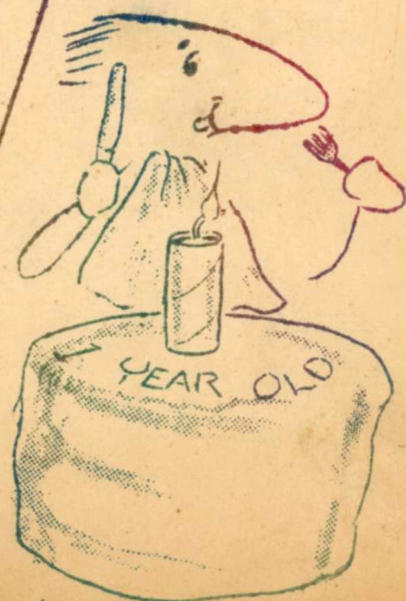
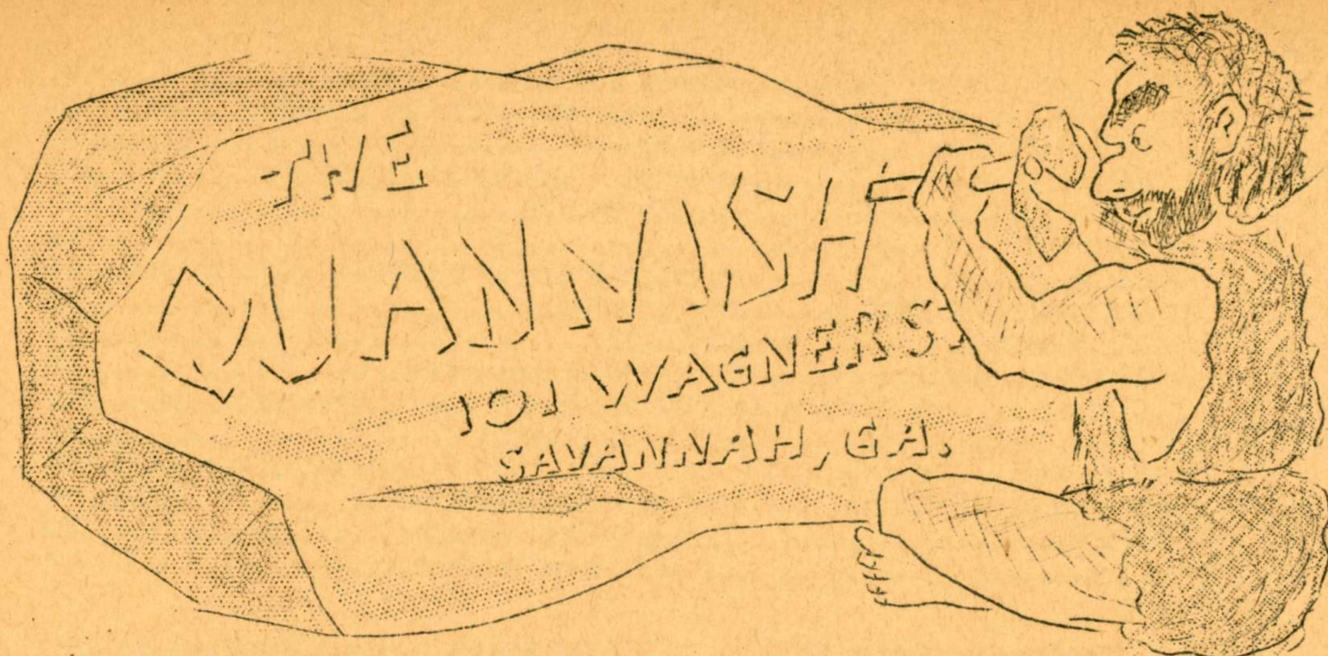


Wanadry

no. 13







Vol. II No. 1

A Wearisome Publication

Aug.-Sept 1951

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Our Patrons, who donated of cash, stencils and time: Bob Tucker, Joe Kennedy, Ed Noble, Fred Hatfield, Audrey Springler, Wilkie Conner, Shelby Vick, Wray & Walt Kessel, yed's mother (who helped with the really dirty work--the assembling), and Walt Willis (who couldn't contribute cash but whose moral support carried us over some of the rough days of production. Thanks to all of you. Thanks too, to those of you who have contributed during the past year. You have mad the Q what it is. And thanks to you Anglifans who've sent mags in payment for Q when you can have it for free. You're a swell bunch of guys.

Ad to the above patrons, Jan Romanoff. We may have missed someone else too. If so, we beg forgiveness. During production we may have misplaced a patron. We hope not, but we've misplaced so many things during the last month.

Quandry Vol III No 1, Whole No 13 is published every as monthly as possible at the sign of the unsigned sign by Proxiboo, Ltd. which is represented in this region by the giggling @eechee. The regular monthly issues cost 10¢ a copy but for this Quannish we want 25¢ unless you are a subscriber. That being the case you get it as part of your sub. Subs cost \$1.00 a year and give 12 issues. Non-stateside fans ca have Q in exchange for a letter or note of acknowledgement per issue. All fanzines (except FAPazines) welcomed in trade. All letters considers for publication unless the writers make it clear that they don't want their epistles in print. Opinions expressed herein are not necessarily those of the editor or Vernon L. McCain...the editor accepts no responsibility. Ad space: 10¢ per inch. 80¢ per page. Short satirical fiction or fannish fiction, articles, etc. wanted. We don't need long or serious fiction, or artwork, other than cover corners, contents page headings, and original-type li'l people. Return postage with manuscripts is appreciated Remember the Alamo! See you in New Orleans!!

Lee Hoffman - editro-publisher  
Micrograph by A.B. Dick  
typewriter by Underwood  
the end bye bye

fandom's leading monthly  
Quandry 10¢ per copy  
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Quannish (individual copies) 25¢



HAPPY BIRTHDAY !!!

CHAOS

QUAN-EDITORIAL

"Happy birthday to us! Happy birthday to us! Happy birthday, Li'l Quandry!  
Happy birthday to us!"

Our birthday and you get the present, yet.

This great big issue, of course, marks our first anniversary in the fanzine business. It was July 23, 1950 when that first Quandry was mailed. Now, we send you a new issue of a new volume. We know that all of you won't like all of this ish and we hope that none of you won't like any of it. We have aimed at a compromise wherein most of you will like most of this.

Gosh, thumbing thru a year's output of Quandrys brings back memories. Like the whirlwind of activity that Q sprung from. About four days lapsed between the point at which the idea of a fanzine "someday" transformed itself into "commencing work on a publication" and that first ish showed it. There are a lot of people who deserve a toast from yed: Walt Kessel, the ghod-pappy & Joe Eszterhas who managed to get his name into every issue so far (we believe him to be the only person so honored); John Blyer, Esq. who pulled us out of a tight spot in those early days; Lenn Moffatt and Ed Cox, who came thru when we needed help; Gerry de la Ree, our critic, whose advice really helped; Vernon McCain, who gave us our first superiority complex, and Walt Willis who gave us our second one; Lionel Innes, whose aid got Q#6 on Merwin's top ten listing; and Shelley Vick, puffin-master, and a really swell guy; the Quandry columnists whose material has formed the skeleton of each issue; all of the readers, especially those of you who have written to us; the local B&D dealer who has been our technical advisor; and so many others that we can't possibly list them. We thank you. And hereby give our permission to one and all to drink a toast to each and every one of you.

There are a lot of memories. Like some very much appreciated letters from Don Wollheim, and an egoboosting letter from Bill Hamling. And like the time we earned ourself a tongue-lashing from FTL, and received instead a very kind and understanding letter that completely shattered the impression of FTL that we had built up from fanzine articles about him. There's our first subscriber, Bobby Pope, one of the few who had faith in that first issue. And our copy of FANTASY IN ART from Perry Ackerman. And so many other things. It's a great world, this fandom, full of really swell people.





!!! COMES THE REVELATION !!!

The truth about the Hoffman Mystery: The truth is there is no such person as Lee Hoffman! Now, on the first anniversary of Quandry the editor of this fanzine feels that it is time that the truth be revealed! Quandry is merely another service of PROXYBOO,LTD. Once each month the intrepid Master-fan, Walter A. Willis, goes into a dark closet wherein he keeps an aged and battered Underwood typewriter. He seats himself before this typewriter and begins to type at random. When he has completed the customary 30 stencils and filled in the names of fans who have hired PROXYBOO,LTD. to represent them in actifandom above the various stories and articles and at the ends of the letters he had composed concerning previous issues (how did you think The Harp got such rave notices?) he turns the stencils over to his wife who is given the honor of doing the menial tasks such as mimeoing, printing, dittoing, assembling, etc. for PROXYBOO,LTD. She mimeos Quandry and assembles it. Then the complete mailing is flown to Walt's representative in Savannah, Ga. USA (a Civil War Veteran who lives in the hills of Ga on a modest income from sales of white mule) This representative (who can't read and so doesn't realize just what he is doing) deposits the mailing in what he believes to be a waste disposal unit (which accounts for the large amount on trash being sent through the Georgia mails nowadays). Incoming mail addressed to 101 Wagner Street, is delivered by the post office to that address ( a ramshackled old house balanced precariously between two cemeteries ) and dropped into a "mail chute" which is really the opening of a pneumatic tube which whisks the mail to Ireland where Walt receives it, answers as much of it as was submitted by members of PROXYBOO,LTD. (You see, when a member of PROXYBOO,LTD receives a fanzine he notifies Walt of this fact and Walt supplies him with a letter ready to mail to the editor of the fanz - this may seem like a waste since the letters are returned to Walt, but think of all the postal employees it keeps happy - and remember that until a short time ago, each member of PROXYBOO,LTD. believed that he was the only member)

Now you know.

**SHADOW OVER SAVANNAH:** Recently a strange event occurred in Savannah. Black rain. While all of this city was asleep a shower of soot rained down on Savannah, apparently from nowhere, according to the local papers. But science-fiction fans will realize that there are several plausibly explanations: deros, (2) Charles Fort, (3) a leak in the Coalsack Nebula. A fourth possibility is that a rocketship was secretly and silently launched in this area, showering soot from its rockets.

**OPERATION OAKLEAF CLUSTER:** Report from our stalwart military observer Pvt Hank Rabey, somewhere in the wilds of Michigan has it that he was recently injured in the line of duty and hospitalized for over a week. Seems he dug a fox-hole and camouflaged it with poison oak.

**COVER AND UNCOVER:** We note that GALAXY has dropped the pic of the French girl from its bacover. Wonder for how long? Also noted: Bill Hamling's choice of bacover for IMAGINATION...good taste or bad ad sales dept.? Hope it's the former. On the subject of Madge's covers, we preferred the old ones. The new ones seem to lack "snap". Wish aSF would get some snap into their covers too.

Cover of the July SPNL featured photos of the London Con. That issue also went half size. We approve of both. Maybe you can still get a copy, if you haven't already gotten one. You know the address: Bob Tucker - Box 260 - Bloomington, Ill. Speaking of Tucker, his new book RED HERRING is out, courtesy Rinehart & Co. Inc.

(over again)



Chaos con't

Well, the Quannish is almost all mimeoed and assembled. As of today, August 3, we don't yet have File #13. Redd was inadvertently delayed in writing it and it may not be in the Quannish. We've held up production hoping that he could make it, but the best laid plans of men and mice... Our plans seem to be especially good at going aglay. But then between now and the final session with mimi, the File may come in, so-

We've had a lot of trouble with the paper shortage this ish. Mostly a difficulty in acquiring those pieces of paper printed green on one side and with president's pics on the other. The local ABDick dealer outdid himself by running out of all colors of cheap paper this time, too. So most of this ish is on green-tone white...very restful to the eyes...and if you're a sentimentalist you can pretend that it is in memory of Q#1 which was all on g-t white.

There's been some comment to the effect that #12 should have been out super-ish. In many cases it is necessary for the last zine of a year to be the annish since some subscriptions begin with the first issue of the year. But in the case of Q, #1 was free so we are able to make the first issue of our second year the annish, which is the logical thing. Okay?

Look, guys in Britain aren't able to send money out of the country, so why not send them some US zines in trade for some of the interesting material being pubbed in Britain now. Fanzines, prezines, non-stfzine with articles on stf and fandom will all be appreciated. There are plenty of addresses in Sez You. And there's a really terrific fanzine out of BRADFORD now in trade for US zines. PhantasMAgoria from Derok Pickles, -41, Compton St, -Dudley Hill, -BRADFORD, Yorkshire, -England. A column in it by Walt Willis, artwork by pro Alan Hunter (of New Worlds) and material by outstanding British writers.

According to JWC there is no truth in the rumor that L. Ron Hubbard is in a sanitarium in Havana, Cuba. I quote Campbell: "Ron Hubbard is giving lecture courses one night a week in the Witchita Foundation, and doing research the rest of the time." ((Dated July 30, 1951))

When we wanted copies of ASF we offered Quandrys in trade, and got nothing... when we wanted Amazing, we offered Q's or money. A lad promised us a copy but never sent it. But when we wanted POGO POSSUM Bill Morse (RCAF) and Dick Ryan cam thru. Can it be that POGO is replacing stf?

Walt Willis wants to know if Georgians talk like Pogo and the passel of swamp-folk. Nosuh, we'all is ed-you-cated folks down hyar. We ain' no iggerent swamp folk. Not us'uns.

New Southern zine: FANTOPICS from Fred Hatfield - Box 622, Riverside Sta. Miami, Fla. New FAPazine by Tucker: FANTASY JACKASS. Join FAPA and get a copy.

We will take 16mm movies at the Nolacon if possible. We'll be glad to let them circulate about fandom when we get back. Britain has first call. Then other fans will be welcome to borrow them. First come, first serve.

Sorry this issue is as late as it is, but we don't think we've done bad, considering that we only planned 90 pages. Okay?

By the way, we will be doing a column in SLANT starting in S#6. But the rest of the mag will be its usual wonderful self. We also do a regular column for WASTEBASKET.

Tom Covington can now be reached: SA. Tom Covington - "T" Division - Submarine Administration - Mare Island, Calif. And Joe Kennedy; Joe Kennedy, HSSR - 175 Co, 25Bn - Second Regiment - USNIC - Bainbridge, Md.

October ASF editorial will evaluate dianetics after one year.

Lee Hoffman has been brought to you through the courtesy of Walt Willis and Proxyboo, Ltd. Walt Willis is brought to you through the courtesy of Bob Shaw. Bob Shaw is brought to you through the Courtesy of Simak. This is the CBS radio network.





JOE

KENNEDY

Were it not for the fact that I have not yet got done with my life, I would be a life long resident of Dover, New Jersey, a town consisting of ten churches, twenty-four saloons, and a reaction motor factory. I am six-foot-four lying down, two inches shorter standing up. I have brown hair, a mole on the groin, a canary bird which chews tobacco if you give it to him, eyes the color of cold steel, countless inhibitions, and some three hundred books, ten of them fantasy.

Eight years ago I blundered into science fiction and have not yet discovered a way out. Meantime, I have puttered around putting out fanzines of various thicknesses, and writing things for magazines, fan and

pro. Since last fall I have been going to Columbia for a master's degree and once had the distinction of being greeted by Genr al Eisenhower without recognizing him. I dislike automats, opera, thousand-page novels, people who regard fandom as a grim crusade rather than something to get fun out of, spectator sports, ketchup bottles with unremovable tops, and the prospect of getting shipped to Manchuria in the infantry. I like jazz, Heinlein, women with low-pitched voices, Simak, Bradbury, steaks, James Joyce, Stapledon, Vip cartoons, champagne, cashew nuts, total eclipses, Quandry, dogs, and the smell of vanilla.

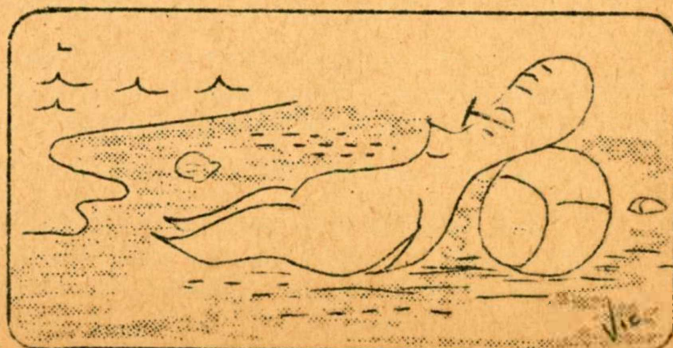
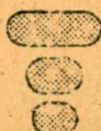
I am kind to my mother, believe in the inherent dignity of man, and chew gum all the time when riding motorboats.

FLASH!!

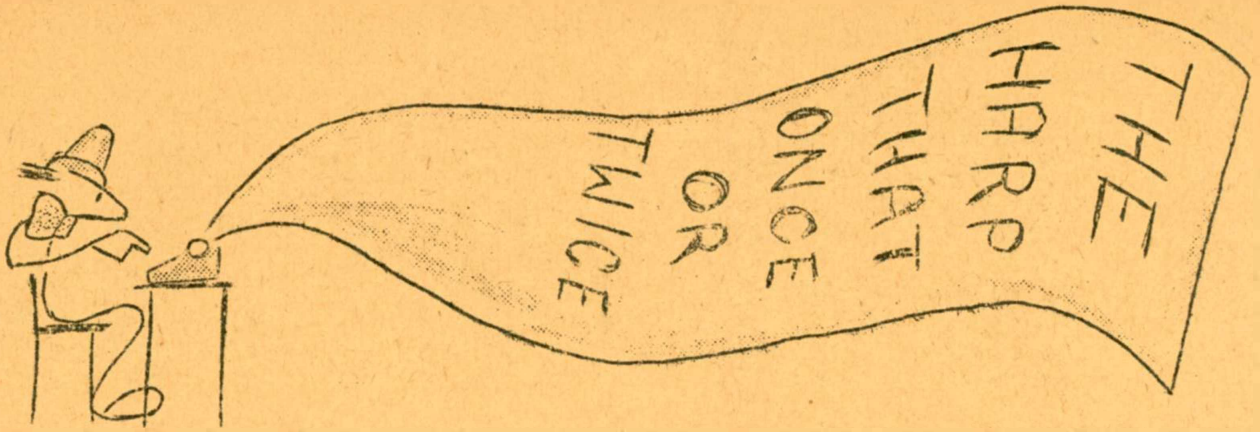
Due to the United States Navy, Joe Kennedy is no longer a life-long resident of Dover, New Jersey.

Joe

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







I had a letter the other day from Chuck Harris, after he got the Q with the first few chords of THE HARP IN ENGLAND. "I got QUANDRY," he says, "Decent of you to let Lee get a word in edgeways." Hmmmm. I wonder what he'll say when he sees the next issue((#12)), especially if Lee has wedged all the rest of the Convention Report into it. How did it happen that I, the laziest fan writer that ever panned a prozine, took up such an indecent amount of space in what had been your favourite fanzine? ((Ed.s note: As it is necessary for Walt to write his column before he receives the preceeding issue, he was under the impression that the portion of the Convention Report which appears in this issue, appeared in the last issue.)) I'll tell you. Way back in the mists of antiquity Lee started muttering about this annish of his. He even took to putting the deadline on the flaps of his envelopes as if he had tripped over it on the way to the mailbox. At that time it was so far ahead I viewed it with the same courageous equanimity as I do the dissolution of the universe, but as the months went by I began to get nervous. I mean, this was important. This annish was going to be a big thing, the sort of thing you tell your grandchild-red about, providing they haven't already learned it at school. Here was the great event looming near and I hadn't a wise cracked. I was as worried as a sheep in a wolf-pen.

Then the solution came to me in a flash. It had been a long time coming, but I still thought it was pretty hot. (It must have been a thermos flash.) Why not do a convention report? Through some slip up on the part of the authorities the Convention was taking place in the lull between issues of SLANT, there wasn't another British zine with the space to devote to it, and surely if I liked to read about American Conventions they might like to read about ours. It was difficult, because you can't make a Convention sound as interesting to strangers as you can to people who had been there or knew people who had, but I done my best. I covered the Convention as thoroughly as scum covers a pond, and sank back with relief.

But one day <sup>4</sup> came to my senses with a jerk. Bob Shaw was the jerk's name, the fiend whose cartoon of me in Q10 was part of an odious plot to oust me from my position as Ireland's No.1 Fan and drive Ralph Rayburn Phillips out of business. "Bob," I says, "I am a silly columnist. What number is the annish of QUANDRY?" "Thirteen. Of course," said Bob, "Any fool knows that." Obviously, he was right. A catastastrophe! I had done my annish piece for No.12 instead of No.13, and left myself completely in the lurch. Well, in a warm summer like this a lurch is not a thing you want to stay in too long, so I climbed out and began racking my brains with an old luggage rack I happened to have. It used to belong to an Uncle of Bob's who worked in the Tramway Depot and had a habit of taking things home with him. One night someone rang a bell in the street and the whole house moved off, with Bob's uncle leaning despairingly out of the first floor window. But that's another story. It seems a bit unfair that I should have to do two annish pieces in succession----you'd think this was some zine like TALISMAN where every issue is an annish---but it had to be done.



## The Harp That Once Or Twice (2)

Now I didn't know, in fact I still don't, whether Lee has saved some of the Con Report for this issue. If he has, I only hope it keeps in this hot weather. Anyhow I figured the best thing to write would be something that could be cut down to size without impairing its artistic unity (Haw!) But I'm damned if I can think of a lot of little self-contained pieces like those in FILE 13. It's a mystery to me how Redd does it, selecting one topic, polishing it off with a few well-chosen and sensible words, and stepping over the body on to the next. I could start with a topic all right, like John W. Campbell or something, but I'd be liable to finish up seventeen pages later burling about something that has no connection with him at all, like Mrs G.O. Smith. The trouble is I keep being reminded of things.

Finally I cast my mind back to a parcel of old fmz I got recently from oldtime BNF, Mike Rosenblum. And incidently I want to sound a word of warning here, Never cast your mind about recklessly like that, especially where there are old fmz lying around. I got mine simply covered in dust, and for some reason that I don't like to think about, the only thing that will clean it is a vacuum cleaner. However I came up with a dusty answer to my problem. It was part of an editorial in the second annish of NOVAE TERRAE, about what the readers liked most.

"Some liked the news and interviews and articles; they liked the articles about magazines, about philosophy, but most of all they liked the articles about fans. They liked to read about fans: about fans in London, fans in Leeds, in Liverpool, in New York, in Los Angeles."

Now this seemsto me to be very true. I like reading about Conventions, I go there mainly to find out what other fans are like, and if I can't meet fans personally the next best thing is to read about the day to day fan life of Sneary or Boggs or Hoffman---what letters they get, whom they write to, what fanzines they read and so on---why not do a survey of one week of my own activity? I could call it "Mess-Observation Report", or "A Week in the Life of an Actifan". So for two weeks I made notes of all the letters I got, all the replies I sent, and everything I read. Now, looking at all that information I hardly know what to do with it. I see, for instance that I got 32 letters and 13 fmz, but I only wrote half a dozen letters. And that's one of the snags. What with a couple of tennis tournaments my fanning is even feeble than the usual summer level. Another snag is that the American mail arrives in batches and some days nothing happens at all. So I think the best thing to do is pick a few specimen days and tell you about them. If I know anything about myself I will digress all over the place so it won't be so different from an ordinary column, but I would still like to see someone do a proper detailed analysis of a week's fulltime fan activity.

Saturday, 23rd June, 1951. Letters from Henry Burwell, Battell Loomis, and the July ASF.

I might have realised this was no ordinary day. In the first place this was the day of our tennis club's annual garden fete, and it wasn't raining. Definitely, THEY had slipped up. In the second place the July ASF arrived only three days after publication date. Not only that, but it had some good stories. It's lucky I didn't read them all at once. I would never have got over the shock of finding that they were all good. What happened? No cheap political propaganda, no dianetics, no Sprague de Camp potboilers, no third rate imitations of second rate George O. Smith ---just good science fiction. On top of that, one of the letters in BRASS TACKS actually looked as if it hadn't been written by Campbell. Can such things be?

Henry Burwell wanted permission to reprint from SLANT in his SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST and since he said he had written before without a reply (I never got it) ((Probably went to Iceland, and liked the climate)) I answered him immediately after



lunch and gave him the go ahead. Then I put Batell's letter regretfully on the file to wait another day and went around to help with the garden fete, the organisers of which were completely demoralised by the sunshine. I remember noticing that Batell wanted to know where I sold (what egoboo!) and whether I had any pen names. Well, no, not really. I have an old steel pen I call "His Nibs" but the fountain pens have no names at all. When I want one I just shout and they come running.

Round about half past six that evening I was sitting outside in my slippers---sometimes I wish I could afford a chair---when a telegram boy arrived carrying, of all things, a telegram. I opened it. It seemed the only thing to do.

MEET ME GREAT NORTHERN RAILWAY STATION GLENGALL STREET

7.40 THIS EVENING BRITISH EUROPEAN AIRWAYS TERMINAL FERRY

"Steady now", I said to myself and clambered down off the roof. I dashed through the front door to show the telegram to Madeleine. I think she suspected the moment she saw me that something was up. Feminine intuition I suppose, or it may have been the fragments of wood and glass hanging around my neck. I really should have remembered to open that door first. If you have ever seen a woman who has just been told to expect an important visitor in less than two hours you'll know what happened next. I stepped hastily out of the path of the blur of motion and through the back door. (I loose more doors that way!) Then I leaped onto my bicycle and tore off to borrow some money from my father and order a taxi. Don't think I spend my life ordering taxis---there was a strike of public transport at the time. Don't ask me how they knew Ferry Ackerman was coming. Then I went back to the house: it was vibrating rapidly like a power station. There were all sorts of things to be done, apart from moving all the pigs out of the living room. I won't bore you with the the complications---I haven't decided yet just what else I will bore you with---but at ine time it seemed to me that I had spent the greater part of my life knowking beds to pieces, carrying them up and down stairs, and putting them together again. It was a scene of utter chaos and indescribable confusion, something like the sub-scription Department of GALAXY

Finally the taxi came and at exactly 7:41 I found the World's No.1 Fan standing quietly in the middle of the railroad station, like a petrified Forrest. I brought him home in triumph and left him with a copy of QUANDRY 11 while I mounted my rusty steed once more to send telegrams to James and Bob. I thought of telephoning them, but it would have been rather difficult since none of us happens to have a telephone. I found they couldn't be reached that night so I told them to come early the next morning and went back to Ferry. Yes, Lee; I got a distinct impression that he liked QUANDRY. At any rate the first thing he asked me when I got back was whether he could get his suit cleaned and pressed. I looked blank, and he explained that he had got it all dusty from rolling about on the floor. And the Irish are supposed to have a reputation for making extravagant compliments. As far as I can see the Americans are way ahead of us. For instance Ferry told us later about one Dr. Keller paid to his wife. They were both seeing the Grand Canyon for the first time. It was a romantic and impressive sight. "You know" said Keller, "when God had made the world he thought it needed something like the Grand Canyon: so he just scored his thumbnail across it and made all this." He paused and looked at his wife. "But," he said, "when God made you, dear, he had to use both hands." I thought that was perfectly charming, and I should imagine the Kellers are very happily married. It will that more than dianetics to break up that home.

James and Bob arrived about ten o'clock the next morning and stayed for lunch and tea. Whether through delayed airsickness from his first flight or some mutated virus ((or that QUANDRY 11)), Ferry wasn't feeling too well, for which we all felt unreasonably guilty, but he didn't let it get him down. He revealed an unexpected



talent for mimicry and his impersonations of various fans were delicious. He also passed in a lot of interesting gossip, parts of which will probably be popping up in this column eventually. Incidentally I found the reason for that habit I mentioned he had of going "Mmmm?2. Apparently he had great difficulty in understanding what people were saying and didn't want to be asking them all the time to repeat themselves. We were a bit surprised at this: after all, we only talk about four times as fast as he does and of course as I told you we have no accent at all.

In the afternoon I showed him my magnificent collection of books and magazines, which covers the whole field of science-fiction from A to B. It must have taken all of two minutes. Then, showing a laudable freedom from envy, Forry wrote a couple of little commemorative pieces for the next SLANT, and we set up one of them and ran off a proof. The other was an unbelievably complicated pun which we didn't feel strong enough to tackle just then. Doubtless after time has exercised its healing influence we will be able to face it again. It was a real punster's pun, as methylalcohol is a drinker's drink. We thought it was wonderful, but then we are funny that way, or at least try to be. It was built up for about 150 words and then crashed about your ears with horrifying uninevitability. ((Okay, Willis, you've sold us the next ish of SLANT.))

Not quite 24 hours after he arrived Forry had to fly back to Edinburgh. It seemed an awfully long way to come for such a short visit, but we thought it was worth every penny of Forry's money. I only hope he thought so too.

Monday, 25th June, 1951. Letters from Eva Firestone, Russell Watkins, Max Keasler, Alfred Babcock, and four new subbers. Also FAN VARIETY, COMMITTEEMAN, ADOZINE and a review copy of F.G. Rayer's new book. Also two back numbers of SINISTERRA from G.M. Carr and a copy of the LIFE article from Eva. ((Nothing from the finance company?))

After the mere trickle of mail last week all this is very pleasant. A dam must have broken somewhere. Sometimes I suspect the Post Office of deliberately holding up my mail, but I must admit they're not nearly as bad as they used to be. Last year for instance they had a habit of not giving me anything for days, and then ostentatiously sending up their parcels van with an enormous bundle, tied up with rope in a very pointed manner, and containing an extraordinary collection of stuff: letters and fan-zines and prozines, and parcels and postcards and circulars and books --- everything but a medical certificate from the mailman. However I refused to take the hint and they stopped this childish game.

I was rather pleased to get the LIFE article. Thousands of people had written to tell me about it, but everyone of them said that since thousands of people would be sending me the article itself themselves weren't going to bother. Everyone, that is, except Eva Firestone and Manly Banister, bless them. I see that there is right enough a plug for SLANT, not to mention an oblique reference to one of our articles, but if LIFE thinks I'm going to return the plug they've got another think coming. Their review of fandom is far too slipshod. It's friendly, I agree, but they've got half their facts and most of their terms wrong, as journalists always seem to do. When you see the botch newspapers and magazines make of reporting something you know about, you wonder how much reliance can be placed in their reports of things you can't check. However, James is pleased enough with LIFE. They have reproduced part of one of his linocuts, so he can now say that his work has appeared in LIFE.

Russell Watkins' letter is in reply to one of mine and to the "Let's Clean Up Watkins" piece I had in Q 11. He is so amiable about it that I feel quite a heel, especially since I'm just after finding out that Merwin had jumped on him at the same time in THE FLYING PAN. Everybody wants to get into the act! I'm afraid I'm not cut out to be one of those fearless vicious columnists, relentlessly exposing this and



## The Harp That Once Or Twice (5)

abusing that. It's a pity, because insulting people is an awfully easy way to write an interesting column, but I just haven't got what it takes to be violently rude to well-meaning people. In fact I don't think I even want it. I hand the banner back to Lancy.

Scraping some coals of fire off my head, I notice that Watkins gently suggests I should have said in Q what I said in my letter, that I can see his point of view. Very well, Russell, I can. I can see everyone's point of view, but I disagree with yours. I can see that some people are obviously mortally offended by sex in fmz, just as some are allergic to butter, but I would be very much annoyed to see anyone getting up an agitation to ban butter altogether---even though some of it isn't the very best butter. No one is forcing the stuff on them, so ~~let them keep their~~ dietetic peculiarities to themselves. I think sex is just as wholesome an invention as butter, and a lot more fun. It does no harm to anyone, which is more than you can say for most human activities. The fear these pornography-haters seem to have is that some young fan might get all steamed up after reading FANVARIETY and dash out and rape somebody. You might as well suggest that whodunits encourage people to murder.

