers of science at the university and the high school level that we have apparently been unable to put across to students, who have not majored in the sciences, just what science is about", the Harvard president said, "The public acceptance of science fiction or fiction or fiction disguised as science is our indictment!" (New York Times, Feb. 17, 1951)

The above might cause some consternation in fan circles, but I doubt it. Conant is a highly educated man, a college president. It's hard to blame him for looking down his nose at pulp magazines.

((Ed.'s note: We wonder if he ever looked into stf. Our English teacher did and concluded that it's an up-and-coming literature with plenty of potentialities. But then, he isn't a "scientist"...or a turtle. ))

Fans know better.

Consider, thought, the effect that this would have on the potential science fiction fans. Those of us who have a houseful of promags and a sub to Galaxy aren't likely to burn their collections because the president of Harvard doesn't think it's good for us.

Yet the original aim of science fiction was, believe it or not, to turn the readers into scientists. Gernsback listed, for years, a group of noted scientists who supposedly "pass on the accuracy of the contents of this magazine". It's probable that they never did, but that doesn't matter. Hugo would frequently preface a story by saying, "This story might be called crude in plot, but we feel that its science is excellent."

There were no clipped, Bradburyish phrases, or Vance-like-description or Van Vogt plots, or deCamp humor. Stories were intended to make scientists out of its readers.

Eventually science fiction has changed; as an example Amazing Stories originally aimed at scientists or would-be scientists has now gone all the other way to the pulp extreme. But I seem to be wandering.

-(con't over)



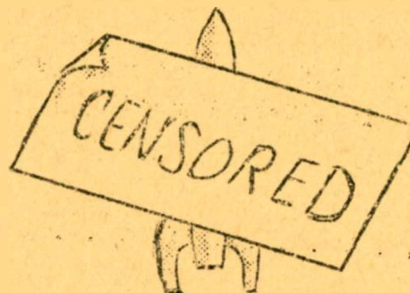




SEE  
YOU

THE LETTER COLUMN  
(WOT ELSE?)

Joe Kennedy  
84 Baker Ave.  
Dover N.J.



Dear Lee:

QUANDRY is right up there these days. Biggest improvement is number #8 is the addition of the column by Willis -- erudite, urbane, and -- lawdy! the deliciously subtle digs this man does get off! Hang onto him. Especially enjoyed his observation to the effect that fanzines are full of picture of nekkid women because nekkid women are easy to draw. This, I think, is profoundly true. For y'ars and y'ars I have been trying to screw up enough nerve to write an article on the sexual elements in fanzine art, centering mainly around my thesis that there is a phallic significance in rocket ships... Well, anyhow, this issue of Q presents you with a kind of a problem, what? Now that you have improved to the point that you are one of the three or four readableast fanzines going, there does not seem to be much room left for improvement. You will just have to lapse into a state of monotonous excellence. Leave us have a new paragraph.

That's better. Tucker's piece was the first really non-serious Tucker article I have seen in many a moon, and really reeks of the good old Le Zombie-ish fragrance. I chortled hugely. Now that Tucker is a big shot with his books being reprinted by Mercury Mysteries and everything, I was beginning to fear that he was going sober ((?)) and dignified on us. What, indeed, is wrong with FANTASY JACKASS for a fanzine title? There've been lots lousier. I wish to hell Tucker would forget that issue of BLACK STAR containing the remark about letting BS flow into your mailbox. Twas me that made that now-celebrated boner, and this is the third time he's reprinted it.

Best li'l people drawing of the issue: page 18.

Happy Slubglub day,

[ Joe ]

\*\*\*\*\*

A note from the note-worthy Mr. Tucker himself:

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



Cheerio:.

I am enclosing two camels (and a needle's eye just to see you sweat), please send me by return mail a sample copy of Dusty-Knee. I doubt that I'll ever take a year's subscription to this dirty sheet, for if I had three harem girls I'd certainly never send them to you. Not, that is, until they had worn me down to a nubbin.

Tell that Hatfield character that if he is so overflowing with money, I'll sit up nights supplying him with my precious prose. He'd probably pay a

(con't over)




Mo' from tuckeResearch

pretty penny to find out what pen-name I'm using in Galaxy.  
And I ain't Jack Vance!

[ Bob Tucker ]

.....  
From the "Sage of St. Pete"

Lin Carter  
1734 Newark St. So.  
St. Petersburg, Fla.

DIAMETICS  (I IN DO LIL  
PEEPLE TOO!)

Cheerio:

I much enjoyed your eighth issue (of course the fact that I had a seven-page article in that ish, had nothing to do with this.) Im fact I think this is just about the best dam QUANDRY I have ever seen.

I can't decide which was the better article, Tucker's or Kennedy's. Both were very amusing, but I got a kick out of Tuck. Science-Fiction Sheepherder, indeed. Science-fiction Peristaltic, hah. How about THE Science-Fiction Chamber-Pot, ("the Cream of Fan Fiction") or Science-Fiction Dope-runner, or The Fantasy Necrophiliac ("Strange, Unusual, the RARE Fanzine!") or best yet, Science-Fiction Interdigital Titillation ("The Young Fan's Delight"). That should hold you.

Almost the entire mag was interesting, especially the Willis' column. You have a nice bunch of contributors; how did you manage to wheedle Joe Kennedy out of retirement? Thot he wasn't writing for fnz anymore.

About this Vance-Kuttner thing that Banks mentioned, Merwin or no, I think Kutt is Jack Vance. Not only are the styles somewhat alike (compare "The LoomOf Darkness" in WORLDS BEYOND to some of the Kuttner science-fantasys in TWS and STARTLING of a few years back), but no less a fan authority than Bob Tucker states flatly, "Vance is Kuttner". See a recent issue of his Newsletter. Surely as well-established a fan as Tuck wouldn't say a thing like that without ample reason.

"The Dying Earth" hasn't hit the stands down here yet, damit. My Seattle correspondent has been describing it in glowing detail to my envy.

Elsberry on ASTOUNDING v/s GALAXY made some rather questionable points. How do we know his detailed information on the current word-rates of Campbell and Gold are correct? It's okay to say GALAXY has lenient story rights, and to day Gold pays more than Campbell, but where's the proof? For myself I think Campbell is a better editor than Gold; at least he doesn't utilize every editorial page to brag about his magazine and tell how enthusiastically itis being received,etc. Campbell doesn't have to brag about his mag; he let's the stories speak for themselves.

Also, I think ASF is a better magazine than GALAXY, prints better stories, has better covers and finer interior artists. Also, better editorials ans letter-column, that goes beyond saying. Granted that Gold has presented a rather different, original publication; granted the fiction has been consistently good; granted Gold more lenient policy admits writers like Bradbury, that Campbell would not

(con't over)



More Sage Sayings from St. Pete

print (which is perfectly ok with me "The Fireman" was good fiction -- but not good science-fiction); but still I think Campbell has the better mag. So far Gold has introduced no new author, only printed from other writers, and in many cases they are writers that Campbell first introduced and broke in like Heinlein, vanVogt, Simak and deCamp. Gold has introduced no new artists except Sibly, and no cover artist of any prominence at all, except for Bonestell, who Campbell first introduced. ASTOUNDING consistently prints the best fiction -- as any anthology will prove -- and has the best cover artist and interior illustrators in the business.

However, this new and stiff competition from GALAXY may prove the best thing for Campbell. His publication had dipped slightly in quality in recent issues, and this may be the needed impetus. He hasn't printed a "Dreadful Sanctuary" or a "Fury" or a "World of Null-A" for quite a while now. But then, Gold has yet to print one!

Before I end this I'd like to say thanks for running my Lynnhavention article. I'm very glad you could use it. Looks like I won't be able to make the Nolacon, for Unk Sammy has just drafted me into the army, and I doubt seriously if I'll be around to visit N'Orleans this Labor Day.

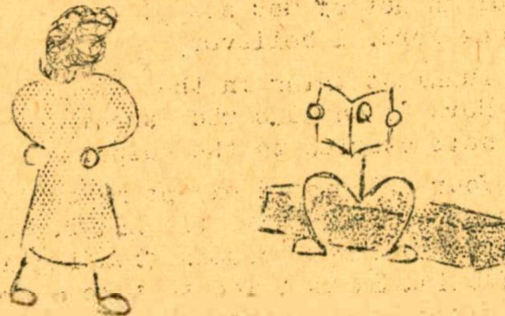
My compliments on the nicest issue of QUANDRY (who is this Webster creep, anyway?) yet, and good luck on QUANDRYs to come.