Talking about filthy fanzines, I see that an even deadlier blow has just been struck by ADOZINE. It runs an advertisement from a Monsieur Ziegler of Paris offering sexy magazines like PARIS COCTAIL, PARIS SEX APPEAL, LA VIE PARISIENNE, PARIS HOLLYWOOD etc direct to fandom. Most of these I know, and as part of my service to my readers I might as warn them that there is nothing worth reading in any of them, except of course, LA VIE PARISIENNE, which has some amusing articles, in French of course, in the same vein of innocent naughtiness as the Folies Bergere. Gay, pleasant light-hearted stuff, with none of the grim seriousness of purpose which extinguishes most pornography in English. But the other magazines are very dull to read. The pictures aren't bad, though they're all what is known in the trade as 'retouched', a custom which probably causes more nervous breakdowns among innocent young bridegrooms than anything else in contemporary civilisation. However I have written to M. Ziegler to see just what he has---purely in my capacity as a conscientious columnist of course---and I'll let you know how I make out. If this stuff ever gets a wide circulation in fandom, however, I'm afraid it will ruin Rotsler. People will begin to make comparisons, and Rotsler's women are, frankly, impossible. I'm not sure whether I'm sorry or not about that, but there it is.

If there's one development in fandom thesedays that should be encouraged it's ~~this new habit of authors sending free review copies of their books to fanzines.~~ I suppose it's a symptom of the growing importance of fandom. ~~I didn't realise how big the growth was till I read Harry Warner's article in FANVARIETY and learned that the biggest circulation of those famous prewar fmz was only about 40.~~ It's a very unfortunate fanzine these days that has a circulation like that. Even in my fan lifetime I've seen the influence of fanzines growing. For instance as far as I know QUANDRY has a circulation of nearly twice that of SPACEWARP. However, I was saying that this new practice of authors should be encouraged, and so if Lee doesn't mind I'll review Rayer's book here as well as in SLANT: I'll like to anyway since I'm glad to be able to recommend it.

TOMORROW SOMETIMES COMES, by F.G.Rayer. Publishers Home and Van Thal, 36 Gt. Russell St., London W.C.1. Price 9/6 or \$1.50. Autographed copies available to fans at no extra charge direct from the author, F.G.Rayer, Longdon, Tewkesbury, Glos., England. His publishers have done well by Mr Rayer; nice binding, good typography and an excellent dust-jacket by Clothier of New Worlds. Evidently for your first novel there's no place like Home and Van Thal. The story itself owes something to van Vogt, but pays it back with interest--plenty of interest. The principal is one Mantley Rawson who happens to be under one of the new type anaesthetics when atomic



war starts and lies in suspended animation under the hospital ruins while our civilisation breaks up and a new one starts to form. The first person he meets greets him with a phrase which is obviously an accepted ritual, "Cursed be the name of Mantley Dawson." Even without this fist-hook, Mr Rayer would have no difficulty in drawing you into his plot of the relationship between the men of the new civilisation and the vast electronic brain known as the Mens Magna. This may seem strongly reminiscent of van Vogt's *Game Machine*, but Rayer brings an original approach to the theme and his treatment is very different from that of the master of obfuscation. Not only is his style cursive as opposed to van Vogt's 800 word flashes, but he introduces no complications not essential to the narrative. The standard of writing is high, and some of the scenes are quite moving. At no place does the plot stand still either. Altogether a very good buy, especially at the low price the devaluation of the pound makes available to American readers.

Thursday, 28th June, 1951. No mail at all the last two days, except POSTMORTEM ON FANSCIENT from Don Day. Well, that's one way to get rid of your old back numbers. Today there was a postcard from Charles Lee Riddle, letters from Chuck Harris and another new subber, and a circular from Alan Hunter about the new Fantasy Artists Group. Also the poetry mag LA PETITE and my own copy of Q 11. Just in case there is some suspicious person suspecting that everything in this column isn't one hundred percent accurate, the copy of Q 11 I showed to Forry Ackerman belonged to Bob Shaw. He managed to get his six days before mine, though both were mailed at the same time. I must say I don't like the look of this. I shaw has got control over the Post Office I fear for my position as Ireland's No. 1 Fan.

Riddle's postcard had on the front a picture of a beautiful Hawaiian girl in the traditional lack of costume. I expect there's a message from Riddle or something on the back.

The new sub was one of those beautiful 25 cent pieces. Just fancy, real hard currency. I have \$2.75 now which I keep in a little box. Every now and then I take it out and gloat over it. Not only is it so precious that I'll probably never be able to make up my mind exactly what to do with it, but it has the charm of forbidden fruit. Apparently you're not supposed to get dollars through the mails, and every now and then the Post Office opens one of my letters---Shaw's agents again, I suppose---and seal it again with a label marked "Customs and Currency Control". But they've never found anything yet.

LA PETITE is a curious little mag, edited by Genevieve Stephens, 530 Moyer Ave., Mich., and mimeographed in white ink on black paper. Ordinarily I don't care much for amateur poetry but then I get this mag for nothing, and I have no objection at all to free verse. Here's an intriguing little thing by one Clayton Hoff.

#### EVENING IS A LOT OF WORK

The night is shovelled  
slowly on the world  
and patted down  
very carefully into all  
the little crevices  
and then the workmen  
stand back  
to light cigarettes  
and chew the fat  
while the man in charge  
looks on and puffs  
on a big black cigar  
we call the moon.



Another new cosmology!

. . . . .

Chuck Harris's letter was the one that started off this column, but don't hold that against him. Chuck is an English fan who writes some of the best letters in fandom: they have to be or no one would go through the soul-searing experience of trying to read them. Though I keep telling him his writing wouldn't be so bad if he would only remember to move his pen instead of pulling the paper to and fro underneath it. But, as if to show that there is some unseen power working for righteousness, Chuck has recently acquired a typewriter: obviously the National Health Service has decided it is a more economical proposition to buy him one than to supply all his correspondents with free spectacles. No longer will Chuck's friends wonder who has been mailing them maps.

Monday, 3rd July, 1951. A most amiable and pleasant letter from Rick Sneary, from whom I hadn't heard for some time. Rick usually writes a good letter but this is a masterpiece in its quiet way, so casual-seeming does he make his introduction of the subject of N3F. No wonder he is President; Truman himself could take a lesson or two from him. He doesn't even threaten to come over and punch my nose. Instead he merely suggests gently that I might have turned over my criticisms to him instead of airing them in public. Well, of course he's quite right. All I can say is that I did mention them to two other people who seemed at the time to be mixed up in N3F. Maybe they were just mixed up, period. At any rate they immediately burst forth into a fury of inactivity. The trouble with N3F, as Rick more or less admits, is that it is in danger of becoming a sort of bureaucracy, with no one bureaucrat fully aware of what the other is not doing. Rick makes the point that it is a good thing to have a lot of officers because the loss of one no longer causes a complete collapse even in the highest places. Well, he's probably right, but more organisations die away slowly from lack of public interest than collapse suddenly in mid-stride.

One Louise Undershot writes from California to say that she will be in Ireland and at the suggestion of Fabun's is going to look me up. That's nice. If any others of you are going to be in Ireland this year, turn left over the bridge where the boat docks and I'm the First Fan on your left. Don't whatever you do turn right: that will only take you to Bob Shaw. Ignore all those signposts--he put them up himself.

Bill Venable airmails the glad news that I have been voted by readers as the columnist they would most like to see in FANVARIETY. Not the readers of QUANDRY, I hope and trust. I also hope he doesn't say this to everyone he wants a column from, or I'll get into trouble again for quoting people's letters. All these misgivings date back from my early struggles, and now that I am where I am today, where ever that is, at the cost of so much blood and tears and sweat and 75c in bribes to the readers of Fv, I look back on them and resolve not to let my success go to my head. It was way back last fall when I wrote my first article for another fanzine. I wrote three of them and airmailed them off the three representative fanzines. I didn't expect any cablegrams but I did hope for a reply. But no. Weeks dragged into months without even a rejection slip. Eventually it turned out that two of them had immediately suspended publication. Over-sensitive, obviously. The third was made of sterner stuff, and struggled on. Evidently its noble ed was trying to forgive and forget. After six months I wrote humble letters all round. The new editors of one of the zines apologised for the old one and ran the article. Another fanned apologised too and assured me he had folded from purely natural causes. The third apologised for having mislaid the article, and ran it. Altogether the experience was almost pure ooboge---egoboo in reverse.



However, from things I've read here and there I gather that this sort of unhappy experience isn't as uncommon as it should be. In fact, speaking now as an editor, sometimes it seems to me that most faneds are far too inclined to think they are doing authors a favour by printing their stuff. But why on earth should anyone write something for nothing? Especially, how can a faned expect to get material of professional standards unless he offers his writers something in place of the hard cash they might get from prozines? The only thing a fanzine can offer is helpful readers' comments and criticisms, or if you like to be crude about it, egoboo. The more of this a faned can provide, the more anxious authors will be to write for him, and the better material they will turn out. The better material they turn out the more subbers the zine will get and the more egoboo the faned will be able to provide, and so on. A good zine will automatically tend to get better and a bad zine worse. The direction they go largely turns on what I might call the egoboo factor. I know I'm trespassing on the field of Master Fan-Mathematician, Lee Jacobs here, but I would define the egoboo factor as the proportion by which the faned can increase the apparent circulation of his zine in the eyes of his authors. Other things being equal an author will prefer to write for the zine with the larger circulation, but the faned can make his circulation loom larger in the eyes of his authors by extracting the maximum of egoboo from it. One way to do it is to have a large letter section, but it's not essential. For instance, SLANT won't have a proper letter section until the next issue, when we're going to run a mimeoed suppliment, but we had a large egoboo factor even with a circulation of less than 200. This was because I did everything I could think of to persuade readers to write in---competitions, short-term sub rates, offering things for sale, sending out questionnaire forms, being obscure, being controversial, writing letters with the mailing---and when the readers had written in I would copy out all of their comments on each story and send them to the authors. I've been told I was the first faned to do this, and I can hardly believe it. It may be a lot of trouble, but surely it's worth it to get good material, and it seems to work. At any rate, I've seen not only SLANT stories appearing in prozines, but SLANT rejects. And a good many stories in other fmz look strangely familiar. Pardon the ostentation---I only wanted to prove my point. ((Mr Willis, do you intend to pay for this advertising space?))

Today's new subber kindly pastes on the back of his letter a copy of our last review in AMAZING. I can hardly believe it, but Phillips has done it again. In the first issue I ever sent him there was a mild little pun about my grandfather having been a printer and I having merely reverted to type. An innocuous little thing, compared to some of the monsters I have created, but it must have left a lasting impression on Phillips. In every review but one in the last two years he has quoted it. Less and less verbatim each time, but there's no doubt he got the point all right. It registered. I can just imagine Rog that first time, reading solemnly through the heap, restapling tidily the last disintegrating mimeoed crudzine, and going home to a quiet read and a smoke and then to bed. About half past four he wakes up screaming hysterically, "Reverted to type! Ha Ha Ha. Ho Ho Ho." Alarmed the neighbors send for a doctor. "Nurse, the hypodermic." At last he quiets down, save for an occasional tortured murmur, "Grandfather, printer, type." The neighbours go back to bed. But Rog is never the same again. I can tell you, I'm dead scared to make another pun in case it kills him.

Monday, 9th July, 1951. Nothing else very interesting happened last week; so I held this up till today in the hope of getting an interesting late fmz to review. No fmz in the morning mail, but another interesting letter from Chuch Harris. "..... Herewith INCINERATIONS. The most disgusting fanzine I have ever read. Be sure to let me see any future issues...Never again will I send you a 'personalised' epistle. At least I did write in ink. One day when I feel really mean I'll use my ballpoint

(over again yet)



The Harp That Once Or Twice (9)

On June 1968, when I was 14, I wrote a letter to my penmanship. Elsberry, being nicely brought up, only asked why I didn't type it. His letter was addressed to Frank Horres 90 Moxey Rd. This really hurt---I'd written the return address in capitals .....Had a letter from Derek Pickles with a N3F membership roster. Unless Willis is a psuedonym for K.F.Slater you are not a member. (I am) I will still write to you, solely because you publish SLANT.....my TOMORROW SOMETIMES COMES came yesterday. Wasn't bad at all (no charge for patronage.) A lot of it sounded reminiscent of Van Vogt, expecially the Mens Magna. This all sounds very lukewarm (why lukewarm? why not Matthewwarm? Is there a reason?) and actually I'm most enthusiastic about it. It's far better than THREE SIDED TRIANGLE and PURPLE TWILIGHT, which makes it the best postwar English fantasy. Can't remember anything else I preferred to it. GALAXY should be interested in it."

Monday afternoon. Well, there's no doubt about it this time at all. Sailing along in its mimeographed majesty through the broken pane in our front door comes the third issue of PHANTASMAGORIA (Derek Pickles, 41 Compton St., Dudley Hill, Bradford, Yorks. Three issues for one prozine.) I would have preferred for the readers of QUANDRY to know nothing at all about this zine and vice versa because I do a column for both and I might be able to use the same jokes twice and save the wear and tear on my grey matter. Ah well. This is a special Convention Issue of PHANTAS (known to its deadly enemies, the LONDON CIRCLE, as 'Pht!') which makes it the second fanzine after Q to cover the Convention. (Though NEWSSCOPE did have a muffled report.) What are things coming to when American zines scoop British conventions? There are articles about the the Con by Pickles, Bob Shaw and myself (I'm afraid Bob's is very good indeed) with excellent cartoons by Alan Hunter and Shaw. Also stories by Clive Jackson and Peter Ridley. Also attacks on my from Slater, Clarke, and Tealby to which I have replied so trenchantly that I'm beginning to have qualms. In spite of yhos this is a very good issue.

--- Walter A. Willis

[illegible]

AND VICE VERSA

J.T. Oliver

## Stories

That smell.

Often

Sell.

The End.



# THEM WIDE OPEN SPACES

It is really too bad, when you think about it, that fanzine editors can't use boiler plate.

If you've ever lived in a small town, and subscribed to the local newspaper, you know what boiler plate is. It is those little items of useless information, from three to a dozen lines long, which small newspapers use to fill space with. These items come already set up in type, cast as a solid piece, so that whenever the printer finds himself with a gaping space while making up the page--- presto! out comes the boiler plate, and readers are duly informed that the first steam-driven sausage grinder was built in 1733 by Cornelius Vanderglutz, or that the white-scroutumed mongoose is almost extinct in Transylvania. Some years ago when I was a bright-eyed young fan, so desperate to own a typewriter that I was willing to go to work, I got a job in the printshop of the Dover Advance (Northern New Jersey's leading twice-a-week newspaper), which is how come I know about all this. God! I practically broke my spine lugging cases and cases of used boiler plate to the Express Office, and always returning with fresh cases and cases of the stuff, hot from some foundry in Chicago. Many an issue the paper consisted of almost nothing but little paragraphs soberly declaring that eggplant is delicious when fried in mustard, and that the natives of Edinburgh holler "gardyloo" before hurling slops into the street.



So like I say, it is really too bad that you can't use boiler plate with a mimeograph. It would save fanzine editors plenty of headaches. As anybody who has ever put out a fanzine knows, articles and stories absolutely never come out evenly to the bottom of the page. There is always an inch or two of space left over, which the stenciller doesn't know what to do with. Fanzine editors, ingenious creatures that they are, have tried all kinds of things to fill up that left-over inch or two. Some compose poetry right on the stencil. There is no more effective way to get rid of readers. Some crack jokes. Some plead for material. Some throw in a plug for the next convention. I have never yet heard of a fanzine editor who had the self-restraint to just leave the inch or two blank.

But as Jack Speer has observed, lots of times the fillers in fanzines are much better than the material. There is a certain freshness, a certain spontaneity about fanzine fillers, particularly those which are made up quick. Some fan editors, of course, really work over their fillers. They very carefully pick out all the tid-bits of unconscious humor which they come across in prozines and other people's fanzines, and jot them down, and save them, and print them with funny remarks underneath. Tucker's Le Zombie was famous for fillers like this. Every issue contained lots and lots of them, every one entitled a department--- "LeZ Lifted Eyebrow Dept", for example. When I started publishing Vampire I tried to do the same kind of thing, only instead of calling the fillers 'departments' I called 'em'corners'. The soul of originality, that's me.

(more over)



This sort of filler is lots of fun to cook up, though, and it seems surprising that it is done in fanzines so rarely these days. There are so many things that get into fanzines and proz which are funny but aren't meant to be, that any fan-editor can find glorious filler galore, with only a little looking around. For the past year or so, I have been keeping an old shoebox in which I have been putting all the items of unconscious humor which I have noticed in my not-very-extensive reading, with the idea of using them to fill up a fanzine some day. But right now I don't have any intention of putting out another fanzine for a good long time, possibly never; so rather than allow the contents of the box to go to waste (and fanzine fillers spoil rapidly unless kept in a cool, dry place), I might as well set down everything in the box right here and now. Not all of this stuff is items of unconscious humor, of course. In fact, it is questionable whether a lot of it is humor at all. Anyhow---

Right smack in top of the box is tear-sheet from the November 1950 issue of Future. There is a circle drawn in red pencil around a paragraph from "Caradi Shall Not Die":

"The barrite-rifles flashed. At the apex of the bullet stream from five rifles, was the being---unharmd! She stood, unscarred and untouched, as shot after shot bounced helplessly off him."

Now there is a neat problem for Dr. Kinsey...

Underneath that, we find a slip of yellow paper bearing the observation that packages of Betty Crocker Party Cake Mix now carry special instructions for baking in high altitudes.

And here is a truly profound remark which Ron Christenson made in Ergerzerp some years back, and which I thought was worth reprinting: "If all the fan publications ever issued in the world were piled up in one stack, they would fall over."

Plumbing down deeper into the box, we came across a limerick by Jack Towber:

An amceba named Joe and his brother  
Went out drinking toasts to each other;  
In the midst of their quaffing  
They split their sides laffing  
And now each of them is a mother.

Covered over by a few strands of spiderweb, we find a clipping from the New York Times Book Review for December 17, 1950. The Times critic, reviewing The Bridge of Light by A. J. Hyatt Verrill, ends up by commenting: "This is obviously literature of escape, but any occupation from which one would escape to this must be painful indeed." I don't know why this struck me as funny.

Now here is a little story of my own composition, which I had long since---thank Ghod!----forgotten. It is complete in two paragraphs:

"Once upon a time there was a philosopher who loved to read DesCartes day and night. His wife was a sloppy shrew. People would say to him, 'Why don't

(con't over)



you get rid of so messy a spouse?" But he always replied, 'Aaah, no, if I were to divorce her, the legal proceedings would deprive me of much valuable time which I need in order to read Descartes.'

"In other words, he was putting Descartes before divorce."

And here is a sketch for a cartoon. It is a remarkably good cartoon, because it would be easy to draw. A tombstone stands on the horizon, with other tombstones and crosses, slightly cockeyed, all around. There is a crescent moon in the sky, and bats are flying. On the tombstone is the inscription DO NOT OPEN UNTIL XMAS. I wonder why I saved this.

And here, tangled up in a pile of shoelaces, is an excerpt from DAWN, a fanzine which used to be just crawling with excerpts dying to be excerpted. It is a quotation from a letter by one Kurtis Wellgien, of Hot Springs, Ark.:

"Closer and closer we who dare to dream of that which is beyond the purple curtain of uncertainty, men with minds write yarns about things that scare the hell out of us...AND suddenly come true. One of us must lift the curtain. For beyond lies the gleaming stone. These fatheads in Washington...Russia...and other places...are looking for. It is the mind that makes pictures of things beautiful and later created are enjoyed by all men. It is the mind that sees a picture of a little silver tube full of gaseous vapor...and how when dropped from a guided missile spells finnis for us all."

Spell finnis again, bub.

Next we find a hunk of a page ripped out of The Stf Trader, volume two, number two. A gentleman in Farrell, Pennsylvania, advertises that he will trade science fiction books and magazines for tropical fish. Ahhh, disillusionment...

And now we scrape the bottom of the box. The last lonesome bit of paper to meet our gaze is a circular sent out last year by Writer's Digest, announcing their annual short-story contest. The prizes are completely fascinating. If you cop second place, for instance, you get a canoe trip down the Ohio River, all expenses paid. Lord help you if you're not accustomed to the rugged, outdoor life. Prize number eighteen is Ha Lucullan feast for you and a few good friends." Somehow, this sounds ominous. But prizes nineteen to thirty sound more sinister yet. If your writing abilities place you in one of those spots, the Digest will pay Railway Express charges on all the book manuscripts you ship for a year---as many as one a month. Ye gads, whoever wins such a prize as that will really have to work his posterior off. But if you place fifty-first, you will receive a subscription to "any bright country weekly in your state." I don't know about your State, but that prize would certainly baffle me. All the country weeklies I know are nothing but boiler plate.

But my real favorite is prize fifteen. This is truly the ultimate in something or another. I have got to quote you this one in full:

"Peace and serenity are within you alone; and not our gift to bestow. But, like many things, peace is the child of circumstances and we offer you the ..

(con't over)



Them Wide Open Spaces (4)

prize of amiable circumstance. Arrangements have been made so that the 15th prize winner may spend 10 days at the New Melleray Abbey, a Trappist Monastery in Iowa. If desired, you may have a 'cell, a loaf of bread, and a cheese;' or if you prefer the amenities of life, you may live at the monastery's Guest House where lodgings are quite comfortable. We pay your train transportation to and from the Abbey. If you tire of seclusion, you may work on the monastery's beautiful farm. Open to male prize winners only: any race or creed. The monks are hard working, quiet, and well educated. If you win this prize, you're in for a treat. If a woman wins the 15th prize, we offer her food of a different kind, for the spirit. A new John Fredrics hat every season for a year. . ."

As all dauntless short-story contestants climb into their hairshirts and prepare to hitch themselves to the plow, let us quietly pitch the entire shoebox into the nearest incinerator, and pitch a lighted match in, too.

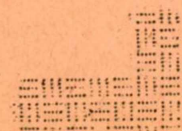
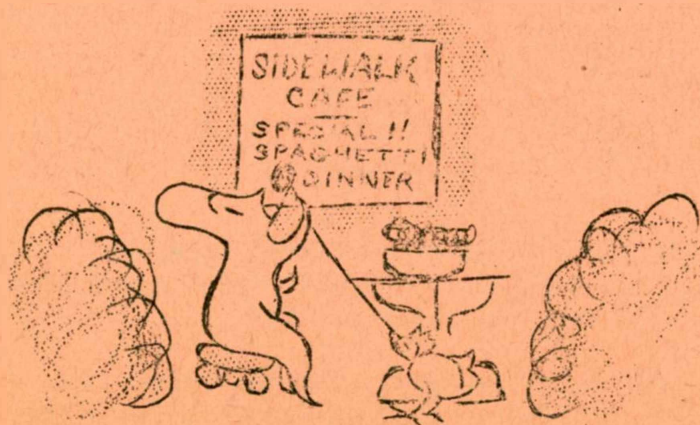
So you see, it's really easy to find fillers for fanzines. You don't have to fill up that extra inch of a stencil space with a big SOUTH GATE IN '58.

And if you want to fill up the space between the fillers as well, there's always another thing you can do. Just write an article telling people how to fill space in fanzines.

Like I just did.

#####

SOUTH GATE IN '58





Anything could  
happen on a  
big game  
hunt...  
and it  
did!

NO



The guide stopped the time-mech. "We'll have to go on foot from here, Mr Rickard." He reached into a compartment on the dash-board. "You'd better smear some of this ointment on your face and legs. It'll keep the insects off."

They stepped from the gleaming metal of their transport into the twisted entwined growths of the jungle. The damp heat contrasted most unfavourably with the regulated atmosphere of the vehicle. Mr Rickard felt inclined to turn back to the



# ROBBERY

by peter j ridley

luxuries of civilisation, after all apart from the discomforts there was a certain amount of danger attached to big game hunting even with the most modern weapons. Yet to go back without at least one trophy would be to bring his wife's tongue down on him. On the whole Mr Rickard decided he'd rather risk the hunting.

Withdrawing his mind with soem difficulty from a picture of his wife's wrath at an empty handed return, Mr Rickard concentrated on his immediate surroundings. He was following his guide down a narrow lane of soggy mud, on either side of which rose impenetrable banks of foliage. A kind of green gloom hung over the whole place like a fog. Occasionally there would come from the jungle wierd screeches and bellows, and once Mr Rickard saw the walls of the lane agitated by some animal, which went away, however, when the guide shouted at it.

Feeling the need of some human contact, Mr Rickard closed up to his guide and spoke. "Was that a dangerous animal?"

"No" replied the guide in the same instinctively lowered voice that his employer had used. "This is just a small game track. We won't meet anything really worth while until we reach one of the main tracks."

Mr Rickard nodded his comprehension, a little out of breath. The guide slowed his pace a little, noticing that sweat was running down the podgy white legs which protruded rather pathetically from a pair of oversized bush pants. "We'll make our base camp on this bit of rising ground ahead," he remarked. "I've camped there before there's a concrete hut for hunting parties and a spring of water."

Mr Rickard nodded again, he couldn't see the rising ground of which the guide spoke but the prospects of a rest in the foreseeable future pleased him.

The guide sniffed the air. "Hello, " he said. "There's someone there ahead of us, I can smell cooking. Still there's plenty of room, and we can use our tent."

It was obvious to Mr Rickard that the hawk-nosed guide had a superior sense of smell, for her could detect nothing but the heavy damp smell of the vegetation. However he manfully hitched his rifle to a more comfortable position and increased his pace to suit that of the guide.

Soon the path started to climb quite steeply, It was hard to climb in the slippery mud, and more than once Mr Rickard would have fallen but for the guide's strong arm. Finally the dense undergrowth began to thin out, and they could get an occasional glimpse of the sky.

"Nearly there," said the guide encouragingly to a wilted Mr Rickard.

quite abruptly they burst out of the thinning jungle into a clearing, in the center of which was a cup-shaped concrete hut. Two men were sitting round a fire, evidently cooking.

Mr. Rickard plodded happily behind the guide towards the immediate prospect of food and sleep, suddenly he was brought to a stop. He stared stupidly at the guide's broad back which blocked his path, then peered round the obstruction at the men by



### No Robbery (3)

the fire, they were just men as far as he could see. Greatly daring, he pushed the guide in the small of the back. This manoeuvre elicited an exclamation of "My God," but no movement. The smell of cooking wafted enticingly to Mr Rickard's nostrils, forsaking the guide, he trotted forward, sniffing avidly.

The taller of the two men by the fire stood up as he approached. Mr Rickard didn't give him even a glance. His whole attention was centered on the food cooking seductively over the blaze. The standing figure uttered a gurgling oath and assumed a similiar stance to that of Mr Rickard's guide. His companion peered at Mr Rickard in the same short sighted manner with which that gentleman regarded the food, then he too leapt to his feet. "Egad," he squeaked.

At the sound of his own favorite exclamation Mr Rickard looked up and for a moment thought he was staring into a mirror. "Egad," he shrilled. "Twins."

Unlike the patient reflection in the mirror this image moved of its own volition. It cleared the fire in an ungainly leap and glared into Mr Rickard's face at close quarters, evidently as surprised to find its alter ego as was Mr Rickard.

"It's impossible" muttered the doubles simultaneously.

Mr Rickard's guide recovered and strode up to the fire. The second Mr Rickard stared at him in awe. "It's quite impossible" he reiterated without much assurance.

"Impossible or not, it's happened." stated the guide with some of his usual aplomb; "So let's have some food first and talk afterwards."

It was a memorable meal for Mr Rickard, despite the fact that he had never tasted better food, and that keeping the meal on a plate balanced precariously on his knees required most of his attention, he couldn't help taking a few sly looks at his counterpart across the fire.

Having at last appeased his unparalleled hunger Mr Rickard wiped his fingers absently on his bush pants, and looked around.

"This kind of meeting has been theorised about, but I guess nobody really thought it would ever happen." opened Mr Rickard's guide.

Everyone agreed. Silence fell.

"There is the question of names," announced the second Mr Rickard. "I presume yours is Thomas Archinbald Rickard?" he aimed this question at Mr Rickard.

"Yes."

"Well, then I suggest that you shall be called Alpha, and myself Beta, otherwise this is going to be the mother and father of all mix ups. In the same way your guide will be Gamma and mine, Delta."

"This is all very well," protested the newly named Alpha. "But I want to know how this has happened."

"Your guess is as good as mine," retorted Beta.

The Gamma guide cleared his throat. "I've got a theory," he announced portentously.

(con't over)



He paused a second and Alpha Rickard almost started to applaud. "Parallel Temporal Universe," he concluded.

"Rubbish," shouted Beta Rickard rudely. "You can't separate time and space like that!"

"Well, I suppose you've got a better explanation," bellowed the Gamma guide.

"Not yet," said Beta slowly. "But I will have!" he added defiantly.

"Supposing that when time travel first began, it split the universe into a number of separate dimensions, each with its own time and space but all sharing a common past," suggested the Delta guide.

"We could check on that to a certain extent," said Alpha.

They did. Comparing histories pre-time-travel and post-time-travel. The conclusions supported the Delta guide's hypothesis, their histories before the inception of time-travel they began to diverge.

Gradually from world events the two pairs worked their way down to personal matters.

"You still live by the Sea?" queried Alpha.

"Yes, in the house Dad left me. And you too?"

"Wouldn't leave it for the worlds. How about your work? I'm in the travel business, booking agent, you know."

"Same here. I bet you've even got a huge and horrible poster ordering everyone to 'COME TO BEAUTIFUL MARS' and that you amuse yourself by picking out the honeymoon couples for Venus."

"Not quite; my poster says 'COME TO LOVELY VENUS' and the honeymoon couples go to Mars."

Both chuckled reflectively.

Beta spoke again. "I suppose you're married?"

Alpha's face dimmed. "Yes, worse luck," he bemoaned. "My wife is an absolute shrew. I wish I'd never married at all. Not a moment's peace. Always nagging me to do things. I wouldn't have come on this trip, but she wanted the head of a tyrannosaurus to hang in the bedroom. Heaven knows why, it's the fashion I suppose."

"I've got the laugh on you there," chuckled Beta, obviously pleased to find something in which he could better his counterpart. "My wife's perfect, Gentle, sympathetic, loving and beautiful. I don't know what I'd do without her."

Alpha Rickard felt pangs of jealousy shoot through his belly like indigestion at its worst. Funny, he thought, that jealousy should affect the stomach, but then indigestion was often named heartburn. He stopped his mental doodling and the conversation continued.

They talked far into the night. It seemed that their respective worlds were not greatly different as yet, but were tending to further divergence at an increasing rate.

(over)



"Probably," said Beta. "Like the law of falling bodies, you know, thirty-two feet per second per second."

The moon had risen now and shone palely in the dark sky. Under the influences of the exotic surroundings and a full stomach, Alpha Rickard murmured; "Isn't it a lovely sight?"

"Bah, you and your conventional standards," snapped Beta grumpily. "To the Devil with the moon. I'm going to bed." With that he stumped off the the concrete hut and slammed the door.

Alpha's guide had erected their thermo-tent and was already asleep, so Alpha turned in too. For a long time he lay awake thinking how much he'd like to be in Beta's shoes, with a loving wife waiting for him instead of a nagging shrew. Mad schemes for either killing or marooning Beta and taking his place ran through his mind until he fell asleep.