Sincerely,

[ Lin Carter ]

Tahoka talk from

Marion Z. Bradley  
P.O. Box 431  
Tahoka, Texas



Dear Lee,

QUANDRY # 8 came into the house with my husband this noon and the meat loaf got cold and the pudding congealed while he perused it from kiver to kiver. I shall sue you for alienation of affections.

Likewise your EDITORIAL #2 has usurped my own immortal title, THE LAST WORD. I shall sue you for plagiarism.

QUANDRY is getting better and better except for the sudden cession of fan fiction. And Great Ghu, Lee, how many columns do you want-- or need? There must be a stopping someplace! QUANDRY is taking on the appearance of a menagerie and losing the nice individual flavor of your editorial slant. I'm not saying that you should write any or all of your own material, but

(con't over)



More Tahoka talk

there should be some central theme which reflects your personality. I know it's hard to reject stuff by your friends, but why not kick out a few columns and make'em write articles or yarns. The Kennedy article is a fine tour de force, and your other things would be fine if they were articles instead of just general meanderings. The columnist gets too much of his own personality into a column, whereas an article maintains the general tenor of the mag wherein it's printed.

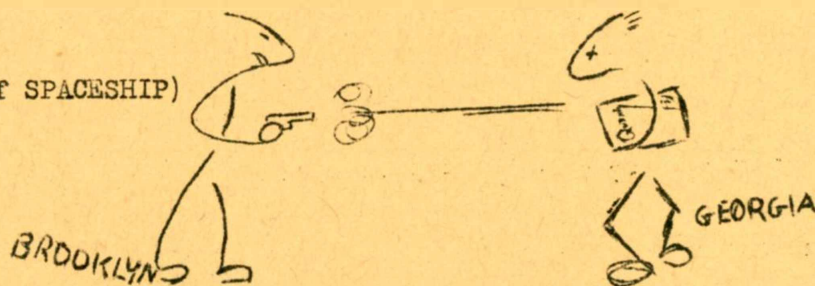
Stefectionately,

[ M Z B ]

(( First, have your lawyers send us the papers and we'll see that our lawyers burn them. Second, we have not given up fan fiction. Neither have we received much good fiction. When it comes in we'll print it. Third, somebody tell us what our editorial slant is and we'll see what we can do about it. Fourth, why should our personality be of more interest to readers than the personalities of our columnists? -yed))

Brooklyn Banter from

Bob Silverberg (editor of SPACESHIP)  
760 Montgomery St  
Brooklyn 13, N.Y.



Dear Lee:

Thanx for Q8. Another...ho,hum...top-notch issue. Frankly, I had doubted that you'd ever last this long as a fan publisher, but now that you've gotten past your first six months I can't conceive of anything short of an act of God stopping your continual publication. (Continual is the wrong word, I believe.)

Funniest thing in the issue,aside from the columns, was Kennedy's item. Here 's one lad who should come back to fan writing...but,no, he'd rather sell stories to the pulps. Crass commercialism, I say.

Your columns (I except my own work in the comments here) are uniformly good. I like Banks the LEAST, but it's a darn sight better than a number of the other columns floating around. Willis and Conner do a good job. I think Banks tried to take a predominantly ANTI-science-fiction attitude. Maybe it's against the rules for a columnist to take a swipe at the guy who writes on the next page, but I think Banks could change the style of his column. Never did go for mud-slinging unless an expert like Boggs did it.

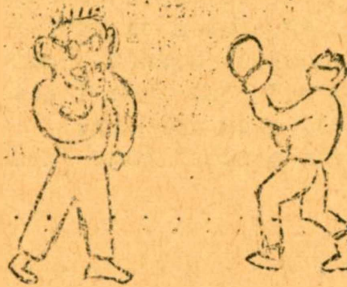
I see you got File 13, you scorpion! I inquired about it also, but seemingly you got there first. Print it in good health.

[ Bob ]



Charlaticomment from

Bobby Pope  
S W Hill & Hanover Sts  
Charleston, SC



Dear Lee:

I would like to make a few comments on QUANDRY # 8. I have said before and I still say that Q's general format is good, but of late the material has been on the downgrade. The first five issues, each was better than the preceeding. No. 6 was slightly down. Nos. 7 & 8 have both been down. I can't place a finger on the trouble, but I enjoyed it more when it was in its prime. (ishs 3,4,5) Here's hoping you can shift into reverse and really go to town.

I still say that the editorials and art are the best features of the mag. Therefore, why not more art of the Vampire, Werewolf (both in one ish) type? You could put on another page of editorial without doing any harm. ((But wot'd we say?))

The best features of this ish were KORNIE'S KORNIE, FROM THE VOO-VORK OUT, and STATE OF THE UNION. Letter column was pretty good, but I'd like to say a few words against de la Ree for his insulting statement against Shelby Vick. I'm a little over six feet and only weigh 150 pounds, and I'll put myself against de la Ree any day. I am physically good enough to hold my own in any sport that I've tried, and I am capable of 20 mile bikes. Can de la Ree say the same? Really, that was such a dastardly statement, that I would not hesitate to participate in fistcuffs were it said about me in audible range. Such a statement, in my opinion, comes from poor breeding.

Sincerely,

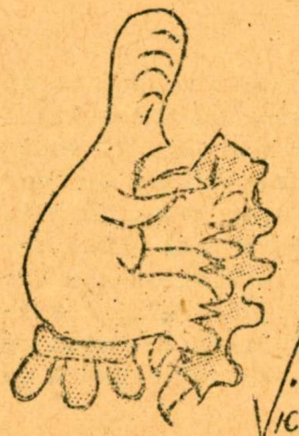
[ Bobby ]

(( illo came with letter ))

A Wail from the Wilderness...

Shelby Vick  
Box 493  
Lynn Haven, Fla.

Hey!  
Quit.  
Desist!  
Whca!  
HALT!  
STOP IT!



Quandry is full to overflowing with columns. Egad! And another one coming up! Not that I don't like columns. Hunk-uh. THE HARP THAT ONCE OR



More Wailings

TWICE was okay. I likt your comments on Tucker's--uh--Whatever--better than the--uh --Whaterer, however. SLURP, for a change, I actually read with something approach- ing interest. AHM, of course, wasn't a column. As a reply it was mildly entertain- ing. I like feuds... Gerry's one page I likt. KONNER'S KORNER, enlightened by yer sage comments, made veddy good reading.

Chuckle. Likt Gerry's proposition. Pass the hat, friend -- pass the hat!

Lynn Haven's answer to the A-bomb  
[Shelby (V-bomb kid) Vick]

. . . . .  
A bit from abroad

Ken Johnson  
69 Warrington St.  
Fenton, Stoke-on-Trent  
Staffs      England

Dear Lee,

Many thanx indeed for the sample copy of QUANDRY no 7.

I like it, not mainly because its over-good, but rather because we don't see enuf of your fanzines here in England and I feel we should.

In the good old days before '39 English and U.S. fandom was a closely knit affair but now no one seems to bother outside the so called "world groups", that is. Anyway I'm glad to receive Q and I can pass it around locally so we'll fix a trade eh?

[Ken Johnson]

((Note to fans outside of continental U.S. Quandry's new price to you is one or more letters or notes of acknowledgement per issue. Of course if you prefer, mat- erial trades can be arranged. ))  
.....

More from abroad

Peter J. Ridley  
268, Well Hall Road,  
Eltham,  
London, S.E.9.  
England

Dear Lee,

Hope you don't object to the familiar use of your christian name, I'll risk it anyhow banking on a certain lack convention which seems to pervade fandom.

Thanks for the copy of your 'zine, which recently arrived at the Ridley home- stead. To a large extent the various columns are of "local" interest, by the time the zine gets over here, is deliberated on, and a letter is despatched everyone else has forgotten all about the things your letter commented on. Ah well! Still there remain the fiction and artwork. I think the li'l peepul and puffins are terrific, they take "Q" right out of the rut of fan-publishing. Fiction: personally I'm aheesed off with the Atom War stories, I suppose the concept is unavoidable but just recently we've had a sureit thereof. Still one can't find fault with the writing.