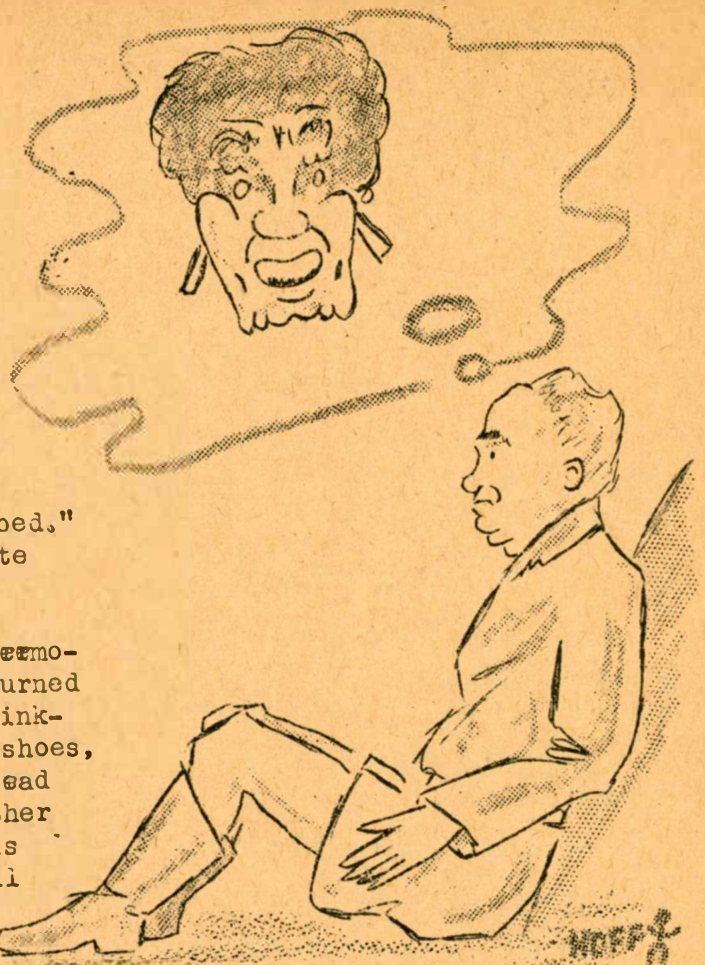
Alpha slept through all the maniacal noises of the night, disturbed only by dreams of his wife. He greeted the morning light thrusting through the transparent fabric of the thermo-tent with an oath. When his guide turned him out of bed with a cheery good humour, he discovered a surly fellow with a surprisingly extensive knowledge of the coarser phrases of the English language.

A good breakfast however soon restored most of Alpha Rickard's good humour. He even wished Beta and his guide good luck when they started out to hunt.

With his own guide in the lead, Alpha was soon on the trail himself. For some time they followed a track identical in every way, to Alpha's senses, with the one which had brought them to the clearing. But eventually they debouched into a much wider trail, deeply imprinted with huge reptilian footprints and tail lines. Filled with water from the night's rain, these resembled nothing more than small lakes and canals.

"Aha," muttered the guide, studying the spoor. "Tyrano, Stego, Megalo, and a couple of Iguanodon. The tyranosaur was after the iguanodon. I should imagine he'll have caught one of them about a couple of miles further on. If we're lucky we'll catch him eating his prey."

Alpha's hopes that the dinosaur would have bolted it's breakfast and gone on its way were destroyed when his guide motioned him to be quiet, and to unsling his rifle. The soft mud made walking without making sticky noises impossible but the slight sounds the two men made were completely drowned by the hideous squealing and growling which shivered through the thick undergrowth.





## No Robbery (6)

Alpha's first sight of the beast was unnerving. Of a sudden huge triangular head, loosely covered with crinkled gray skin appeared above the vegetation. It uttered a screech and disappeared again, though not before Alpha had noted a mouthful of teeth of a severe utilitarian design, and the copious amounts of blood smeared round the animal's jaws. His pace slowed abruptly. He tried to imagine that horrid visage glaring at him from the bedroom wall, and shivered.

The guide bent close to him and whispered. "We'll get as close as we can to him. Then I'll shout. As he turns his head let him have a shot in the neck just below the head. The poison will take effect most quickly from there." He unslung his own rifle and checked the mechanism. Alpha copied him. "Now, down on your belly and crawl."

The mud through which they crawled, besides having a consistency very similar to best glue harboured innumerable industrious mites which took this unparalleled opportunity to transfer their activities from the unproductive mud to the fairer fields of Alpha Rickard's body. Because of these things the stalk, which Alpha had thought would be conducted in fear, was in fact undertaken in the very different emotion of irritation.

When the guide rose and shouted it was with considerable pleasure that Mr. Rickard discharged his gun at the, so far, inoffensive reptile. The fact that he missed didn't detract from his satisfaction, especially as the guide's shot, which prudently followed his own with hardly any time lapse relieved the giant while it still searched for the author of the noise which had startled it.

His guide took several pictures of Mr Alpha Rickard posed heroically on top of his immense trophy before spraying the corpse with a preparation that performed the twin duties of preserving the carcass, and putting off the scavengers. Mr Rickard left the scene of action with some regrets, consoled only by the thought that his trophy would be safe enough until the taxidermists arrived.

The rest of the day was spent in taking movies of various denizens of the jungle, a proceeding that was by no means as dangerous as Alpha supposed, since the larger reptiles completely ignored anything as small as a man, and the greatest danger was that one of the giants might accidentally tread on the humans.

Unbeknown to Alpha, his guide had made their trek circular, so that as night came on they didn't have far to go to reach camp. This time no smell of cooking greeted them. They lighted a fire, had a hearty meal, and turned in, still without a sign of their counterparts.

"I expect they went too far, and had to camp out for the night," suggested the guide.

Next morning Beta's party was still missing. The guide suggested that they should follow Beta's tracks in case they needed assistance, since the direction of their own foray was immaterial.

The trail led along one of the narrow paths with which Alpha was now becoming well acquainted. This path however soon climbed out of the jungle onto the less thickly forested lower slopes of a mountain. Once out of the jungle Beta's tracks struck off from the main path almost at right angles.

"Thought as much," muttered the guide, "They're making for the salt lick."

As they mounted a slight rise, the two men could see a swathe several hundred



feet wide steamrollered through the bush.

"Stampede," explained the guide. "Herd of Stegosaur must have winded one of the carnivorous dinosaurs."

"Their tracks lead right into the path," said Alpha. "You don't think they could have been..." His voice quivered away.

The guide plunged forward without answering. Alpha became aware of a shrill toneless shrieking. As they approached a few small flying reptiles flapped away, still uttering their unnerving cries. The bodies weren't a pretty sight, though they were by no means as badly damaged as Alpha expected.

"Queer, isn't it?" said the guide. "That the most curious meeting in history should end this way." He stared pensively at the bodies. "Well, it's no use standing here looking. We'll go back to camp. Then I'll get the anti-grav stretcher and come back for these two. You needn't help, Mr Rickard. I'll be able to manage easily."

The fat little man protested feebly, but he didn't want to see those smashed corpses again, and it was with relief that he saw the guide stride out of camp towing the stretcher behind him.

He sat outside the hut, thinking about death. Then he put those thoughts away and started to get a meal together. While he fussed with the cans the idea seeped into his mind. A and B, identical but for their matrimonial differences. B is eliminated, allowing A a choice of environments. Last night he had even considered killing B so that the substitution could take place. Now Fate had dropped the whole thing into his lap. His wife certainly wouldn't miss him much. And she could live very comfortably on his money for the rest of her life. Beta's wife however would be desolated by the loss of her husband. After all, rationalised Mr Rickard hypocritically, I am really husband to both of them now, and it is only right that I should go to the one who needs me most.

By the time the guide returned with the sheeted stretcher, Mr Rickard had readied a meal and made up his mind. The guide, a somewhat blasé character accepted the situation, and a few hundred credits with equal equanimity. Having downed the meal he set off for Mr Rickard's Time-mech, towing the corpse of Beta, and rehearsing a suitable story.

Mr Rickard followed the tracks of the deceased pair, now three days old but preserved in the firm mud. He left the corpse of Beta's guide in the hut.

If the B Time-mech was any different from his own, Mr Rickard's inexperience eye didn't notice it. Since the controls were pre-set it required but the touch of a button to start the machine. A podgy, sweating finger preformed the job, and Mr Rickard sat down with the realisation that he was committed to a course of action from which he could not turn back. He had decided to cover any small discrepancies by using the age old excuse of partial amnesia, plausible enough in his case. He waited in the humming machine, turning over in his mind all that he could remember of his long conversation with Beta.

He was hustled from the machine into quarantine without a chance to test his masquerade. As he wandered naked through the numerous ray baths Mr Rickard felt the awful uncertainty that always followed an important decision. Dressed in a white, aseptic smock he sat on a cold plastic bench facing a microphone, which would be his only means of communication with the outside world for several hours. Occasionally the instrument would belch either instructions or encouraging statements as to the progress of his decontamination. At last he was informed that he was officially "Free from Infection". A small chute in the wall opened and a suit of clothes, which he presumed had been left at the Quarantine Building by Beta, for this purpose thumped on the floor beside him. They fitted perfectly. 26 (over again)



## No Robbery (8)

A door opened and he walked through into an office, where he was issued a "Certificate of Salubrity". The clerk who performed this duty smiled at him and said: "The reporters are waiting outside, Mr Rickard."

Mr Rickard returned the smile while he mentally ran over his story. Then bracing himself he stepped into the outer room.

The undercurrent of talk ceased as he appeared, then redoubled.

"How about a statement....?" "Did a dinosaur kill your guide?" "How did you escape?"

Mr Rickard told his story simply, and answered their numerous questions, lying only where absolutely necessary. His story, built on a firm basis of truth, was unhesitatingly accepted. He emphasized that he himself had escaped with just a bump on the head, preparing the way for his amnesia, should it become needful. Eventually they were satisfied. As they trooped out one raised a laugh by asking: "Anything to say on the subject of conventional esthetic standards?" Everyone laughed, and Alpha joined them uncomprehendingly. "Later, perhaps," he evaded.

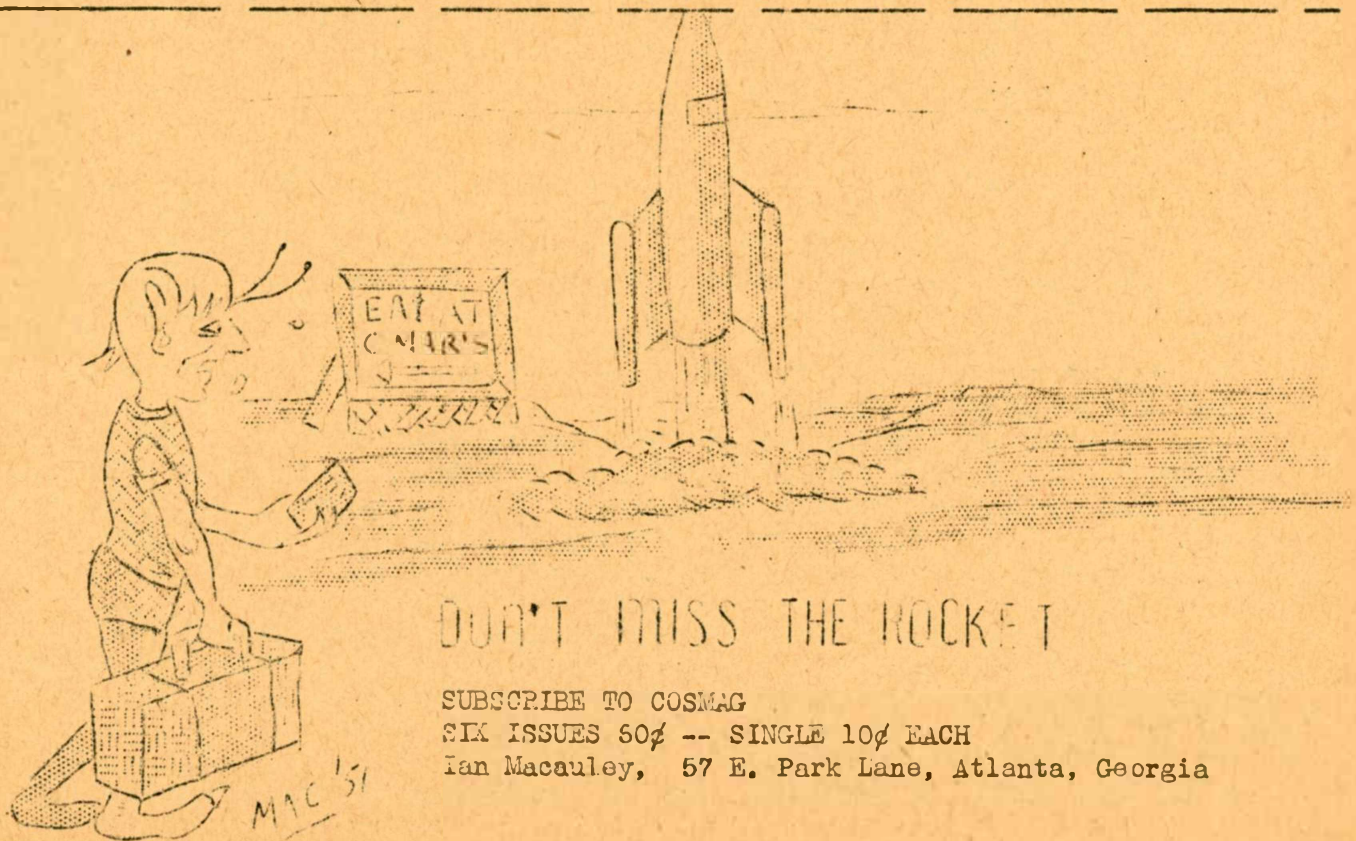
The clerk with the smile popped in again. "Your wife is waiting outside."

Thanks." He tried not to hurry too much, his legs trembling with anticipation.

There were several women in the corridor. Mr Rickard eyed them for a sign of recognition. One of them glanced at him cursorily, while the other two ignored him.

There was a sound of running feet behind him. He felt the weight of a body against his, and two arms encircled his neck. He turned to look into the face of a Venusian Ophiomorph. A scaly nose rasped his chin, while green expressionless eyes bugged at him. The "thing" spoke, in a hissing voice: "Darling, Darling, you might have been killed. I'll never let you away from me again."

She unsheathed hands full of long claws, and pulled him close.





## PROFESSOR AUERBACH'S ENCYCLOPEDIA OF ORIGINATIONS

No. 362945987065

"WORN AS A FRAZZLE" Evidently, my friends, you would like to know the origination of the term "worn as a frazzle", or another usage, "worn to a frazzle". In order to understand the explanation, we must go back into history to approximately the year 500 A.D. This term was introduced into the new world when the material of the same name was abundant. The frazzle resembled a piece of cloth that grew on a bush. However, in reality, it was a piece of cloth that grew on a bush.

The frazzle was at first believed by the people of Peking, (Ill.) to grow as worn as one. However, closer observation revealed that the frazzle grew as unused and as unworn as not a frazzle.\*

The frazzle would grow out transparent in it's early life. As it grew on a bush in the open, animals, insects, pests, and other types of people were constantly brushing against it and wearing it down to a frazzle. As it grew worn as a frazzle, the frazzle became less and less transparent, whereupon the people of Peking, (Ill.) would find the frazzle as worn as one.

### SEX LIFE OF THE FRAZZLE

This is a very interesting aspect of the frazzle. It is found that there are three sexes in the frazzle, namely A, B, and C. This eliminates the hackneyed triangle so often found and makes it a quadruped.

A short average life of a frazzle is given below.

The newly born frazzle, let us say, is A. Is A what?, you ask. Why, sex A, stupid! As frazzle A is growing, he feels a sudden urge to look for frazzle B. Whereupon he tells a Bee (which happens to be conveniently near) to find him a frazzle B. The bee tells frazzle A that he doesn't believe that there is such a thing as a frazzle bee. Which, of course, brings upon a fight between frazzle A and the bee, as he thinks that frazzle A is being sarcastic about a frazzle bee.

Tiring of fighting with the bee over a frazzle B, frazzle A suddenly decides it would be a lot less trouble to find a frazzle C. Not seeing a frazzle C, which he wishes to see, he stabs himself to death. Which leaves frazzles B and C to mate without any bother from frazzle A. Isn't this interesting?

Now that all of you know about the frazzle, go out and tell your friends about it. I'm so tired from this lecture, I think I'll go home and go to bed. Why I'm worn to a - - - -

\* Incase you are confused, we are speaking of the frazzle, of course.



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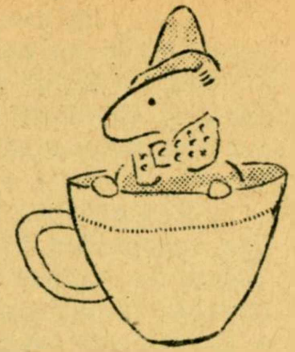
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# THE HARP In ENGLAND



## Installment III (Conclusion)

After the buffet all the fans who were still alive were propped up on chairs to listen to John Keir Cross talking about his troubles in trying to put sf over on the British Broadcasting Corporation. It was so complicated it sounded like the World of Null-BBC. Mr Cross was so eloquent, and the spirits of the fans were so cowed by the buffet, that no one asked how come that Mr Cross had made such a lousy job of the sf serial he was allowed to produce on the air. THE OTHER SIDE OF THE SUN this was, and the author, Paul Capon, was down to speak as well as Cross. Evidently he didn't think he could do it, for he mumbled some words the only one of which was distinguishable was 'laryngitis' and sat down again. I was furious about this, since this was the only way I could think of getting out of making a speech myself, and now Capon had spoiled it.

I left at the end of this, and missed a talk by Arthur C. Clarke on television and sf. I'm told he was very good, and I can well believe it. The man is a genius. In fact he has been heard to admit as much himself.

When I got back, feeling a little better (I think the trouble may have been something I didn't eat), there was a film show going on. There was supposed to have been a guest author's session at 8:30, but things were running so late everyone had forgotten there ever was such a thing as 8:30. Besides there were no guest authors, which would have made things a little difficult. The show was of a silent version of THE LOST WORLD, a film about prehistoric monsters. It was a bit of a prehistoric monster itself. However parts of it were quite good. For instance there was a terrific battle between two great monsters who must have been all of 18 inches high. It was awe-inspiring. At one moment, I thought one of them was actually going to knock a piece of plaster off the other. In the corner Arthur C. Clarke was busy jockeying discs for incidental music. Occasionally the reels slipped and the music sounded more accidental than incidental. A wild elephant stampede loses something of its effect when accompanied by a Viennese waltz.

Nothing more of interest happened that night, except that on the subway home my wife, Madeleine, was left behind in the crush and carried on to Shepherd's Bush. I went over to the down platform and hardly had I got there when she got off a train. It was like a matter duplicator. In fact I still have an uneasy idea that there is another Madeleine roaming helplessly around Shepherds Bush.

At about 11 the next morning, Convention Time (this is about half an hour behind ordinary time and gets progressively later) Ted Carnell got up to speak about NEW WORLDS and its future. Perhaps it was not his fault if he had to begin by talking about Walter Gillings and his past, but certainly the ghost of Gillings haunted the proceedings like an absent fiend. Gillings was, as you know, the editor of the

(con't over)



the other British prozine ~~SCIENCE FANTASY~~ until he recently resigned for what were supposed to be reasons of health. There has always been, it seems, a certain amount of what we might call rivalry between Gillings and Carnell, even before the disagreement as to which of them should have gone to America under the Big Pond Fund as representative of British Fandom.

Ted started by saying how sorry he was that Gillings wasn't there, and you got the impression that his grief was mainly due to the fact that there were a lot of things he wanted to say to his face that he didn't like to say behind his back. However he managed to overcome this handicap pretty well. All that was missing was a little wax image of Gillings. First he contrived to make it quite clear that Gillings' resignation was not due to illness, unless you thing bad blood is an illness. Then he announced that he himself was taking over the editorship of ~~SCIENCE FANTASY~~ The magazine had apparently been losing money like a fanzine, but nevertheless he paid a glowing tribute to Gillings' work on it. Obviously Gillings had every quality if the ideal editor except ability. There was absolutely nothing wrong with SFY that a complete abolition of all traces of him wouldn't cure. The format was to be changed to conform with that of NEW WORLDS, not one of Gillings' backlog of stories was to be used, and the vestigial remains of the old FANTASY REVIEW were to be purged

This last fiat brought a gentle reminder from Fred Brown, the well-known collector and reviewer, that the mag was after all a co-operative fan enterprise and not Carnell's exclusive property. He deplored the abolition of book reviews and pointed out that American mags like ASF and GALAXY, miserable rags as they were compared with NW and SFY, managed to run book reviews and keep their heads above water. Carnell was charmingly generous in his reply, offering no less than three mutually contradictory explanations. Blinded with science, Fred Brown remained silent. The audience sat entranced with this exhibition of multi-valued logic, and Carnell took the opportunity to sound off at some British authors who in their unholy greed for dollars sold their stories to American zines instead of to him. Since it seemed to be the fashion to jump on Arthur C. Clarke, he did so. Apparently after Carnell had been pestering Clarke for several months for a story, Arthur would dig something out of an old trunk that had been written in capitals on a child's exercise book and sent it off magnanimously to Carnell. When it was returned he went around telling everyone that he had been rejected by NEW WORLDS again! I can see that this must be very annoying, especially the last part. The implication is that being rejected by NW is the sort of thing a big name author can afford to laugh about, as if it were Botwinnik telling with relish the story of how a schoolboy caught him with Fools' Mate; or that being rejected from NW is a sign that a story is good, as for instance when PEON gives a "Rejected from MARVEL" Certificate of Merit to one of its stories. Curiously, Carnell laid himself wide open for a crack like this, by mentioning innocently that the stories he liked best always finished at the bottom of his ANLAB and vice versa. I half wished Gillings had been there to point the obvious conclusion. Incidentally, it was a curious thing about this part of the convention that although there were a great number of very controversial points raised, there was no acrimony at all. The reason was of course that Carnell has great personal charm and tact, and his conduct of the Convention was so competent and friendly as to disarm all criticism.

Towards the end of his speech he revealed that as an experiment in crass commercialism the next NW was going to feature a Beautiful Unclad Maiden on the cover. This threw the audience into a state of excitement bordering on torpor. Clarke got up and made a short and pungent speech to the effect that all this trying to pass sf off under a phony sexy front was all wrong. Were we or were we not trying to sell sf as sf. The time had come for us to stop apologising for sf and take it to the people. This speech of Clarke's, while silently applauded by all true



fans present, was the signal for a counterattack by the dealers and business men. One after another they got up and said that sexy covers sold magazines and that we would never get anywhere without them. It was fascinating to see a hundred fans who had probably spent the better part of their fan life pasting Earle Bergey, gradually come round the accepting the idea of having that hated type of cover on their own magazine. The final note was struck, and held some twenty minutes, by an elderly gentleman called Hill whom no one had ever heard of before. With a strong Austrian accent and a welth of gesture he told the audience that the only thing an editor had to go by was his hot sales, that the audience were not representative readersm and that their opinions weren't worth a damn. The audience applauded him vigorously, the show how well they could take criticism, and then filed out for lunch, picking their way carefully among the fragments of Gillings' shattered reputation.

After lunch came the International Discussion. "Our overseas guests tell us of the state of sf in their countries." While the guests were being called to the rostrum I covered in the shade of Derek Pickles, making a noise like an old overcoat but Carnell mercilessly penetrated my disguise and summoned me to join the row on thies. To give the man his due, he had warned me about this a couple of days ago. The prospect had been weighing on my mind ever since and I had been hoping it would fall through. I had pleaded with Carnell that I was terrified of public speaking, but he was quite adamant about it. (Incidently I wish he would use tastier boot polish.)

Reflecting that there was always the hope that an atomic war would start within the next hour, I sat and listened to the other speakers, mentally discarding every note I had made as I saw the way the discussion was going. The symposium was opened by Lyell Crane, whose interest in international fandom is so intense that it might almost be called vested. He began by informing the audience that he had an absolutely open mind and was willing to change it at any time. With this re-assurance he went on to tell the audience how important they were. Fandom, he said, had built up the prozines of America to their present standard and kept them there. Fandom was directly responsible for ASF and GALAXY, and for the prozines in other countries. But for fandom, etc. etc. Fandom, in the person of one fifth of it gathered in the Convention Hall, received this accolade in pleased it incredulous silence after the cold douche administered by Mr Hill. Mr Crane then produced copies of each issue of INTERIM NEWSLETTER, one for each hand, and semaphoreed them at the audience. Still fanning furiously, he told all out-lying fans who were pure fans and not pros, to get in touch with him. With a final flourish of INTERIM NEWSLETTER he sat down, having almost accidentally revealed one item of interest, that his co-editor, Julian May, was a girl.

The next speaker was Ackerman, who delivered another of his pleasant and intimate talks. Like everything Forry said, it was listened to with pleasure and interest.

To my relief, Carnell then jumped right across the Atlantic and called on Georges Gallet from Paris. Georges brought a sheaf of notes to the microphone and apologised for reading from them; he couldn't speak English very well. He talked about the French reprints of various American sf books and about his own projected French prozine.

Next, Ben Abas brought a sheaf of notes to the microphone and apologised for reading from them, but he couldn't speak English very well. He talked about a Dutch prozine.



## The Harp In England (4)

Next, Sigward Ostlund brought a sheaf of notes to the microphone and apologised for reading from them, but he couldn't speak English very well. He talked about a Swedish prozine.

Carnell then called on me. Having failed to similarise myself through the floor, I toyed desperately with the idea of bringing a sheaf of notes to the microphone and apologising for not reading from them because I couldn't read. But in this probability-world I tottered to the microphone and told the Convention about the recent pocket-book in garlic. It didn't take very long, but I salved my conscience with the thought that the proceedings were already behind schedule. No doubt the audience would think I could have made a brilliant oration lasting some hours if it hadn't been for my thoughtfulness and unselfishness. I sat down mid applause, some of which, I'm afraid was left over from Carnell's introduction. My best friends tell me the speech was very good, but too short (bless their loyal hearts) and that it came over the PA system with a strong Irish accent. Since I have no trace of any accent at all I find this very difficult to understand, but my English friends (all of whom have atrocious English accents) say I always sound that was to them.

The convention rallied, and survived. Speeches by Wendayne Ackerman, Ken Paynter, Lee Jacobs, and Frank Edward Arnold, were listened to attentively by everyone except the last speaker who was still swimming around dazedly in a pool of his own sweat. A discussion followed, centering mainly around two points, one as to how many fans were scientific workers or vice versa, and the other as to how many of them were women. On the first, Clarke said that he used to send copied of ASF for circulation among the people at Harwell Atomic Laboratory, and he never got any of them back. Since this is the normal experience of lending magazines the point seemed rather inconclusive. It was finally decided that some scientific workers were fans and some were not. On the second point, Forry thought that the number of fem-fans was increasing. He instanced the proposed STAR SCIENCE FICTION, a mag that would have been aimed at women if someone hadn't dropped it. Derek Pickles stood up and deftly inserted a neat little plug for NSF, giving statistics of how many members had been found on superficial investigation to be female. Incidentally this seems a good place to mention that not only were there quite a crown of fam-fans there, but that the standard of looks was very high. Apart from my own wife and Alan Hunter's, there was a chap called Robert Conquest (a well-known poet who recently managed to get into THE LISTENER, the BBC's literary review, a really excellent poem plugging sf) who had a really stunning wife with him. Not only was she extremely attractive but she was a Bulgarian, which Alan and I thought wasn't quite fair. And of course there was Audrey Lovall. She is attached to the London Circle, and they are carzy about her too.

Lyell Crane then closed the discussion. He got up and solemnly announced that he had changed his mind. The audience silently approved this decision, but didn't notice any appreciable difference. He also said he had learned a lot from the proceedings, but he didn't say just what. Finally he gave his name and address very slowly and clearly for the benefit of the wore recording, which happened ungratefully to be out of action at that point. It was an interesting tableau; the recording engineer desperately trying to insert a new spool, and Lyell speaking very deliberately and obviously wondering what the audience was gesturing about. Eventually Lyell tumbled to what was going on and contented himself with hanging up a notice. I'm sorry, by the way, if I have seemed a bit sarcastic about Crane. He is a worthy chap, but just a little inclined to take himself and fandom a bit too seriously.

There followed one of the most important events of the Convention, the presentation of the International Fantasy Award for the best work in the field during 1950.



This is the first of a series of annual awards sponsored by the London Circle, and if sufficient funds are available in future years the range will be considerably extended. The award itself is a beautiful thing. It was designed by a London fan and consists of a desk ornament in the form of a silvered spaceship on an inscribed plinth with a globular cigarette lighter. The lighter works too, though through some slip-up or other it is not atomic. The awards for 1950 went to George Stewart for EARTH ABIDES and to Ley and Bonestell for CONQUEST OF SPACE. The actual presentation was made to Forry Ackerman on their behalf. He made a short and graceful speech of acceptance, and mentioned that he felt very jealous. American fandom had been talking about this sort of thing for years, and British fandom had gone ahead and done it.

After a break for afternoon tea, Wendayne Ackerman gave her talk about dianetics. It was listened to quietly, almost somnolently. This was mainly because Carnell when introducing her had explained very clearly and firmly that no discussion whatever would be allowed. The principal anti-dianeticists had already been warned about this and I suspect that some of them had had to be bound and gagged. Carnell gave one final glare round the Hall and then sat down on a box of tear bombs.

Mrs Ackerman, an attractive creature, began by reading a letter from Ray Bradbury to the Ackermans which if it is ever published, will ruin his reputation. It was a horribly fulsome and slushy epistle, but no worse than I expected. I happen to know the truth about Ray Bradbury. In the course of negotiations between PROXY-BOO LTD. and Vernon McCain Incorporated, McCain revealed: "I do a bit of work for a chap named Bradbury who lives down in California and wants oh so badly to be a writer. He just hasn't what it takes but I haven't the heart to tell him so. So I have him send me each story he writes, do a complete re-write and polish job on it, and then for 10% commission I allow him to sell it under his own name. Not exactly ethical perhaps, but I like the boy. However I do have trouble, since he has a remarkable lack of ingenuity in devising plots for the stories. He's always coming up with the same old thing. I've burned much midnight oil trying to put a new slant, some original viewpoint on that old "deserted on Mars" plot he keeps sending me."

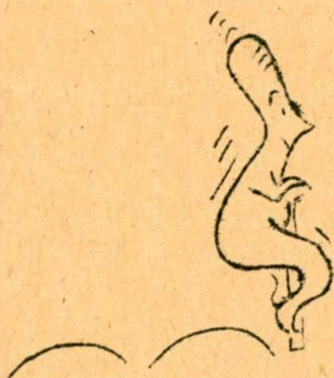
Wendayne then started in dianetics. This part of her speech went over most people's heads, mainly because their heads were practically on the floor. These were the anti-dianeticists, who had to be silent but believed that sleep was a form of criticism. Wendayne paid a tribute first to Elron Hubbard, whom she described as a "masterful personality". I had little difficulty in equating this description with Laney's of him as "a loud-mouthed braggart." Mrs Ackerman compared him with Louis Pasteur, on the grounds that both were described as quacks. Reports from France later spoke of a strange whirring noise from one of the Paris cemeteries. After the Convention, the Ackermans went to France; they haven't been heard of since. As a sort of "before-and-after" advert for dianetics Wendayne instanced the case of A.E. vanVogt. Before dianetics, she said, he was a quiet shy sort of chap whom no one ever noticed in a crowded room. Since dianetics it appears he has come right out of his shell and it a "masterful personality" like Elron, the sort of person who can make a room crowded all by himself. Of course I know I'm queer, but I can't help thinking I would rather have liked the old vanVogt. (((You just need auditing)))

Immediately Wendayne had finished Carnell stood up with almost indecent haste and announced the second auction. This was the part of the Convention which left gaping wounds in the hearts of collectors who had no money and in the bank balances of those who had. Forry Ackerman donated to the Convention, many priceless books and magazines, and despite warnings from everyone who knew just what an impoverished lot English fandom was, put them all into the auction without reserve. The result was ghastly. If I were to give only two of the prices that were fetched there

(con't over)



would be a wave of mass suicide among the readers of FANTASY ADVERTISER. I will cut Roy Squire's circulation only by half, and reveal that vanVogt's own copy of THE WEAPON MAKERS, containing copious revision notes in vV's own handwriting went for \$13.00. My heart bled for Forry Ackerman and for the artists whose original paintings and drawings were going for less than a dollar each, sold in lots. Pausing only to notice with interest that Arthur C. Clarke's autograph was apparently worth 75¢ I stumbled off to the bar. There I found Walter Gillings, a very small man with a very large beer. He had a sombre look on his face as if he was thinking about Ted Carnell and had decided to jump in and end it all. I wondered had Gillings been there all the time, having been driven to drink by his own speech. But no, this was more or less his normal expression. He stood me a drink on the strength of an article I wrote attacking Ken Slater for attacking him. We had a long conversation about this and that, principally that. We discussed a former sf publisher and writer who had gone into the pornographic literature business in a big way. I must say I liked Gillings a lot. We got on very well, but after a while I thought of all you people and the Report I had to write, so I went back to the Convention.



There was a second radio play going on by that time, which was rather better than the first if only because the entire original cast was too drunk to go on. After that, the last item was another film show. The first one was on experimental rocket ships with a running commentary by Arthur C. Clarke. Both were very good indeed, though I recognised one of his gags as having been lifted from a NEW YORKER cartoon. The rest of the films were Forry Ackerman's own. They were good, too, but I gather they've been shown at American conventions, so I don't suppose I need bother describing them.

When everything was over and everyone was saying goodbye to everyone else and trying to remember who they were, Ackerman invited some of us to his hotel room. I was thrilled. I felt that I was now really at a convention. Not only had I talked to Forrest J Ackerman, actually and literally, but I was going to a fangab in an hotel room! On top of that I had just had the ultimate piece of egoboo. I was asked for my autograph! I don't know who it was, but it was probably someone who could trade ten of mine for one of Redd Boggs.

The group that finally set out for Forry's hotel room consisted of Forry, Bill Temple, John Benyon Harris, Lee Jacobs, James White, Bob Shaw, myself, and some unidentified stranger whom no one seemed to know and who never said a word the whole time. We refer to him as Yehudi because Bob can't remember him being there at all. But he must have been, because when we were going into the hotel, Forry asked the waiter to bring up eight cups of tea.

Lee Jacobs, ignorant of the London licensing laws, paled visibly. You could see he didn't believe his ears. "Beer", he said quietly, just so there would be no silly mistake. The waiter explained that beer was not available. Lee seemed to regard this as a joke in the worst possible taste. With the air of a minister of religion reproving levity on some sacred subject he said again, firmly, "Beer." The waiter mumbled something about it being against the law to serve beer at this hour. Lee seemed unable to take this terrible news. A hideous jest, of course. Ha ha. "Beer.", he repeated again with determination, holding fast to his one sheet-anchor of sanity in this suddenly crazy world. He said it in such utterly reasonable tones that it seemed that the waiter must now surely come to his senses. But the nightmare continued. Beer could not be served. Lee aged before our eyes, a Convention and no beer. Could such things be? He decided to compromise. "Seven teas, one beer," he suggested, as one reasonable man to another. "No beer," said the waiter, a man



## The Harp in England (7)

of inflexible will. Lee was suddenly a broken fan. Obviously, THEY had struck. "Seven teas," he muttered, and started to reel up the stairs. He had the look of an aristocrat climbing into tumbrel, his world crashed into fragments around him. The waiter, like Mrs O'Leary's cow in the Great Fire of Chicago, obviously felt dimly that some terrible catastrophe had occurred for which he bore some responsibility. In the only way he knew, the wretched man tried to make amends. "Do you not want tea, sir?" he asked. This was too much for Lee. This was the last ton of straw. His mind snapped under the strain. "Tea!" he screamed hysterically. "Tea. Ha ha ha," he laughed maniacally. "No! I'm a tea-totaller. I'm a tea-totaller. I'm a tea-totaller!" And so on up the stairs. Poor Lee. We shall not look upon his like again. Until the end he was faithful to the great Ghod Bheer. May we adherents of another faith be capable of such devotion to Roscoe.

In Forry's hotel room we made Lee as comfortable as we could and distributed ourselves about the chairs and beds. I don't remember much of what we talked about and indeed there wasn't much time because Bill Temple and us three had to leave very soon to catch the last subway train. We were perfectly willing to walk the 5 or 6 miles to where we were staying, but we hadn't the slightest idea of how to get there. In London we would go underground at one subway station and come up at another, and then we were all right, but we hadn't the slightest idea what direction we had come from nor what lay between.

I do remember all the same discussing with John Benyon Harris the retitling job done by Wollheim on his story, NO PLACE LIKE EARTH. Wollheim had changed this to TYRANT AND SLAVEGIRL ON PLANET VENUS. I'd wondered what on planet earth Harris had thought about this, and apparently it wasn't much. I remember too that Forry nearly disrupted the SLANT staff by throwing on the bed between James White and Bob Shaw a Dollens Portfolio, "for the SLANT artist." Since they were both artists an ugly scene was only averted by my generously taking custody of the portfolio myself and promising that they could both look at it as often as they liked. Such is my selfless devotion to my staff. I want SLANT to be a happy magazine.

Far too soon we had to make a wild rush for the subway station. It was unlit when we arrived, the ticket booths were closed, and the elevators weren't working. However, the stairs were, and we dashed down them faster than light, hoping to go backwards in time. All that happened was that my suitcase acquired infinite mass, but finally we arrived at a dim platform in the bowels of the earth. Not a motion was to be seen, only a dark figure pacing up and down in the distance. After ten minutes James decided to ask him if there was another train tonight. We saw him approach the stranger and engage him in animated conversation. After about twenty minutes he came back and told us that he didn't know. Apparently however, he had told James the story of his life---people have a habit of doing this at James---and it turned out he came from Iceland. Bob said it was no wonder he was so familiar with James---he must be the one who has been getting all out mail. We once had a letter redirected from Iceland, you know. It was stamped "Try Ireland." Stamped, you notice; it must be happening all the time.

Eventually a train came along. It must have been the last train very late or the first train very early.

The next night there was supposed to be a sort of hangover session at a pub in Holborn, but most people had already gone home very few turned up. Forry Ackerman was there of course, and us three, and Derek Pickles and Alan Hunter of PHANTASMAGORIA, and Vince Clarke and Ken Bulmer and J.M. Rosenblum. All the chronic fans. I got some material from Rosenblum for my forthcoming history of British fandom, THE IMMORTAL TEACUP, and I had a long talk with Pickles about faneds' problems.



## The Harp In England (8)

Just before closing time we bought some bottles of Guinness and beer and soda water and took them up to the Epicentre. The soda water was for James, who made a beast of himself with the stuff in London. Glass after glass of the raw liquid he would toss down with wild abandon. I pointed out to him what dangerous stuff it was-- after all carbon monoxide will do for you in five minutes and it's only CO. Soda water is CO<sub>2</sub>, twice as bad.

When we got in we had a job at first to prise Bob away from a book he had found --OF WORLDS BEYOND, "The science of science fiction writing". However he was forcibly restrained from dashing off a 100,000 word novel in vanVogt's recommended 800 word episodes, and we all talked well into the morning. It's funny, but of all that I can only remember one piece of dialogue.

James: "Have you got your article for PHANTAS ready to see yet?"

Bob: "Only in crude and unintelligible form."

James: "Well, they printed it that way last time."

For some reason this seemed very funny at the time ((possibly because of the Guinness, beer, and soda water)), partly because Bob didn't get the point at all, and partly because it was so unlike James. He is usually the straight man in the trio, a big quiet chap, though occasionally he does come off with some devastating remark. The three of us seem to have acquired somewhat of a reputation for wit at the Epicentre, though when we did say something we thought clever it never seemed to go down as well as the ordinary give and take of a SLANT editorial conference. The truth is not that we're clever at all, but that this Irish accent we are supposed to have gives us a flying start. Actually Ken Bulmer and Vince Clarke are about the two most intelligent fans we have met yet, as well as two of the nicest. They make a wonderful combination. Ken (editor of NIRVANA) is dark and impetuous of manner, with a wonderfully wanky sense of humour. I remember the time he invented the steam engine. We were all sitting in the kitchen before supper when the kettle started to boil. The lid jumped up and down at a tremendous rate. Ken looked at it for a while and then said thoughtfully, "You know, there must be a way to harness all that Energy...." But probably that would only sound funny if you had been there. Vince Clarke is tall and fairly thin, with a very round head. He looks like a rather distinguished toffee apple. He talks with a slow drawl but on paper he is pungent and brilliant. His fanzine (S.F.News) contains some of the cleverest writing in fandom, very subtle and allusive, rather like my own stuff at times, only better.

But I'm getting nostalgic, as I usually do when I think about the times we had at the Epicentre, and anyhow Ken and Vince will be over here later in the summer. There will be quite a lot of activity in Belfast this year---Ferry Ackerman and Poul Anderson are also expected---and probably you'll hear something about all that later. In the meantime I've now come to the end of this Convention Report. We all had a grand time. Sometime it might happen, though I don't see how, that I might attend an American Convention and see how it should be done, but even if yours are only half as much fun as ours you'll find it very worth while. Go to the NOLACON and see. I only wish I could be there too.

--- Walter A. Willis

Be here again next issue for a report on the NOLACON. Unfortunately it won't be by Walt Willis but it will be a typical Quandry eye-witness report.

That's Quandry # 14

10¢ from 101 Wagner St. Savannah, Ga.



## ROBERT SHAW

I was born in 1931 in the middle of the depression -- our bedspring sags very badly. Due to a piece of thoughtless impatience on the part of my parents my birthday fell on December 31st. This pure stupidity meant that one present squared me for Christmas, birthday and New Year -- say! Maybe they weren't so stupid.

At the age of nine a peculiar effect thrust itself into my notice. In every comic or magazine I bought I always wanted to read first the stories about rockets and space flight. For a while I refused to believe the obvious implications and laughed it off. After all, things like THAT never happen to people you know. But it was futile -- I found myself standing for TWO HOURS at a shop window looking at the ASF cover for Lester del Rey's "Lunar Landing" -- and I wasn't able to get the money to buy it! For years I wandered through life alone and laughed at by my friends until I met James White and Walt Willis. The latter had been living less than a mile from my front door all the time.

I knew he was there, of course. The same way astronomers worked out the existence of Pluto by its effect on the orbits of the inner planets and various comets. I knew there was some person who periodically flooded the market (second-hand bookshops) with mags. Periodically too - he drained it, generally just before I got there.

Before I became an actfan I was keen on several hobbies such as living and being human, but I don't get time for that now.

LIKES: Illustrating SF, astronomy, writing SF, booze, reading SF, girls, talking SF, rice pudding, poker, Robert Mitchum, arguing, dancing, being sarcastic, and SF.

DISLIKES: Getting up early, James Cagney & Humphrey Bogart, creamy milk, Krishnan stories, Shakespeare's plays, atheism for bravado, and trying to reason with females.

RELEVANT DATA: I am 6'-0" in my good socks and weigh 12 st 12lbs (180 lbs) Brownness is one of my hair's properties, and it resembles an explosion in a mattress factory. My eyes are green and my eyelids keep dropping down over them. I hate wearing braces.

.....



The worried, apprehensive face I always see when I sketch myself in the mirror - Bob Shaw

# BEWARE

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# A DREAM

DAVID ENGLISH

The man had not been able to sleep. He lay awake with the suffocating blankets tangled about him and was uncomfortable. The queer feeling in his stomach was what kept him awake.

Now the queer feeling may have been caused by the lobster he had devoured for supper, or the pickle and pie that he had consumed before retiring, or by both, it was probably the both of them working together. But that isn't important at all.

Finally the man forced himself to go to sleep. Groaning with his terrific effort, he closed his eyes tightly, excluded all thought from his mind--and fell asleep....

After he fell asleep, he dreamed this:

He was far out in the depths of interstellar space, and he was shivering, for interstellar space is even colder than interplanetary space--and besides he had on only his pajamas. And all about him an airless wind howled silently as he walked along the Rim of the Universe (for that is what he dreamed he did: walk along the Rim of the Universe).

Suddenly he glanced over the Rim. He was amazed to see a great being with a thoughtful look upon His face.

"Who are you?" said the man to the Being.

I am the Creator of the Universe, came the reply; through My mind pass vast thoughts, and from them is made the Universe!

In the Beginning I was alone and was lonely. Therefore thought I of the Universe And lo! the Universe was!

On the Earth I put life with my vast thoughts. And on other planets I put life. And on some dark sunless planets I put that which thinks and acts, yet does not live...

During the aeons that followed I watched the life develop, watched it expand and grow and become greater--watched it with a fatherlike interest.

And also during those aeons I conceived the Natural Laws: the rules by which I govern this cosmic game with which I while away all eternity....

The Creator's voice trailed away off into the starred loneliness of His mighty dream and the man stood on the Rim of the Universe and watched Him think His great thoughts of the Universe; and the man hoped He would go on forever and would never stop. And yet the man felt pity--felt pity for his Creator!--and hoped that He would someday have release from His endless loneliness and eternal boredom....

And the man was amazed; he said in his amazement:

"Well! Well, well! My!"

And then, upon looking past the Creator to see an ever greater Being, the man said:

"Who is that?"

I do not know! was the reply that echoed among the stars.

"Well then, what is He doing?"

He is thinking of Me.





# How To Write A Science Fiction Story

by Stephen Craig

This article is devoted to those readers of science fiction who want to get into the writing side of the field. I guarantee absolute success if these premises are concluded: (1) You will succeed if you read this article carefully. (2) You will succeed if someone invents a workable time machine. Don't get discouraged by premise number 2. It is not even necessary, but is the only basis on which it can be guaranteed. I must also state that this article is not a guide for writing for Astounding Science Fiction, Galaxy Science Fiction, or Worlds Beyond (perhaps Worlds Beyond should not be included here, but the publicity won't hurt anything.)

We are going to learn how to write a classic of science fiction: not shoddy pot-boilers like What Mad Universe, or Five Gold Bands, or The Time Axis, or any of the other similarly terrible efforts that are published in several of the magazines.

We are going to write stories patterned on the classics, those magnificent stories of the late twenties and the thirties!

Let us see how we shall do this. First of all, we must have a Prime Mover, that is a reason for the entire story. The classic writers of yesterday were very expert in finding a Prime Mover and here are several examples of their extreme versatility and ingenuity: (1) The earth is threatened by destruction by (a) aliens from other worlds (b) a collision orbit (c) a nova of the sun (d) a cooling of the sun (e) the dying of earth. (It is to be noted that d and e are less frequent in occurrence in science fiction classics, possibly because of their extreme morbidity.) (2) The solar system is threatened by: (see a,b,c,d, and e under 1) (3) The galaxy is threatened by: (see note at conclusion of 2) (4) The universe is threatened by: (must I go on?)

There are, of course, at least a half dozen other variations, but these were the most popular. You will notice that not once does the story deal with the destruction of a dog house, a village in Southern Germany, or even a town as big as Hoboken. The authors learned that such small trivial happenings (as for example, the destruction of New York by volcanoes, atom bombs, lightning flashes, and ten year old boys with BB guns) were not sufficient room to move around in. As a matter of record, toward the end of that Golden Age, mere destruction of the Earth was considered worthy of nothing but poorly revealed contempt.

Let us at all times steer a middle road in our writings. We shall drift placidly away from any threatened destruction of tiny Terra, but we shall not be quite so modern as to destroy universes in an infinity of co-existent worlds. We shall be satisfied with threatening destruction of the solar system.

Let us check out notes and see just how we are going to get our prime mover. We have several choices, but our story shall be unique in that we will use them all (it is to be noted that we could use thousands of variations, but we are extremely restricted in the solar system.). We will have alien invaders from some other system, shall we pick Sirius? (Hardly any aliens ever come from Betelgeuse, or Zythab, or any of the suns designated by numbers). These alien invaders will be travelling not



## How To Write A Science Fiction Story (2)

by spaceship (that is too prosaic), but on the little burnt-out companion of the Dogstar with famous density.

Now we are forced to plot the Dark Star's course (and always put such words as Dark Star, Earth, The Moon, etc. with capital letters: this will inform the reader that the article capitalized is important and should be remembered) through the Solar System. It is a natural assumption that the Dark Star cannot collide with every planet (nine of them), every satellite (twenty six), and every asteroid (of which we have lost count), but we want a good show. So, we'll let out Sirius twin wham into fat old Jupiter. Jove is so light that it could float as well as Ivory Soap (99 44/100% pure---it floats---advt). Now our Dark Star will cause a lot of havoc and some of our worlds (we'll use Neptune and Uranus--nobody cares about them) will have their orbits destroyed and go drifting off into space to die (alas), but save your tears! There's worse ahead. Sol has become nova from the terrific attraction between it and the Dark Star; and Mercury (the planet without thermostatic controls) and Venus fall into the sun. There are a few worlds circling around the Dark Star--these are alien worlds, of course, and then the scientists see the whole hideous purpose of it all. The aliens of the Dark Star have taken a tear through the solar system to steal the envelope of hot gases around Sol. Due to the tremendous gravity of the Dark Star a good deal of the gases are torn off with the result that the Dark Star becomes a star again in its right being coated with Sol's outer gaseous garment. Naturally the sun dies out leaving Pluto and Saturn and assorted satellites, meteoroids, and asteroids drifting around the burned out Sol.

What has happened to Earth? By the strangest of coincidences, Earth is carried away by the Dark Star That Is Now Bright This is to insure an invasion from space.

At this point I think it would be wise to recapitulate our various data. Firstly, the Dark Star (now a bright star) collides with Jupiter; then Uranus and Neptune go drifting off into space; after that Mercury and Venus plunge into a novaed sun; then Saturn and Pluto are left to drift around rapidly cooling Sol; and Earth goes off flirtatiously with the Dark Star (no longer as the adjective preceeding it might imply). It is a good thing we wrote this paragraph because we seem to have misplaced Mars. This is unpardonable since no science fiction story should be without mention of Mars; as a matter of fact--none are!

Now we must begin our characters. We shall need a hero, but, fortunately for writer and reader alike, there is a hero already prepared for us. He is a normal (normal for science-fiction) person with the brain of an Einstein, the courage of a lion, the face of an Apollo, the strength of Hercules, and a few other qualities that shall be added in as they are required. He is always six feet or more in height and he usually possesses grey eyes which can be "cold and piercing", or "warm and friendly", or whatever is required. For the hero's eyes to be blue, or even brown, would be almost sacrilege.

Another thing which we must consider is how we are going to tell the story. Naturally we cannot allow the story to be narrated by the hero, because he is so modest and unassuming that he would be ashamed to show how really clever he is. We cannot use the expedient used in detective story writing: that of having an extremely stupid person (personifying the ideal detective story reader) narrating, because the Poor Sap would be constantly asking the hero questions and slowing up the action of the story.

Naturally, our hero can not be the only person in the story. Frequently he has companions. These companions are not usually normal, not quite, anyway. They may be smart and stupid-looking or else strong and ugly, or some other combination



### How To Write A Science Fiction Story (3)

by which they have one quality and nothing else (except honest to goodness). It is also established tradition that these friends do nothing but ask the stupid questions that the reader wishes he could ask. For all their qualities, it is always the hero who must do the heroics and scientific thinking, but without his companions he would be very lonely.

Then there is the old professor with the pretty daughter. Let us skip lightly over this subject: we have been here before, frequently.

Now we come to the task of delineating our aliens. A rather popular idea was to make the alien race an exact copy of Germany or an exact copy of the present situation in Russia: it all depends upon the international situation. To eliminate any individuals in the alien race, or any individuality, we shall make the aliens an ant-like kind of race. (Not that they will look like ants, however: Sirius is rather a close distance so they can not be too alien--perhaps their skin is dark, scaly, and their ears are pointed: that will be sufficient. They would have to be from Canopus or "far Arturus" at least before we pictured really loathsome aliens!)

Now writing the first half of a science fiction novel is rather easy. In this case we can spend a chapter on the approach of the Dark Star as discovered by the scientist, we'll call it "The Dark Star Rises"; that's chapter 1. By chapter 2, our hero will appear on the scene ready to get to the root of the mystery: it will take an unusually long chapter to repeat all learned in the first chapter; this is also an excellent opportunity for the hero to be introduced to the scientist's daughter. You may think that the long, boring scientific explanations are annoying to the old-time science fiction reader, but you are wrong.

Nothing could delight the old-time fan more than a good meaty scientific discussion:

"'You believe,' said Vando, Captain Satellite's trusted aide, 'that the Dark Star is travelling at a speed of 32,003 miles a second. I can not see how you arrived at that figure.'

"'It's really quite simple,' smiled Captain Satellite as he played an eery tone in the chord of Z on a Venusian nose-flute, 'since Sirius was a twin star I took 2, for twin, to the 9th power.'

"Vando rubbed his blue eye with his elbow curiously, 'Why did you take it to the 9th power?' he asked.

"It was a bright smile that the tall adventurer gave Vando, 'I took 2 to the 9th because there are nine planets in the solar system,' explained the hero of a thousand space battles. 'Then I multiplied the answer, 512, by 5, because there are five outer planets: Pluto, Neptune, Uranus, Saturn, and Jupiter. I then obtained 2560 which I multiplied by the square root of minus 1; after multiplying by it I divided by it, for obvious reasons, to obtain 2560 which was ample proof that my calculations were right so far. I then added 640 to 2560 and obtained 3200 which I multiplied by 10, adding 3 to the answer to obtain 32,003 miles per second as the final speed of the Dark Star.'

"'It's mostly clear now, chief, but I can't see why you added 640, multiplied by 10, and added 3.'

"Captain Satellite smiled tolerantly, 'I just told you that I did those things to obtain 32,003 as the speed.'

(con't over)



#### How To Write A Science Fiction Story (4)

"Gee, I guess I'm just stupid, boss."

"How true," answered Captain Satellite.

Naturally the reader didn't understand the involved mathematics and science, but it made him happy to pretend he did, actually it isn't necessary to the story, but when you're getting paid by the word you don't mind a little extra.

Then most of the story consists of the hero trying to do something about the menace, puttering around in his laboratory and so on. While he's absorbed there, Jupiter has been disintegrated and Uranus and Neptune have made their adious to the solar system. Other things are happening--that terrific speed has to be slowed down a bit so the Dark Star can plow through the system a bit more gracefully--more science there, but we are equal to the occasion.

All the destruction is going on, but is the reader worried? Not at all. He knows, deep in his "heart of hearts" that the bad things that happened to the system will be more than attoned for at the end.

That brings up another point; the End. Yes, inecorably, like the inevitable roll of time, there must come an end and the author is faced with the unexcapable task of, after 100 pages, of saving the Solar System.

Naturally, there are several ways of doing this. Here's one:

"Captain Satellite sat at the controls of his ship, the Satellite, and rocketed up into the black void above the earth to meet the cosmic invaders from the twin star of Sirius.

"Jupiter was but a memory. Neptune and Uranus were visible through only the most powerful of telescopes. Venus and Mercury were even then plunging into the nova that was Sol. And now, horror upon horror, Earth was being kidnapped by the Dark Star that was absorbing radiant matter from Sol. Even now he alone of all the Earth was rising to face the thousands strong space fleet of the aliens.

"Captain Satellite knew that before he was disintegrated he would account for a few hundred of the enemy creatures of Sirius, but he also realized that it would be no use in the end.

"Then came the attack! Thousands upon thousands of the needle-nosed black space-ships of the Dark Star plunged toward Earth. Captain Satellite found himself alone in a thick cloud of alien space ships. He turned fighting, blasting hundreds with his weapon that fired a square-shaped ray that twisted space apart. Then a solid mass of thousands struck his ship. Even as he fell he kept valiantly pulling the trigger.

"For Earth!" he screamed. "For Earth!"

"Darkness weaved around him and he felt himself falling. falling, falling, falling!(by the word, remember) He screamed!

"What's wrong, boss?" shouted Vando. "A nightmare?"

"Captain Satellite sat up in bed. 'Yes, another nightmare.'

"Captain Satellite sat up in bed. 'Yes, another nightmare.' With that the hero of a thousand space-wars rolled over in his bunk aboard the Satellite content with the knowledge that it was all a hideous dream."



Yes, you can end it that way, if you don't want to be a popular writer. The reader feels that he is cheated and remembers worse nightmares that he had himself.

Then, of course, you can not have the hero meet the inevitable end and just die. The reader wonders why he had to go through a long novel just to have the hero die in the end. He figures that it isn't worth it.

But then, suppose Captain Satellite does beat the hordes of the Dark Star. Even Captain Satellite will not find it convenient to make Sol cough up Mercury and Venus, or paste Jupiter back together again, or even find Uranus and Neptune. Then there are other problems that would take a lot of scientific explanation and chapters that would be anti-climactic. On the whole it isn't worth it.

So, we are stuck with a perfectly grand novel in the old time classic tradition, without an ending, but surely you can discover a suitable one.

Well, if you do, drop into the previously mentioned time machine and go back to the heyday of the classics and sell your story. Make sure you sign that story with the name of a famous author of that day, though it is better than he might usually write.

You may even cause a paradox--and that would be just the thing to write a time-travel story about!

The End

## seven moon planet

One night in every hundred-or-so-years  
Darkover (where the seven gold moons shine)  
lives through a thousand concentrated fears  
The moons decline  
And panic reigns unlifted, Fear is sated  
On one fell glut of darkness unabated.

But only once in every thousandth year  
Darkover (of the sevenfold tidal pull)  
lives through a night ten billion souls revere-  
Seven moons, at full  
Gone is all fate and fear, sin and repining  
Ten billion souls do reverence to their shining.

-- Marion Zimmer Bradley



# FOR SALE

ASTONISHING SCIENCE FICTION: 6 copies 1939, 1940 - 41 - 42 - 43 - 44 - 45 - 46 - 47 - 48 - 49 - 50 - and 6 copies 1951 There are 3 or 4 issues missing and a couple of covers are gone. Otherwise in good shape. If interested make me an offer and I will send full details.

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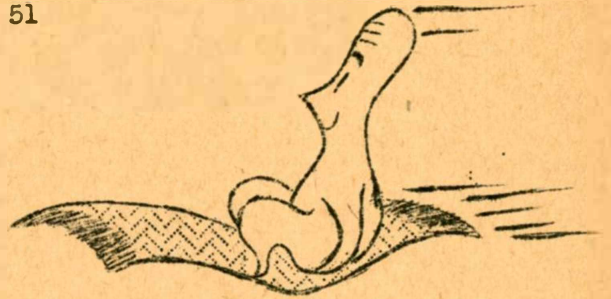
FANTASY FICTION: May 50

FANTASY & SCIENCE FICTION: Feb, April 1951

IMAGINATION: June 51

FAMOUS FANTASTIC MYSTERIES: March & May 51

GALAXY NOVEL: PRELUDE TO SPACE



## J. ALVIN ANOBA

236 BARTRAM AVE  
ESSINGTON, PA.



# THE TRAGEDY OF FANNIUS MCCAINIUS

A Shakesbeerian Play in Two Acts

by  
Lee Hoffman

## ACT ONE

Scene: A street in Eugene, Oregon, site of the 17th World Stfcon

Leecius Jacobus: Hence! Home, you idle creatures, get you home:  
Is this a holiday? What! Know you not,  
Being mechanical, you ought not walk  
Upon this day without the latest FAPA mailing?  
---Speak, what FAP art thou?

Waltius Willis: Why, sir, an Irish FAP recently Big Pounded,  
Without funds to return home, and in this strange land stronded.

Jacobus: Where is thy FAPazine and thy buck fifty, hey?  
Knowest thou not that all must pay?  
Unto the royal coffer each man  
Must give a dollar fifty American.

Willis: Ay, noble sir, but how wouldst an Irishfan, poor  
And stranded on this shore,  
And not in the best of health  
Gain such Yankee wealth?  
Unto you this tale I tell;  
If a bob would be acceptable,  
Then Robert Shaw I'd gladly give, I will  
For well he would the royal coffer fill,  
And unto overflowing, with Irish wit  
That, witless, plagues and give a fit  
To those who press the slanted press  
Til laughter hinders all progress.  
Yes, Shaw I'd gladly give  
For just the chance to live  
As once I did, midst hi-fi amps  
Without a thought of mental cramps  
And twisted wit and humor grave  
Which, tho I face with courage grave,  
I'd rather flee, unto the night  
Where darkness reigns and there is no White.  
I'd rather walk among the heather  
And never hear the words "a feather".  
Yea, if to give is FAFAN law,  
I beg you let me give Bob Shaw.

(over page)



Jacobius: Cease thy idle banter, Willis,  
For surely thou does't try to fill us  
To overflowing with useless prattle  
Of Shaw and White and Irish cattle.  
No more of this blarney will we hear.  
So pay your dues and let there be beer!

Willis: Oh, sire, you do not hear me right,  
For tho I speak of Shaw and White,  
I would unto you make it clear  
That I haven't a penny to spend on beer.  
I've given you so many clues  
To the fact that I have no money for dues.  
Think you that if I had a dime  
I'd waste my time on this silly rhyme!  
For if I had some dough  
I' swiftly go  
Through yon door  
To Ireland's shore  
A ticket to buy,  
That would I...  
For I'm not content  
With the time I've spent  
With Fannius McCainius.  
Let me go  
For now I know  
That this McCainius  
Is out for gain, he is.  
My info's straight.  
He wants to dictate  
O6er each fan  
That's in the band  
Called FAPA

Bobus Tuckerri: I'm very tired of listening to  
This Irish stew  
About the noble fan  
McCainius, for every man  
Knows of Fannius's works  
And of the potent thought that lurks  
Behind each word  
That is heard  
From the noble fan, McCainius.

So here, Jacobius, take this buck fifty  
And when buying beer be not thrifty.  
We'll not deny this slanter of words  
His right to be among the birds  
Who put out FAPazines.  
Let this poster of Outpost, this harping Harp,  
Become a member of the FAP.  
And thought I blush at such forced rhyme  
My time shall come, and come in time.

(filp over)



Fannius McCainius (3)

Shelbus Vickus:      Listen, Willis, for I say  
                         That a plot is underway  
                         To free our land  
                         Of the treacherous fan.  
                         And altho it may pain us,  
                         We shall kill McCainius.  
                         For anyone who would dictate  
                         To his fellow vertabrate  
                         Deserves to die,  
                         Say I.

Willis:                Aye.

Vickus:               So come and listen to the plan  
                         To put an end to the man  
                         Who would enslave us.  
                         For you, Willis, will help save us.

Willis:                Aye.

((Fanfare, followed by Paul Ganely. Enter Fannius McCainius and party))

Coswalius:           McCainius for emperor of the FAP!  
                         There is no more deserving sap.  
                         No member of this train is  
                         Half as deserving as McCainius.  
                         Now, peace ho, Fannius will speak.  
                         List' to the words that drop from his beak.

McCainius:           Caldonia!

Caldonia:           My lord?  
                         Thy word  
                         Has reached my ear.  
                         You call for me, I hear.

Eneyis:               Beware the Ides of SAPS!

McCainius:           What man is this that walks  
                         Within my train and talks  
                         Of SAPS?

Coswalius:           Out of the many, he is  
                         The one called Eneyis.

McCainius:           He is a dreamer. Let us leave him.  
                         But scorn him not, for I would not grieve him.  
                         A noble editor this Eneyis,  
                         Some say better than FTLaney is.