ADIOS

[Peter]



Ken Beale  
115 E. Mosholu Pkwy.  
Bronx 67, N.Y.

Dear Lee,

Hi. Also ho. So this here now Quandry arrives in my mailbox, see, and I looks it over. No fiction, I see. Sad, that. Lot of personal opinion. This might be called an all article issue. Kennedy funny. Reminds me of an idea I had for an article once. Sf Primer, 'twas. Carter's report brought memories of my first fangathering. Nothing like his, except in spirit. Ah, those halycon days of our golden youth. But I grow maudlin. Willis in fine fettle. Shure, and the lad's a foine writer, that he is. Those inventions sound real keen. I'm almost tempted to go to the Eucon just to see the egoboo machine. Gad! Tucker--I don't know what to call it, either.

R.J.Banks seems to have hit the nail right on the head with several comments. I'd like to discuss these at greater length. That business of following the leader, and copying everything some columnist sez is all too true. I know some fans who hang on the slightest utterances of the pros, as well as the mouthings of the usual Informed Source, as if they were purest gold. They still insist that Vance is Kuttner. They also go mad about the music from "King Kong" because the great (remove your hats) Hannes Bok is said to have expressed a preference for it. And so on.

Banks' comment on Laney jibes nicely with Willis' remarks on the Incinerations gang. Anyone who tells the truth is always unpopular.

Fie on Elsberry for his comment on de Camp.

Campbell's puzzling policy of rejecting stories by "greats" (I'm not denying that Simak is such) is easily explained--he buys stories, not "names".

I'm inclined to agree with de la Ree. (Hey! Poetry!) Silverberg is a bit puzzling. How can he call Future, Other Worlds, and Fantasy Book reprint mags? OW occasionally runs a reprint from a fanzine, but do you call that "competing with the pros"? Not if the author never got paid on initial publication.

Konner said a good deal amounting to almost nothing. The letters: well, well, you printed mine. The rest were pretty good too. Inman is probably right about people being degraded all over, not just in the South but what does he mean about N.Y. containing the "very dregs of humanity"? Retract that statement, sir! The scrapings from the bottom of the barrel, maybe, but not the dregs.

Tell Pat Eaton that such an article as she describes appeared in the Jan. ish of Dawn & The Imaginative Collector. In all due modesty, I must say it's pretty good. I wrote it.

Fancifulightly,

[Ken Beale]

no illo this time

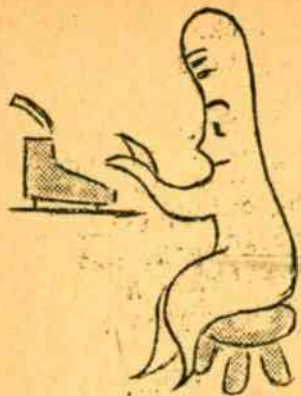
.....

Robert Chambers  
990 North 10th  
Coos Bay, Oregon

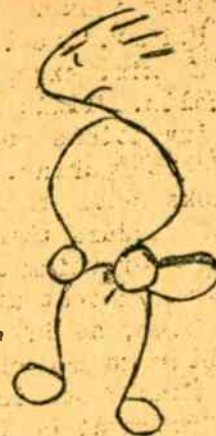
Dear Lee:

Henceforth are a few comments on Quandry number 8. It is good to see JoKe back in fardom again and as usual his articles are fine. In my opinion he ranks just below Black as a humorist. I should begin another paragraph, but I consider them unnecessary except in stories. By the way, how did the prices run on the auctioned articles from the Lynnhavention? I disagree with Rich Elsberry on a few points. He states that Astounding had the largest circulation of any STF mag up to 1950. Amazing had a circulation of 2 1/2 times that of Asf.





# THIS...



"Here's a stencil. There's a typewriter. Create!"

It was an order.

So, bursting with ideas, and exulting at the fact that I would have a whole page in QUANDRY, I sat down. I stared at the beautiful chartreuse stencil. The blank page gaped very intelligently back up at me. I sat. I forgot.