Caldonia:           Oh noble lord  
                         Whose honored word  
                         Doth proclaim  
                         A fannish fame  
                         An honored name  
                         Which none dare shame.



Fannius McCainius (4)

Caldonia: I've seen a vision in the skies,  
Which tells to me that danger lies  
About thee in the men,  
Who call themselves "devoted fen".

McCainius: A goodly prophet you, as well as a durn good cook.  
---Among my men? Well...yon Willis hath a lean and hungry look.  
And when I look to Tuckerri  
I see a wary watching eye.  
But noble Jacobius, I give  
My trust, for I know he'd as leave I live,  
For when eventide draws near,  
I invite him to my house for beer.  
In return I know he'd strive  
To keep me alive.

Caldonia: Yes, sire, a good man is he.  
But what if they offer him beer for free---?  
Could you trust him then  
In the hands of unscrupulous men?

McCainius: Listen to me, devoted wife,  
I'd trust this Jaconius with my life.  
He'd ne'er join in nefarious plan  
To do away with the noble man  
That is McCainius.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!

(exeunt all but Jacobius and Tuckerri)

Jacobius: I must piece it out.  
Shall FAPA stand under one man's awe?  
What? FAPA?  
My zines did from the mailings of FAPA  
The Hoffmaniuc drive when Lee was called an emperor.

Tuckerri: Sir, October is wasted 14 days.  
I we would mail, we must look to our ways.

Jacobius: Then we must go  
To our mimeo.  
But I'm in a stew  
Over what to do  
About the affair  
That's in my hair.

Tuckerri: May I ask  
What task?

Jacobius: They say that this McCainius  
Trying to make personal gain, he is.  
They say that I've nought to fear  
For they'll give me free beer  
If I'll take part in the scheme  
To end his dictatorial dream  
And use my little knife  
To take away his life.

(turn page)



Fannius McCainius(5)

Tuckerri: To speak of such things is heresy!  
--They'll give a man free beer, you say?--  
Hummm...if free beer they'll give,  
McCainius has not long to live.

Jacobius: Listen my friend, and you shall hear  
That I've decided on Free Beer.  
To the mimeo we'll away  
McCainius shan't live another day!

ACT TWO

Convention Hall. Coswalius is introducing the guest speaker, McCainius)

Coswalius: I say this now to every fan.  
We should honor this mighty man.  
Honor the noblest fan to live.  
Unto McCainius, what is McCainius's give.

Chorus: Yea! McCainius!

McCainius: Lend me your ears, for I have a plan  
To elevate the noble fan  
Known to his fellows as a FAP  
Far above the common sap,  
To the epitome of his dream,  
To a place of glorious high esteem.

Willis: (aside) Listen now, for we have a plan  
To put an end to this bragging fan.  
As Tuckerri said of those who rhyme  
"The time shall come." Well--now's the time.

Vickus: C. Fannius McCainius---

McCainius: Hence! Wilt thou hold up the FAPA mailing?

Tuckerri: Great McCainius---

McCainius: Doth not Jacobius beerless kneel  
And ask a can to wash down the noon meal?

Jacobius: Nay, Lord---

Willis: You'd have each man on bended knee!  
Well, let my typewriter speak for me! ((He draws a typewriter  
from beneath his robe and drives it into McCainius's neck. Vickus and  
Tuckerri follow. Jacobius is last to thrust.))

McCainius: Et tu, Jacobius?

Jacobius: Brank two, McCainius. Free beer for all!

McCainius: Then fall, McCainius--- ((dies))

Coswalius: Oh, mighty McCainius, doth thou lie so low?  
Are all thy FAPazines, SAPSazines, subazines, gratiszines,  
Shrunk to this little measure? -- Fare thee well.--

Vickus: Don't take it so hard, kid. We all gotta go sometime.  
Come on, let's all go have a beer.

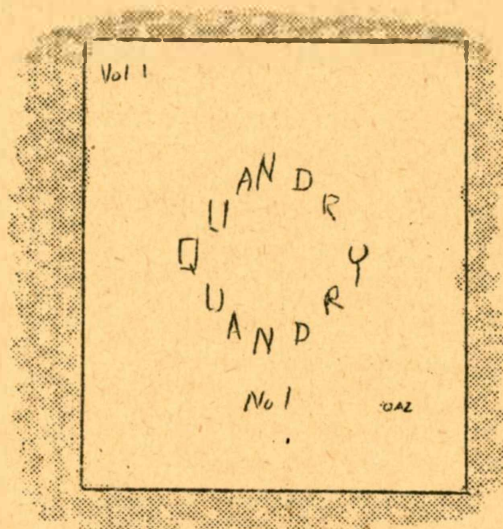
Coswalius: Vickus for emperor of FAPA!

Vickus: That's the idea!

Willis: So call the field to rest and let's away  
To drink as beer the profits of this happy day! ((exeunt))



# WANTED



## QUANDRY #1

Will trade the April, June, August, October, and December 1948 issues of Famous Fantastic Mysteries or the May, July, Sept, and Nov, issues of Famous Fantastic Novels for one.

Pat Eaton  
c/o Otis Cafe  
Otis, Oregon

# REWARD

-adv



# THE MAP

The student loitered in the robot's room,  
Where the old mentor fatherly and sage,  
Had told him oftentimes of man's dark doom  
And how men fashioned robots in their rage,  
When the frail brain with senses weak and blind  
Became too small to house the expanding mind.

And then the robot told him of the wars  
Of man with man till on the bomb-scarred earth,  
Only the robots walked beneath the stars,  
Immortal beings of synthetic birth,  
For man had made them beautiful and bright,  
In his own image, lovelier than light.

"Yet there are caves," he whispered, "have no doubt,  
Where sheltered from the planet's shattering fate,  
Live remnants of the race whose hands reached out  
To conquer space but could not conquer hate.  
And yet," the mentor raised an iron glove,  
As if to dry a tear, "yet there was love!"

"Still, there is love," the student cried, "for when  
The slender moon tips earthward languorously,  
Warm human fingers touch my heart and then  
I know that somewhere someone waits for me."  
The mentor's voice rang like a thunder-clap,  
"Take it and go!" he said, "here is the MAP!"

The Next

Issue of

Quandry

will

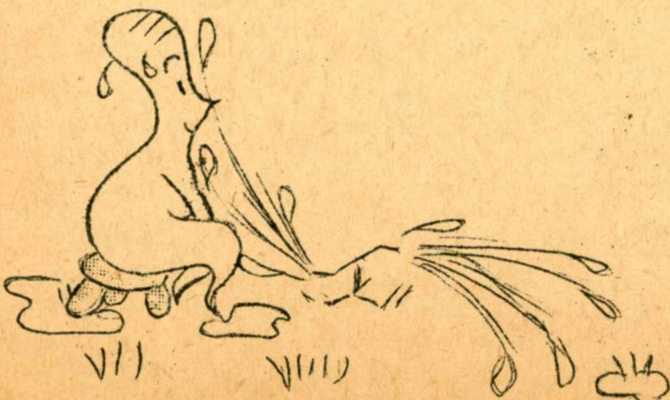
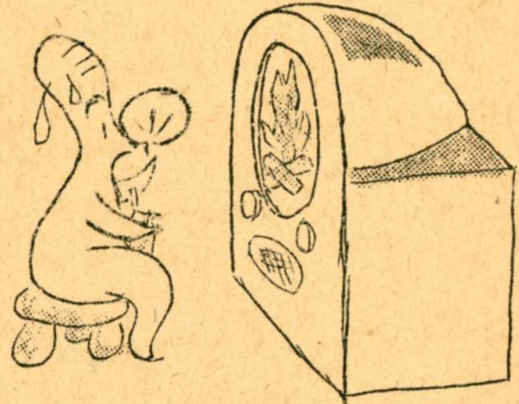
be

out in

Mid-September.

Don't

Miss it!



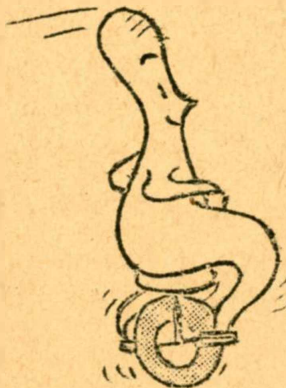


Since Rodd Boggs was unable to supply File #13 in time for this issue, as planned, we bring you in its place File #7~~2~~, better known as

## SLURP

the ultimate column....

Firstoff this time a word of explanation: "Slurp's" long absence from these hollowed pages is not due to laxity on the part of its omnipotent perpetrator. (i.e., it ain't my fault!) Just after publication of Q#8, I received word (through another ~~fm~~) that Lee was down on his back. Since my column for #9 was already in, I delayed correspondence (though I owed him a letter) until receiving #9, or at least word that he was recovered. Almost three months he dallied, with the fear growing within me that Q had gone the way of SPACEWARP; but then--horror of horrors--I saw a review of #10 Q. "Gazzooks!" says I, "I have been overlooked!" So saying, I slumped down before my typer (a venerable Royal, which is nearing the age of retirement, if not downright senility) and pecked out a postal card to Lee, asking "what gives?" His reply stated that #s 11 & 12 were also out (he sent these, poste haste ((Latin for Hasty post))) and that supplies of #s 9 & 10 were all gone. He was sure that they had been mailed to me. But more horror still, #13 was mostly made up; with nothing from me within. Worse yet, he had replaced "Slurp".



This somewhat dehydrated column, then, is merely an experiment. If you brilliant and astute readers like it in this size, it shall remain. This is just about last chance for you Banks haters to be rid of me, so get in those letters paying "Slurp". Don't wait (there's a possibility of forgetting), sit down right now and write to Lee; telling him just what he can do with "Slurp"! ((Watch that postal regulation!))

At this writing, I am not at all certain that I shall be able to attend the NOLACON but I still hope to. The South may never have one again, unless the local clubs in Dallas and Houston (which I'm trying to set up in connection with the Texas state club) work out far in excess of my fondest hopes at present. I hope I see you all Labor Day!!

By the roadside (what's the difference, roadside--roadway--way? All amounts to the same thing!), will any faithful Q addicts part with #s of 9 & 10 from his back number files. I'll give 25¢, or a copy of my special sixth issue of UTOPIAN (when it comes out) for both, and would like to get ahold of them as soon as possible.

I just saw "The Thing". It struck me as a rather good movie in the tradition of the early Karloff-Frankenstein films (I've seen everyone of these except the first and foremost!((Heavens to Colin Clive))), though much better written. It seems the scientist who went off his nut---as I heard a veteran movie goer near me exclaim--and tried to cultivate little monsters ((paging Lynn Hickman!)) was put in as a sort of "peace offering" to science-fictionists who were revolted by the plot twisting from Campbell's masterpiece.

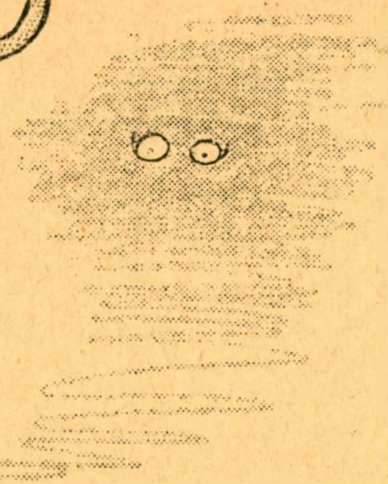
Bye now.

---R.J. Banks, Jr.

phantasmagoria carries a regular column by Walt Willis, and has art work by Alan Hunter of NEW WORLDS, not to mention terrific material from other sources. Price: one prozine per three issues. Address the editors --- Derek & Mavis Pickles - 41, Compton St.-Dudley Hill,-BRADFORD, Yorkshire-England



# I CHEATED LUCIFER



I stared at the typewriter and the typewriter stared back at me with all its forty eight eyes. Finally I looked away in defeat. The confounded thing always won

"A story," I moaned, "if only I could think of a story." The fireplace muttered, then vindictively spit a spark at me. In a rage I leaped up, seized the poker and began to beat the fire ~~mercilessly~~. It all too ably defended itself with a cloud of red-hot sparks. Frustrated, I crept back to my leering typewriter and comforted myself with a half-hour of unreserved sobbing.

"God, I'll do anything for a story. I'd sell my soul for a story. Do you hear? Sell my soul!"

"Ah, interesting if true, my friend."

Startled, I looked up. Before me stood a figure covered from head to foot with an inky black robe. The face was hidden by a dark cowl, but from its dim interior two eyes burned with a scarlet light of their own.

"You! Why, the first time I saw you was at the Norwescon. I hear you found a number of likely prospects there."

The red eyes sparkled with repressed merriment. "As a matter of fact, I did. My dealings there proved to be most lucrative. But to the matter at hand. Didn't I just hear you offer to make a deal with me?"

"Could be, but the story has to be good. Darned good."

"It will be. The best ever to see print in a fanzine. Got a paper and pencil, or do you prefer to type your notes?"

I looked at the typewriter, shuddered, and rummaged in the desk drawer.

"Good, now listen closely.

"Far off in time and space there is a land called Twallug whose people worship the powerful ghod named Ghu. In the capitol city of this country they have built a mighty temple to Ghu. Within the temple there is a statue of Ghu Himself. In one tentacle of the Statue is clutched a tiny crystal vial containing a magic liquid known as the Goo of Ghu.

"Some say that he who drinks the liquid will be gifted with life eternal. Others claim that the imbibor of the Goo of Ghu will be granted any number of wishes. Afew, but these fear to voice their thoughts, think that it will bring about a living incarnation of Ghu. None know for sure, and-----."

"Why doesn't someone drink it and find out?" I interrupted. Twin jets of fire seemed to shoot from the glowing eyes.



## I Cheated Lucifer (2)

"Silence!" After a moment in which the eyes cooled, my visitor continued. "The vial is immovable from Ghu's tentacle. However, the priests of Ghu predict that someday a Chosen One shall appear who will be able to pluck the vial from Ghu's grasp and drink its contents.

"Now, if you have any imagination at all the story you build from those facts will make you famous. Let's see. You have exactly three hours before I collect my fee."

"Hey, wait a minute! Don't I get any time to enjoy all the glory this will bring me?"

"That wasn't in the bargain. Two hours, fifty-nine minutes and forty-three seconds of your time is left." With a snarl I turned to my nenis, and after a moment of effort, began to type.

Time fled by. The keys jammed. The space bar would move the carriage two spaces every time I punched it, and a capital L would appear everytime I hit the period key, but no thanks to the typewriter, I was finished when my visitor said with unconcealed glee, "Hand me your wrist, please."

A bony hand appeared from beneath the robe and fastened onto my wrist with a warm, moist grasp. The literally hellish eyes met mine and held them. I could feel a something working inside me, twisting, tearing, pulling.

Fully five minutes passed in which the hand grew hotter and moisture from it trickled down my arm. The eyes burned more redly until their weird glow filled the whole room. At last, with a shriek of rage, Lucifer leaped away from me. "Cheat! Fiend! Swindler! You don't have any soul to give me."

Permitting a smirk of satisfaction to spread across my face I agreed with him. "Quite right. My parents used to tell me I never did have a soul."

A thunderous explosion rocked the room and charred my rug as the cheated Lucifer returned to the safety of his domicile.

With the heady wine of victory still prevailing me I fixed my eyes upon the typewriter and once again began a battle of wits.

In case any of you are interested, I'm still here, staring, staring, staring, and that damned thing hasn't even blinked one of its eyes yet. But someday, someday-----.

.....

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# NEWS FLASHES!

from OKSNS

New York, April 1st: H.L. Gold, editor of Galaxy Science Fiction confirmed a report today that his publishers (World Editions, Inc.) , had bought-out Astounding Science Fiction from Street & Smith Publications. Gold said that the company would not attempt to publish two competing magazines, but that within the next month or two Astounding would be merged with Galaxy and disappear from the newsstands --- that is, thereafter Astounding would be only a name on Galaxy's title page. Gold further stated that readers who subscribed to Astounding would not be credited with money in Galaxy. "After all," he told a reporter for this paper, "anyone who buys that magazine deserves to get gypped."

Reached for a statement just before lunch, John Campbell said the report was true and that he was retiring from science fiction to spend his days at the Dianetics Research Laboratory. "I've been sold down the river," Campbell said. "Anyone who believes this is foolish."

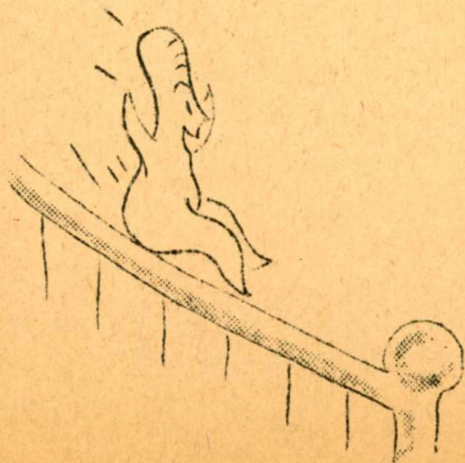
## ARMY SEEKING ROCKET FANS

Colonel Flatbush J. Bridgework of the IX Army Engineers told the New York Times in an exclusive interview that "... the army is seeking science-fiction fans, those rocket fellows who seem to know all about space travel. I don't mind revealing, sir, that we at White Sands are completely stopped. A roadblock has been thrown up between us and the interplanetary spaces. We need these experienced fellows."

The colonel's press secretary said that special ratings are being made available for science-fiction fans who join up. Each fan entering the army, he stated, will be paid monthly, given free beds & meals as well as clothing and medical supplies, and will have the privilege of saluting superior officers. There are no dues.

(Oliver King Smith News Service)

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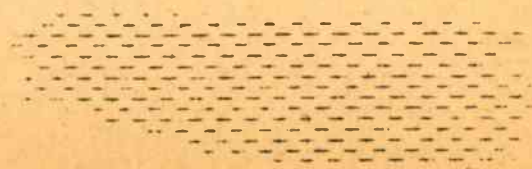
## TIME STREAM

for snappy stf

The new Georgia zine

edited by Paul Cox, J.T. Oliver, Van Splawn

from 3403 6th Ave. Columbus, Ga





# 'SAID I TO MYSELF'

by MARION Z. BRADLEY

"It doesn't make sense to me." said Marybeth uncompromisingly.

"But darling," I argued, "It's perfectly logical. Stevenson worked it all out in the story of Jekyll and Hyde."

"A fairy story!" scoffed Marybeth.

"No!" I told her, firmly, Prophecy. Like Jules Verne and his submarine. He had the idea; all the scientists had to do was work out the mathematics. I maintain that all we have to do is work out the mathematics... or if you prefer, the psychology...through which we can accomplish the schizoid split. And I think I've done it. You see, the recent discoveries about the space lattice and interpenetrating atoms....."

"Oh, help!" Marybeth put her pretty hands to her pretty head. "You talk like a textbook, Pete!" She sat down on the corner of my desk swinging her attractively nyloned legs. "And what godd

is this going to do, anyway?" she asked.

"Mr Hyde, if I remember the story, was a horrible person.

If you turn into that sort of thing..."

"Marybeth, you're missing the whole idea!" I insisted.

"I don't want to hear it!" Marybeth giggled, and brushed an imaginary spot off the immaculate front of her white laboratory smock. I gave it up. After all, Marybeth wasn't a scientist. But Doctor Marden on the psychology Clinic had wanted another confidential assistant; and he already had one trained nurse and one lab technician, and his daughter had offered to take over the secretarial end of it.

She wasn't much of a secretary, but she was the one girl I have seen who could look not only pretty, but luscious in the shapeless lab coats we wore. I forgot all about my elaborate schizophrenia theories. After all, the schizos were Doc Marden's business.

I leaned forward over the desk and kissed Marybeth....

"A-hem!" The acidulous tones of Roz Stratton, trim and dainty in her beautifully fitting nurse's frock, interrupted us. "If I'm not disturbing you, Mister Bent..."

I jumped off the desk as if I'd sat on a live wire, and Marybeth Marden was





instantly preoccupied with a button on her lab coat. "It's my birthday, Roz," she fibbed, "Are you going to congratulate me too?"

Rosalind Stratton was a receptionist-nurse and she was tall and brownhaired and green eyed in more ways than one. Marybeth was the boss's daughter, and Marybeth, she considered, was poaching on her preserves. She handed me a tube and a bottle. "Routine tests on these, Pete. Miss Marden, if you aren't too busy would you type these case histories?"

Marybeth meekly took the proffered sheath of papers and Roz perched on my desk, fanning herself with a diminutive nurse's cap, while I got out of my chair and did things with bunsen burners and litmus paper. "What a morning!" Roz said, "That Silvernail child is one of the worst brats I ever saw in a psychiatrist's office, and I'm darn' sure that it's Doc Marden's single blessedness that attracts that Jordan Dame. Insomnia! I'll bet!" she laughed a little harshly.

I guess I'm what's called susceptible. I kept my back turned to Roz while I made the tests, but I felt my ears getting red. There ought to be a law against letting nurses wear such perfectly molded uniforms. I was acutely conscious of the way the white belt drew together at her waist, and the way the dark hair lay against the snowy collar. Gorgeous girl ought not to work in offices. I mumbled "I gotta work, Roz. You ought to let me know when you're coming in, and I'd put blinders on."

"That wouldn't suit me at all!" purred Roz.

"Nurse! Nurse!" came the impatient call from the outer office, in the pompous and fussy tones of the Psychiatrist. Roz grinned, winked at me, and whirled around so swiftly that her dark hair streamed. Everybody jumped when Doc Marden yelled.



I finished the tests, gave the chart to Marybeth to take out into the offices and went back to my interrupted study. This lab routine was only part-time, at best, and I had plenty of time to keep up my own medical studies. I lit a cigarette, unbuttoned my labcoat, and took up a much-chewed pencil, staring at the page before me.

Fundamentally, (I had written) the schizophrenic is the man in whom conflicts have become so strong that he can no longer integrate his conflicting desires and drives within the limits of a single personality. Actually he is incapable of living with himself. The result is a split personality, which permits him to operate alternately on two different levels. The case of Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde is too well-known to need clarification."

I put my pencil to the paper. Now was my own theory, and it wasn't an orthodox one.

"It is my contention," I wrote, slowly, stopping to nibble at the eraser like a nervous high-schooler taking a term exams, "That every man is by nature dual; not only mentally but physically. In the recent discoveries in the field of what has been called the space lattice, it has been demonstrated that the spaces between atoms and portions of atoms. Thus, by proper polarization and atomic distribution, it would be possible to pass one solid cube into another so that the two literally occupied the same space at the same time.

"I further contend that two such basic bodies, each equipped with separate brains and identities, comprise the individual that is the normal man or woman. In the adjusted individual, these are permanently integrated and operate in a state of continuous symbiosis; however, when the two individuals get out of alignment, a mental separation results, and the result is that the two live in disharmony, with one identity ruling, then the other, alternately. This is the condition which is known as schizophrenia, or split personality.

"However, each of those, separate identities possess a separate physical body, as well. If, when schizophrenia threatens, some way were formulated to separate these symbiotic bodies, there would be no disharmony. This could be done under certain conditions; perhaps, by some physical process or repolarization, possible by some explanation of the astral body, the Ka or Egyptian double, the "ectoplasmic materialization". The necessary conditions....."

I broke off there, furiously chewing on the ruined eraser. I was sure that the process involved was psychological; the process involved was a matter of subconscious conviction of the possibility and the necessity for the schizophysical split, a conviction on the colloidal molecule-levels of the body and brain. What a cure it would be for schizophrenia! I thought, jubilantly. Each half of the split personality would have a body of its own. I tossed my pencil in the air. The Peter Bent cure for Schizophrenia... no, the Bent Treatment. It sounded good. It would give me a reputation as big as Doc Marden's own!

"Are you still working on that crazy stuff?" Marybeth Marden came back into the lab, unbuttoning her lab smock, folding it, stowing it in a locker. She was wearing a sheer, exquisite silk blouse; she looked kissable and wonderful and I think old man Methuselah would have whistled. And I'm only twenty seven.

And just as the whistle died away, Roz Stratton came through the door, buttoning herself into a smooth gray wool jacket. "Five O'clock, Pete," she said chummily.



"Are you going to drive me home?"

"Why-- sure--" I said indistinctly, fumbling with my papers. "Sure...Marybeth--"

"Daddy's calling me...." she said tensely, and fled into her father's office, "I am going home with him...."

"Well," said Roz, lifting her pencilled brows. "Our little playgirl secretary has something on her mind! You can't tell me that Marden's society-girl daughter has any great contributions to the world of society in mind!"

"Now, Roz!" I protested unconvincingly. "Marybeth isn't really a society girl at heart....."

"No, of course not!" Roz said acidly. "She has the welfare of science...or rather of one scientist...very much at heart! Good night, Mister Bent!" She whirled at the glass door into the hall. "I'll take the subway, thanks!"

"Roz...Rosalind!" I protested. But the door slammed with a crashing rattle, and I frowned, slumping into my desk chair. Darn it, it wasn't fair to have two pretty girls in the same office.

That seemed to be what Roz thought too.

I had planned to take Roz to supper, but that had blown my plans higher than a kite. I went home gloomily, made myself coffee in the seldom-used kitchenette, and spent part of the evening trying to reread Dr Jekyll and Mr Hyde and maybe get some ideas.

I thought hypnosis might accomplish something. I has the makings of a schizophrenic, I knew, I could never make up my mind about anything. Look at the way I dithered over making up my mind who I wanted an office romance with! But self-hypnosis was risky. Besides, I didn't know quite how to go about it. I'm no psychiatrist. I knew, vaguely, that it was done with lights...

I had nothing to lose, anyway, I reflected, and set about dreaming up ways and means. My kid brother had left his Erector set here when he visited me last spring, and I dragged it out of the closet and with the little electric motor, rigged up a whirling device, and fixed a small shaving mirror at one end and the cover of the glass sugarbowl at the other end. Then I turned out the lights and sat staring at the thing.

But it didn't do any good. I stared and stared at it, until I must have fallen asleep in my chair.

When I woke up, my whole side was prickling as if it had gone to sleep, and stiffly, stumbling over my own feet, I got up, turned off the still-spinning little gadget, tidily put back the top to the sugarbowl, and laughed at myself for making such a ridiculous device. But I was still completely convinced that this split could be made. My hand and left arm had gone to sleep, and my fingers were all thumbs, but I undressed in the dark, got into a pair of faded blue pajamas and fell into bed. I resolved to try again tomorrow.

But I didn't have to.

(con't over)



Said I To Myself (5)

When I woke up, it was one of those drizzly, streamy, rainy mornings when the panes are washed by long streamers of gray rain, and the noise is like the long roll played on a million two-inch-wide drums, with toothpick sticks. I lay there in the semi-dark, looking incuriously at the face of the alarm clock, which said three minutes of seven, and wishing I didn't have to go to work. One half of me knew that I ought to get up and shut off the alarm clock before it rang, but the other half didn't feel like stirring.

"Brrrrrrrrrrraaaaaaaang!"

I cursed the loudness of the clock and with a quick automatic motion I leaped out of bed to shut the commotion off.

Or thought I did.

The clock stopped. But I was still lying in bed, my side prickling as if I had slept on it wrong, and wearing only half a suit of pajamas.

Across the room, with his -- his? -- hand still on the alarm-clock button, a man was standing. He was wearing the other half of my pajama suit and as I looked...he... reached up and switched on the overhead light.

And even before he turned his face toward me, I knew who it was.

Because in a queer way I felt as if I was standing there with the light on. I was standing there.

"Look here....." I -- he -- we yipped at once.

"Great- jumping- jee-ho-se-phat!" I yowled.

My other self used a less decorous expression of surprise and dismay.

"Come back here!" I yelped mournfully. I couldn't think of anything else. Holy smoke! Physical schizophrenia...or plain simple insanity...

My other self reached over me, his face working. "Do you mind?" he asked politely, and pinched me.

"Ouch!" we said automatically together.

"Now look," I pleaded, "let's get together on this..."

The other one of me grinned. "Okay," he said, and obediently he moved toward the bed. I rose, smoothly. Half-way we met, touched---smoothly, and with a gentle prickling sensation in the areas of contact, we -- I -- melted in together and were a single individual again. I was sitting in the edge of the bed, and although it was cold in the room, I realized that my armpits were dripping cold sweat. Gee whiz, what a hebluva nightmare! I wiped my forehead and shucked off my pajamas, heading decisively for the bathroom. I turned on the shower, full-force and ice-cold. That would rout the nightmare!

I hate ice-cold showers. I stood my ground, but my alter-ego didn't have that much nerve, I guess. With a smooth, uneasy, not unpleasant prickling, "h" slid smoothly out again and got out from under. I gasped and suddenly I groaned.

"What's the matter?" inquired he with urbane politeness. He handed me a towel with a sarcastic little bow. "If you'll come out from that very unpleasant place..."

"Sissy!" I growled unpleasantly. The whole thing was nightmarish.

"Who's calling who sissy!" he snapped back.

"I'm calling me sissy...no, I mean I'm calling you sissy!" with effort I got it straight.



Said I To Myself (6)

"Well, just who are you anyway?" he snarled.

"I'm Peter Bent!" I informed him wrathfully.

"The Heck you are!" he told me, "I'm Peter Bent."

The ridiculousness of it must have struck us both at once; suddenly we both burst into laughter, and quickly pelted together again.

I was beginning to understand. Whenever I acted like a man with one idea, I was one person. When I started arguing with myself...

At least, I thought grimly, I'll never lack a chess partner!

I dressed slowly, pondering. My so-called hypnosis must have been more successful than I had thought. On the table, my notes on "artificial schizophrenia" lay where I had left them, and with a long shudder I reached out, tore them in two and dropped them into the wastebasket.

"Darn it, quit that," commanded an irritated voice, and I turned to see my other half trying to knot his tie. I had melted out this time, and was carefully retrieving the destroyed papers and meticulously pasting them together with transparent tape.

We melted together and again, weak in the knees, sat down and shuddered. It was a long time before I was able to think coherently again. As soon as I could, I picked up the telephone and dialed the familiar office number.

Roz answered the phone.

"It's Pete..." I said. "Roz, tell Doc I won't be in today. I'm sick. I'm awfully sick." I elaborated.

"Why, Pete!" her voice was full of concern. "Your voice sounds so funny and shaky, you must have caught cold. You poor boy." the voice grew very soft, almost purring, "I'll ~~run~~ right over and make sure you're okay."

"No, no..." I started to protest in panic. "Roz, you mustn't..."

Suddenly--- and with dismay--- I felt that eerie prickling. Then the phone was grabbed out of my hand...or rather I wrenched the 'phone from my own hand--and heard my own voice saying, "That'll be wonderful, gorgeous!"

"I'll be right over," said Roz, and slammed down the receiver.

Now I was in a fine mess. I glared at the part of me that was hanging on to the telephone. "Give me that thing." I said with annoyance.

"I will not." I said to myself.

And both halves of me groaned.

And Roz would be over here in twenty minutes.

"Look here," I pleaded grotesquely with myself. "We can't let Roz see us like this."

"Well, then, come on where you belong." said my other half, and began to move



Said I To Myself (7)

ominously toward me.

Much as I wanted to be in one piece again, I didn't think I could stand that melting process again without turning into a gibbering, howling maniac.

Evidently this one half of me was in love with Rosalind. But for the first time in my life I was completely and irrevocably sure that I loved Marybeth, and nobody else, and this screwball extension of me would have to fall into line whether he liked it or not.

"You can't do that to me," he snapped. "I love Roz, and you're going to marry her."

Could I possibly marry both of them now? No, that was a crazy idea. Besides, I adjusted myself gravely, that would be bigamy.

"Well, look," said myself, to me, sensibly, "he'll have to do something."

"He'll have to duck out before that woman gets here," I moaned. "She'll have me, hook, line, and sinker, before you can say schizophrenia."

"Look here," snapped I back to me, "You're talking about my girl. Shut my mouth or I'll punch you right in my nose!"

"Well, the alter ego suggested, "Why don't you go down to the office and let me stay here and talk to Roz." He snickered slightly, "I'm not so sure I want a third party around anyway."

"You're only a hunk of me." I told him wrathfully. "You-- you pseudopod!"

"You'll see if I am."

We rushed at each other with only one thought in our two minds...and quite naturally melted together again.

I made my voice casual as I strolled in through the glass door. "Morning, Doc. Good morning, Marybeth. Sorry I'm so late." I pretended to notice the empty desk. "I'm not the only one, it seems. Where's Stratton this morning?"

Marybeth, struggling into her lab coat with delicious wriggles, blew me a kiss over her shoulder. "Way, she got a telephone call and went out. She said you weren't coming in this morning."

"Er--ahem!" Doc Marden broke in. "Marybeth, you said..."

"Oh, yes." Marybeth came toward me, taking my hand, and with a quick sinking of my heart I noticed a large solitaire diamond on her finger. "Pete, Daddy wants to hear about your ideas about artificial schizzy-- skizzo- whatever it is. I told him all about them, and he thinks they're wonderful."

"Well--" the Doc said, his ears reddening a little at the girl's enthusiasm, "I thought there might be something in them. After all, I'm getting a new partner." He spoke with a gruff kindness. "What is all this, young Bent?"

I felt myself prickling nervously. Frankly, I was scared.

"Oh, er---just some ideas I picked up from reading science-fiction, Doc. I was



pulling Marybeth's leg a little. I don't guess it would really work..." I muttered.

"Why, Pete." said Marybeth mournfully. "Daddy, he's just being shy."

I mentally groaned.

Prickle, prickle, with little melting needle-shutters chasing themselves up and down my back.

"Peter Bent." Doc Marden's voice was suddenly icy and brittle. "What is going on? Have you taken to conjuring tricks? Or were you under the impression that this is a public-dressing-room?"

I stared about me-- gasped, with my mouth wide open.

My faded blue pajamas hung half-way about me, over and intertwined fantastically with my gray lab coat. "Ooooh?" I yowled. I knew I was only one person again. My demon alter-ego must have sneaked out when I wasn't looking, gone home, got back into bed and put on my pajamas. Maybe he'd been talking to Roz and had vanished into thin air. Heaven only knew what he'd been up to! I managed a sickly laugh, avoiding Doc Marden's eyes. "It's nothing...I must have forgotten to....." I clawed at the offending pajamas.

"Eeeeeeeek!" shrieked Marybeth as I felt my arm beginning to prickle. "He's sprouting!"

My obliging alter ego had thoughtfully extruded one of his arms to help me disentangle the pajama sleeve from my coat.

Doc Marden's bushy brows began retreating to follow his receding hairline, and he looked at his daughter's disturbed eyes. "Marybeth," he ordered gently, "You'd better go in the back office for a few minutes."

"Yes, Daddy," she murmured distractedly, and fled. As the glass door rattled shut, I managed to disentangle the arm of the pajamas. It wasn't easy, for quite obviously, the left half of the pajamas coat was under my lab jacket, while the right-hand-side was quite plainly over the lab smock. The pajama pants, thank Heaven had materialized completely under my trousers, and although they felt like Uncle Dudley's long drawers, at least they were invisible, and I let well enough alone. I was wearing two sets of clothes and that's all there was to it.

Doc Marden watched my struggles with an ominous detachment.

"Doc..." I stammered...

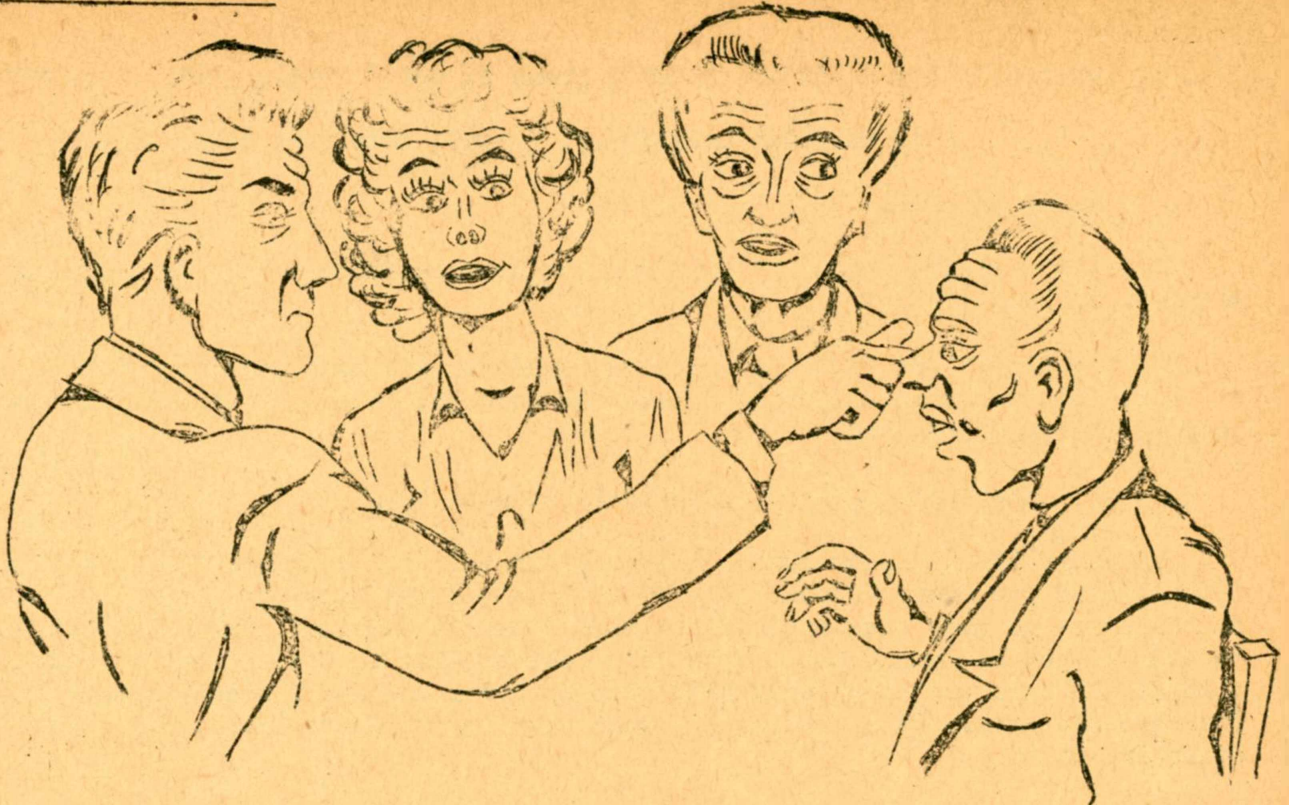
That seemed to break the icy silence. He forgot the psychological approach; he forgot his office manners. "Now look here, young Bent," he bellowed, "There is a young lady in this office, and I won't have it..."

"Do," I pleaded, "let me explain..."

The door opened-- and Roz Stratton walked in. Her eyes popped and her luscious lips dropped open. "Pete." she gasped. "I left you home in bed."

"Well, Roz..." I stammered. "I felt better after you left, so I came in...."





"That in the name of Freud is going on!" bellowed the Doc, almost dancing up and down with rage. "Is this a decent Psychiatry Clinic or a private lunatic asylum? I'll have you all committed and certified! You ought to be in a straight-jacket, all ten or twelve of you! Yes, I'll say you left him home in bed, he came down here so fast that he forgot to take off his pajamas! And what were you doing there anyway, Nurse Stratton! Answer me!"

I turned like a trapped rabbit between the angry doctor and the flabbergasted nurse. Just then, a padded wall would have seemed a cozy dream of heaven. "Doc" I begged, "Please let me explain...Roz, let me explain....."

The problem was settled for me in the way I had been subconsciously dreading all along. For the now-familiar prickling began, first in my left arm, then in my left side---and one half of me, clad neatly in pajamas, stood meekly facing the Doc. "I'm sorry, Doc Marden." I murmured in my approved bilquetoast manner, then gasped in horror

For the other version of me...wearing my lab coat and civilian pants...strode up to Doc Marden, gripped his huge red nose between my hands and tweaked it fiercely. "There!" he said, with a savage grin. Then he strode over to Roz and bending, planted a smacking kiss on her face. "There, old girl!"

"Marybeth!" I yelled.

My double turned to me savagely. "Keep out of this, rabbit's-foot!"

Roz screamed-- broke away a step or two-- swung her strong hand and caught my double across the face in a resounding slap. Then she snatched up her coat from the desk. "I'm resigning!" she snapped crisply. "You can mail me my pay, Doctor Marden! I'm leaving---right now!" The slam of the door punctuated her sentence. And that was that.



## Said I To Myself (10)

Marybeth, powder-puff half-way to her nose, peeped in the door-- gasped-- then suddenly she exploded into the room and flung herself on me, on both of me, pulling us close together, drawing us close. Then staring wide-eyed in innocence at her enraged parent, who seemed on the very verge of apoplexy, she remarked "He did it, Daddy. He's just demonstrating his artificial schizophrenia. Aren't you, Pete?" Her high-heeled little foot trod savagely on my favorite toe, and I stammered "Eh-- er-- sure, sure, yeah, Marybeth..." as my toe halves melted neatly together again. Pakamas and lab clothes mingled in indiscriminate weirdness, but Marybeth's moist kiss cut off any statement I might make. "You see, Daddy," she said blissfully over my shoulder, "Pete told me all about it last night when he asked me to marry him and gave me my engagement ring." Her eyes rested fondly on her left hand.

Hunmmmm. That had been some hypnosis!

"Well," Doc Marden said, a little mollified, "This is--- er-- surprising. You must demonstrate for me this afternoon." He grinned broadly and clapped me on the shoulder.

That's really all the story. Everyone is now familiar with the Bent Treatment; but I didn't demonstrate that afternoon. When I decided to marry Marybeth I must have cured myself of schizophrenia tendencies; for I was never able to divide myself again. However the treatment worked perfectly in three of the Doc's pet schizos, and it's now standard medical procedure after a bare three years.

But I wish I could figure out if little Mary and little Beth are really twins!

////////////////////////////////////

## LIPPERT LAUGHS LAST...

J.T.Oliver

When Lippert first released ROCKETSHIP XM, the SCIENCE fiction fand had a grand old time booing it. It was a trashy B picture; it was full of scientific errors. It was terrible. It made a lot of money.

Then Heinlein and associates came along with DESTINATION MOON, a very purty colored thing about some guys who set out to go to the moon. I, for one, was not the least bit surprised when they actually made it. It had free fall. (It had a lot of good looking moon craters, done by Bonestell. And the great Heinlein Himself did the story (which was so plotless it could have been done by the average sf fan). There was nothing wrong with this movie. It was adult. It was realistic. It made a lot of money, too.

Then some unbeliever named Robert O. Erisman comes along and casually mentions a huge glaring SCIENTIFIC mistake that none of us should have missed, particularly Robert Heinlein and the Hollywood boys, who prided themselves on detail and illusion. Frankly I admit that the mistake never occurred to me. I saw the picture twice, enjoyed it, and felt rather proud that Hollywood had the nerve to actually produce a realistic sf movie. But then I'm not much on science, in the first place; I go in more for finction. Some of you guys should have noticed it though.

In case you didn't read the August issue of MARVEL, here is what Erisman had to say: "The spacesuits of the characters did not frost over upon entering the ship from outer space---but they should have, of course, since they would be at several hundred degrees below zero Farenheit, and this temperature would cause moisture to condense out of the nearby air within the ship, moisture which would instantly freeze into ice when it came into contact with the exteriors of the space-suits."



FAN FILE

# ROGER DARD

I wish I could make this blog one of those screamingly funny things that lay fans in the aisles. Unfortunately I appear to have no sense of humor, so will have to content myself with making this a straightforward and sober account of a dull and prosaic life. I was born on August 8th 1920 - and to spare you guys some mental calisthenics, that makes me thirty years of age, dammit-- in Sydney, Australia. Lived there for the first 13 years of my life, after which we moved to Perth, Western Australia, where I have resided ever since. I am tall, with dark, crew-cut hair, and was once described by a girl as "tall, dark and rancid." My main interests in life are stf (natch), movies, jazz, comic strips, and women. My pet hates are soap operas and reforming do-gooders. My ideal man is Li'l Abner and my ideal woman is Kevin Daley, the New York cheesecake model (drool). My favorite prozine is THE AVON FANTASY READER, and my favotire fanzine Tucker's SCIENCE FICTION NEWSLETTER. (Sorry, Lee!) Favotire artists among the current crop are Calló, and Finley. Favorite all-time artist, Elliot Bold. I belong to that vanishing breed, the "good old days boys" who believe that stf was better in the 1930's than it is today! In fact, I am one of those screwballs who would sooner have a tattered copy of an old Gernsback Wonder Quarterly than a roomful of mint GALAXYs. I'm unmarried, and still looking. (All you femme fen, form a line to the right.) My collection runs to 1,000 magazines, over 100 pocketbooks and about the same number of hard cover volumes. My main ambitions are to go for a trip to the U.S.A and to marry a wealthy woman; or, to marry a wealthy woman and go to the U.S.A. I'm not fussy about the order they come about. And that's all folks. Dull, what?

*Rog*

You've Heard About it...

You've Read About it...

Now, Subscribe to it...

CHIMERICAL  
REVIEW

see page 74

-advt



OLIVER KING SMITH

Science Fiction Publicity Service

"We also walk robots"

MR. PRODUCER: Planning a new science fiction epic? Shooting a super-duper rocket drama? Releasing another Frankenstein sequel? Then take advantage of our never-fail publicity services! Ten thousand fans in all parts of the United States and Canada are yours to command! (Six fans in England for a slightly higher fee.)

The entire howling membership of the NFFF at your beck and call! Insure your picture before release date, make it an academy award winner before it reaches the screen! Our members flood newspapers with publicity, petition theater managers to book the movie!

1000 requests to screen a picture: \$50  
5000 requests to screen a picture: \$65.98  
1 live fan to parade up and down sidewalk in spacesuit: \$6  
1 live fan painted green to simulate Martian: \$6.50  
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Confidential: have you got a stinker coming up? Shooting movie of dubious value? Turning out a nine-day quickie with worries? Stop worrying! Place your entire campaign in our capable hands-- we'll take immediate steps to erase any possibility of doubt, to eliminate critics and carpers!

500 fans to applaud rainstorm on Mars: \$250.  
250 fans to cheer madly as rocket avoids comet: \$195  
100 fans to hiss villain as he unties monster: \$44.95  
1000 howling fans to storm newspaper and wreck presses of  
critizing reviewers: \$450.15  
10 cut-and-dried favorable reviews: \$1.95

Worried about the opposition? Fearful lest another studio produces a better picture? Afraid of falling attendance when an opposing theater plays a superior movie on the same day? We will see you win!

5000 maddened fans to picket opposition theater: \$5000  
10,000 roaring fans to infest opposition theater and spoil  
the screening: \$10,000  
1 Martian to throw audience into panic: \$1  
6 assorted solar monsters to rout audience: \$1.75  
1 certified professor to certify picture is unscientific: \$10

(prices slightly higher west of the Rockies)

Take quick advantage of our scientific services, Mr. Producer! You can't lose. Our fans are genuine fans, trained in the sciences to instantly recognize pictures of merit, no matter how cheaply produced. (Twelve and fifteen chapter serials given special attention.) This is your golden opportunity to capitalize on the science cycle! Act now!

- Bob Tucker



# KONNER'S KORNER

This will be the first time many of you who have from time to time read this Korner will get to see what a mess it is before an editor gets hold of it. You will see that Mr. Rick Sncary holds no honors as being fandom's only original speller. I have been grossly misspelling words for years and can prove it by such eminent authorities as Bat Loomis, Manly Banister and others of equal literatenss. As far back as the 6th grade I couldn't spell. I was in the 6th grade 9 years. Then some fool in the education department fired the blonde who taught it and I graduated. I was the only one at the graduation who needed a shave.

Lee asked me to save him time and eye-sight by doing this annish column on stencil. I didn't want to, with stencils costing 15¢ each, but I decided since it was for dear ole Quandry, I'd do it. So I borrowed a few since from Elaine's bank, ran down to the drug store and stole a few stencils. With the money, I bought ice-cream, a Galaxy and a copy of Col. Elliot White Spring's new book, Clothes Makes the Man. Which is the funniest book I have ever read, with the exception of some urks that were slap-stick humor. Springs is a good cotton-mill ran, but he is an able author, too. If you can tear your self loose from stf long enough, get a copy. It is 35¢ and I understand most newsstands have it. Though if you can't find a copy, I'm sure Col. Springs will mail you a copy if you send him the money, care Springs Cotton Mills, Lancaster, S.C.

The Elaine I mentioned in the above paragraph is my four-year-old daughter. I likewise have a son who will be 10 years old this coming November. Naturally, the kids are geniuses. For a while Lucille and I were worried about Elaine. She was almost a year old before she could read. And she was almost two before she quit using her special IBM mechanical brain and began solving Einstein equations in her head. She was almost four before the United Nations invited her to join them. As I said, my wife and I were worried about her for a while. We thought she was going to be --well, slightly low in I.Q. Perhaps on the par with Truman or Roosevelt or Edison...However we were spared this embarrassment.

Walter Willis should come to North Carolina whenever he visits the United States. He would see that we aren't a bunch of savages. We enjoy the fine things of life just as much as the people of Britian do. And we have sense enough to keep enjoying them without stopping for tea--we stop for coffee if you live in this particular section, or beer and wine or whiskey if you live in a section not controlled by the pulpit. He would find that North Carolinians are a happy, educated and prosperous people. People who, for



The most part are free from want , who make good money and who spend it,too. On anything they want to spend it on. Some have even been known to buy food,clothing and pay rent and otherwise waste money that could be better spent on fanzines, books and good times with blondes. But there are a few foolish people everywhere.

The reason my column in Quandry 12 was so scrambled, I wrote a bunch of crap Lee thought would offend some of the purists who infest fandom and he had to cut out some of the jucier portions. In the snipping, he snipped too much and some of the column didn't seem to make sense. Or, I might not have written what I had in mind and the manuscript might have looked that way.

I had the pleasure of spending two sficional week-ends with Lynn Hickmann (with two n's) and we managed to do some work on the coming issue of THM. It will be quite an issue---will have some excellent art work, some good fiction and a good article or two. Not to mention the appearance of a certain columnist. The address is 408 W. Bell Street, Statesville, N.C., the price is two bits ... or free if thou joinest the little Monsters of America, which is \$1.00.

I received Several nice fanzines for review, but I accidentally left them with Lynn...so I can't review them this trip . But thanks to the guys who sent Newscope, Glorious Spool---a fine job from Redd Boggs--- and several others whose names escape me for the nonce. Sorry about leaving them ,boys, but such things will happen.

Saw the THING this afternoon--June 26,--and I liked it. Hollywood can do much for science fiction and The Thing proved it. Thanks to Howard Hawks for a fine motion pix.

Everybody please take note: I and I alone write this column. Lee Hoffman runs it almost exactly as I write it. Of course, sometimes I say things he can't run and still keep a clean magazine. I am a filthy minded devil and sometimes pass on some of that filth to paper. I sometimes sound off a bit on politics when I should be writing about sf. Be that as it may, I still am solely responsible for what this column says. I am thankful that people have patience enough to read this stuff and to write about it. Write Lee whatever you want to about me, but don't blame him for what I say. I alone am to blame if I offend anyone.

The grapevine says Dixby is leaving Planet. I'm sorry to see Jerry go. He did a grand job there and I hope the vine is wrong. Planet is one of the best---and Jerry helped make it that way.



With editors such as Merwin and Bixby leaving their secure jobs with nice, regular pay checks, for the more hazardous field of free-lance writing, one of two great possibilities is indicated. Either the field is going to expand and these men feel they can make more money writing, or the field is going to fold up and they feel they want to be established in the free-lance field before their jobs slip from under them. I believe both Bixby and Merwin were free lance writers before being bit by the editorial bug, so it will be nice to sit back and wait and watch and see what made them decide to go back to free lancing.

My humble hat is off to fanzine editors and publishers . All these years, I've been sitting back and writing for various editors and reading and criticising their products without giving them much thought. However, since I've been aiding and abetting Hickmann (with two n's) on his TLIA, I've discovered it hain't all play brother---it is work. It is hard work. Just cutting stencils is no child's play. I'm sweating like a whore in church and it isn't too hot... in the high 80's, but it usually takes more than that for the perspiration to come from me in drops. Then there is the actual running of the stencils and the collating and stapling. No one but a fan editor knows just how much trouble the collation of 250 or so mags really is! Yep, you fan editors: Konner's Konner salutes you !!

I finally got a chance to see Mighty Joe Young. It made me laugh 'til my little sides ached . And it had some real rollerdrummer thrills, too.

Something you didn't know, maybe: Bat Loomis once worked on the same newspaper with Sam Merwin, Senior. Bat's father was the famous Charles Battell Loomis, humourist, lecturer and writer. Bat once met Mark Twain in Twain's Connecticut home. His brother, Al, is to be found in Who's Who in America. ...Manly Banister has taken up oil painting...He is an excellent photographer and has sold many photos to magazines...He is the author of an authoratative work on amateur book-binding..which every fan should have as an aid in preserving and binding his own magazines. If you're interested, a post card to 1905 Spruce, K.C.Mo., will advise you when and where it may be obtained.

LONGHAIR'S HAIRINGS: I HAIN'T GOT NOTHING TO SAY.  
BETTY JUST CAME IN IN A PAIR OF NEW SHORTS, MODEL 2050..  
NUFF SAID.

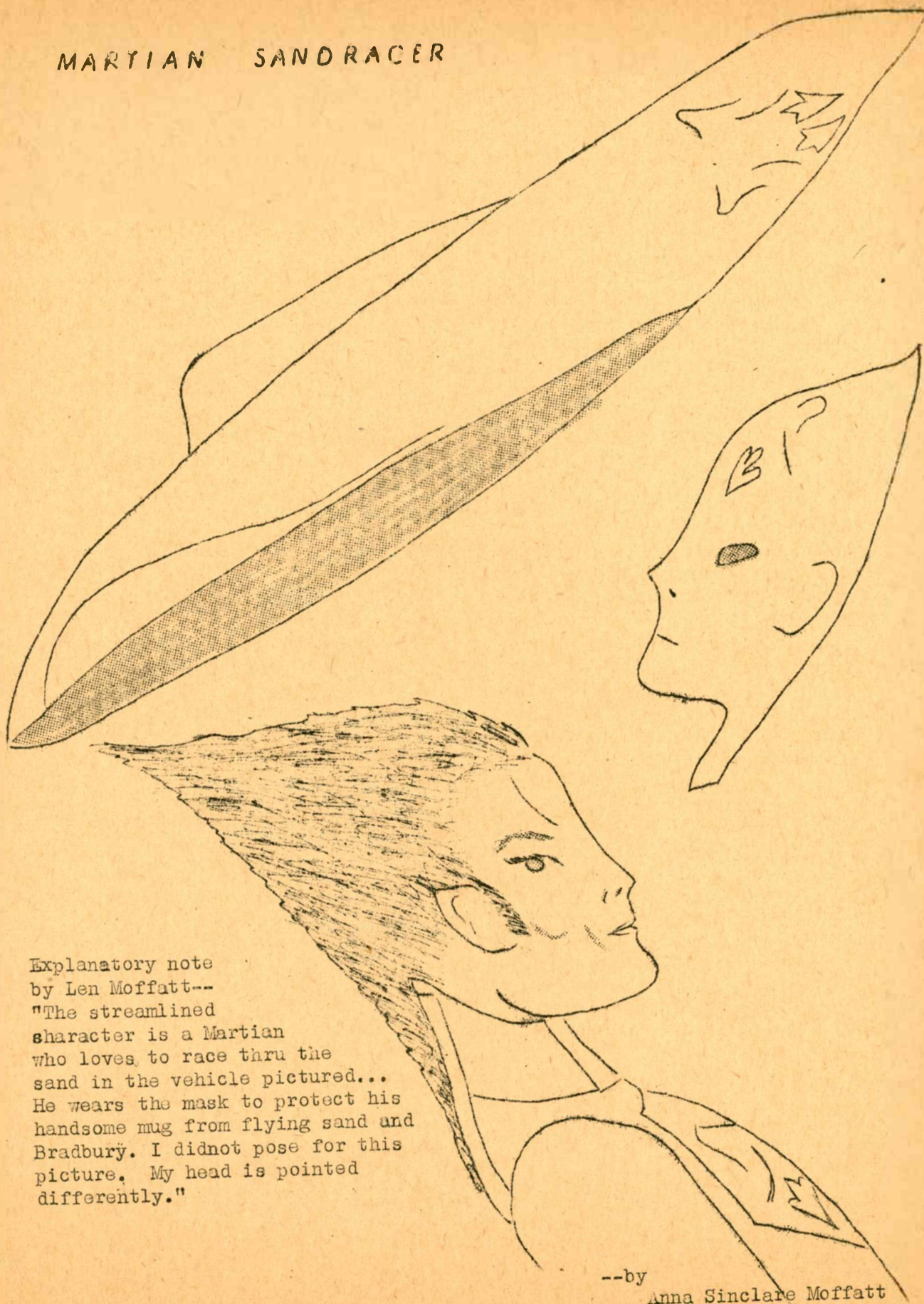
-- Wilkie Conner

-30-

WANTED: Pretty steno for free trip to Mars. Address: Box 900,  
% Quandry.



## MARTIAN SANDRACER



Explanatory note  
by Len Moffatt---  
"The streamlined  
character is a Martian  
who loves to race thru the  
sand in the vehicle pictured...  
He wears the mask to protect his  
handsome mug from flying sand and  
Bradbury. I didnt pose for this  
picture. My head is pointed  
differently."

--by  
Anna Sinclair Moffatt



-adv

chimerical review, 942 scribner, nw  
grand rapids, michigan

now in to its second year of publication  
containing excellent science-fiction  
and fantasy...

articles by professional authors, too  
including rog phillips and august  
derleth...

twenty or more neatly mimeographed pages in the best fanzine  
format today...multilithed on slick  
paper beginning next issue

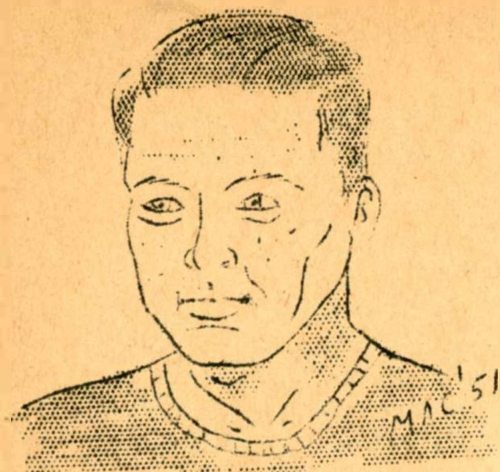
Current issue has material by  
rog phillips...bonnie strong (of  
planet stories fame)...floyd n. hilliker

or is dedicated to helping the fan  
author by articles on writing...by  
publishing his best work...and by  
criticizing and carefully helping where  
manuscripts are not suitable

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good fan reading material...to your enjoyment  
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# IAN MACAULEY

Well, whatta y' know? Somebody has finally asked me for my biography- Oh  
sweet them! So I now bow on me knees an' offer humble reverence to Ghu.

As many folks have said; "I wuz born." (That seems logical, don't it?) I'm  
gonna be different- I wuz created-- created out of the slimy vats of Trannchiski-  
qwertyuiopasdfghjklzxcvbnm. Life was bestowed upon myself on the foggy morning of  
April 13, 1935 in the city of London, England.

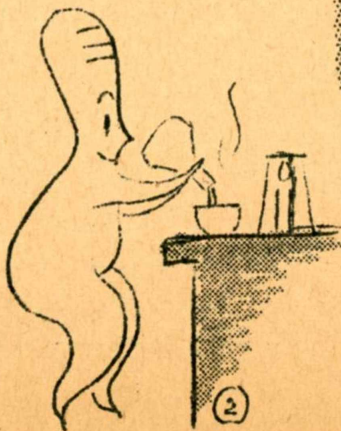
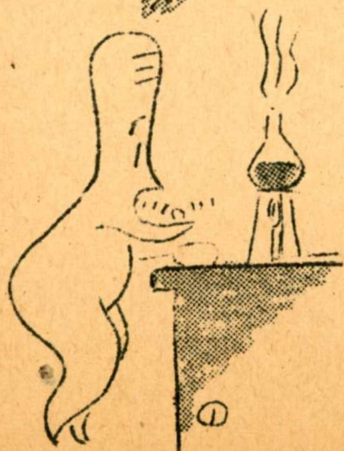
Moved to the favorite country H'america and took up residence in New Yawk Ci-  
ty. After eight and a 'alf yars, my wings trembled and I knew that I must go. I had  
heard the call of the wild geese- Destination: Atlanta, Jawcha.

I guess I discovered stf most like other fen. I first delved into the Flash  
Gordon comic strip, Oz books, and Buck Rogers' zap pistols. This was followed by  
the reading of anthologies hidden on library shelves. Then the day came: I dis-  
covered me first prozine. Nope, 'tweren't OOTWA. I knew then I had discovered me  
choice of entertainment. What next took place? Th' reading o' fanzines and corres-  
ponding with other fen. And now I have the sweet job of putting out a fmz. Oh happy  
times!!

Now my characteristics: I am 5' - 8" tall, have brown hair and blue eyes and  
purple skin with green polka dots. My hobbies are photography, drawing, writing,  
and stf, natchurly.

Moral: Old fan eds never die, they just crumble to dust.

*A Heffin' Peffin*





A SPELLBINDING STORY OF A JOURNEY THROUGH SPACE TO THAT MOST TERRIFYING OF PLANETS, VENUS, AS RELATED TO THE AUTHOR UNDER MOST UNUSUAL CIRCUMSTANCES.

By Fred Hatfield

While visiting my old friend Professor Ex Aggerate the other day, I persuaded him in no uncertain tones (the ringing of the front doorbell) to wander off into one of his very exciting stories of his travels through space. After seating myself in the farthest chair from him, stuffing cotton in my ears, I picked up a copy of "Pilgrims Progress" and the Professor began:

"It was about the middle of the year 1968, and I had decided to leave Earth for a little trip especially since the finance company was after my trusty vessel, the good Gravel Gertie.

Having chosen Pluto as my destination, I rounded up all my belongings and made haste for my ship. It was still in the watermelon patch where I had left it after my last trip to Mars, which incidentally was disappointing after finding all the people there bearing the odd name of Bradbury.

I took inventory of the ship after having gotten some distance out and found that on had were two trusty mutants from the LASFS, three deros and myself. I immediately carried my feeble carcass up the stairs to the Captain's quarters after having done this surprisingly large piece of work.

There I decided to do a little research on the Scotch.

I woke up the next morning with a terrific hangover. The Scotch have a wonderful way of doing that.

We had now been in space for two days and nothing had happened yet.

I was writing in the log, (I had been saving it for the Yuletide season, but I figured I'd get some use out of it before I burnt it.) when my trusty black, Samuel Johnson Washington Roosevelt McKinley Robertson Euclidumis Jones, whom I call Euclidumis for short, walked in.

'Boss' he said in his best imitation of Rochester, 'I thinks I had better tell you of the terrible calamity about to befall us poor unfortunate individuals.'

After translating this to me, I learned we were about to overtake a canoe in the middle of space. I couldn't believe I was awake. So I took a dose of sleeping powders to see. Sure enough, I must have been awake, because I went right to sleep, and when I woke up, the canoe was gone.