The whip cracked.

Okay. I wanta do somethin'. It's a very memorable event. Meeting of great minds, and all that. Y'see, I'm in Savannah. By way of business, I am now a traveling salesman (minus the farmer's daughter.) We traveled to Savannah. I proceed to Wagner St and ring the bell at 101, enter the house, thereby frightening witless all but yed & QUANDRY. After publication of this, they, too, will doubtless quake in their space-boots.

So I sit here, listening to Spike Jones' Laughing Record, in hopes it might inspire me. With the thoughts that are feebly struggling thru my cranium, Gloomy Sunday would be more appropriate...

I should be on a desert island...

...then there's the one about the witch-doctor who tells his patient, "there's nothing wrong with you that some of my damfool nonsense won't cure."

Don't think I'll bother to give my opinion on the Vance-Kuttner affair. Sometimes I don't think anyone has the right to publicly express an opinion. If the guy expressing the opine is a dope, then what is it worth? On the other hand, an intelligent person's opinion is always subject to change, if a new fact enters the computation -- so...

I won't bother to explain which category I belong in. I won't even bother to go any further with this stencil.



S/

9-2-75



Monochromatic this month due to paper shortage.

# & THAT



When this thing arrived, you thought it was the May issue come early, didn't you? Well, we're not quite a month late -- which is about par for a 30 page fmz, no? Anyway this leaves the problem of the May issue to be considered. We will try our best to have it out by the end of April. With equal fervor we will attempt to get the June issue out by the third week in May. So we should be back on schedule by the July issue but graduation will probably louse that up. Well, if we're not back on schedule by August we'll just change the schedule.

Let us mention again SLANT, the Irish fanzine which can be had from Walter A. Willis at 170 Upper Newtownards Rd., Belfast, Northern Ireland. The sub price is 25¢ or a current s-f promag or 1/6 for two issues. It's well worth twice the price. And while on the subject of SLANT we'd like to quote from it: "It was then that one of those things happened that reinforce your faith in the essential goodness of people. Manly Baristar, having bought a power-driven job, crated up his former press and shipped it off to us, all the way from Kansas to Ireland. Just like that, a piece of valuable machinery which two men can barely lift, an unsolicited gift and at his own expense, shared only with Marjorie Houston."

SLANT is one good zine. If we had room we might quote the whole zine. But then Mr Willis might not appreciate such a gesture...and neither would those of you who have already read it.

And as a footnote to Walt's column: it is reported that Asf has come down on European subs from \$10 to \$4.

Also on the subject of W.W.: his autobiog will be in the next ish of Q if our house doesn't burn down.

Which reminds us of the fact that you fans outside of the U.S. can get Quandry for a letter of note of acknowledgement per issue. Of course, if you prefer, material trades can be arranged.

Well, we have quite our job and the new Georgia sales tax goes into effect April 1st so money is going to be at a premium around here if you don't send us some anon.

Now wot! No staples. None in the dime store, none in the stationer's. So if this issue is pinned together you know wh'hoppent. Mebbe we should follow Burbee's lead and let you assemble it yourself.

The puffins at the bottom of the opposite page were doodled by ShelVy during a Canasta game which we won 6980 to 650 (no typo.) Now we are crying. His visit has come to an end and he is leaving with the bitter taste of defeat on his tongue. But we are also chortling. We licked him at his own game. Heh.

ShelVy is real swell guy. If you're at the Nolacon be sure to meet him... 'n' us too. We're real swell also.

We are real good at getting busted. Now we have done something to our back that makes it hurt like all... Honest, we don't do this get to make Q late. We just break easy.



CASH

TRADE

CONTRIBUTOR

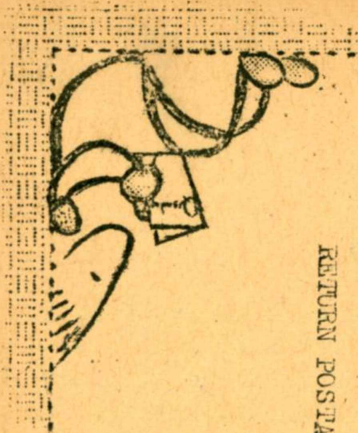
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