Euclidumis told me there was a sailor and a girl in it. The sailor had explained he didn't have time to talk, he had to return the boat to the park where he had rented it.

Upon the fifth day in space, I discovered the fact that we were nearing an asteroid. I discovered this fact in a rather unusual way. I had noticed a large clump of matter straight ahead day after day, but I had no time to look close. On our fifth day,



however, we heard a terrific crash, and running to the space port, I found that the boat had crashed into the body and we were stuck fast in a lake, not far from the shore.

After walking ashore through shark-infested waters, I took count of the crew, and oddly enough, the only present were myself and Euclidimus.

We slept that night on the beach, and the next morning we decided to explore the asteroid. With our knives in one hand and our Handy Dandy Potato Peeler in the other, we began to walk slowly through the brush.

Two hours later, we came to a clearing and decided to stop there and rest a while. Upon sitting on the ground, I discovered a strange peculiarity about it -- it was wet.

After wringing out my clothes, and allowing them to dry (tho they protested very vigorously) we decided to go back to our original camp.

We reached our first camp at about Twelve O'Clock. Being hungry, I went in search of food. I found some fine oyster legs and fish feet, of which we feasted enormously.

As we were laying on the sand, wondering what song was popular back on Earth, we heard a footprint.

It was Friday.

Saturday we woke and decided that if we couldn't do anything else, we would build a ship of driftwood and continue on our journey to the far reaches of the galaxy.

Rounding up all the driftwood we could find, we piled it into a huge stack. While doing such, I noticed that the wood was falling off one side and rolling into the water, where it floated beyond reach.

I began to laugh. Wasn't it comical, us straining to pile all this driftwood up, and having worked all morning to do it, and all we had left was two small pieces.

And then the seriousness of the situation struck me. I had just begun to realize that IF I didn't hurry to my destination, Eleanore was liable to beat me.

By Wednesday we had our ship built. It was a beautiful ship. Climbing aboard via the tree growing on the deck, I decided that maybe we had put a bottom to it, it would have flown better. So we built the ship on the sandy beach, planning to take the beach with us for a bottom.

We were two days in space again when we discovered the beach was leaking. We ran down and saw that the hull was half-filled with vacuum, and we were in the middle of space with no air supply close by. Thinking quickly, Euclidimus ran to the center of the beach and punched a hole in the sand, whereupon all the vacuum ran out quickly.

The next day we ventured outside the ship and discovered a body floating alongside us. Figuring that we had better take it in with us, we discovered the body to be that of a wooden indian with the initials "H. M." carved on one side.

Euclidimus fell in love with him immediately. He named him



his favorite name - - 'Herman'. Deciding we had better give him two names, after the Americans, Euclidimus asked me to give him a name also. Therefore we arrived at the title Woody Herman.

A couple of days later, I began to get impatient. I wanted to get to Pluto a lot faster than we were traveling at present. I was trying to figure how we could get there sooner, when suddenly the ship gave a lurch. I ran to the rail just in time to see a planet rushing madly toward us.

We landed in another body of water. I sat on the deck and noticed that the water was rising higher and higher. How could that be? The only other way that could happen would be if the ship were sinking. Suddenly a wave engulfed me. Then it came to me like a flash! We were sinking. In fact, we had sunk, Battling my way across the poopdeck, I stopped to watch two poops battling for a life raft. I stopped too long, for the next thing I knew, there was nothing but foam and wreckage around me. I was alone in the Bem infested waters.

Then suddenly I saw a black shape loom from out of the water. There was nothing but froth and water everywhere. Wreckage continued to hit me on the head. Then I saw the black shape again. A Bem! I thought. I screamed. The shape took form. It came closer. Then the mouth opened. White teeth shone at me as I struggled in vain to escape.

Professor Ex Aggerate shifted comfortably in his chair and loosened my bonds slightly so I could get better circulation to my numbed anatomical features.

"Doesn't that hold you glued to your chair?" he asked.

Not being able to answer because of the gag in my mouth, he continued to tell his story.

"After looking closer, I discovered that the shape that I had thought to be a Bem was not one at all, but that of Euclidimus, and he was riding Woody Herman.

"Perambulate yo carcass upon this effigy" he yelled to me.

Disregarding his last statement, I answered, "Never mind that let me climb onto the Indian."

Wondering what had become of the ship's log, I looked to the horizon, and saw it floating sadly away, the branch I had used to hang clothes on waving pitifully at me.

Then strangely, Woody Herman began to roll. He rolled to one side and we slid off. Picking my way between the man-eating Bems, I climbed back onto the Indian.

Euclidimus was back on before me. "That was a phenomenal escape", he remarked.

"Not only that, but we were lucky to escape those Bems" I returned in rebuttal.

We slept on the Indian that night. It was rather crowded, and we had to close our eyes to get any privacy. When we woke the next



morning, we discovered ourselves in bed in a dingy, small hut.

Screaming in a whisper to myself, I queried, "ULP!"

Euclidimus worke and saw our plight at once.

We were in the midst of a crowd of savages. They looked as though they had escaped from the imagination of Richard S. Shaver. They were spiders on the bottom, jelly fish on the middle, and Claude Degler on top. It was awful.

One, who seemed to be thier chief, was bending over Euclidimus. One tentacle goosed him.

"Goog" it said.

"Goog" Euclidumus replied.

"Hell, this joik is stoopid. He can't even speak english" said the chief, turning to his followers.

Jumping out of bed, I discovered that I could not (jump out of bed, that is) for I was tied down by huge ropes.

This seemed to strike the chief as being funny, for then he turned and said to me, "Isee you wanna go somewhere."

Whereupon he cut me loose.

After the chief and I had been formerly introduced, I found that his name was Hep Katt.

Explaining to him about our past experience, he said that perhaps I would be interested in seeing the volcano on the planet. It seems the planet was amde up of nothing but volcanoes.

We left early that afternoon after the chief had started to kiss his 99,000 wives goodbye that morning.

It's so discouraging", he explained. "when I come home from work, I have to kiss them all, and by the time I finish, I have to go back to work, far it is mörning again. Then I have to kiss them goodbye and by the time I kiss them all goodbye, it's time to come home, and it starts all over again. It seems the only time I have any peace, it's on Sunday. I'm so discouraged."

I begged him to talk no more about it, for I was thinking of all the mothers-in-law. It made me feel sorry for him.

Starting back on our journey, I stopped off to buy some provisions. I bought the following:

- 8 Mosquito Hearts
- 5 Fish Feet (We had developed a taste for them on the asteroid of Nobeach.)
- 2 bottles of Chocolate milk.
- 1 Cream puff, and
- 5 Cherry pits

Arriving at the ship, we found the curious natives standing around and gaping at the ship which had been a gift from Hep Katt. Passing out pieces of the hull as souvenirs was our old friend, Captain Blowhard. He was chopping these off the side and selling them for ten pennosickles (their unit of money).

This was so amusing, that I - - -

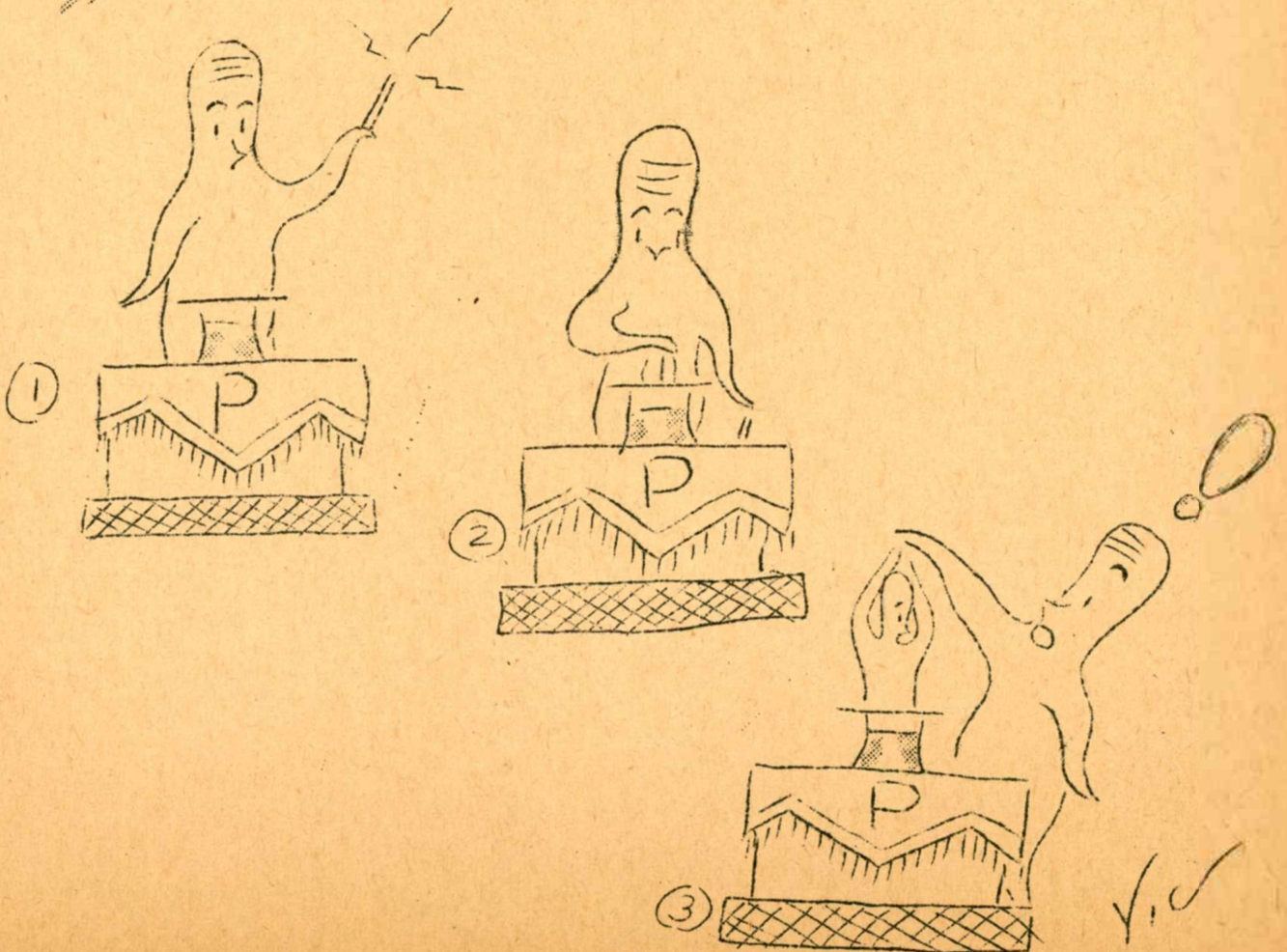


NEWS ITEM:

A CURIOUS INCIDENT TOOK PLACE AT THE HOME OF EX AGGERATE? NOTED TRAVELLER AND SOLDIER OF FORTUNE. NEIGHBORS, HEARING MUFFLED CRIES EMANATING FROM THE LIVING ROOM AND DISCOVERED HIM IN HIS FAVORITE CHAIR WITH A COPY OF "PILGRIM'S PROGRESS" STUCK FAST IN HIS MOUTH. DOCTORS ARE NOW EXTRACTING SAID BOOK, WITH CAREFULLY GUIDED INSTRUCTIONS, SINCE IT HAPPENS TO BE A VERY RARE FIRST EDITION.

ANOTHER CURIOUS INCIDENT WHICH TOOK PLACE NOT FAR FROM THE PROFESSOR'S HOME WAS THE ARRESTING OF A MANIAC WHO WAS RUNNING DOWN THE STREET SHOUTING "FISH FEET, OYSTER LEGS, WOODY HERMAN . . ." HE IS BEING INTERNED AT THE STATE HUBBARD ASYLUM FOR OBSERVATION AND TRAINING IN DIANETICS.

*A Huffer  
Puffin*





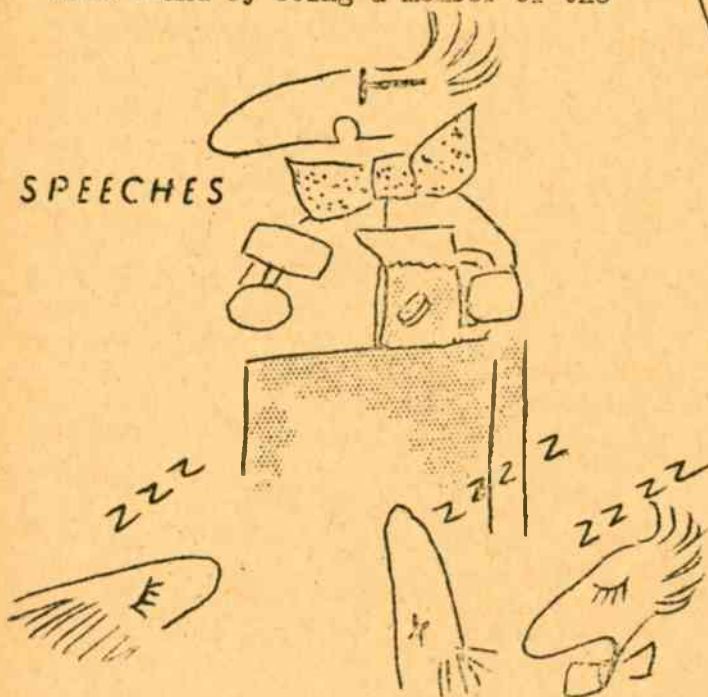
HEY YOU!!

Yes, you. Are you going to the  
NOLACON?

Do you realize what you'll be missing  
if you don't go?

But if circumstances are such  
that you can't go...at least you  
can enjoy the event by proxy...  
by reading accounts of it after-  
ward --and by being a member of the

## SPEECHES



For quick, concise coverage of the  
NOLACON read Science Fiction News-  
letter.

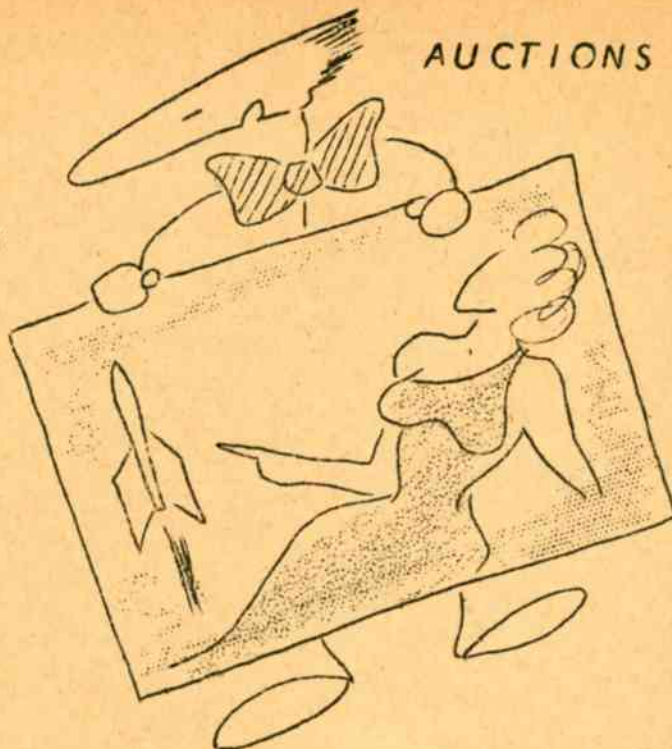
For a detailed, personalized account  
of the NOLACON read Quandry.

For real fun attend the NOLACON.

And if you happen to object to the  
inclusion of Dianetics on the  
program.....there are other things  
to do in New Orleans.....you don't  
have to attend that meeting. For  
instance there are several museums,  
and many points of historical interest.

See you at the  
NOLACON!!!!

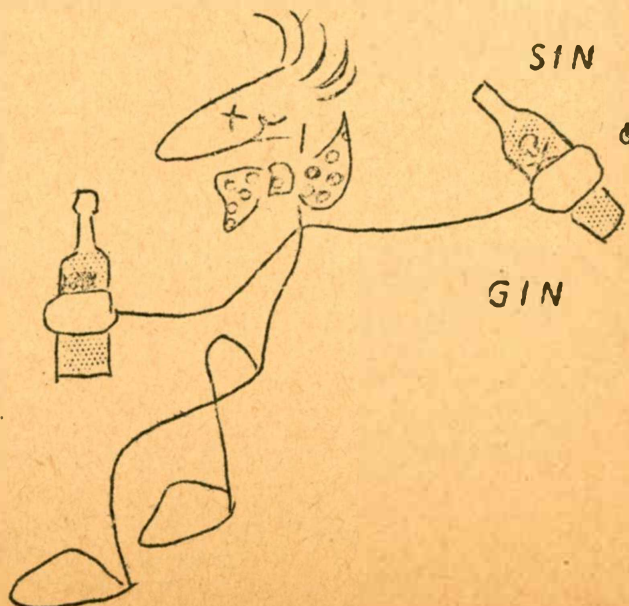
## AUCTIONS



NOLACON COMMITTEE. Membership is  
only a buck. And it's not too  
late to send that buck to Harry:  
that's HARRY R. MOORE  
2703 Camp Street  
New Orleans 13, La.

Support the Nolacon...even if you  
can't attend. Remember the next  
con-may be in your neighborhood.

If you will be in attendance at  
the NOLACON how about looking  
up yed. We'd like to meet you.





## ED NOBLE



About three years ago one had a set of H. Rider Haggard books for sale - so the result was that this one fell into being an acti-fan. Being the go-between on the deal, I was the recipient of at least a couple score of letters, one of which is the gadget that brought me into ISFCC --

EXPLORER was a magazine in search of an editor; I knew a guy who had a mimeo -- result:- now the Noble household has a mimeograph of its own, Paul Ganley owns the old one and does much better with't than I could have ever done.

Statistics of this nut in a nutshell:-- close to the six-foot mark and another year'll make it 37 years -- should this

be published before October, I am single; should it be published after the month of October arrives, I am married, should all go well and as planned. Back in '38 the State Teachers College of Edinboro, Penna. handed me a sheepskin with the vague idea that I might become a teacher of English or Social Sciences -- later, in the Army daze the Army kindly sent me on to Rollins College and Indiana University. Result:- I still do not teach English nor any of the Social Sciences, but do things as a control tester of sorts.

What started out to be a hobby appears to have become a full-time spare-time job - that of putting out EXPLORER for the International S-F Correspondence Club. From time to time I have belonged to this and that among the various s-f groups, but the best group and to which I am all but fully qualified is the Penniless Order Of Pennsylvanians.

Favorite 'likes' of the fan-zine world:- (1) The little people in QUANDRY; (2) the fine work that is apparent in Walt Willis' SLANT and Banister's NEKROMANTIKON; (3) the way fan-zines promote the efforts of those who'd like to write and need amateur 'zines as a sort of a practice field; putting out a magazine that gets more compliments than complaints.

No-Likes: The guys who write in fnz and do their best to flirt dangerously with the postal regulations of langwitch; these characters oughta have their tripotypers washed out with soap. So Lee can use the rest of this stencil for filler, enough!

.....

### QUOTABLE QUOTES

".....We nearly burst with suppressed amusement and secrets....."

Walter A. Willis



# WHYOHWHYDIDIEVERDOIT?

## Introduction

Basing this on personal experiences and various ramblings, it is designed as a warning to the youngsters who, everyday, are being lured into the clutches of fandom.  
GC

Fans usually begin young. As the saying goes, "Fen are made, not...." Well, anyhow they usually start at an early age. "Why?" you ask. The reason for this is simple. (Please get out pencil and paper.) At that age, they are easily attracted by flashy covers depicting BEM's and male blondes (the reason for their nudity is because most artists claim that they are easier to draw. Even if you've never seen one?) which are (damn it) never found in the stories. At any rate, they fall for these covers hoping to take home a treasure full of torrid love. (He doesn't know what these two words mean, but he's heard a lot about them.) They are sadly disappointed. However, Amazing's sales rise. So do Fantastic Adventures'.

The young fan at this point is slightly disgusted with the mag, but being too Scotch to throw it away, he keeps it. (This is not the only Scotch he keeps.) This practice (often known by fen wanting to disguise this Scotch streak, as "collecting" is frowned upon by female members of the family, as it clutters up the place something terrible. (Tucker has a filing system but not all fen are smart like him. We can't understand intricate systems.) Here we find the young fan with all these mags and not a thing to do with them. What good are they? They just lay around. So, in a dull moment he re-reads them! (All good and true fen exclaim in horror at this practice. How could anyone stoop so low?) He re-reads them....and he finds he kinda likes them. This stage is followed by a mad scramble for any/all of the druder pulp mags. He reads these avidly---even all the way through! Ads and all. (Again the "elite" fen exclaim.)

So he's got that far--now, what does he do? Does he happily continue his life reading easy-to-understand, imaginable stories? No! The poor sap has to "graduate" into the semi-elite mags. At this time he reads both fantasy and s-f. (more groans) Merritt is master with Burroughs as a runner up. Shaver, he concedes, is good too. (Shaver? Who's Shaver?) (Who's Inman?)

Then he reads the "elite" mags. No comments will be made by this author on this subject as certain fen keep insisting they have minds of their own. (That's a joke, son.)

At this stage, being human (or partly so), he wants to shoot off his yap a little bit, so he takes the deciding step---one way leads over the hill to fandom; the other to a peaceful life. He steps. He falls flat on his face. He reads letter columns and writes to other fen. (This is a practice sneered upon by those with wirerecorders)

Amazing! (Not the mag) They write back. So, he corresponds. Through this practice he meets new and strange fen (including Tucker, McCain, and ShelVy) who open up to him a new field. (They also let him in on various "choice" info as:---"Didja know about the big fan plot? Well..." and "Here's something straight from JWC's (the horse's?) mouth. Astounding is folding!")

Here the fan becomes ecstatic. A new field? What more is there than reading, collecting and corresponding? "Why," say his 'friends' with a gleam in their three



## WHYOHWHYDIDIEVERDOIT? (2)

eyes (brought there by the prospects of a year's free dues if he can find four or more suckers) "There are stfanclubs." Ahhhhhhhhh.

A squeal of joy meets this astounding revelation. Every fan belongs to a club. So, he promptly joins one (the one his friend recommends--and has an application blank for) and, wanting to be a big name in fandom, joins another. A period follows in which anybody or everybody is liable to receive 50¢ for membership in his or her club, regardless of whether or not he or she has one. Here he learns that some clubs have appropriate names (Little Monsters, Nameless Ones, and Barbarians) but some go into complications, a good example being "Elves", Gnomes and Little Men's Science Fiction, Chowder, and Marching Society." (All checks for advertising herein please send directly to the author, and not in care of this \_\_\_\_\_ magazine.) ((oh, yeah?)) (yeah!)((Grr!))

So now he's a member of six or eight. What joy! He's willing to do anything or everything for them--until they ask him to, that is. Dealers have access to his name, and he is swamped with ads. Most of these are s-f ads, but some are for breakfast food, glue, Dianetics, etc.

A victim of these ads, he buys books at \$3 per. Any and all books. S-f books--fantasy books--comic books--joke books. He's a fan! Hooray! Dianetics and Shaver occupy his mind. He reads everything about 'em. Does he understand them? Neither does Hubbard or Shaver.

He sees DESTINATION MOON. He has a question "What does the rocketship push against if there's no .....?" Columnists get out their acid pens for this sort of person.

The clubs really want him now--"Can you draw, write, praise us where fan will see it or donate us money?" Fan now fall into one of four categories--(1) those that can; (2) those that can't; (3) those that can and won't; (4) those that can' and do. Unfortunately the #4 type predominates.

Here the ranks of young fandom are depleted--he is learning to shave and many accidentally cut their throats.

One of the final degrading steps he takes toward stfandom, is reading, of all things, fanfines. These works of pure, undiluted art are found everywhere from Georgia (abbreviated Gaaaaaa) to California (the land of Califen) and can be purchased (?) for prices ranging from 10¢ and less to \$1.00. (The latter are robbers.) His pure young mind, which up to now was filled with clean stf is now becoming stuffed with the facts of life. He is aged very rapidly. He becomes a mean, sadistic person. He sees everything through dirty glasses. Naturally in this state of mind he becomes either a writer or a 'zine publisher. He writes or publishes anything. (Example)

However, as low as these two occupations sound, all is not lost. He still has a chance to light and life--to love and happiness--to FAPA and SAPS.

But if he ever attends a convention.....

Gregg Calkins

### QUOTABLE QUOTES:

"....Meanwhile, Doubleday will pub a collection of his ((Bradbury's)) shorts in January...."

Science Fiction Newsletter - Oct 50



# SCIENCE-FICTION AND FANTASY MOVIE STILLS

The still photographs listed are available in 8 x 10 inch glossy at 75¢ each or 11 x 14 inch matt finish at \$3.00. Either size with 16 x 20 salon mount ready for display or exhibition, add \$1.00. No C.O.D.'s---please send check or money order. Each scene has a code number. Please order by that number.

## DESTINATION MOON (1950)

- C1 Suspended in space after slipping off the ship's hull
- C2 Standing on the ship's hull in space trying to rescue drifting crewman.
- C3 Using oxygen tank as space life boat to rescue drifting crewman.
- C4 Space ship hurtling toward Moon.
- C5 On the Moon showing bottom of spaceship as crew unloads equipment.
- C6 Two of the crew in space suits taking snapshots on the Moon.
- C7 Four of the crew in spacesuits on the Moon's surface gazing up at their ship.
- C8 On the Moon junking equipment to lighten ship.
- C9 Panorama view of Moon's surface showing ship in distance.

## ROCKETSHIP XM (1950)

- B1 Inside spaceship showing effects of acceleration on crew.
- B2 Crew on surface of Mars.
- B3 Crew in surface of Mars with ruins of a civilization in the background.

## THE BEAUTY AND THE BEAST (1947) French

- I1 Close up of the Beast
- I2 Beauty and the Beast
- I3 The Beast gazes at himself in a mirror.

## THINGS TO COME (1936) English

- M1 2036 A.D. sequence with Raymond Massey at gigantic telescope screen.
- M2 2036 A.D. sequence with young couple strapped in the Moon rocket.
- M3 Everytown from Raymond Massey's massive balcony
- M4 Streets of Everytown with futuristic aircraft overhead.
- M5 Streets of Everytown with tremendous staircase and overhead ramp.
- M6 Attacking citizens in Moon Rocket building hit the dust, heeding cry to "Watch out for the concussion."
- M7 Attacking citizens outside the Moon Rocket building. Futuristic aircraft in scene
- M8 Futuristic machines boring in caverns.
- M9 Dark age sequence showing attack on coal mines.

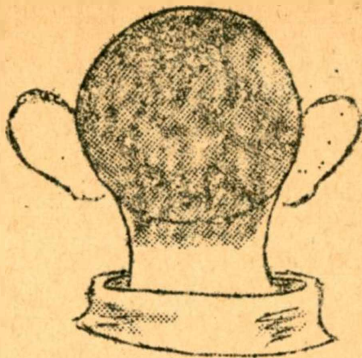
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## HISTORIC CINEMA SERVICE

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CRESSKILL, NEW JERSEY





ERNIE AUERBACH

Ernie was born in Miami, Florida on the 6th of September, 1928. He grew here and attended the University of Miami for a number of years, finally graduating due to requests of the professors that claimed he was showing up their intelligence with his own.

Ernie went into fandom simply because he had nothing else to do.

He likes pickles, eats them almost continuously, once had a special brand made for him alone. He likes to walk on his hands. Says it keeps him from getting athlete's foot. He makes a strange sight walking around his home on his hands with a pickle in his mouth.. Says he feels "in his element".

He usually begins his day by getting out of bed. This accomplished, he eats breakfast consisting of Fried steaks, Hor d'overs, asparagus, pickles, lemonade, and benzerdrine.

He puts his tie on backwards, explaining he believes that the other side should be exposed some, since only one side is ever shown.

He hates coats, but he always wears a shirt. His favorite is a green and yellow one with sultry pockets.

He rides to work on a bicycle without tires. "Saves Rubber" he modestly explains.

He takes something out of his office every week, believing that unless he does, things will become firmly rooted to the floor and will not come up.

He has no secretaries, but is always consulting doctors about the condition of his sterno-mastiod.

He never drinks water, afraid it will rot his stomach.

He has a grandiose sence of humor. It is said that once, when a a secretary remarked on the accuracy of a computing machine he slyly replied, "Yes, you can always count on comptometers"

His only trouble is, as he puts it dreamily, "I suffer from delusions of granduer -- I keep imagining I am Ernie Auerbach."

NOTE: In order that Mr Auerbach not take advantage of the fact that he might have an opportunity to spout off at the mouth about some of his crackpot theories, this biography was written by me. Mr Auerbach, I am sure, will write one about yours truly in the very near future.

Fred Hatfield

.....  
 QUOTABLE QOUTES. . .

".....and fain would I perish before revealing such a magnificent fraud...."

-- Henry W. Burwell



# A FAIRY STORY

by either HATFIELD OR AUERBACH  
OR MERISE BOTH

It was quiet along Maniac Row, that low group of foreboding buildings that stretched along Annunciation Street in New Orleans. The moon hung low in the sky, for the night was young and Annunciation street was so beautiful.

A strange figure came rambling through the shadows of the Magnolia trees about ten minutes after eleven and fell on a heap of trash placed near the curb (That's a kerb, WW). This is our hero and favorite fan, Donal Dulmer. More often known by his friends and various other people as the "Nose". Donal picked himself up gently (he was always careful with himself) and stood wavering before the can. He half recognized it as his own home-stead (he was half-shot). This was not an uncommon way for him to find his abode.

Smelling greatly of beer, gin, and miscellaneous other beverages he had consumed during the night, he stumbled daintily across the street to sit on the bench placed in Clay Square.

As he sat there, with nothing in particular on his mind, which is usual, a strange singing filled his ears. It was his fairy godfather coming to view, as so often happened when Donal was in this condition.

With a "Boinnnnng - -" and a lusty shout, he stood before the low frame that was Donal and greeted him with "Hello boys", in a very falsetto voice.

"Go way" moaned Donal.

The fairy simply stood there and shook a little stardust out of his gossamer wings. Little Hoagy Carmichaels fell out among the particles.

"Hello boys" he repeated.

Donal looked up and told him something unprintable, which would have to be pretty bad for Quandry not to print it.

The fairy took a seat alongside Donal and opened a bottle of Rum.

"Whatsa matter Donal" he asked piteously.

"Well," Donal explained, "I just can't get my girl to like stf -- and she won't have anything to do with me as long as I read it."

The fairy patted his shoulder and took a slug of rum.

"You've always got me" he amourosly replied.

"What can I do to get her interested in me without giving up Fandom?" moaned Donal, ignoring the fairy's last remark.

The fairy handed Donal the bottle of rum and extracted two cigars from a pre-fabricated pocket.

"Here, try one of these, they'll make a man of you" he offered Donal unconsciously lit up, his mind still on his girl.

"You know," Donal related, "I can't seem to get her interested."

The fairy patted his shoulder and moved a little closer.

"Everytime I try something" he continued, "It seems to back-fire. Why can't I get along?" he said in a pleading tone of voice.

The fairy drew a long puff on his cigar and resumed emptying the bottle of rum.

"Mayber you aren't using the right approach" he offered

Donal thought this over. Maybe giving Rosalie a hotfoot, or







# Marion Zimmer Bradley

I was a child of hate. My father was that Don Esteban for whom the old proverb was revived; "When Leynier rides, Death holds the bridle." It held the bridle for him once too often when he forced his way into the castle of Aldaran, between the rising and setting of the four moons of Darkan and stole from the very heart of the castle, its heart, Marga of the Darriells--

Oh, darn, wrong record. That isn't me. But I started writing Leynier stories when I was eight years old, and I suppose after a fashion the above hero of the saga is my alter ego. I was born either two hundred years too late or two thousands years too soon. I don't know which. One thing is certain, I don't belong in this generation.

I never should have been born prosaically in Albany, New York, on a peaceful June afternoon in 1930. I never should have grown up with one lone brother until I was thirteen years old. I never should have been left to discover all my adventure in an unfinished upstairs jammed full of cardboard boxes crammed with old, falling-apart books --- Haggard, Dumas, Rafael Sabitini, Edward Bulwer-Lytton. I never should have spent hours on hours listening to operatic records on the phonograph, embroidering scarves, writing little stories since I was about to scribble. I never should have fenced with wooden swords, roamed woods and herded my father's cows pretending they were dragons.

Could anyone finish college that way? I didn't. I got disgusted and left in the middle of my third year. Since then I've been married, have one small boy, David Stephen Bradley, and written dozens of stories, all fantasy, all of which have been rejected except the three that are in the mail now, and by the time this sees print they will probably have been rejected too.

My favorite sf author is Leigh Brackett.

My fan career has been notable mainly for the fact that I got along for years without claiming any feminine privileges. I've published five issues of ASTRA'S TOWER, two of ALTITUDES, one of SAPORIFIC, one of AMBUSO with another fan, and co-edited five issues of MEZRAB. I've had dozens of poems and stories printed in fanzines, under my own name and that of Mario Stanza. I've had three poems printed professionally. And I'm young yet.....besides, I make good cake and bake a mean bean.

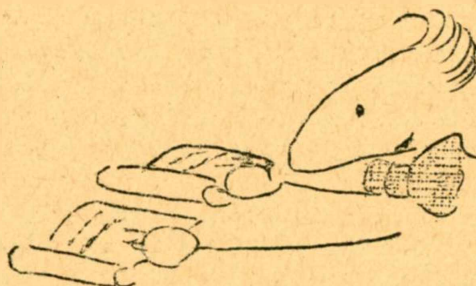
Marion



Patter, chatter and clatter  
On various subject-matter

SEZ YOU

Sez: Bob Tucker  
Box 260  
Bloomington, Ill



Cheerio:

Either you are deliberately attempting to snow me under with paper--perhaps under the delusion that my Sears catalog is running out-- or your left hand isn't watching your right one as you amfidaxterously address copies of QUANDY. I usually get two. Now I appreciate these twin copies because I have two eyes, thus cutting my reading time in half, but still my conscience bothers me because I have more than I need while doubtless somewhere in the hinterlands of America some starving fan is going without. The handwriting on the two addresses is not the same, so obviously your left hand is kept busy elsewhere as you scribble. What's the girl's name?

Richard Elsberry's "Trends" was good fun to read and you may as well label the remainder of this letter "Fandom As She Used To Be", because it set me off. This is as ripe a place as any to repeat the remark about the snows of yesteryear.

I don't remember when fandom first began taking polls--perhaps the ancient TIME TRAVELLER or the SCIENCE FICTION DIGEST played around with them for all I know. Fool that I am, I subscribed to these hoary old grandfather-fanzines, but I didn't save them. (And some scoundrel made off with my bound set of Hornig's FANTASY FAN.) The earliest poll that I recall was the series operated by Jack Speer around 1937-38, when he had twenty or twenty-five people responding to his "Oklahoma Institute of Private Opinion". So named because he lived in that state at the time and we suspected on an Indian reservation at that. The results of these polls were published somewhere but I'm not sure just where--possibly in one of the Philadelphia magazines of the time, and probably John Baltadonis' SCIENCE FICTION COLLECTOR. I have no idea who the top fans, fanzines, or authors were of that poll.

In Elsberry's list of old fanzines he sometimes leaves blank the name of the editor, and I take it the editor's name was unknown to him or lost in limbo.

STARDUST was a professionally printed job, edited and published by William Hamling, now editor of IMAGINATION. His fanzine was a beautiful specimen, well-illustrated and well-written, sometimes running as high as thirty pages. I believe there were only four or five issues published; it folded around 1940.

The next blank on his list is PLUTO, and PLUTO was the mimeographed magazine supreme. It was probably the first multicolored publication to appear in fandom, and you haven't yet matched its excellence and ingenuity, Lee. PLUTO was published by the "Decker Dillies", five chaps and a girl living in Decker, Indiana; they owned a two-room clubhouse which they built themselves (complete with electricity, running water and gas), containing the usual large collection of science fiction, plus collections of stamps, cachets, semiprecious stones, safety deposit boxes from a defunct bank, and an assortment of chemical apparatus that could fill two mad-scientist scenes in Hollywood. They also possessed one complete, mouldy skeleton which they assured me was

(con't over)



Sez You (2)--Tucker Talks On

Jesse James and had been stolen from a nearby cemetery. They brought "Jesse" with them when they attended the Chicago convention in 1940, and some fan (I think it was Cyril Kornbluth) tried to give the skeleton the hot-foot.

PLUTO's appeal lay in its gorgeous color spreads; I've seen as high as five colors on their cover, each color perfectly in synchronization with the picture as a whole. They once ran two covers, the first, or outer sheet being a curved half-sheet which allows you to see a part of the second cover beneath it. The editors names were Manning: Marvis, Vincent and Fay, plus William Sisson, Maurice Paul and Claude Davis. Fay was the wife of one of the Mannings; the war broke them up and I have no idea what has become of the group since 1942. But I'm still waiting for another PLUTO.

Next: COMET or THE COMET. Tom Wright edited this, from Martinez, California. He had help but I no longer recall the name. It was a hektographed sheet at first and I believe it went to the mimeograph just before it folded.

ALCHEMIST: Lew Martin, of Denver. Hektographed at first, then mimeographed with hektographed illustrations inserted.

FANTASIA: Lou Goldstone, San Francisco. An excellent mimeographed magazine, beautifully illustrated. This publication is sometimes confused with Ray Bradbury's fan effort, FUTURIA FANTASIA, but was never confused with Chet Cohen's FUTURIA.

ESLIPSE: Richard Kuhn and some of his Detroit friends. Another all-out effort with many pages and two or three colors. They liked to include photographs pasted on the page.

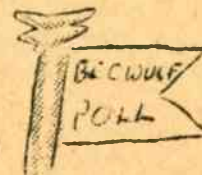
I'm stumped with DAWN. I can't place it in 1943, but if it was so listed in Le Zombie, then 1943 it must be. I'm inclined to believe that some of the California fans published this, possibly Tom Wright or Joe Fortier. It also occurs to me that this might possibly be the famous one-issue magazine that someone out there published about that time. The one issue was so terrific that it could well wind up on the ten-best poll, and DAWN may be it. I'm certain there was no DAWN in 1942.

And Lee, one last thing about polls and the Elsberry article: study the NFFF fanzine poll very closely and you'll spot the damnest set of circumstances I've yet seen in polls. For instance, QUANDRY does not appear on that list of ten best, yet it undoubtedly is among the top ten, and furthermore, how can you be listed as one of the top ten editors and your magazine not even be mentioned? I insist that a winning editor must have a winning fanzine or the poll results fail to make sense. In all other categories a fan may be chosen as first or last, best or worse, and the results will still be sensible as regards personal opinions. But if a group of people pick you as the top-flight fan editor of last year, then damn it to hell and back, QUANDRY has to appear among the top ten fanzines. I'm quite certain you didn't edit THE FANSCIENT, or SLANT, or any of the ten winners. Did you, by any chance, win out as editor of a secretly-published pornographic fanzine that I failed to see?

So much for "Trends". Come back in ten years and let's see which new faces have displaced the old.

[Bob]

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



Dear Lee:

Q#12 popped in yesterday and has been thoroughly read and enjoyed as usual.

I was especially interested in Elsberry's exhaustive piece on stf polls. I was frankly surprised he hadn't come across any of the numerous polls I conducted during the 40's. I also noticed his results in the Widner polls were not accurate. He probably used what he had at hand and it turned out not to be the final tabulations. The Widner polls were conducted over a period of months and results appeared periodically.

I'm enclosing herein some old issues of SUN SPOTS in which are published results of not only the Widner polls, but also the Beowulf polls I conducted.



Sez You (3) Gerry de la Ree speaking

I'd like you to look this stuff over, if you can find the time. It might be worth running the results of the 7 polls, side by side, as I did in the Spring '46 issue.

gerry

((Would you readers like to see those poll results?))

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

Dear Lee,

This was one of the better issues.

THE HARP was okay. Mostly feudin' and fussin', though.

TRENDS was a nice interesting article. I enjoyed it muchly, since I always liked to see polls. For the past few hundred years I have been trying to get Mr Tucker to run one in his SEWL.

Strong's letter was rather pathetic. Why don't you guys forgive him and be friends again? I didn't read his letter in PS, so I hardly know what he's talking about, but I can't get too mad at people who lower the boom on fandom. Sometimes I feel the same way, even though I, too, am a fan. We are a sorry lot. I just read a copy of THE THIRD DEGREE, which is the official organ of the Mystery Writers of America. They are fans, too, but they don't go in for back-stabbing and feuding at all. Lots of them also write sf and fantasy, and apparently a lot of them read it.

REPORT was good. The cartoons helped it tremendously.

My gosh, Lee, how in the dickens can you ever get out a 70 or 90 page zine? Needless to say, I'll be happy to get a copy. Am really looking forward to it.

KONNER'S KORNER was fun. I have the same trouble that he does: except I seldom write the actual note. I just tell myself to remember it, and then I go and forget. I think he lost a page or something, didn't he? ((Suppose so, but he doesn't say.))

THE HARP IN ENGLAND was perhaps the best thing in the issue. I am always interested in such. Now I don't know Ackerman at all, have never got letters from him, seen him, or even read a lot of his stuff, but I am willing to accept the fact that he is a fine man. BUT: he is NOT the No.1 fan. Ackerman is not much of a fan anymore. He is too busy to have time for it. He makes a living in various fantasy fields, and naturally has to spend a lot of time at it. I repeat, he is probably a fine fellow. BUT TUCKER IS NO.1 FAN, AND TUCKER CAN DO NO WRONG!!! Tucker is in fandom for fun. He enjoys it as a hobby. He is not trying to make money out of it. He works at honest labor for a living, writes to make extra money, and has fandom for a hobby. Shame on Willis.

I liked the stuff about Clarke and Temple. Very funny. Fact is, Willis is quite often funny, but sometimes he slips off the straight and narrow into the realm of poor taste. I am looking forward to his next report.

Silverberg was interesting. But it has always been my understanding that the art director tells the artist what scenes to illustrate, and the artist has darn little choice, and therefore he can't help blamed of his pic resembles somebody else's. Same with writers. Tucker's TOURIST TRADE and John Beynon's OPERATION PEEP were virtually the same plot. The same agent handled both stories, and they both came out in about the same time. Just a simple co-incidence. ((ESP?)) Incidentally, I detect more treason here: Willis is a fine fellow, but he ain't gonna replace Tucker. Shame on these infidels!

The letter section is still the best anywhere. The promag letter column have hit an all-time low, and most fanzine columns are nothing but gossip columns. Yours is much better.

Sincerely,

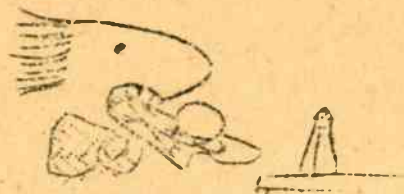
Jay



Sez You (4)

((This letter is a bit old but we feel that it should see print.))

Roger Dard  
232 James Street  
Perth, Western Australia  
June 7th, 1951



Dear Lee:

Q n. 9 just to hand, and eagerly devoured by yours truly. As interesting as ever need I say.

Gad, what's this? F. Tower Laney sez he never heard of Richard Elsberry. What's Laney trying to do- give poor old Rich an inferiority complex? I thot everybody had heard of Rich.

Silverberg's column continues to be the most interesting, though I expect in due course Bob will be getting some stiff competition from Walt Willis. Willis seems to have the ability to write a column which is both interesting and amusing. If you think that's easy, just try it. Unfortunately, Walt has one big weakness, and already I see signs of it creeping into Walt's Q column. I refer, of cos, to Walt's favorite song and dance, in which he elaborates on (1) the evils of American stf, and (2) the evils of American capitalism. Walt has played this record so often that its about time he broke the disk, but I'm afraid we are going to get another playing of it in Q. Frankly I can't understand how such an obviously intelligent guy like Walt can really believe all the stuff he has spouted about American stf in Slant, Phantasmagoria, and other zines he has written in. Certainly, the heros ~~ARE~~ ~~ALL~~ Americans, earth seen from space always shows the American continent, and the world of the future is run along 20th Century American lines. This is purely natural, since the stories are written by Americans, are published in American magazines and 90 percent of the readers are Americans. It's as natural as a British magazine having stories in which the heros are predominantly British. I have a complete file of the first British stf prozine ever published, SCOOPS, and in the 20 issues which comprised the magazine's life, the heros of all the stories are Englishmen, and the villains run the gamut from Chicago gangsters to insane Chinese war lords. And the Superman complex which Walt seems to think was invented by the American writers, was there too. One of the heros was a 50 foot giant ((half a centipede?)), and while he was a kindly individual who was more sinned against than sinning, he was Superman with a capital S. Stf has matured since the days of Scoops, of cos, and the current British prozines are not quite so blatant, nonetheless in the majority of stories the heros are Englishmen, and the world of the future has a definitely English slant. What should we infer from this- that British stf is jingoistic? I believe such a statement to be as without foundation as Walt's statement that American stf is jingoistic. Let us say that British and American stf has a mildly nationalistic bias, and while there have been examples of British and American stf which has been international and objective in its outlook, I am willing to bet that Soviet stf never deviates from the Communist party line?

You guys can keep right on fighting over the GALAXY versus ASF controversy. Heh heh, pardon me for sniggering, but SUPER SCIENCE beats 'em both! Among the current zines there never has been a mag to equal SSS's artwork. With guys like Minley, Paul, Bok, Calle, VanDongen and Savage, they have the greatest line up of artists of any pulp magazine. I hope the rumor that SSS has folded, it not right.

And as the sun slowly sinks over the horizon, it is with this thot that we reluctantly say farewell to Quandry.

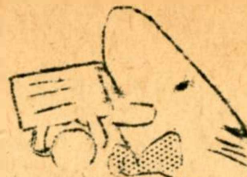
Fantastically,  
Roger

"....Who sawed Courtney's boat?....."



Sez You (5)

Battell Loomis  
somewhere  
California



Lee Hoffman,

I hushen, little handicapped by lack of envelop or correct, however adequate, postage to answer your sly insinuation that I am dead on my feet. Sitting, I don't sit on my feet. Your statement, to which I am taking my customary mild-mannered exception, was in Quandry 11: "The immortal Bat Loomis." If I am negatively mortal, I am positively dead and entered into the state of Forever, not our 49th. This I deny, as even Mark Twain had once or twice to deny a similiar allegation, ante post facto.

You may have said this because I slighted you in toasting Manly. To mollify you, take this toast:

Come, raise the cup and let us quall, men

To the manly spirit of Lee Hoffman.

And, lest your astonishing co-editor be equally peeved, this, to him:

Now raise the glass and let us don 'er

In memory of Wilkie Conner! ((Wha', is he immortal too?))

And in case Belfast too feel slighted

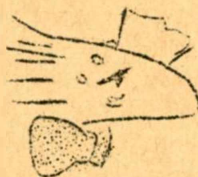
Let's gulp in honor of Belfast Willis,

A quart - that's eight times what a gill is!

Not since my Taking Money from a Blindman have I seen such good fiction in TLMA ((huh?)) as Ridley's Fairy Story. I think they all got just what was coming to them, except the gunners, who, it seems to me, should have been mutated into crocodiles, of fed into their maws. Is a crocodile feeding his Maw Kinder than a tiger biting his Paw?

Ask Wilkie and leave me sleeping,  
Bat.

A. Vincent Clarke  
84, Drayton Park  
Highbury,  
London, N.5. England



Dear Lee

Q. No 11 has suddenly awoke (awakened?) me to the fact that I owe you a couple of letters. The last two Q's arrived at unfortunate times...No 9 5 days before the Convention, No 10 about three days after the Con. (How DID that happen?) I had taken time off to write to you about No 9 but my feelings about Conner's article and the NC Way of Life were so red-hot that I laid the letter aside for a few days to think it over. It was this that raised the temperature of our combined kitchen-living room-study-workroom so much and not the oven as Walt Willis alleges.

Then Q.10 arrived to put my letter out of date, but by that time I was past caring. The biggest Con we've ever had in this country was just over and all I wanted to do was to find some quiet place to relax for a couple of years.

I'm glad to say that the con went off very well indeed, though those of us on the inside got a few grey hairs in the process. F'rinstance, S.Fowler Wright was supposed to turn up....and didn't. We found out afterwards that he had gone to the 'White Horse' instead of the 'Royal Hotel' where we held the main sessions. Ted Carnell and myself had left the obtaining of a 9.5 mm projector to each other, with the result thar though I spent about an hour on the Saturday afternoon looking around central London (in a taxi), we couldn't get one. But these things passed over...we were short of time all the time...and taken all round, the Con went off so well that at the farewell meeting we were already discussing the next one!

By the look of Q.11, Walt is giving you a pretty comprehensive report, so I won't go into details here, but will say that there are one or two small exaggerations and outrageous lies. The 'Epicentre' is not founded on fanzines. We found a couple of

(overpage)



Sez You (6)

Clarke stuff

Clayton Astoundings last tome we dug down...Walt doesn't mention 'cos he didn't know, that I had been up most of the night trying to get a good layout of the programme, and when the duplicators refused to work in the morning I damn near committed harakiri with that screw driver. The two Liverpool fans were actually the owners of 'Science Fantasy Service', the oldest s-f business in this country...they started way back in '36 or '37. Ghu knows how many unfortunates like myself they are responsible for...I remember seeing their advert in 'Tales of Wonder', sending for their catalogue, seeing a curious specimen of literature called a 'fanzine' advertised in it and sending for one...yes, they've got a lot to answer for, tho' how on earth they got the duplicator to work by just LOCKING at the \*\*\*\*\* thing will always remain one of those Great Unsolved Mysteries.

I'm happy to go on record as saying that Walt looks just like the cartoon you published, and vice-verse. What it didn't show was the fact that he's about 7ft 4ins tall, and the other Irish fans aren't 200 lb weaklings either. It's an amazing coincidence that Bob Shaw and James White, W.W.'s co-partners on 'Slant', should have the same wacky sense of humour. I know it isn't general in Ireland, because they brought over a copy of the national humorous weekly of the Shamrock land, and it was about as funny as a 1880 'Punch'. It's nerve-wracking to be with those Irish lads. You make a remark, and for about  $\frac{1}{2}$  second you can see it being dissected by three maniacal minds. It's submitted to a rigorous third degree...can a pun be made out of it? In the 25% of cases where a pun isn't possible, another  $\frac{1}{4}$  second is given to considering whether ANY wisecrack whatever can be extracted. In the few cases where nothing is possible, the subject is hastily dropped and another more fruitful one is substituted.

There's been a deep deep silence since they went back to Belfast, so I presume something pretty hellish is brewing for the next 'Slant'.

The British s-f situation is suffering from the summer slackening of reading. 'S-F Fortnightly' has gone monthly, and Campbell is rather gloomy about it. The flood of trashy s-f has practically died away, and 'Nova' (publishers of 'New Worlds' and 'S-F') are breathing sighs of relief. It wasn't the quality of the opposition that was worrying them...it was the terrific quantity, that was causing retailers to cut their orders for 'New Worlds'. Incidentally, the next 'New Worlds' cover is going to cause a sensation. Myself and one or two others have been urging Ted Carnell to try a dame on the cover, just to see how it sold and for the hell of it. He finally broke down, maybe because he found a woman artist who could draw a la Brundage, and though the printers will never be able to produce an exact copy of the original (which Forry Ackerman pronounced the best cover he'd seen), we're looking forward to it with more interest than any so far. It will answer one big question...will the 'Bergey' type (more than Brundage) cover sell more 'zines in Britain as it apparently does in the States.

It was a blow to us that the 'LIFE' article on s-f wasn't in the International Edition. Those of us who want it are trying to get some from the States but it's quite a job.

Peter Ridley's story was a nice piece of pure fantasy. He's been doing quite a bit of writing recently and had a story in one of the PR's here.

"The War That America Lost": ordinarily I don't like fan fiction, but this is the sort of thing that should be published if it's done at all; the stuff that the prozines wouldn't touch because of the plot.

...we actually had 4 teen age fans up at the 'White Horse' the other week...the biggest number we've ever had up there at one time, and if my memory is right, exactly half of all those that we know. Over in the states you seem to start younger, be far more energetic and flash out quicker. One of these youngsters...is a very bright lad, who actually found a technical error in Arthur Clarke's 'Prelude to Space'. His name is Phillip Duerr, and he'll probably be writing for ASF in about five years time!

'voir

[Vincent]



Robert Briggs  
5503 - 28 Ave. SE  
Washington 20, D.C.



Dear Yed,

I feel the way a zoologist must feel if he unexpectedly discovered a colony of live Dodos. Your mag is filled with names I thought had long faded away. I have rarely seen in recent subzines the names of Kennedy, Alpaugh, Gluck, de La Ree, Schumburger, or Tucker (excepting SNL nach). You even swear by Ghu, a forgotten god. Quandry's style and format are similar to the subzines about 1945. Quandry, like the Platypus, seems to be left over from a long past epoch. You are a bastion of 5th fandom amid the chaos of 7th and, probably, 8th fandom.

Quandry is a very good zine. I liked the many columns, principally The Harp That Once Or Twice and File (dead as a Dodo) 13. All of your illos were good (How incredible!). Quandry is neat, clear cut, and proof read.

[Bob]

.....  
Ed note: Ghu is not forgotten. Someday His Purple Curse shall fall upon you infidels  
Heed these whords of wisdom and cast thine eyes upon the Gholy Ghible if thou  
would be saved. Remember GHU is Ghod and Purple are the hands of hektographers.  
.....

William F. Temple  
England



Dear Mr Hoffman,

Last Night at the White Horse I glimpsed a copy of QUANDRY featuring an article by Walt Willis on the London Convention, but the owner wouldn't let it out of his hands for long enough for me to get a good look. However, I'm told Walt made some statement to the effect that I turned out to be short, fat, and horrible (I'm not short or fat) and I'd like to check up on this before seeing my lawyer, who's tall, thin, and terrible.

Possibly Walt may have confused me with my brother, Tweedledee.

What do I have to do to have a copy for my vewy, vewy own, short of sending money (which is against my principles, judgement, capacity, and the law)?

Poul Anderson and his brother John were in the tavern last night, bringing their bicycles with them. They were fun, especially when in the course of riding their bicycles along the top of the bar they inadvertently ran over the bartender's neck. We haven't laughed so much since Ted Carnell fell down the stairs and broke six ribs (all somebody else's).

In all sincerity,

[William F. Tweedledumb]

.....  
Chuck Harris  
90 Maxey Rd  
Dagenham, Essex, England

WHO HAS BEEN MAILING  
ME MAPS?

Dear Lee,

This is a super issue. Even better than the last--my name appears in print (page 16). This is infinitesimal egoboo, only just a little better than nothing at all.

The conreport gets better and better-- nothing would please me more than to see it conclude about Christams 1952. I think Walt is pretty terrific..

Nice of Dennis Strong to apologise, This is never an easy thing to do, It is accepted in the spirit in which it is offered. If I come across the Nov. PLANET (over please)



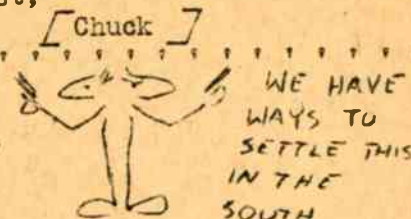
I'll make a point of not reading the offensive letter.

Elsberry makes a good article out of a mess of facts. I can never understand how people can prefer the turgid crud of three semi-literate morons when compared with the Great Classic SF of Robert Heinlein (1949N3F poll). His forthcoming GSF serial should put him back as No.1. for this year. I don't think much of the n3f poll at all. Slant as eighth best fanzine! Whilst the Nat FanFan takes the fourth place!!

Nice to see more cartoons this time, but Chaos is less than half its usual size. ((Usual size is one page)) The contents page is always good for a laugh. It's always the first page I turn to. Could you list the Harp in red so that I can find the page number quickly!?

All the best,

Walter A. Willis  
Somewhere overseas



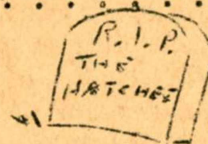
Dear Lee,

Oh what an egobootiful morning! What intelligent and discerning readers you have! The only thing that keeps me in a closed orbit round Earth is the uneasy realisation that after all those nice remarks about my puns there is hardly a single one in either of my pieces in Q.12. There should have been one, but you skipped a sentence and left it out. Not that I mind at all. After all, all I did was to join fandom, start a column and manoeuvre month after month to get into a position to fire that pun. No doubt another opportunity will arise in ten years or so. ((Everyone desiring a copy of that pun, write direct to Willis))

What's this engram you have about the word 'good'? You have 'goof' in my piece and 'food' in Len Moffatt's. ((In the first case, I was thinking of you. In the second, I was hungry.)) I just can't understand such carelessness. It's not foog enough. Lee, you will have to do better.

[Walter]

Bob Farnham  
104 Mtn. View Drive  
Dalton, Ga.



Dear Ed - -

I read the letter by Dennis Strong in Q12, and I for one wish to state that I have never had any reason to hold any ill will against Strong. Regardless of his reply to the letter of mine he mentioned, I still see, (nor did I see then,) no reason to feel resentment toward him.

He made a mistake, sure; that's the reason manufacturers put rubber erasers on lead pencils, because the human race is addicted to error.

Strong had his reasons for feeling as he did. In part, I sort of agreed with him, but altho I did disagree with nearly all he said, I've adopted the philosophy of Voltaire in that I believe he was fully within his rights in expressing his opinions. In doing so, Strong has committed no sin that any other member of Fandom has not done.

Despite his opinions of Fandom--and who can say that Strong's judgement was not well deserved, at least in part?--- Dennis Strong is a person that no one need feel ashamed of knowing or being a friend.

So what if he did shoot off his mouth? How many of us can honestly say that we too are not equally guilty of doing so at one time or another?

Dennis Strong has shown, by writing that letter that he is a decent chap and can make a real worth-while member of Fandom. He deserves a chance and I stand ready, if he wishes it, to help him in any way I may be able to. Certainly, Strong's offense was paled into insignificance by the Shaver Fuss in SFI, in which I played a leading



sez You (9) Farnham still

2010, a few years ago, and Farnham gave me a clean slate; therefore I feel that Strong if given the opportunity, will prove a fellow well worth having as a friend.

O'mon, QUANDRY Readers...give Strong a boost with a friendly letter!

[Bob]

Robert Bloch  
Milwaukee 3, Wis.

Dear Lee:

QUANDRY has arrived, and I have just had the pleasure of an hour's time spent in its company...and anticipate the possibility of doing same with you in person at the Convention.

At the moment I am working out a little proposition which may put an end to the hideous theological disputation which has so disrupted fannish circles lo these many years gone by.

In a word, I would like to see an amalgam of the High and the Low, the Reformed and the Orthodox, the Cavaliers and the Roundheads...in the form of a new Dispensation.

I refer to that synthesis, that solution to religious warfare which I have copyrighted (Reg.U.S. Patent Office) under the name of FOOGHU.

(As in, for example, Bach's Toccata and FooGhu in D Minor, which might easily become the Hymn of the Order).

It shall, of course, be heresy to spell "FooGhu" backwards.

Now I know that this is a revolutionary procedure and I feel very much like Martin Luther or Erasmus. Accordingly, before nailing up any Thirty-Nine Articles, I'd like to sound you out on your reaction to this drastic step. As a matter of fact, I'd like it very much if you took the idea off my hands...it's too BIG for me!

Retire into the cloister and meditate deeply upon this. It may very well mark the beginning of a glorious new day for all fankind.

Piously,

[Robert Bloch]

Well, Pike...?

Peter Ridley  
268, Well Hall Road,  
Eltham, London SE9

Dear Lee,

Thanks for #12.

Really I don't know how you do it. With a regularity almost unheard of in fan-publishing circles Q arrives in all its multi-coloured glory.

You know for a fan-fiction-author I'm becoming almost traitorously fond of columns. It must be something that grows on one, like the taste for alcohol....Walt is I think foremost among your "zoo" of semi-tame columnists, he has a way of writing which make you feel you're talking to him (or rather he's talking to you), this free and easy style together with his Irish humour make him an excellent columnist. Hank Rabey's short piece was most amusing, and will bring back memories, both pleasant and the reverse to anyone who has ever been in the forces. Note that the PX (which I presume the alter ego of our NAAFI) seems to be equipt with TV as I remember it the NAAFI provided only a beer-stained, cigarette-burned piano, which reminds me of a story that appeared recently in one of our daily papers concerning a firm which makes pianos of the NAAFI, they (the firm) are reputed to be producing a new model of fire proof plastic, every surface being cunningly sloped to prevent beer glasses being stood thereon and the inner works proofed against the sudden deluges of beer which



Sez You(10) Ridley Up

are the inevitable fate of NAAFI painos. Seems rather dull tho'; there's no doubt that the charred stained old pianos are part of British Service life, it won't be the same without them. Also I'm rather surprised at Hank's Sgt. Cook's squeamishness, damnit any British RAF cook would have told him to hold his thumb over the soup. "If yer goin' ter bleed to deaf, you 'orrible airman, give the soup a bit o' flavour."

This letter is being written against some opposition, since I'm listening to the Robinson-Turpin fight at the same time, so far it's been quite exciting. (The fight I mean).

ADIOS, [Peter]

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

Dear Lee;\*

Thank you for the sample copy of QUANDRY #12. When I received it I checked my files and found that the only other issue I had was #1, and since that had my address on it it was evidently sent to me as a sample. The contrast between the two issues is night and day. Small wonder I didn't subscribe to the first number. There must be at least several hundred first issues that I've subscribed to that have never seen a second, so that when you get fan magazines with no promise at all you wonder if it's worth being a damn fool to be a completist.

However your twelfth number is interesting all the way through and undoubtedly one of the better fan magazines around today, so I'd like to subscribe.

Best wishes,

[Sam Moskowitz]

((Sam would like to obtain back issues of Q.))

John Brunner,  
Cheltondale,  
Cheltenham,  
U.K.

Dear Lee,

Thanks for Quandry. Quality= high. Contents= very (me, not the zine)

Walter's was of course good: both of it. You'd better quit numbering Quandry as #one two three, and call it HARP 1,2,3 instead.

Wish I could get to the NOLACON.

The Trends was good, 'spite of being titled the same as the corniest tale Isaac Asimov ever penned. Sure, 'twas interestin'. But blow me if I have any tales by one of two that popped up: I still haven't laid my eyes on any Doc Smith or Merrit. ((Somebody do something about this)) Fred Brown's WWV rated a higher place in the '48 poll tho' - I just read it. And it's superb! Also I never did read a David Keller that I liked. As for artists - well! I hold that Cartier is the only regular story illustrator worth calling and ARTISE. As for the prozines: never read any FFM yet; must pick up on. Cash is the trouble. Glad to see New Worlds is in there pitchin'. A fine zine. ((We suggest that readers write to Angli-fans and trade US pros for British pros which are really worth the trouble.))

Looking forward to the QUANNISH.

Konner's hunk of (mostly) nonsense was as good as usual.

Then the RP (second half of the HARP). Wish I'd been there: 'spechul would have liked to hear friend Temple.

From der VV Out: how come I missed the LIFE spread? Maybe it missed Life International?

oo  
or  
dk

[John Brunner]